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The Week in Review.

The Nigger and the Chicken.

A MERICAN niggers have at last come into their own. Holding the votes necessary to decide the issue of the Presidential election, the negro delegates were feasted on chicken and champagne and regaled with costly cigars. Dressed in frock coats of irreproachable fit and style, with patent-leather boots and gorgeous ties, they strutted from one hotel to the other, realising to the full the responsibilities of their position as the chosen people appointed to express the will of the great American nation. Accusations of bribery—and they were frequent—left Blaine unperturbed. With the corseted breast of the south-west chicken in his inside, and the choicest vintages of France coursing through his veins, he felt as he had never felt before, not even on that great day when our coloured "brother" Johnson pounded the white man's nose into a jelly. The whole incident is a glowing tribute to the triumph of democracy and the many advantages of an elected President over an hereditary monarch.

social science? The average student seems to share the feelings of that eminent child of light.

The Advantage of Latin.

The question arises whether capping day is the fit and proper occasion for speeches on education. Degrees are conferred at some universities without any speeches, except, perhaps, one in Latin by the public orator. It might be a good plan to insist that all speeches on capping day should be in Latin. It would tend to brevity. But if the authorities insist on making capping day an occasion for the display of oratory it behoves the students to show due respect for the speakers. Witty interruptions are always welcome, but vulgar interjections partake of the nature of bad manners. Many people like to hear the speeches on capping day. They should be allowed to do so without having to put up with loud noises and unseemly horse play. It might be possible to arrange for the students to be admitted to the conferring of degrees after the speeches are over.

The Best Speech.

It was James Russell Lowell who said that the severest test of oratory was having to address young people anxious to be off for a holiday. Not one man in a thousand could hold the attention of students who have finished their year's work and are in merry mood at the prospect of the vacation. A speech on such an occasion ought to be brief and witty. As Lowell put it, the speech ought to consist of the things we wish we had said, and which we only think of when we are in the cab going home. We are glad to hear the views of men so eminent as the Chief Justice on all questions affecting education or social progress. Everybody must regret that the students did not show more respect to one holding the position of Chancellor of the University. But it is not a little unfair to both the general public and to the speaker himself that he should be expected to make a serious speech on such an occasion as the conferring of degrees? The proposal to give up the capping ceremony will seem to many people a little drastic. The capping ceremony might be used for the sole purpose of conferring degrees, and some other occasion might be found for the delivery of speeches on matters affecting education and the influence and needs of a university.

Education Experts.

The Education Commission has been chiefly remarkable for the extraordinary divergence of opinion expressed by those called upon to give evidence. Our headmaster said that he strongly advocated the teaching of sexual physiology, while another said that he regarded such teaching as a positive danger to young people. Another master strongly advocated the teaching of Latin, while another said that he had a very poor opinion of its educative value. It was the same with nature study, with agriculture, with manual training, and in fact with almost every subject that came up for discussion. If one teacher of experience recommended a subject, another of equal experience was found to condemn it. It was like a famous trial. The newspapers of the day said that the trial was likely to prove expensive by reason of the large amount of expert evidence to be called, ten doctors

having been retained to prove that the drug in question was a deadly poison, and a similar number to prove that it was quite harmless. Montagu Williams ascribed his failure in the Lamson case to the fact that his client had not had sufficient money to call expert evidence to combat the expert evidence called by the Crown.

The Social Shades.

When Tennyson wrote the line "A city clerk, but gently born and bred," he roused the ire of more than one city clerk who strongly objected to the "but." In a similar way Mr. Justice Edwards has drawn down on his head a protest against his remarks about higher class boardinghouses. The Judge is reported to have said: "Imagine a man off the wharf going into the Glenalvon or any such boardinghouse and saying 'Well, missus, I want dinner.'" If that state of affairs prevailed, the Hon. Mr. Bryce, or some high duke, for instance, might be sitting alongside the man from the wharf, or the Chief Justice might have a coal lumper on one side and a coal lumper on the other. Doubtless His Honour was only poking gentle fun at our democracy. If the wharf labourer had retired from wharf labouring, and had amassed a fortune at company promoting, or land deals, or any other form of honest toil, he would be as welcome at Glenalvon as a duke or a Chief Justice. In the select circles that patronise skating rinks the badge and hall-mark of social standing is a white collar. Amongst some people the boiled shirt is the passport to the inner circles of social exclusiveness. The great charm of democracy lies in the fact that equality of opportunity is given to all to rise from the ranks of the workers and pursue the more honourable callings that enable one to live like the lilies of the field. The lowest callings minister to man's needs, the highest trade on his misfortunes. The lawyer makes money out of our mistakes, the doctor out of our diseases, the clergyman out of our sins.

The Bank of New Zealand.

The annual report of the Bank of New Zealand showed that this institution continues to flourish, and it is now on such a thoroughly sound footing that it could meet almost any form of financial stringency. The reserve fund now stands at £1,200,000, as contrasted with £81,300 six years ago. The chairman stated that there had been a strong demand for advances, and the bank while adopting a safe and conservative policy, had responded reasonably to the call. Special stress was laid on the necessity for settling the land, and approval was ex-

pressed of a policy of borrowing money within reasonable limits for this purpose. The future outlook for the Dominion was described as extremely promising, as wool, frozen meat, and dairy produce were all commanding good prices. The prosperity of the bank is good evidence of the prosperity of the whole of New Zealand as it is to a large extent a national institution, and it is gratifying to learn that while there are indications of severe commercial depression in other parts of the world, the Dominion shows signs of a continuance of the prosperity which it has now enjoyed for so many years.

Taxation and Representation.

We have gone so far on the path of true democracy that it seems strange to find England only just waking up to the advantage of the principle of one man one vote. This may be described as the cardinal principle of democracy. The opinion of one man is quite as good as the opinion of any other man. There is no valid reason why the franchise should be restricted in any way. At present we restrict the franchise to those over 21 years of age, but when we have advanced further along the road of reform we shall in all probability be able to remove this somewhat arbitrary restriction. For those under the age of 21 have quite as much claim to representation as their elders. It is an axiom of all sound government that there shall be no taxation without representation. Many boys and girls are earning their own living and paying through the customs large contributions to the revenue. The taxes collected from minors must be considerable, yet no provision is made for allowing these minors to exercise the vote. We thus transgress one of the cardinal principles of true democracy. Every little child who buys a pennyworth of imported sweets pays something towards the taxes. They may be little children weak, nor born to any high estate, but why should they be taxed without representation?

Extension of the Franchise.

Future ages will doubtless wonder at the conception of democracy which denies representation to a large section of the community, and that section the most helpless. We cannot urge the favourite argument that children have not yet come to years of discretion. For the one plank on which democracy rests is that no person is entitled to extra voting power on account of real or fancied superior intelligence. England has acknowledged this by the proposal to disfranchise the universities. Nor can it be said that children are not as fully quali-

Mrs. Asquith and the Suffragette.

To go to gaol amid the plaudits of your fellow workers "in the cause" has in it a touch of martyrdom. But to have your ears boxed by an angry woman savours too much of the naughty child business to carry with it any suggestion of the martyr's palm. The suffragette who attempted to tear off Mr. Asquith's spectacles at a dinner party was dealt with by Mrs. Asquith, who promptly boxed her ears. To go to a dinner party thinking for some, to look forward to large headlines in the paper, to see in anticipation the martyrdom of gall and starvation strikes, to feel a thrilling devotion to the cause, and then to have one's ears boxed like a naughty child, and to reap ridicule instead of fame—this must have made the suffragette feel how much easier it is to deal with tyrant man than with unfeeling woman. A great stroke for the sacred cause of the emancipation of womanhood was turned into a farce by a woman defending the dignity of her spouse. If the women were left to fight the matter out amongst themselves the woman suffrage movement would become both amusing and instructive.

Capping Ceremonies.

Every year we have the same complaint about the behaviour of students at the capping ceremony. Learned and venerable men tell us about the many advantages of education, how the future of democracy rests in the hands of educated men, and how the great University of New Zealand is looked up to by the people, and we get carefully prepared perorations on the great future that is before us. The advance of man, the progress of the race, the magnificent heritage that we are laying up for posterity, equality of opportunity, public duty, are all discoursed on for the benefit of the students. And the irreverent "undergrad," as he is usually called, cares for none of these things. The most carefully rounded period is interrupted by remarks that have little or nothing to do with the progress of the race. Was it not the learned and erudite Matthew Arnold who confessed to an almost irresistible desire to escape when he found himself amongst people gathered together to discuss the advance of

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ted as their elders to exercise the franchise with intelligence. The vote is given to many elderly people who never enjoyed the advantages of our system of free, secular and compulsory education. The modern child, thanks to our syllabus, is an authority on all the "ologies" under the sun. He knows much more than his parents, and yet we allow the parent to have a vote while the youngster is denied the right to say which candidate he thinks best qualified to advance the best interests of the Dominion. It might be urged that children would vote for candidates who promised to reduce the duty on toys and lollies to the exclusion of other weightier matters, but it is not quite certain that their elders are not sometimes actuated by similar motives.

Votes for All.

That much good would follow an extension of the franchise to all who pay taxes, irrespective of age, cannot be gainsaid. Children have interests that call for some sort of consideration at the hands of our representatives. The more serious-minded youngsters might with advantage form a prohibition party to forbid the sale of sweets. When we realise that the sum annually wasted in lollies would provide boots and shoes for every child in the Dominion, we can see at once the urgent need that exists for some kind of legislation. Yet as long as the children are denied representation we cannot expect our legislators to deal with the matter. Even a Tory like Mr. Bonar Law recognises the injustice of limiting the franchise, and in a recent speech he pointed out that if babies had votes their wants would be better provided for and Mr. Lloyd George would come to light with a bill to provide old age pensions for babies. Unemployed and unemployable, what class has better claims on the charity of the State. Now that England has caught us up in the matter of democratic legislation it behoves us to advance still further along the road of reform and see that all who contribute to the revenue are allowed a share in the government of the country.

"Fivers" for Babies.

Australia has already done something by taking steps for the introduction of a bill to provide for a gift of £5 to every baby born in the Commonwealth. This is to be given irrespective of any considerations of the social position of the parents, or their wealth, or the particular church in which they may have been married. Indeed, the gift will be given to those who have never been to church at all. This is a strange contrast to our own system of old age pensions. We decline to grant a pension unless the applicant can prove that he has made no provision for old age, and that he has not got any children able and willing to provide for him. We make an applicant answer a lot of questions before we grant him the pension. The Australian scheme gives without asking questions at all. This is a more truly democratic way, as it avoids all class distinctions and pays to rich and poor alike.

The Norwich Communion Case.

The Judicial Committee of the House of Lords has unanimously dismissed with costs Canon Thompson's appeal in the Norwich Communion case. Three years ago Canon Thompson refused to administer the Communion to a parishioner who had married his deceased wife's sister. Every Court has decided that the Canon was not justified in his action. The decision of the Courts are in accord with common sense. As long as the law allows such marriages it cannot be argued that the contracting parties are not legally married. The Church of England is a State church, and every person has a claim on her services. To say that people legally married according to the law of England are outside the pale of the national church is to say that the Church is not national. Of course, a difficulty crops up from the fact that the Prayer Book still forbids such marriages, and the civil law is at variance with the ecclesiastical law. But the common sense of the nation will be on the side of the decision of the Privy Council. Individuals may hold any views they like on the marriage question, and the free churches are at liberty to refuse membership on any grounds they please. But for a national church to refuse to recognise the law of the land is to create an impossible situation. If the Church wishes to oppose the laws of the State

it ought to separate from the State. As long as it remains a State Church it must admit the validity of marriage contracted according to the law of the land.

The Irish Senate.

The House of Commons, with a strange inconsistency, has refused to agree to an amendment in the Home Rule Bill to establish a single chamber Government in Ireland. The Opposition supported the amendment on the ground that the proposed Senate will be only a sham, and will not be required. Mr. Asquith has never tired of exposing the uselessness of the House of Lords, and one would have supposed that he would have been only too glad to have given to the distressed Isle the many advantages which he has always claimed for a single chamber. If the Senate is to be merely a sham, it seems needless to put the country to the cost and inconvenience of an Upper House. There seems no doubt that the Senate will be merely a drag on the wheels of democracy unless it can be shorn of all power like the House of Lords. If it opposes the will of the people it will have to go, and it might as well go first as last. If it merely echoes the will of the Lower House, it can serve no really useful end, and will be merely an ornament. In any case the decision to have a Senate is not in keeping with the professed policy of the great Liberal party.

The Public and Prices.

At a meeting of the Provincial Executive of the Auckland Farmers' Union the question was discussed of the need that existed for the public generally, and farmers particularly, having some say in the awards of the Arbitration Court. Those who favoured the proposal that the public ought to be represented at sittings of the Court pointed out that the increase of wages awarded came out of the pockets of the public, and not out of the pockets of the employers. In the majority of cases this is undoubtedly true. The worker gets an increase, the employer raises the price of his goods, often with an ample margin to cover him against all contingencies, and the retailer raises his price, with a little added to pay him for the trouble of revising his price list. But it is hard to see how the general public could be represented. That vague entity known as the public, is generally expected to pay and look pleasant on all and every occasion. A coal strike may leave the householder without fires, a transport strike may leave paterfamilias without his favourite brand of tobacco or his most cherished magazines, but he is not supposed to do anything more active in the matter than writing to the paper about labour troubles in general. The day may come when the long-suffering public may form a seab union of its own, and then the strike agitator will find that he has hit up against something a little more active than the submissive workers who are under the heel of the federation. The public may be a bit of an ass, but when an ass kicks it takes a good rider to hold on.

The Father of Auckland.

The death of Sir John Logan Campbell will be felt throughout the Dominion as a national loss, but in Auckland the loss will also be felt as a personal one. For he endeared himself to all Aucklanders by the unflinching interest he took in all that pertained to the welfare of the city and province. His generosity was unbounded. The magnificent gift of Cornwall Park is the best known of his benefactions, but it was by no means the only one. He was equally generous in his private charities. Sir John filled every public post, and filled them with distinction. He was identified with the first mercantile business established in Auckland. The history of his life is the history of the city. Words cannot add to his fame, nor could words be found adequate to describe the affection and esteem in which he was universally held. We can only say of him what Dean Stanley said of Charles Kingsley: "The torch has fallen from his hand. It is for us, for you, to hand it down undimmed to the generations yet to come."

Mrs. Sulzth.—I wonder what's come over Harry? Instead of being cross, as usual, he started off happy and whistling like a bird this morning.

Nora (a new girl)—It's my fault, mum. I got the wrong package and gave him bird-seed for breakfast-feed.

Lord Haldane.

The Bond of Union Between England and Germany.

THAT impending war between Germany and Great Britain, which looms so direly athwart the journalistic horizons of London and Berlin, seemed for the moment to become remote and unthinkable when Lord Haldane received from the hands of Emperor William recently a bronze effigy of himself. All Berlin, the despatches tell us, was agog. Was disarmament about to cease to be a dream? Inspired organs proclaimed a new peace, and the Berlin "Post" suggested, amid enthusiasm, that it be called by the name of Haldane. His Lordship, adds the German daily, is a Minister of War at home but an angel of peace abroad. The figure, it opens, wears its laurels sheepishly when beholding his Lordship's brow.

The explanation of this wonder is found in the renown of Lord Haldane as interpreter of the German spirit to the

famous old Scottish family, the Haldanes of Gleneagles. They early began intermarrying with the nobility of Caledonia. The ancestral hall held a library of philosophy when the surrounding glens rang with shouts of the huntsman. Richard was a deep thinker at the age of six. He could read Aristotle in Greek when he was nine, becoming a Platonist at ten. As a lad in Edinburgh, the city of his birth, he devoured metaphysics. At his graduation from the university he took first honours in the German philosophy he loves. Not satisfied with that, he crossed over to Göttingen and absorbed more. Thus it comes that he can quote Hegel, Fichte, and Schopenhauer by the chapter from memory. He might resist Germany, says one admirer, but he always surrenders to Germanism.

Having made Germany his intellectual home, Lord Haldane, to follow our authority, dreams with Hoffman just as he



LORD HALDANE.

British lion. No other Briton is held in such high esteem in the realm of the Hohenzollern. Here is a man who comprehends German literature, German philosophy, German manners, are all so many open books to him. His appreciations of the intellectual conquests of the nation miscalled an armed camp are devoured hungrily from Bremen to the Russian frontiers by the thousands of copies. The life and the career of Haldane are studied like algebra and admired like Homer. The eulogy he receives from the "Vossische Zeitung" actually comforts the London "Times." To the latter this man is the original discoverer of that new, strange Germany which began when William II. proclaimed the future of his realm to be on the water. Haldane is the hero of the hour to a pair of puissant powers.

It is at the age of two that Richard Burdon Haldane emerges with the personality of the type so dear to students of his Germanic career. His nurse happened then to discover the future link between British culture and the German mind busily shaping a pile of dirt in the garden. "If God," he explained, "made a man out of the dust of the earth, why shouldn't I?" This philosophical speculation of temperament is derived, according to the London "Mail," from the

doubts with Hegel. One can not visit his beautiful home in London—where he has lived the bachelor life so many years—without realizing, says a writer in "The Pall Mall Magazine," that Germany has become to Haldane what India was to Warren Hastings.

There is a distinguished trio in British public life, explains a writer in London "Public Opinion," who, like the three graces, can not be thought of apart. He who thinks of one must remember the rest. The three are Lord Rosebery, Lord Haldane, and Mr. Asquith. Haldane's principal distinction at present, besides his post at the head of the War Office, is the position he holds as the living link binding Germany and Britain in human bonds of peace. He had other distinctions in his earlier years. "He won them much earlier than even the most successful usually do, unless they happen to have all the accidents of birth, as his fellow Scot had, to whom he was long first lieutenant. When your eyes rest upon Lord Haldane's soft, comfortable, plump figure and plump hands, and behold his comfortable pose and general air of suave self-complacency as he addresses the court of a public meeting, or acts as the superior,

Continued on page 51.

Sayings of the Week.

The Genesis of the Conservative.

WHEN a man, often largely through the assistance he had received from the Government, attained certain affluence, he considered it aristocratic to become a Conservative. In fact, he believed that as soon as a man became the owner of 1500 sheep he felt often bound to become a Conservative and abuse the Government.—*The Premier.*

A Pious Hope.

I would express the hope that at an early date the difficulties regarding the location of your new buildings may be settled, so that Auckland may have a college, the size and dignity of which shall be commensurate with the high position which your city holds among the educational centres of the Dominion.—*Hon. G. W. Russell.*

University Hoodlums.

It is a scandalous disgrace that the Chancellor cannot deliver a short address without being subjected to the treatment of hoodlums.—*Hon. J. A. Toke.*

Chambers of Commerce.

The influence of Chambers of Commerce was not entirely parochial, but would promote the welfare of the Dominion as a whole.—*Mr. W. J. Ralph, Huntly.*

Let 'em All Come.

I am too good for any other man in the world. No one is left me to lick. After July 4 I will meet the rest, white, black, or blue hopes, at the rate of one per week.—*Jack Johnson.*

Far Ahead of England.

The condition of the workers in New Zealand (especially the seamen) are far ahead of what can be expected in England for many years to come. No good results can be obtained over there without striking. Something dramatic must be done before proper attention to grievances can be secured.—*Mr. R. F. Bell, of the Sailors' Union.*

Reforming the Arbitration Court.

Certain steps are necessary to make the Arbitration Court more effective than it now is for the settlement of industrial disputes and promoting that industrial peace and comfort that every person who has any respect for the country must wish to see. In order to bring this about I hope to get such amendments through the legislature that will effect the objects we all have at heart.—*Hon. G. Lawrence.*

To Improve the Streets.

Out of the £20,000 annually allotted in Auckland for street maintenance and repairs, £3000 or £4000 should be spent upon wood-blocking or asphaltting. In this way 3000 yards or 4000 yards could each year be laid down in the materials named, and in ten years the city would possess fine streets, all constructed out of the annual grant, without the aid of borrowed money.—*Mr. C. J. Parr, Mayor of Auckland.*

A Chair of History.

History should be compulsory on all teachers, and a chair of history, filled by a trained historian, should be established at one of the university colleges.—*Mr. Blorrell, Boys' High School, Dunedin.*

Lack of Labour.

He had potatoes that were rotting in the ground because he could not get labour. During the past twelve months only one man had come to him for work, and he had put him on at once. Farmers could not go in for intense cultivation because of the lack of labour. New Zealand would be better if 1000 more men were brought here. Unless more labour was available, farmers would go out of wheat growing, and the price of food would be increased.—*Mr. George Kheat, president North Canterbury Farmers' Union.*

Wives and Strikes.

After all, it is not the men who suffer as much as the wives and little ones, and if the wives had a say in the matter I feel quite satisfied that there would be no strikes.—*Mr. A. Harris, M.P.*

Day Labour.

He had had a good deal to do with public works during the last 20 years, and he must admit that to a very large extent the best work done for harbour boards, county councils, and even for the railways, had been carried out by day labour.—*The Hon. W. D. Macdonald.*

A Paper Wall.

The wall which now separated the moderate, sound-thinking men of both parties in the House was but a paper wall, and the time had arrived when that wall should be kicked down. The true solution of the present political difficulty was a coalition—a coalition between the moderate men of both sides, leaving out the extremists at either end. And, in his opinion, that coalition would yet be effected.—*Mr. Mander, M.P.*

The Origin of Sin.

Was it not a fact that the malignity sometimes shown in the human heart and its aversion to God, pointed rather to a spiritual than to a brutish cause. It reminded one more of Goethe's Mephistopheles than of an animal ancestor. This was the view of Holy Scripture.—*The Rev. I. Jolly.*

hensions as regards the future, and in Great Britain the closing months had been marked by an industrial struggle the seriousness of which had, he feared, hardly yet been thoroughly apprehended, but which there can be no doubt had resulted in the loss of many millions of money to the British nation.—*Mr. Martin Kennedy, chairman Bank of New Zealand.*

On a Soft Wicket.

A man who will board with a married woman, pay nothing, and get her husband's hard-earned money, can only be characterised by the one word "black-guard."—*Mr. C. C. Kettle, S.M.*

The Flank of the Empire.

Germany holds England glued to the narrow seas, and the flank of the Empire is exposed to the danger of an Italian and Austrian surprise.—*Lord Charles Beresford.*

The Bank of New Zealand.

Our reserve fund, which in 1905 stood at £81,294, to-day, after the proposed transfer of the £200,000, will stand at £1,200,000. This accumulation has been made practically in the course of the last six years. As a consequence of adherence to a cautious policy, the bank's losses have been exceedingly light. It is this fact, coupled with the prosperity of the Dominion and the great expansion of settlement and production that has taken place during the last 18 years, that has

when the wheat market hardened, people cry out, "Away with the tariffs, down with protection!" The farmer had to grin and bear it. He could not strike for more money. He could not legislate for hours of labour. He must take what Providence gave.—*Mr. Peter Virtue, manager Northern Roller Milling Company.*

The Humble Cow.

The increase in the material prosperity which is evident throughout the whole of the Taranaki district owes its origin entirely to our mutual friend, the humble dairy cow. But for our dairying industry there would be fewer motor cars on our roads, and fewer luxuries in our homes, while many who are now living in ease and retirement would still be farming the land. Increased production, combined with higher prices, is no doubt responsible for the high price of land; but so long as the increase in the latter is in proportion to the former, the most pessimistic must admit that there is no real cause for alarm.—*Mr. N. W. Kham, Taranaki.*

A Slow Coach.

There was no doubt a large amount of money would have to be provided to ensure the proper development of the back country, and it would pay handsomely to do so. One had only to take a journey of a few miles over the Te Kuiti-Awakino Road to be convinced that present conditions would have to be improved greatly in the near future. This road carried the traffic of over half a million acres of country, and was only metalled a distance of nine miles. The mail coach took about five hours to travel 16 miles, which included the nine miles of metal.—*Mr. C. K. Wilson, M.P.*

Flooding to the Cities.

The fact that the young men and women were flocking to the cities, tempted by artificially-raised wages, which could not possibly be paid by farmers, was greatly to be deplored. These young people did not as a rule improve their condition, but rather the reverse, as their increased wages did not meet their increased expenditure, and they acquired extravagant habits.—*Major Busk.*

Paying the Piper.

In addition to the question of justness to the wage-earner, they had also to consider the question of fairness to the general public. Under the present system the workers asked for higher wages, the employers agreed, and the public paid the piper. Under the circumstances it was only fair to contend that they should be represented when such issues were being discussed.—*Mr. A. Schmitt, Auckland Farmers' Union.*

A New Grain Discovered.

A new grain known as black winter rimmer has been evolved after years of study by Prof. Bullum, who conducts an experiment farm in the Big Horn Basin near Worland, Wyo. The grain is somewhat larger than wheat, and is a cross of wheat and several other less known grains. It will grow in much drier soil than wheat, and four times as much can be grown to the acre. It weighs more to the bushel than wheat, and while hardly so fine as that grain for food purposes, may assist materially in solving the general food problem owing to its excellence and cheapness as fodder for the animals whose flesh figures on the dinner tables of men. Emmer itself is not a novelty. It has been raised for many centuries, and has been given much attention by farmers in Russia.

Ask the jockey, ask the groom,
Ask the girl who yields the broom;
Ask the worried business man,
Greener, postman, publican;
Ask the butcher, milkman, baker,
Shop-keeper, clerk, and cordwainer;
All reply in accents sure:
"Stick to Woods' Great Peppermint Cure!"

FOR ALL EYE TROUBLES.

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

Rooms over Pond's homoeopathic pharmacy, 105 Queen Street, 4 doors above Wyndham Street; also at Gallagher's Pharmacy, 107 St. Marks Street, (late Grosvenor). We hold the highest diploma in Visual Optics and have the best facilities for fitting and testing eyes. Free. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed in every case.



Mr. Bull: "Look here, my friend. Nobody wants you to be worse off and everyone wants you to be better off than you were before. It may be difficult to put it in exact words and figures in an Act of Parliament, but it's what we all want. Can't we put an end to all this distress that is falling on innocent people?" —*Westminster Gazette.*

A Peripatetic Premier.

So long as he was at the head of the Government he would seize every occasion for visiting the different districts in order that he might get a grasp of their conditions and requirements.—*The Premier.*

Sane Imperialism.

In all secondary schools there should be a wider study of history and geography. There was a lamentable ignorance of colonial history, especially of history relating to Great Britain's colonial policy. More attention should be paid to instruction of civics. Every boy emerging from the secondary institutions should be a sane Imperialist, and there should be a branch of the Navy League in every school.—*The Rev. Milner, Oamaru High School.*

Keeping the Mean.

The party that I am leading seems to fairly meet with the approval of the great middle classes and the steady workers of the Dominion, and these are the people that we desire to have behind us. We are content to see the wealthy squatter and his confederates form themselves into a coterie on the one hand, and the revolutionary socialists and impracticable agitators go off on the other.—*The Premier.*

Industrial Struggles.

Wool, frozen meat, and dairy produce were all commanding satisfactory prices, and the outlook for the coming season in this respect was distinctly good. In the Mother Land and in Europe political complications during the year had given rise to many uncertainties and appre-

made this splendid achievement possible. Indeed, it may be said that the prosperity of the Dominion during the years referred to has been reflected in the bank's balance sheet.—*Mr. Martin Kennedy, chairman Bank of N.Z.*

Bloodless Intellectualism.

They should do their utmost to Christianise the labour movement. Efforts in the past had been too individualistic. They should study the mind of the workman to a larger extent, and get away from the bloodless intellectualism governing the world. The labour movement, which was a business enterprise, must be Christianised, otherwise the very existence of the Church would be threatened.—*Rev. Mr. Baker.*

The Lubberland.

To compare the position of the labourers here with that of the labourers in England is to compare things that are totally unlike. The socialist in New Zealand would transform his country into a mere "Lubberland," where he would be fed and be able to idle away his time in a state of irresponsibility. This, I hold, would not make for the development of manhood.—*The Hon. of Dunedin.*

Farmers and Flour.

With the small Customs protection duty, namely 20/- per ton on flour, and oatmeal a little under one-eighth of a penny per pound, which ensured an over-abundance of milling in the Dominion and the keenest of rivalry the consumer had nothing to fear. The New Zealand Tariff was 150 per cent lower than that of Australia. Was not our door open to Australia? And what was their door closed tight and hard against us. Yet,

News of the Dominion

Cixborne Flourishing.

CIXBORNE appears to be having prosperous times just now, and properties are changing hands at advanced prices. Quarter-acre sections in the suburbs are realising up to £200. One builder, in the last three years, has erected over 70 houses, many of which were sold before the timber was on the ground. There is a keen demand for house property in the vicinity of the town, which is evidently on the up grade just now.

A Radical Change.

The Minister for Education is anxious to see some radical changes made in the junior cadet system. He wishes to see the boys "demilitarised." He told a Press representative that he was opposed to military drills, gold lace and honours for boys of tender years. There was time enough for the lads to learn an elaborate military system when they joined the senior cadets. He believed in character formation, and mental and physical development, the boys to be kept under the control of the Education Department. "If the fellows in knickerbockers," he said, "do not want a lot of military drill. A uniform system of physical culture and deep breathing is far better, and the girls, too, can be developed on similar lines." His idea is to carry out the physical exercises in conjunction with the scheme for medical inspection and continue miniature rifle range shooting.

Some Difficulties.

Cabinet has accepted an offer for a block of land at Nelson for the erection of workers' homes. "There is a large demand for homes in Nelson," said the Minister for Labour to a Press representative, "and the site Cabinet has decided upon will be capable of carrying eighteen to twenty dwellings. During the last few days we have purchased several sites at Island Bay. In Wellington the Department is faced with many difficulties. The drawback here is that the land offered is either not in a suitable place, or if it is the price is out of all reason, it being impossible to pay high prices for land which is to be used for workmen's homes." Nine homes are being erected in Timaru and eight in Teuku, while negotiations are being carried out in regard to the acquisition of land for homes at Franklin Junction.

The Oira Tunnel.

The contract time for the completion of the Oira tunnel, the huge work that will link up Canterbury and Westland (illustrated in a double-page in last week's "Graphic") will be up in a few months' time, but the contractors are barely half-way through yet. They were delayed for nearly a year in procuring machinery and plant. The chief trouble, however, has been the scarcity of labour offering for the work. Practically all the time only about half the number of men that the contractors could have employed have been procurable. No idea can be given when the contract will be finished. If the proper labour could be obtained it would not take very long to finish the job.

Handy Telephones.

The Hon. H. G. Ell, Postmaster-General, told a reporter that in regard to the cities it is essential that telephones, if they are to be of the greatest service, should be installed in places where they can be readily availed of by the public. "I have had plans of 'call cabinets' prepared," he said, "and in about a fortnight's time three of these will be installed as an experiment in Christchurch. These 'call cabinets' will contain slot machines, and will be open to the public night and day. If the Christchurch experiment proves a success the system will be extended to other places, and I am convinced that the departure will prove a great boon to the public."

Incidental.

A female teacher whose appointment to a school in the Marlborough Sounds was approved by the Education Board last week is a full-blooded Maori.

Mr. Cuddie, Chief Dairy Commissioner, said the special feature of the Taranaki Winter Show was the level quality of

the butter. This he attributed to the fact that pasteurisation has now become so general in Taranaki.

At the annual meeting of the B.N.Z., the chairman drew attention to the prospect of an early opening up of large areas of native lands, and added that it was to the undeveloped and unsettled portion of the North Island that we must look in the near future for any large expansion in the export trade of the Dominion.

Auckland as the Naval Base.

Auckland has been definitely fixed upon as the site of the new naval base, necessitated by the removal of the centre of affairs from Sydney, following on the establishment of the Australian navy. The ships to be stationed in New Zealand will be all new, and are now being constructed at Home. There will be two cruisers of the Bristol type—4,800 tons, 22,000 horse power, speed 25 knots—three destroyers, and two submarines, the last-mentioned being quite new to this part of the world. The destroyers will differ from those in the Australian navy, in the fact that they will carry coal only, whereas the Australian boats will carry oil as well. The submarines will burn petrol, and sub-bases for the storage of this fuel will probably be located at Wellington and Port Chalmers or Dunedin. The fleet will be known as the New Zealand Division of the China Squadron, and the officer in command will probably be a Commodore—but this and other similar points are matters of detail. As an indication of what the change will mean to New Zealand from a business point of view, it may be mentioned that the fleet represents between 11,000 and 12,000 officers and men, who will be stationed in New Zealand waters always, so that, although the number of ships will be less than that which composed the old Australian Squadron, the change means a decided permanent increase for New Zealand.

The arrival of the division next April will have additional eclat lent to it by the fact that the New Zealand, the Dreadnought presented to the Motherland by the Dominion, will also arrive at the same time, on her visit to the people who presented her, before she takes her place with the fleet to which she has been appointed in Home waters.

In reference to the shore equipment in connection with the establishment of the base, no details are at present available, as this and other matters are points upon which Captain Rolleston has come across the Tasman Sea to report upon, but the shore buildings will probably be on a fairly extensive scale. At any rate, the Admiralty reserve near the Calliope dock gives ample room for all the possible requirements of both the ships and men. There was a good deal of talk about the need of an Admiralty House in view of the new base, but it is probable that no such residence will be necessary, at least on anything like so generous a scale as the mansion in Family Place, which was erected for the admiral who never arrived.

Magistrates and Laws.

A new Supreme Court-house in Masterton was opened last week by the Hon. J. A. Hanan, Minister for Justice, in the presence of a large gathering. Addresses were given by the Minister, Mr. G. R. Sykes, M.P., Mr. L. G. Reid, S.M., the Mayor (Mr. J. M. Coradine). In the course of his speech, Mr. Hanan stated that the best brains of the country were required for the magisterial bench; and to secure these higher salaries would have to be paid. The Minister was afterwards entertained at luncheon by representatives of the legal profession, and in responding to the toast of his health, he said that amendments of the Companies, Bankruptcy, and Copyright Acts were required to bring them into line with the English laws. Something should also be done to assimilate the laws of New Zealand with those of Australia.

Parliamentary.

Ministers and members of Parliament are assembling in Wellington for the opening of the session, which takes place Thursday afternoon. The Prime Minister and his colleagues have ex-

pressed themselves confident as to the solidarity of the Liberal-Labour party, and Mr. Massey and members of the Opposition insist that they will present an even more compact body than at the prorogation last year. The question at the strength of parties will not be long in doubt, as it is Mr. Massey's intention to seize the first opportunity of moving a vote of no confidence in the Government. The Premier and other Ministers have been enthusiastically received throughout their northern tours and, generally speaking, have created a most favourable impression, especially in the country districts.

Abortive.

The conference arranged between the Federation of Labour and the Mine Owners' Association to discuss the Waikato and Reefton strike ended, as was anticipated, without any advance towards settlement of either dispute. As a preliminary to discussion of any terms the mine owners' representatives insisted that any settlement should be held to be as binding as an award of the Arbitration Court, and any breach thereof subject to the penalties provided under the Arbitration Act. The federation representatives protested and finally declined to give any such undertaking. Mr. Semple, before retiring, said that the employers had thrown down the gauntlet and the federation would take it up and make a bitter fight to the end. Mr. Rhodes' only remark was: "Very well. We will leave it at that." At a mass meeting of unionists held subsequently the delegates presented their report. Mr. Semple stated that the question of a general strike or continuing a sectional strike at Waikato would be considered by the executive, but it is generally understood that there is at present no intention of extending the operation of the strike. It appears that the amount contributed through the federation strike levy is less than was expected, and strike pay originally fixed has been reduced. There is no new developments in connection with the Reefton strike. The trouble at the Hikurangi coal mines, which was of a trifling character, was settled at a conference between delegates of the miners and the directors of the company, and work is going on as usual.

Arbitration Court and Farmers.

At a meeting of the executive of the Auckland branch of the Farmers' Union held on Thursday several members expressed the opinion that farmers should have representation on the Arbitration Court, inasmuch as they were affected by awards which increased wages in various trades. It was urged by other speakers that it had hitherto been the policy of the farming community to keep aloof from the Arbitration Court, and that it would be unwise for the union to in any way bring itself within the scope of the Act. A resolution was passed affirming the desirability of farmers and others similarly interested having representation on the Arbitration Court.

New Freezing Works.

A happening of considerable importance took place at Whangarei on Wednesday, when the large freezing works recently built by the Whangarei Freezing Company, Limited, were officially opened. It is felt in Whangarei that the freezing works will provide an outlet in the frozen meat trade for that large northern district, which has hitherto been without any facility of a like character. The Shaw-Savill steamer Kumara loads the first cargo of meat sent from the new works.

The Cost of Living.

The Cost of Living Commission has not so far revealed anything very startling. The evidence for the most part goes to show that there is a very considerable profit going to somebody in nearly all the necessities of life. The consumer apparently pays about a hundred per cent. more than the goods cost to make, but each person concerned in the distribution of these goods lays the blame on the other fellow. Some witnesses seemed to think that we were altogether too luxurious, and one witness thought we used too much hot water. But whether we are luxurious or not, there can be no doubt that the cost of the necessities of existence has gone up fully 80 per cent. during the last few years, and it seems likely that the cost of Royal Commissions will go up still more. At present we have three. If the increase continues, we may soon have half-a-dozen. Their existence may throw some light on the much vexed question of the cost of living, seeing that we have to pay pretty dearly for them.

Arts and Crafts Club.

The newly-formed Auckland Arts and Crafts Club was encouragingly inaugurated on Friday evening at the rooms in the Artists' Flats, Palmerston Buildings, about two hundred people being present by invitation. The president (Mr. R. A. Armstrong), the secretary (Mr. E. Warner), and the committee and other officials looked after their guests admirably.

In the course of some interesting remarks explaining their aims and objects, the president said the club had inaugurated a movement that might be of benefit to the whole Dominion, and he emphasised the fact that it embraced all forms of art. There must be a constant creation of vacancies in the ranks of artists, and it would only be by making practical the following of art and providing at least a decent living for art workers that we could hope for the future generation of artists. Commerce and industry almost completely occupied the public mind, but by the application of its highest principles to craft productions art would gradually insinuate itself into the daily lives of the people, uplifting and refining the public taste. Mr. Armstrong urged members to endeavour to extend the membership of the club.

Several of the studios on the flat were thrown open, and there was also in an adjoining room a very fine collection of work by the members of the club. Sketches in oil and water-colour, modelling, etchings, photographs, the more artistic processes, stencil work, jewellery, cartoons, black and white work, architectural drawings, stained glass, etc., were inspected with much interest, and most favourably commented upon by the guests. During the evening songs were rendered by Miss McLean and Mr. Barry Coney, and Mr. L. Abraham gave a musical monologue.

Elephants in Siam.

It is estimated that there are 3,000 domesticated elephants in Siam; but there is a fear that the elephant is showing a tendency to disappear. The price, so we learn from a French source, is £500 for a male and £300 for a female. The animal, an adult at twenty-five, is not in full vigor until ten years later, and the longevity of the elephant is well known. The capture of the wild elephant is both dangerous and costly. Elephant hunting is under the control of the State, which imposes a duty of £30 on each animal taken. According to an official return the value of ivory exported from Siam last year was £4,400.

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COUNTRY VISITORS WELCOMED.

A Prosperous Year.

Bank of New Zealand Returns—A Record in Profits—Substantial Dividends.

At the annual meeting of shareholders of the Bank of New Zealand, held at Wellington last week, the chairman (Mr. Martin Kennedy), in moving the adoption of the report and balance-sheet, said a good year had been experienced, the profits being the highest yet earned by the bank in any year since its commencement in 1861. The directors recommended the payment of a dividend on all the shares of the bank, amounting on the ordinary shares to 15 per cent. for the year, and on the preference shares 10 per cent., the statutory limit. Last year the reserve fund was increased to £1,000,000 by the addition of £300,000 from profits, and the directors proposed to place a similar sum to credit of the fund out of the profits for the year under review, making the total £1,200,000. With the amount proposed to be carried forward, namely, £40,587, the reserve fund and undivided profits would amount to £1,240,587. A sum of £500,000 from the reserve fund was invested in British Government securities. Notes in circulation, which stood at £1,030,966, showed an increase of £53,720 as compared with the previous year. Deposits were less by £2,052,878 than the figures of a year ago, the decrease being due to reduction in Government credit balances, which, in the last balance-sheet, were abnormally high. Ordinary deposits, both fixed and free, showed a satisfactory increase. Bills payable and other liabilities showed a comparatively small fluctuation, being less by £71,937 than at March, 1911.

Money at Short Call.

Money at short call, Government and other securities in London, stood at £23,316,159. This amount, as compared with the previous year, showed a decrease of £3,394,080, attributable to the reduction previously mentioned in Government balances and to the withdrawal of funds from London to meet the active demand for accommodation in the Dominion. Coin and cash balances also showed at a lower figure, the amount under this head, plus bullion, being £265,589 less than at March, 1911, the reduction in liabilities already referred to rendering maintenance of the high cash reserve of last year uncalled for. The totals under this heading, together with the amount of bills receivable and investments in the colonies, were equal to 55 per cent (or 11/ in the £) of the total liabilities of the Bank to the pub-

lic. Bills receivable in London and in transit stood at £2,406,266, an increase of £111,645 on the figures of the previous year. Investments in the colonies were less by £72,763 than at 31st March, 1911.

Advances.

Bills discounted were greater by £109,439, and other advances by £1,729,633, as compared with the figures of a year ago, and now stood at £1,221,075 and £3,607,748 respectively. During the year there had been a strong demand on the banks and other financial institutions in the Dominion for accommodation, and, although adopting a restrictive policy for some time past, the bank had responded reasonably to the call. The present policy was to maintain the bank in a position to meet the legitimate requirements of established connections and of the Dominion's industries and trade. With regard to advances, the greatest care would be bestowed by directors and the executive officers upon this most important branch of the bank's business.

Assets Realization Board.

Totals under this heading amounted to £136,356, as against £126,354 last year. The item "Sundry Assets Unrealized" had disappeared from the balance-sheet, practically all the Assets Realization Board properties having been disposed of.

Landed property and premises, after appropriation now made of £25,000, stood at £420,538, as compared with £423,739 at 31st March last year.

Profit and Loss.

The profits, representing the work of the Jubilee year, showed at £396,182, an increase of £40,911 on the profits of the previous year, and, after making due allowances, the net profits for the year amounted to £331,182, as compared with £295,270 last year. The sum available for distribution was £305,587. The total amount distributed to shareholders would be the same as last year, namely, £125,000. Of the balance remaining, it was proposed to transfer £200,000 to the reserve fund, and to carry forward £40,587.

Steady Progress.

He noted with satisfaction the rapid growth of the reserve fund, which in 1906 stood at £81,294, and to-day, after the proposed transfer of the £200,000, would stand at £1,200,000. This accumulation had been made practically in

the course of the last six years. As a consequence of adherence to a cautious policy, the bank's losses had been exceedingly light. It was this fact, coupled with the prosperity of the Dominion and the great expansion of settlement and production that had taken place during the last eighteen years, that had made this splendid achievement possible.

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

LONDON, May 17.

Mrs. and the Misses Moon arrived in London last month by the Morra and have just spent an enjoyable month at St. Leonards-on-Sea. They will now be in London for several weeks, and then intend visiting the northern counties, Scotland and the Continent. Mrs. M. Moon and Miss L. Moon leave for New Zealand on August 9th by the Macedonia. Miss E. Moon intends spending the winter in England with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Day, of "Pencarrow" (Waikato), who planned their present visit to England in order to see Mr. Day's brother (whom he had not seen for 50 years) at Godalming, and, with him, to visit various home spots, had a voyage of sad surprises. Arriving at Tibury last week they were met with a letter announcing the death only a week before of their brother, this shock following on that received on the voyage when they learned that Mr. Day's nephew, Mr. Donald Campbell, was among those lost on the ill-fated Titanic. After spending some time in his old home at East Farleigh, Mr. and Mrs. Day spent a few weeks in Jersey with the object of purchasing some of the best blood in heifers for the well-known herd at "Pencarrow" (Tamahere). They think of leaving for New Zealand in July.

Miss Audrey Richardson, the New Zealand violinist, was one of the performers at a special concert given at Queen's Hall on Sunday night in aid of the Titanic relief fund.

Mr. Charles G. Hill, of Auckland, spent some little time in America and Canada on business and pleasure before coming to England, and has booked his return passage for October next. Visits to Scotland and Ireland are among his plans for the immediate future.

The Rev. G. P. Davys, for so long the popular vicar of St. Peter's, Wellington, who, last year, married his cousin and is now vicar of Blunham, Bedfordshire, is at present visiting London.

Mr. D. C. Collins, of Wellington, who rowed No. 2 in the Cambridge boat in the sensational inter-variety race this year, figured at bow, with C. F. Burnand as stroke, in the first Trinity Boat in the Magdalene pairs decided on the Cam this week. The New Zealander and his partner won their way to the final and then succumbed after a hard race to the Trinity Hall pair, A. A. Swann and S. E. Swann.

Lady Mills, wife of Sir James Mills, of Dunedin, was presented at the Court held by Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday of this week. She wore an underdress of oyster coloured satin, covered with gold embroidered chiffon, the bodice being trimmed with jewelled net, and an oyster satin train was draped with Mechlin lace and lined

with gold tissue. Other New Zealanders presented at the same Court were Miss Geraldine Mills and Miss ... daughter of the Chief Justice of New Zealand, who was presented by Lord Stout.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nathan, of Auckland, arrived on the 8th inst. by the Grosser Kurfirst after a most enjoyable trip. They intend spending about six months in England, and are staying with Mrs. Nathan's parents at Keith House, Portchester Gate. The reason of the visit is firstly to see Mrs. Nathan's parents, who reside in London, and secondly to see Mrs. Arthur Nathan and her daughters, who have been in this part of the world for about two years.

Mr. J. George, of Te Puke, and Mr. Jas. S. Wilson and his daughter, of Mt. Eden, arrived in London a few days ago on a eight-seating tour and to visit relatives. After "doing" London they travel over England, Scotland and Ireland, visiting all the agricultural shows going on. Later, after seeing something of the Continent they embark for New Zealand from Naples.

Miss M. E. Weston, of Auckland, arrived on May 4 by the Ionic. She is taking up a course of medical electricity, massage, and the Nautilus treatment, which will take four months, and hopes to visit the Continent before returning to New Zealand.

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MOLDAVIA	10,000	E. H. Gordon	July 13th
MALWA	12,531	G. H. C. Weston, R.N.R.	July 27th
MONGOLIA	10,070	C. F. PRESTON, R.N.R.	Aug. 10th

NEW ZEALAND SERVICE.

Steamers	Tons	Captains	Leave Auckland approximately.
MONGOLIA	10,000	C. F. Preston, R.N.R.	Nov. 22
MALWA	11,000	A. Thompson	Dec. 20
MALWA	12,500	G. H. C. Weston, R.N.R.	Jan. 17
MALWA	10,500	B. de B. Lockyer, R.N.R.	Feb. 14

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Personal Notes

ADVICE from Rotorua states that there has been a great improvement in the Hon. J. A. Mihar's condition. The blood pressure has gone down a good deal, and his sight is slowly returning over the whole of the affected eye. There is every chance of his making a complete recovery with care.

The Jewish community of Dunedin has given a call to the Rev. M. Diamond, of Newcastle, New South Wales.

Mr Walter Bishop, of the Napier Deeds Office, has been promoted to Assistant Land Registrar and Deputy-Registrar of Deeds in the same office, to succeed Mr. J. A. Fraser, promoted to Gisborne.

Mr. W. H. Field, ex-M.P. for Otaki, will be entertained by the residents of Waikanae and district at Mahara House, Waikanae on 1st July. Sir Joseph Ward has accepted an invitation to be present.

Mr John Murray, one of the early and sturdy pioneers of the West Coast, died at the Grey River Hospital last week, aged 90 years. Deceased was a native of Waterford, Ireland, and was well-known on the Coast.

Mr Walter King, of the Public Works Department, and a nephew of the Hon. C. H. Mills, died at the Auckland Hospital last week. He had been engaged in Departmental work at Te Puke, where he contracted a severe cold, which settled on his lungs, death supervening.

Mr. W. W. de Castro, who has been District Land Registrar, Registrar of Deeds, and Examiner of Titles, at Nelson for the past twenty years, has received notice of his transfer on promotion to Dunedin. During his residence in Nelson Mr de Castro has taken a very keen interest in Freemasonry, and besides being a P.M. of Lodge Victory, he attained the distinction of being a P.P.G.M. of the Nelson and Marlborough districts. He was also a prominent bowler and was last year secretary of the Nelson Bowling Club.

Mr. Michael Mullooly, who died at Poverty Bay last week, came from County Athlone, Ireland. He served in the Hawke's Bay volunteers (infantry) under Captain Tuke in 1865, and took part in the engagements with the other forces of Waipapa and other engagements that culminated in the fight at Waerenga-a-hika. In 1866 he captured and surrendered rebels were deported to the Chathams, together with a guard under Captain Tuke (brother of the officer previously mentioned). Mullooly was a member of the garrison. Two years later the rebels, under Te Kooti, overpowered the guard and seized the Rifleman. Mullooly resisted strenuously but was made prisoner, and was left tied up in the trenches. Mullooly was very near being shot, and would have been so but for his rather friendly relations with some of the natives. Subsequently Mr Mullooly settled at Tolaga Bay, where he at one time held considerable property.

The old soldier-soldiers of New Zealand are gradually passing away. The last to go was Mr. J. W. Thurston, who died, aged sixty-six, at Waverley. He was a native of Hobart, but came to New Zealand with his parents as a child. When the war broke out Mr Thurston joined General Cameron's forces and he was present at the engagement with the Maoris at Nukumarua, when a large number of pakeha soldiers fell. Forty years ago Mr Thurston took up land at Waverley, and was afterwards appointed Crown Lands Ranger for the district. In 1906 he was appointed clerk to the Waverley Town Board, which post he relinquished through ill health in 1910. When the Wairoa troop of light horse was formed in 1872 the late Mr Thurston joined as sergeant and served continuously in the corps for thirty years, being lieutenant of the troop when he resigned. In his day he was a noted shot and used to attend regularly the meetings of the National Rifle Association.

The death occurred at Wellington last week of Mr. S. C. Barrand, who was appointed manager of the Bank of New Zealand at Lower Hut in 1879, and he died a few years ago.

The Anglican Bishop of Auckland (Dr. Crossley) has been asked to preach the sermon at the consecration of the Bishop-elect of Nelson (Rev. W. C. Radler).

The conferring of the Imperial Service Order, among the King's Birthday honours, upon Mr. Donald Robertson,

Secretary of the New Zealand Post and Telegraph Department, and Mr. John Strachan, Under-Secretary of Lands, is a recognition of long and faithful service rendered by both officials to the Crown. Mr. Robertson joined the Postal Department as a cadet in Dunedin in 1878, rising by his own diligence and ability to the high position he now occupies. Mr. Strachan entered the Provincial Engineer's Department in 1862, and three years later joined the Survey Department, going through the various grades until reaching the important office of Under-Secretary. His predecessor, Mr. W. C. Kensington, also earned his I.S.O.

A large gathering of Auckland business men assembled in the Chamber of Commerce last week to make a presentation to Mr. J. D. Greig, who has been local manager for the Bank of Australasia for the past seven years, and is now retiring on superannuation. The presentation took the form of a cheque for £100, subscribed for by clients of the bank, and a framed address signed by the representatives of over thirty business firms. Mr. J. D. Hall, who presided, spoke in very high terms of Mr. Greig, who, he said, was esteemed equally as a business man and a friend. He wished Mr. Greig many happy years of retirement after his labours, and expressed the hope of the gathering that he would continue to live in Auckland. Mr. A. D. Stewart (Sargold, Son, and Ewen) read a letter from his principal, Mr. T. Finlayson, who is away from Auckland, expressing a high opinion of Mr. Greig's services to the business community. Mr. Greig suitably returned thanks. Mr. Greig intimated that after a trip to the Islands and Sydney he would settle permanently in Auckland. On Monday afternoon Mr. Greig received a presentation from the Auckland staff of the bank and the managers of the Hamilton and Whangarei branches, in the form of a suit case and travelling rug.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bray, late of Devonport, with their family, left for the Island and Sydney by the Tofua last week.

The deaths are announced of three old Southland residents. Mr. Robert Cleave (nurseryman), Mr. Robert Wesley (an active temperance worker), and Mr. Duncan K. MacRae (a well-known farmer of Mukoreta), who died in Edinburgh yesterday.

Mr. T. K. Honan, an old and much-respected resident of Onehunga, died somewhat suddenly last week. He had been for many years headmaster of the Roman Catholic Collegiate School at Onehunga. The deceased, who was nearly 70 years of age, leaves a widow and grown-up family.

Mr. John Smith, who has been a member of the Wellington City Council since 1885, and was acting-Mayor during the absence of Mr. T. M. Wilford, M.P., was last week presented by the Wellington citizens with a purse of sovereigns, in recognition of his services to the city. The presentation was made by the Mayor, Mr. D. McLaren.

Mr. H. D. Heather, who is about to take a trip to Australia, has been granted leave of absence by the Auckland Harbour Board, of which he is a member, and it was decided to give him a letter of introduction to the Sydney harbour authorities, as he intends to study harbour methods while across the Tasman Sea.

The Rev. Wilfrid Gore Browne, M.A., son of late Colonel Sir Thomas Gore Browne, K.C.M.G., Governor of New Zealand, 1855-61, is to be consecrated Bishop of Kimberley, South Africa, on St. Peter's Day, June 29. The Standing Committee of the Auckland diocese has arranged to send him a congratulatory cable from the diocese in which he was born. The Bishop-elect left England for South Africa in 1902, to become Rector of Pretoria. He was made Dean of Pretoria in 1909.

Rev. W. J. L. Cross, B.A., minister of Trinity Congregational Church, Christchurch, has accepted a call to Brighton Church, Melbourne, and will leave at the end of August.

Mr E. Dockrill has been appointed chairman of the New Plymouth High School Board, in place of Mr N. K. MacDiarmid, who has resigned.

Mr Wm. Swadling, J.P., died suddenly at his residence at Kaponga last week. Death was due to heart disease. Deceased had large interests in Kaponga.

He was chairman of directors of the Kaponga Dairy Co., a director of the Mouturoa freezing works, a councillor of the Eltham County Council, a former chairman of the Kaponga Town Board, a member of the Hawera Charitable Aid Board, and a member of the New Plymouth Harbour Board. He was about 55 years of age, a widower, and leaves one child.

A Press Association cable announces that Mr. Ernest Hume, selector of the New South Wales Cricket Association, died in London of pneumonia. He accompanied the Australian eleven home.

Captain Chambers has been appointed commander of H.M.S. Encounter. A London cablegram announces that Mr. E. T. Cook, late editor of the "Garden," has been knighted.

Mr. G. F. C. Campbell, Commissioner of Taxes, who is a cousin of the late Sir John Logan Campbell, arrived from Wellington by the express yesterday to attend the funeral to-morrow.

Major Harris, M.L.C., leaves for Wellington by the Main Trunk express this evening. Mr. John Ballard, M.P., also leaves by this evening's train.

Dr. Cleary, Roman Catholic Bishop of Auckland, was a passenger by the Main Trunk train, Sunday evening, on his way to Christchurch, to attend the jubilee of the foundation of the Christchurch diocese, and, incidentally, the jubilee of Bishop Grimes.

Mr. Percy Hallenstein, managing director of the D.I.C., Christchurch, arrived by the Main Trunk train on Sunday, accompanied by Mrs. Hallenstein, Mrs. E. Hallenstein, of Dunedin, and Mr. K. Hallenstein, of England. The party is staying at the Grand Hotel.

Cable information has been received from Philadelphia, notifying that J. C. Finlay, son of Mr. Thomas Finlay, Mount Albert, has successfully passed his final examination in dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania, taking the degree of

Removing Hills by Hydraulics.

In building both Seattle and Portland it was necessary to remove from the face of the earth several sizeable hills. This work was done, for the most part, by hydraulic power. That is (says the New York "Tribune") the hills, composed mostly of dirt, were washed away by powerful streams of water. At Portland (Oregon) electric power, driving huge centrifugal pumps, lifted water from Guild's Lake 400ft up-hill and hurled it through 4in nozzles against the great piles of dirt and gravel. In this way the hills are washed away much quicker and cheaper than they could be cut up and carted away with steam shovels and dirt trains.

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References:

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Passing of a Pioneer.

Death of Sir John Logan Campbell—The Father of Auckland and the City's Greatest Benefactor.

It was a beautiful day when we set out. In fact, it was always beautiful weather whenever we started on a journey in those far-off days, because we always waited for a fine day—time was of little account." Thus wrote Sir John Logan Campbell about the setting-out of a little party from Waiau (Coromandel) to visit for the first time the Waitemata, of which they had heard such glorious accounts. And now the Father of Auckland has set out on his last long journey alone, in the chill of the year, with his beloved Waitemata lying grey beneath the winter sun, and Maungakiekie standing out against a sombre western sky.

The Grand Old Man, full of years and honour, passed peacefully away in his sleep on Saturday morning just before the dawn, when the waters of the Waitemata, upon which he has looked so often from his home on the cliff, were just at the last of the ebb. The tide and his daughterless spirit went out together, but not until the Waitemata forgets to return twice every day to the scenes he loved so well will his name pass into oblivion.

Sir John's connection with Auckland is unique. Perhaps few of us realise the remarkable position he occupied. Over seventy years ago, a young Scotch doctor who had left the Old Country to try his fortune in the new land, he climbed to the top of Mount Hobson with a companion—a man bearing the not uncommon name of Brown. While they were admiring the matchless view they saw a schooner come into the harbour and drop anchor off Orakei. They afterwards learned that on board were the officials from the capital at Kororareka sent down to purchase from the natives a strip of land right across the isthmus for the purpose of building the new capital, it having been decided to remove the centre of affairs from the Bay of Islands. In fact, as Sir John tells very amusingly in his charming book "Poenamo," he handled some of the very sovereigns that formed part of the payment for the land. It seems almost incredible that a man should have witnessed such an incident and lived to see Auckland attain its present size and importance. What was once a waste of fern, with a few scattered Maori whares, has grown into a city of a hundred thousand people, with houses stretching right across the isthmus from water to water. Up till a few days ago the old gentleman, a pathetic figure, almost blind, feeble and tottering, necessitating a strong arm to lean on, but still with his beaming features and snow-white locks, making a picturesque and noble figure, used to be driven down to the dingy little office in Shortland-street, still bearing the well remembered name, "Brown and Campbell," though it had not been a firm for many years. Nothing prevented him making his daily pilgrimage to the spot, dingy but cluttered with many memories, where, in 1840, the firm set up business in a tent.

Sir John had never been really ill in his life before he had to take to his bed a few days ago. He had a wonderful constitution, and in spite of the strenuous life he led in the old pioneering days, he was an absolute stranger to the hundred and one infirmities which are usually accepted as the inevitable companions of advancing years. The gallant old man just faded away in the end, and it was never written, with more truth, "His end was peace."

The past history of such a man is full of interest. Sir John L. Campbell, M.D., M.R.C.S., born in November, 1817, was the only son of the late John Campbell, Esq., M.D., of Edinburgh, and grandson of the late Sir James Campbell, Bart., of Abernethy and Kilbride, Perthshire. Sir John came of an ancient and honourable Scottish line. He was educated in Edinburgh, and took the degree of M.D. at its University, then the first medical school of the Kingdom. Having been bitten with the mania which prevailed in the Old Country in 1834-39 for emigrating to Australia, where everyone was to make a fortune in a few years by wool-growing, he threw up a commission in the East India Company's service and

sailed from Greenock, July, 1839, in the ship Palmyra, Captain Brown, bound for Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, with emigrants and cargo. He was the medical officer in charge of the ship. The first part of the voyage was rather an exciting one, for a collision occurred six days out, and the foremast and mainmast were carried away, and the ship had to put back to Greenock for repairs. In due course the Palmyra arrived at Sydney. After a visit to the Bathurst Plains (where he had an opportunity of studying the convict element of the colony), he gave up the idea of sheep and cattle-raising and farming in Australia, and determined to try his fortunes in the new colony of New Zealand.

First Business Venture.

Sir John and his partner were so depressed with the idea on the slopes of the Waitemata the future capital would be fixed that they purchased from the natives the little island of Motu-Korea (Brown's Island) and came up in their canoe in August and lived there.

In December, 1840, Sir John left the island and pitched his tent in Commercial Bay, Auckland. The tide then washed the beach where the Post Office in Shortland-street now stands. The doctor threw aside his profession and started the firm of Brown and Campbell. The firm purchased at the first town sale (April, 1841) the allotment on which it has ever since conducted its business. In 1848, after a nine years' absence from the Old Country, he left the colony on a visit home, going through Torres Straits to India, thence via the Red Sea to Suez, and making the ascent of the Nile to the second Cataract in Nubia. Thereafter he toured Greece, the Bosphorus, and went through Europe, travelling continuously for 15 months before reaching home. He returned to Auckland at the end of 1850, and in 1851 paid a short business visit to San Francisco.

Political and Public Career.

In 1856 Sir John entered the field of politics. He contested successfully the Superintendency of Auckland with Mr Whitaker, and at the same time was returned at the head of the poll as a member of the House of Representatives for Auckland. In 1855, also, he started the rifle-shooting and volunteer movement in Auckland, thus inaugurating at the Antipodes the citizen-soldier movement long before it was begun in England. He was a Minister without portfolio in the Stafford-Richmond-Sewell-Whitaker Cabinet on the introduction of responsible Government. He resigned the Superintendency and seat in the Cabinet towards the end of 1856, and again went to the Mother Country. In 1859 he once more entered the House as member for Parnell (elected unopposed). It was on this occasion that he took an active part with Mr Thos. Russell and Mr James Williamson in starting the Bank of New Zealand.

In 1861 he again returned to Europe, with the intention of taking a long holiday, which was prolonged to nine years, spent chiefly on the Continent, and notably in Italy. In 1871 he returned to Auckland, and has resided ever since.

Among the public positions held by Sir John Campbell in past years was the chairmanship of the Auckland Board of Education, president of the Chamber of Commerce, president of the Northern Club, president of the Scenery Conservation Society, and Mayor of Auckland during the year when the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York visited this city. He was also a prominent member of the Auckland Institute, Acclimatisation Society, and other institutions. He has at various times been chairman of many local bodies, and has conducted a successful business ever since Auckland's inception. He was a vice-president of the Auckland Savings Bank, and chairman of directors of the Campbell-Ehrenfried Brewery Company.

Early Volunteer Movement.

Sir John Campbell resigned the Superintendency of Auckland on November 17, 1856, in order to pay a visit to Europe,

but he made that year memorable by the act of his long life upon which he most prided himself, and for good reason, for by his formation of the Rifle Corps of 1856 he anticipated by some three years the great volunteer movement of the United Kingdom. The local clubs had shot for prizes of honour presented by Sir John Campbell in 1856, which are still shot for to-day, the winner receiving an artistic silver medal, which he retains.

His Marriage.

The doctor claimed his bride at the hands of Judge Wilson of Maradabad (later a prominent personage in Christchurch, and known to New Zealanders as Sir Cracroft Wilson, C.B., K.C.S.T.), the marriage taking place at Meerut. Lady Campbell had been one of the refugees who escaped to the hills at Nainee Tal, where all were shut up for many months until the mutiny was partially quelled.

Mayor in the Royal Year.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales decided to visit Auckland, and the vacancy of the Mayoralty exercised the citizens as to who would be the fitting person to receive their Royal Highnesses and to present the address of welcome, it was held to be natural and right that Auckland's oldest and most prominent citizen should don the Mayoral robes in the Royal year, and the citizens hailed his installation as Mayor on May 8, 1901, with emphatic approval. Sir John accepted office on the condition that he would be allowed to retire three months after holding office and the appointment of a capable deputy, who was Mr Alfred Kidd. Dr. Campbell, for his part, was as proud as any free man who boasted in old times *Civis Romanus sum*. And so not only did he head the citizens as their Chief Magistrate in welcoming the heir to the throne at the gates of the city, but he marked the occasion by a magnificent gift to the people of New Zealand. The doctor was knighted on June 26, 1902, and no honour that has been bestowed by the King has ever given more general satisfaction in New Zealand.

His Residences in Auckland.

The first residence of Sir John Campbell in Auckland was a tent, the next a raupo whare, erected just above the water's edge in Shortland Street, next "Acacia Cottage," followed by "Logan Bank," and finally "Kilbride." "Logan Bank" is still standing in Jernyn Street, and is at present used as a boarding house.

Sir John selected the new site of the future home at One-tree Hill, and the present Cornwall Park drive was planted in anticipation. Thus it is that the avenue then planted has become Cornwall Park Drive, and which will remain so until the future Grand Avenue replaces it. Subsequently he decided to reside nearer the city, and "Kilbride" was erected on a beautiful site in Parnell.

The promontory now known as Campbell's Point was originally covered with tea-tree and low, tough scrub, and exposed to all the winds that blew. When its owner began building on it it was a bleak place, and not at all inviting to a good many of Sir John's friends, who candidly expressed their views on the subject. But he knew very well what could be made of the place, and almost fore-saw what a beautiful home it would become in time. He could see from the point the little bay where he first landed, in 1840, and he had an uninterrupted view of his first love, Motu-Korea, where he began settlement; looking to the westward he could see the city of Auckland, still growing and extending in every direction, even over the shallow foreshore of the harbour; and he was perfectly content with the prospect.

With his own axe he cut down the scrub and hewed out paths along the edge of the cliff from one side round to the other. He planted macrocarpa, Pinus insignis, and other shade trees, and here and there left native trees to themselves. Sir John was his own architect for "Kilbride." Notwithstanding the Scottish name of the house it is Italian in style, both within and without. This is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that its designer had spent nine years in Italy before he built it, and could not have entirely escaped the influence of the art of that country. Besides, the Waitemata, as seen from "Kilbride," with the symmetrical cone of Rangitoto in the background, immediately suggests the coast of Italy to anyone who has seen it.

The first house built in Auckland was Sir John's home, and it still stands on its original site in O'Connell Street, at the head of Vulcan Lane. It was erected 70 years ago by Sir John and his partner, Mr. Brown, and as the father of Auckland often afterwards related, it was looked upon in those days—1841—as quite a mansion. The timber was of sawn heart of kauri, and was carried by the two builders on their backs from the beach to the site on which the building was erected. It was only a two-roomed house, but it was the very first to be built, and when Sir John moved from his raupo whare to "Acacia Cottage," the occasion was deemed to be indeed a memorable one. The house has been in continuous occupation ever since, and is to-day occupied by one of the Campbell-Ehrenfried employees. The timber is still as sound, apparently, as the day that this historical cottage was built, and the question arises whether, in view of the associations attaching to it, the little building should not be secured and preserved as a historical relic for the city. On its present site it bears strange contrast, and marks with great emphasis the difference between the old and the new. For it is now surrounded by the finest and biggest of Auckland's buildings, and is directly overlooked by the city's tallest sky-scraper—monuments of the wonderful progress of the city in a lifetime.

A Magnificent Gift.

The culminating incident in the great interest always taken by Sir John in Auckland—which he liked to call the "Corinth of the South"—was his truly noble gift of Cornwall Park to the people. This glorious stretch of country, overlooked by Maungakiekie (One-tree Hill), is the gem of the Tamaki Isthmus, and no such heritage has ever been bestowed upon a city in any other part of the Dominion. It was on this grand mountain that Sir John hoped to build the ideal home he had planned for himself, and the pohutukava tree on the terrace near the tea kiosk marks the spot he had chosen as the site. Few people are aware how nearly was this magnificent estate lost to Sir John and so to the people. In the 'eighties Sir John sustained heavy commercial losses, and it looked quite possible that all the labours of his past years would be swept away, but he faced the situation with the determination that marked the rest of his long career, and reducing his personal expenses to an amount equal to a clerk's salary, he withstood the storm, and this priceless park was saved. It was during the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Auckland that Sir John handed to them the title deeds of the Park, which he bestowed on Auckland, and he named it after the city's Royal visitors. At the time the event was, perhaps, somewhat overshadowed by the presence of the Prince and Princess, but when the people realised the unexampled munificence of the donor, they were astounded at the grandeur of the benefaction. There is probably not another park like it in the world, the gift of one man to his fellow citizens.

On May 24th, six years ago, there was unveiled at the Epsom entrance to the park a bronze statue of the donor, erected by public subscription as the result of a suggestion from the Hon. E. Mitchell made at the opening of the drive to the park in 1903. Sir John was on the occasion of the unveiling the recipient of an ovation which was most touching in its warmth and spontaneity.

A Fitting Resting-place.

At the request of many leading citizens, who recognised that the only fitting resting-place for the remains of Auckland's benefactor was Maungakiekie, the crowning glory of his noble gift to the people of New Zealand, arrangements were made for his interment there, the necessary permission having been obtained from the Government and the local authorities.

The funeral took place yesterday (Tuesday), and the cortege was the longest and most representative ever seen in Auckland. The mournful procession started from "Kilbride," the deceased gentleman's late residence, and followed a route, crowded with people of reverent demeanour, through Parnell, Newmarket, and Epsom to One Tree Hill, where the burial took place. The whole solemn scene was an impressive tribute to the memory of a citizen who had lived through the vicissitudes of early colonisation, who never shirked serious responsibilities, and gave unflinchingly to the general welfare of the city.

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, handicaps 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.

Out of respect to the memory of the late Dr. John Logan Campbell, all golf was postponed on Saturday.

Bogey Competition.

It will be of interest to local players to know that the Rules of Golf Committee are to consider the advisability of embodying the Rules for Bogey Matches in the Rules of Golf. Owing to the great popularity of bogey matches in recent years pressure has been brought to bear on the committee with this end in view. It now remains to be seen what the committee will do in the matter. In view of the fact that nearly every club that holds a competition of any sort provides rules for "bogey play," it seems probable that a set of rules will be adopted.

Rules.

While on the subject of rules, I would like to offer a suggestion to the Auckland Golf Club. A sub-committee of the Golf Council has been appointed to go into the question of alterations to certain rules of the council. Would it not be a good time to have the rule fixing the date of championship meetings at any time in August or September, altered to a fixed day, say, first or second Monday in September? I feel sure a rule making the day a fixed one would meet with general support for several reasons. In the first place, players would not have to wait till well on in the year before definitely fixing the time of their holiday. Then there would be no need for the vigorous protest as to late dates that was necessary this year. If the time was fixed as suggested then no club whose course was likely to be unplayable owing to lack of grass or superabundance of mud would be invited to hold the meeting.

Mud Courses.

Local golfers—in fact, almost all New Zealand golfers—are at a great disadvantage in being condemned to play on nothing but mud courses. Here in Auckland we are in a very bad position. On Thursday last the course was in such bad condition after the heavy rain on Wednesday night that the course had to be closed for play. This was hard on the ladies, especially as their championship meeting is only a few weeks off. Of course, a great improvement will be seen when the draining is completed, but it is slow work, and in the meantime players suffer. I have heard it mentioned several times lately that the committee would have the support of the whole club, and also the Ladies' Club, if they decided to put on a large staff of men, and have these permanent works done straight away. There is a good deal to be said in favour of this scheme, but I would go further, and add to the draining and cleaning the making of permanent tees and bunkers. I understand a number of the holes have been measured, and the balance could be quickly done, and the course committee would not take long to fix on the correct distances and positions for the tees. I should think that vigorous prosecution of the work with an increased staff would see all the tees and drains, and perhaps some of the bunkers done in the course of two months. An endless supply of magnificent turf is available for making tees, which would be in use in a very short time. I understand that tees are to be planted at once at several points, principally as backgrounds, and to define the fairways between several holes, notably the fifth and sixth. This will be an improvement, and if the background at the first and seventeenth are the first treated a great many players will be very thankful.

Handicaps.

Now that the Auckland Golf Club has adopted the system of printing on the face of the score card the holes at

which strokes are to be taken, I would like to see them go a step further and bring themselves into line with the other metropolitan clubs in New Zealand in regard to handicaps. The Auckland Club has always given two-thirds of the medal handicap in match and bogey play, while the other New Zealand clubs give three-quarters. Three-quarters seems to be the general rule in English clubs, judging from a number of English cards which I have just seen. It is not a very great alteration to make, but I think a desirable one, as uniformity in these matters is a help to players when travelling.

English Open Championships.

Before these notes are published, the open championships to be played this year at Muirfield will have been decided. Each year when the convincing day arrives players all over the world wonder if the days of the great players, Vardon, Braid, and Taylor, are numbered, and if one of the young generation will come out on top. Such great players as Duncan, Sherlock, Ray, and Ayton, who have been so near the top of late must soon come into their own, and attain the highest pinnacle in their profession. In last year's contest Duncan made a wonderful start, 73 and 71 being his opening performance. Then he met trouble, 83 and 79, making his total 308, only three behind the winner. It seems he only wants a little steadiness to join the great leaders.

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

The Championship.

The weather on Saturday was all that could be desired, and in marked contrast to that of the previous Saturday. There was a touch of north-west in the air, and some players actually complained of the heat. The course was, generally speaking, in good order, although it is still necessary to see up on the top dressed areas. The temporary green at the 18th is terribly soft, but fortunately no match finished there. B. B. Wood and Dr. Cossett met in the semi-final of the Club Championship, and, as anticipated, the former was far too strong. The doctor's short play was weak, and Wood won by 8 up and 6 to play. H. E. Wright and E. T. Shores had a closer game, but Wright won by 3 up and 2 to play. Nothing remarkable occurred in either game, though the play of the winners was up to a satisfactory standard. The final between Wood and Wright will consist of 36 holes, and will be played next Saturday. I shall be surprised if the game is not well contested, as both players are in good form, and well matched. Some very good golf should be shown, though disappointment in this respect is not uncommon in finals.

Borthwick Vase.

After hanging on for several weeks, the Borthwick Vase match is settled. Ewan McFarlane beat L. K. Sleigh in the final by 2 up. The winner is one of our most promising young players, and is fortunately able to devote a considerable amount of time to the game. I think he will in all probability find his way down to the scratch mark before long. Sleigh is rather unfortunate in being runner-up so often. He is one of the most reliable of players, and though he rarely does anything of great brilliance, he is very consistent. He has been playing well this season, and has worthily represented the club in the interclub matches.

The New Zealand Championships.

The meeting of the council called to consider the date of the championship meeting at Wellington this year, took place in Wellington last week. The meeting, after discussion, decided to fix September 18 as the opening date, instead of September 23, as desired by the

Wellington Golf Club. This is certainly an improvement, as it will enable several players to take part who would have been barred by the later date. Notably, the bank people should now in most cases be able to attend. It is rather unfortunate that men employed in secondary schools will find the date too late for them, but apparently it cannot be helped. These men are in the unfortunate position of being unable to get away in term time, the nature of their occupation making it practically impossible. There seems from what I can gather, to have been some feeling on the part of the Wellington committee, because the Golf Council did not accept their proposed date as a matter of course, but if the Golf Council is not to have the decision of such matters I fail to see what it is for. The decision of place and date of the New Zealand meeting should certainly, I think, be theirs as well as all matters of policy connected with it.

Sydney Golf.

Those of us who met D. G. Soutar when he was in New Zealand, are delighted at his substantial win in the New South Wales professional championships. He has won several professional and open events this season, and must be in excellent form. His chief characteristic seems to be his steadiness. He plays a very low swing, which would hardly be expected to give him great length, but his 15 stone all goes into the shot, and he really is a long player. One of his drives in Christchurch is still remembered. At the 10th hole (lupins) he drove some 40 yards past the far bunker, the shot being at least 320 yards.

The New Putting Course.

The green for a new putting course, the cost of which is defrayed by Mr. Peter Wood, is now in process of formation. It will occupy the site of the old home green in front of the clubhouse, and will be on two levels. When completed, it should be of great use to members, and it will certainly enhance the appearance of the clubhouse. The new 18th has now been laid down on the eastern side of the clubhouse, and the approach has been levelled and sodded. The green was made of the turf from the old home green. A very useful asset to a club is a turf nursery from which supplies of good turf can be taken when wanted. The excellent paddock in which the first tee is at Auckland has already been of great use to them. We must prepare some land at Shirley for the same purpose.

One-shot Holes.

The Ailsa hole at Troon was described to me the other day, and it opened a train of thought, the results of which I shall try to put down. The Ailsa hole is a mashie-shot of about 130 yards, downhill, on to a long and narrow green. For the first 90 yards from the tee there is heather; on the right is continuous sand (the green is raised some 6ft), on the left is a conical hill, such that a ball hitting it will certainly run across the green into the sand on the right; and at the back is comparatively gentle rough. All that is asked is straightness and correct strength—it doesn't sound much. One's thoughts naturally turn to any specially good one-shot holes in New

Zealand. At Dunedin they have what I consider an excellent one-shot hole, but they use it only in winter. It is a mashie shot on to a green some 80 yards away, surrounded by the fearsome rushes which abound there. I like this hole better than the "Gorge," which it replaces. A new hole in preparation at Shirley will be an excellent one. It is just inside the new paddock, and is 130 yards, against the prevailing east wind. The tee is on a rise in the corner, and the green on another hill some 60ft high, with a rough valley between. It has been liberally pot-bunkered, and should be a fine hole. Old Nick, the 17th at Shirley, would be a fine hole but for a small hill which blocks the green. It will probably be removed. The essence of the hole is the tee-shot 120yds over a deadly hollow. At Wellington, the 3rd and 15th stand out as intrinsically interesting one-shot holes. Both are played over streams, but the 3rd green is among trees and the 15th on the hill on which the club-house stands. The Napier one-shot holes are less interesting than the two and three-shot holes, but Bellamy's, the 17th, requires judgment and accuracy, being guarded by a ditch to the left and rough ground to the right. The shot is played some 140 yards over the big sand bunker, but the green is blind. Two of the holes at Auckland should be very fine, the 7th and 10th. The former, an iron shot over two gullies on to a point, is full of possibilities; and the latter, a mashie shot out of the trees, is of a most unusual kind. I have not seen anywhere, however, a hole that appealed more to me than the old Jacob's Ladder at One-tree Hill. There is a great cleeck-shot hole at Kensington (Sydney). The green is the whole of the top of a conical hill some 100ft high and the tee is on the flat below. The sides of the hill are covered with low scrub. It struck me that most of the one-shot holes at Rose Bay and Kensington were rather artificial, though very good artificial ones.

The Championship Final.

In the Championship final, Wright beat Wood, two up and one to play. Wright led by four up on the morning round, and though Wood made a good attempt to recover, he could not make up the deficit.

TOM BAILL, played with a "Challenger" Golf Ball, was in splendid form on April 6th, when he visited Byfleet, and played two rounds with Mr. Wakley. He completed both rounds in 68. The competition records are (amateur) Mr. S. Mure Ferguson, 70, and (professional) A. Ford, 72. All the leading Amateurs and Professionals play with the "Challenger" Golf Ball.

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CAMBRIDGE.

The following are the best cards returned for the monthly medal competition at Cambridge for the month of June:—S. Dunbar, gross 102, handicap 16, net 86; T. Middleton, 104—14—86; K. J. Wilkinson, 99—12—87; Father Murphy, 110—22—88; M. Wells, 98—10—88; R. Muir, 102—11—91. Messrs. Dunbar and Middleton will play off to decide who wins.

THAMES.

The bogey handicap for men for the captain's second trophy resulted as under: C. Montgomery, winner, being 2 up; J. Metson 1 up, S. J. Clendon 1 up, Dr. Rogers all square, A. Gillespie, K. E. Rudman, G. L. Shaw, H. A. Joyce each 3 down, Bagnall 4 down, W. Baker 5 down, and F. McCullough, H. C. Gillespie, R. Abbott, R. MacMorran each 6 down.

The tie for the captain's first trophy was re-played, resulting in Joyce beating MacMorran by 2 strokes on the medal round of 12 holes.

The Thames Golf Club's medal round of nine holes for mixed foursomes was played on Saturday in unfavorable weather. The winners were Mrs. Pickering and Joyce, with a net score of 45. The best of the other scores handed in were: Miss Gillespie and Shaw, 46; Miss Hunter and Rudman, 48; Miss McCullough and Stewart, 51; Mrs. Baker and Montgomery, 54; Miss Wilkes and Dr. Rogers, 58; Miss Stewart and Baker, 59.

The three competitions for captain's trophies have now been completed. Miss Stewart winning the ladies' section, and Joyce and Montgomery respectively winning in the men's section.

Next, the golf professional, has been engaged for the coming week, starting on Tuesday next. An improvement in play should be noticeable if members take full advantage of his services.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

A pairs best ball bogey handicap for prize presented by Mr. D. K. Morrison was played at Nga Motu last week. The winners proved to be Messrs. Ward and Glasgow, who returned the good score of 3 up on the Colonel. The best scores out of the entry of 26 players were:—Ward 2, Glasgow 5, 3 up; Bary 2, W. S. C. Paton 7, 2 up; Honan 15, Anderson 15, 1 up; Morrison 8, Keblell 15, all square; Johns 1, A. Bewley ser., all square.

POVERTY BAY.

The first round in the handicap tournament in connection with the Poverty Bay Golf Club was commenced last week. The following are the results of the afternoon's operations:—

A Grade: F. W. Nolan (13) beat W. F. J. Anderson, 7 up and 6; F. H. W. Traill (ser.) beat J. H. Bull (3), 1 up at the 20th; N. Bull (ser.) won by default from J. Barnes-Graham (ser.); G. M. Dodgshun (ser.) beat R. Wilcock; 5 up and 4; W. B. Wilcock (13) beat A. Fenwick (5), 6 up and 5; A. Paka (ser.) beat J. Howie, 1 up at the 19th; P. H. Hamilton (12) beat W. R. Barker (4), 1 up; B. C. Jeffreys (12) won by default from G. B. Smith (12); L. T. Brown (8) won by default from E. W. Johnson (3); P. Keiha (ser.) beat G. W. Wilcock (ser.), 3 up and 2; R. U. Burke (10) beat E. Adair (8), 1 up at the 19th. This pair met in the second round, as both drew a bye in the first round.

B Grade: G. Kells (4) beat A. R. Watson (10), 5 up and 4; Spillsbury (10) beat C. Morgan (3), 2 up and 1; H. Bennett (ser.) beat A. D. Murray (ser.), 3 up; C. de Lantour (10) beat H. Rees (10), 1 up; Balfour (10) beat E. B. Smith (10), 2 up and 1; P. G. Andrew (2) beat Moore (ser.), 8 up and 6.

MANAWATU.

The following were the best cards handed in for the bogey competition played last week:—

SENIOR.

C. A. Poulsen, handicap 8, 1 up; P. L. Sim, handicap 9, 1 down; H. P. Abraham, handicap 7, 2 down; A. Seifert, handicap 2, 3 down; J. Slack, handicap 8, 3 down; L. Seifert, handicap 2, 4 down; H. Cooper, handicap 7, 4 down; W. Rendall, handicap 10, 4 down; A. Barraud, scratch, 5 down; St. C. Journeaux, handicap 8, 5 down; L. A. Abraham, handicap 4, 5 down; J. Strang, handicap 2, 6 down; W. Strang, handicap 2, 7 down; J. R. MacLennan, handicap 11, 7 down; P. Mellardy, handicap 0, 8 down; R. Moore, handicap

9, 8 down; A. Stedman, handicap 11, 8 down; C. Louison, handicap 11, 8 down.

JUNIOR.

In the juniors A. Morgan, a new player with a 12 handicap, returned a good card of 2 up, G. Slack with a 2 handicap, returning a card of all square for second place. A. H. Pavitt, handicap 7, came third with 1 down, and O. H. Porritt, handicap 5, fourth with 2 down. A. Morgan, handicap 12, two up; G. Slack, handicap 2, all square; A. H. Pavitt, handicap 7, 1 down; O. H. Porritt, handicap 5, 2 down; J. Beale, handicap 6, 6 down; P. Williamson, handicap 11, 7 down.

HAWKE'S BAY.

Waipukurau v. Takapau.

The Waipukurau Golf Club played a match against the local club on the Takapau links last week. Takapau managed to secure a win by a narrow margin. The following are the result, Waipukurau players being mentioned first:—Richardson lost to Kopala; Peacock beat Panapa; Reid lost to Heperi; Edwards halved with Dr. Carter; Carroll lost to Russell; White lost to Te Whetu; T. Harper lost to Scott; H. Harper beat Woods; Moss beat Claughey.

LADIES' GOLF.

The Ladies' Championship.

The programme for the New Zealand Ladies' Golf Championship meeting has now been issued by the Nelson Ladies' Golf Club. The meeting begins on the 29th August, and ends on the 4th September.

For the championship proper entries are limited to players having handicaps of 15 or under, the entry fee being 5/ to members of L.G.U. clubs, and a guinea for members of non-affiliated clubs.

There are three medal competitions, one of these being for the Donnelly Cup, and one for the Coronation Medal. The other is an ordinary handicap medal competition, played on the first day to enable players to get accustomed to the course.

In addition to the usual trophies, the player making the best gross aggregate in these three rounds will hold for the year the Mellsop Gold Cup.

Three bogey rounds appear on the programme, the last being a consolation match for players who have not won prizes in any of the other events. Teams matches of four, and an inter-island stroke match (the best six scores out of eight) are to be played in conjunction with the Donnelly Cup and Coronation Medal rounds.

Miss Elsie Booth, Union Bank, is the tournament secretary.

The South Auckland Meeting.

Great was the disappointment felt by numbers of lady golfers when it became known that there were to be no ladies' events in the programme of this meeting. It came as a great surprise, for it was thought that as the last meeting had been such a success it would become a yearly fixture. Two years ago a mixed meeting was held, and the matches were played together, but this was found far from satisfactory as the links became so congested that everyone's patience was strained to breaking point. Last year the ladies' programme was got through on the Monday and Tuesday. The men's ran from the Wednesday till Friday, and this arrangement proved a complete success. So delighted was everyone who made the trip that it is safe to say that about thirty players from the Auckland clubs alone would have made the trip this year. Last year Mr. Muir successfully managed the ladies' meeting, and we are sorry that this same arrangement cannot be made this year.

AUCKLAND.

The tie for the June Medal between Miss Milly Colter and Miss Muriel Alison was won by the former with a net score of 87 to 90.

The first round was played on Monday, 17, of the eclectic match, for which Mrs. Carr (president) is presenting prizes. Heavy showers fell during the afternoon, and this was not conducive to low scoring. The best round was that of Miss Gwen Gorrie, whose 97 was good considering the conditions.

The match for the Hove Lewis Cup could not be played on Thursday owing to the wet weather, the links being closed for play on that day.

The Auckland Ladies' Golf Club arranged their Provincial Championship meeting so as to get in with the Cambridge meeting. In the programme of this meeting given last week a mistake was made. The foursomes are to be played on the Monday, and the approaching and putting and driving competitions on the Tuesday.

The second round of the eclectic match, for which Mrs R. A. Carr (president) presented trophies, was played at Middlemore on Monday. The weather was fine, but a strong cold wind made it very unpleasant. The course was heavy in places, but, considering the heavy rains that had fallen, was in fair condition, Miss Milly Colter was the winner in the senior division with a best card of 78. Miss Nellie Upton was close up with a 79. Miss Mah Rice was the winner in the junior division with 79.

THAMES.

The ladies' handicap bogey competition for the captain's trophy resulted in Miss A. Stewart winning with 2 up, Miss Lily Price and Miss Hunter were each 1 up, Mrs. Rudman and Mrs. Clendon, and Miss I. Read 1 down, Mrs. Pickering, Miss Wilkes, and Miss Price 2 down, Mrs. Baker 5 down, Mrs. Bagnall and Mrs. Dunlop 3 down.

HAMILTON.

The medal competition last week resulted as follows: Ladies (9 holes)—Miss Cussen 1st, 42 net, the next best cards being Mrs Stewart 46, Mrs Douglas 47, Miss Tui Ring 53. Gentlemen (18 holes)—Shand 1st, 77 net, other cards being Wilson 79, Anderson 80, McLeod 80, Shepherd 81, Winter 81, Westoby 81, H. Dodson 82.

NAPIER.

A handicap bogey match was played on the ladies' nine-hole course at the Waiohiki golf links last week. The following were the best cards handed in:—

"A" Class.—Miss C. Hindmarsh (handicap 8), all square; Miss M. Hindmarsh (5), 1 down; Miss I. Balfour (11), 1 down; Miss Dean (6), 2 down; Miss J. Crosse (5), 4 down.

"B" Class.—Miss L. Snodgrass (15), 1 down; Miss D. Bernau (15), 1 down; Mrs. Manning (12), 2 down; Miss Miller (12), 3 down; Mrs. Aspinall (15), 3 down; Mrs. Kelly (14), 4 down; Mrs. Moore (12), 5 down; Mrs. Gould (15), 5 down; Miss Murdoch (15), 6 down.

HASTINGS.

The Hastings Golf Club played a mixed foursome last week. The best cards handed in were as follows: E. Waddington and Miss R. Wellwood (handicap 11), 74; N. Beaton and Mrs. Woodward (13), 74; M. Fenwick and Miss Williams (14), 78; E. Nuttall and Mrs. Synovans (18), 80; S. Baird and Miss D. Wellwood (19), 85; W. A. Kiely and Mrs. Kiely (14), 89; J. Beaton and Miss S. Wellwood (17), 80.

DANNEVIRKE.

The best cards in the Junior Stroke Handicap were:—Miss G. Irvine, 107—30—77; Mrs. Roake, 99—15—84; Miss Lawford and Miss McDermott, 125—30—95. The first round for the captain's medal and Stroke Handicap resulted as follows:—Miss Tansley, 94—6—88; Miss Hartgill, 97—9—88; Mrs. Lawford, 123—35—88; Mrs. Nyman, 121—24—97; Mrs. Baddeley, 121—24—97.

TARANUIA.

The following are the four best cards handed in for the Ladies' Medal Handicap for the club button played last week:—Miss Collins, gross 103, handicap 25, net 78 Miss E. C. Patti, 93, 0—93; Miss A. Patti, 98, 0—98; Miss F. Patti, 99, 0—99.

MANAWATU.

The June bogey matches resulted as follows:—Senior A.—Mrs. A. Seifert, handicap

13, 4 down; Miss Nabil Abraham, 8, 5 down.

Senior B.—Mrs. Tripe, handicap 20, 6 down; Mrs. Whitmore, 30 7 down.

Juniors.—Miss Porter, handicap 24, 10 down.

WANGANUI.

The first bogey match of the season was played in perfect weather. The following were the best scores handed in:—Class A.—Miss Montgomery Moore, handicap 21, 2 down; Miss Harper, 21, 4 down; Mrs. Armstrong, 22, 5 down.

Class B.—Miss Lambert, handicap 23, 6 up; Miss Greaves, 19, 2 down; Miss C. Nixon, 25, 3 down. The links are getting into very good order, so it is to be hoped that there will be a large number of entries for the annual tournament, which eventuates on the 21st and 10th July.

OTAGO.

The following were the best scores in the monthly bogey competition, held last week:—Miss K. Rattray, handicap 4, 3 down; Mrs. Mackie, 9, 7 down; Miss D. Williams, 8, 9 down.

CHRISTCHURCH.

The first round of the handicap tournament for Mrs. Wigram's prize was played at Shirley last week. Most of the matches in this round were won easily, the only close one being that of Mrs. Symons and Miss Cowlshaw, who tied, but when playing it over again Miss Cowlshaw had an easy win. In the other games Miss Campbell beat Mrs. H. Wood 7 up and 5; Mrs. Godby won from Miss Ogle by default; Miss Wood won easily from Mrs. Day; Miss Trolove beat Miss D. Anderson; Miss Fisher beat Miss G. Holmes; and Miss Cracroft Wilson beat Miss N. Holmes 7 up and 5.

In the second round the matches played so far are: Miss Cowlshaw beat Miss Campbell; Miss Wood beat Miss Trolove; Mrs. Godby after a close match beat Mrs. Donald 2 up and 1; Miss Fisher won from Miss Cracroft Wilson, who had to scratch owing to having sprained her ankle; Mrs. Vernon beat Mrs. Hill 6 up and 5. Three other matches have yet to be played in this round: Mrs. Campbell plays Mrs. Cripps; Miss Harley plays Miss P. Anderson and Miss Wilkin plays Mrs. Longman.

Water Hazard Play.

(By ROBERT H. K. BROWNING.)

"Ariston men idor" as the poet Pindar sang in a sober moment—the which, being interpreted, means there is nothing like water. When hazards are being considered it is certainly so, for there is nothing which so completely takes the heart out of a player as a fair carry over a decently wide brook or lake—whether it be that the golfer is troubled with some sort of moral and mental hydrophobia, or whether he is merely oppressed with the consciousness that while from any other hazard it is possible to recover with greater or less success, out of water it is usually the simplest and driest—plan to lift under the one stroke penalty. There have been one or two famous occasions, however, when the advantage of learning how to play the stroke when required has appeared clearly enough, in spite of Mr. George Glennie's famous dictum that such a stroke was "no golf at all, only monkey's tricks."

A Championship Final.

The water-hazard episodes of the British Championships are pretty well confined to St. Andrews and Prestwick, but by far the most famous of them occurred where there was not, properly speaking, a water-hazard at all. This was in the Amateur Championship at Prestwick in 1899, when the two finest match players who ever took part in that event—Mr. John Ball and the late Lieutenant F. G. Tait—met in the final round, and the English player won by getting the thirty-seventh hole in a splendid 3. That particular incident produced what was, perhaps, the most exciting tussle in the whole thirty years of the tournament, but the full history of it cannot be given here. Suffice it to say that going to the seventeenth, the Alps, Mr. Ball was one up, and both players hit good seconds into the big bunker on the further side of that famous hazard.

The banker was well nigh full of casual water, and Lieutenant Tait's ball was floating placidly in the middle of it. Mr. Ball, one degree less unfortunate, found his near the sleepers, but lying well from the damp sand. The soldier's only chance of saving the match was to play his ball from the water, and he proceeded to wade in to where the ball was rocking gently on the surface of the water. And then a mighty cheer from the watching crowd greeted a splendid and plucky shot, which laid the ball fairly on the green. Mr. Ball also recovered beautifully, and the hole was halved in 5, but Lieutenant Tait squared with a long putt for a 3 on the home green, and the match went to the thirty-seventh, where the soldier lost what was to prove his last chance of winning a third Championship: he was killed at Koodoosberg in the beginning of the following year.

Since the rules on the matter are not so generally known as they ought to be, it may be well to mention them here.

A ball in a recognised water-hazard may, of course, be lifted and dropped under a penalty of one stroke, either behind the hazard, or in the hazard behind the part of the water in which it lay. Obviously there may be occasions when the player cannot afford to submit to the loss of the penalty stroke, and must perforce try to win clear as best he can. Similarly, although he may lift from casual water without penalty, this does not apply in the case of casual water in a hazard, and here, again, it may often be worth while to make an attempt to play the ball rather than incur the penalty.

The Water Stroke.

How is it to be done? When, in my hot youth, I pretended to solve this difficult problem, I suggested that all that was necessary for the negotiation of the water-hazard was confidence, a firm wrist, and a towel. But it is scarcely so simple as all that. The great thing to remember is that you must not allow your attention to concentrate upon that small spot of the cover which is bobbing dubiously above the surface of the water, nor even upon the dim globe discernible beneath it. Remember that you have to get your club down to the ball no less completely than if it were perched high and dry, and to this end you must not be afraid to drive the club-head into the water some inches behind the ball.

In short, play the shot much in the same fashion as you would were the ball lying completely buried in loose sand. Your aim must be not to get the club on to the ball, but rather to drive it well down into the water behind it, and leave it to the force of the displaced water to throw the ball out.

Another hint that I might give is, not to shut your eyes too soon, and also, for your own comfort, not to shut them too late.

The Base Uses of Bogey.

The feature of Colonel Bogey, which makes many otherwise placid citizens rage with impotent fury, is the base use to which his score is put by his devotees. They regulate their entire ideas of any particular hole, its merits or demerits, and the way in which it should be played not (says the "Times") by such intelligence as they chance to possess, but merely by the number of strokes assigned to the hole in an imaginary score, that score being frankly and obviously the merest compromise made between the unattainably good and the moderately bad. A "Bogey 5" may mean a hole of such a length that it can be reached with a drive and an iron shot, or it may demand two drives and a pitch. Yet there are hundreds of golfers—gifted with intellects so curious that they deem the doing of a 4 at the one an achievement exactly as meritorious as it would be at the other. When one of these singularly-constituted individuals, having played a hole by means of five most indifferent strokes, puts himself metaphorically on the back because the hole is a Bogey 5, the irritation produced is but slight; it is possible to say to oneself that if this rather fatuous person is pleased there is no real reason for anyone else to be otherwise. Patience, however, has its limits, and if the golfer who has played the indifferent five strokes is himself, and this illogical form of consolation is administered by an opponent, then anger is apt to boil over.

A discussion once took place as to the proposed putting forward of a certain fee by a comparatively small number of

yards. It was agreed on all hands that the hole would be improved out of all knowledge, since two good and difficult strokes would be required to reach the green instead of three dull and featureless ones; but this objection was gravely raised by one party. "Would it not make it rather a short hole for a Bogey 6?" Comment is superfluous, but it is observations of this sort rather than the nature of the competition itself that have fostered in many breasts such an implacable hatred to Bogey and Bogey worship. As regards the competition itself, the wisest and most peaceable course for the Royal and Ancient Club would be to make the rules and be done with it.

Brassie and Cleek Hints.

Here are some hints, collected from wise and successful men of the links. One-stub practice is of use. Go wandering over the links playing the ball from wherever it may lie with either a cleek or a brassie. The latter is good, because it demands most accuracy of hitting, and as full swinging as the golfer ever does. Cleek practice, in the same way (it is the "Wandering Player" in the "Daily Mail" who speaks), is particularly good, not only because the cleek in itself is a most valuable instrument, and seldom well understood, but that practice with it at this stage of recovery from neglect induced the man to follow through well with it, and he may be led by this means to following through properly with his driver in a way that he might not otherwise have done. A tendency is created, and this stage of slow recuperation is a most valuable one for creating good tendencies in the golfing system.

By practice of this kind he gains the necessary intervals for rest, but it is permissible, and even advisable, to play over again with another ball from the same place every shot that was not quite satisfactory. This may be instructive and beneficial; trying to repeat the good shots is often disappointing. If the shots must be practised from the tee let not more than three at a time be done; the mental and physical systems will not stand more. The great mistake that Adolphus makes in his practising of the shots is his slashing out in endeavouring to get length, and when he fails he becomes annoyed and slashes out the more. Given that the movements are right and the general system good, length will come of itself; it certainly cannot be forced. Therefore, above everything, the man practising with wooden clubs must concentrate on accuracy and think not of length, for by doing the former he ensures correctness of manner, and that will make for length of itself. So let him, if he has a clear course, as he should have, make two marks on the fairway, about fifteen yards apart and at such a distance from his striking-point as to be easily within his compass—say, if he is a moderate driver, a hundred and eighty or ninety yards—and let his utmost effort be directed to driving the ball through the passage indicated by those two marks. He may make a similar passage at the place where he drives from, and then, going forward to pick up the balls that he has driven, may drive them back, having thus had his time for recuperation, or he may play the returns with his brassie or cleek.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Putt to Practice.

If you really must putt solos, then I think that the most useful form of practice is simply holding out from a distance at which it is not satisfactory merely to get dead—say anything up to 7ft.—and the best distance of all to practise at is 4ft. or 5ft., because the ability to hole putts of that length in real golf is exceedingly remunerative.—A Wandering Player in the "Daily Mail."

Down With the Styrmie!

In 999 instances out of 1000 a styrmie means an advantage accidentally gained; it is nothing creditable to the culprit, and unless the stymied person places himself or herself in the position, there is no common-sense sporting reason why this annoyingly ungodlike phase of the game should remain.—"Daily Chronicle."

The Unalterable Law.

The saying that it is on the greens that matches are won and lost will remain

true for all time, whether the ball be standardized or improved so that a five hundred yards hole will be a one-shot, etc.—"Manchester City News."

The Eternal Feminine.

A charming instance of the ingenuousness of the feminine nature was narrated to me (says Mr. H. G. Hutchinson) this week by one who saw the thing happen. A bogey competition was going on, and one competitor's ball hit the caddie of "the other lady." "Ah," said the one whose ball had hit the caddie, "that must be my hole as against bogey. You see, if I were playing against you I should win the hole from you, so, of course, as we're playing against bogey I must win it from him." And the one whose caddie had been hit quite saw that the logic was irresistible and agreed, and so the hole was scored.

The Nineteenth Hole.

The player who lets a long lead slip away from him is always in a more or less nervous, miserable, and peevish condition; he who has snatched a match apparently lost out of the fire is, on the other hand, confident and triumphant. It would seem that the nerve-racking experience of a 19th hole should only accentuate the difference between these two opposite frames of mind.—"The Times."

Anything for Length.

A sick man can hardly be blamed if, in his eagerness to regain health, he seizes upon any so-called remedy which has been proclaimed widely. And so it is with the golfer. He will buy any ball which promises him length.—Mr. C. J. Wilson in the "Court Journal."

Fully Provided For.

Of all golfing absurdities there is no think like so original, or thoughtful, as the man mentioned by Mr. M. W. Moscop, who, in a hint of the Championship, walked on to the tee at the first hole with a bottle of whisky sticking out of his pocket, and when asked what in the world he was going to do with it, said: "Oh, it's only in case I do a hole in one!"

CRICKET.

ENGLAND'S ELEVEN.

England does not mean to take any chances in her efforts to come out on top in the series of triangular tests. The side that the Marylebone Club has chosen to play against Australia is a great one. The only player who might have been included with advantage is "Razor" Smith, the Surrey crack, and even then it is difficult to say who should be dropped.

The eleven is:—C. B. Fry (captain), P. F. Warner, R. H. Spooner, F. R. Foster, J. R. Hobbs, W. R. Rhodes, S. P. Barnes, F. E. Woolley, and E. J. Smith, Eithier Gilbert, Jessop, or J. T. Hearne will fill the eleventh place.

Thus England has seven splendid batsmen, five first-class bowlers, and a clever wicketkeeper, and the balance of amateur and professional is well maintained. It is noticeable that of the cricketers on the side who in England are known as "gentlemen," in contradistinction to the professional players, and who are still, in many newspapers, vouchsafed the privilege of the titular "Mr." before their names, all have been cricket wonders during their scholastic careers, and have risen to greater things in the big game later on.

A word or two concerning each of them may not be out of place at such a time as this. With the exception of Frank Foster, they have seen much cricket.

C. B. Fry's life-story and deeds were reported a week ago.

G. L. JESSOP.

Gilbert Jessop, "the crowner," is a more interesting product of the game, perhaps, than even Fry. He has an ugly stand at the wicket, his head just before he smashes a stroke being pretty well on a level with his hips, and when he hits a sixer he seems to fairly jump at the ball and fling his whole body at it. He is unorthodox, and it has been well said that his success lies in his unorthodoxy. He plays strokes that no other batsman would dare to use. They are all and entirely his own. Even at school he was a demon, and in 1895 had the remarkable batting average of 132 for each innings, and took 100 wickets at a cost of two runs apiece. It is un-

necessary to refer to all the great scores that he has raced through. As early as 1896, in the Freshmen's match at Cambridge, he knocked up 102 in an hour by means of 32 hits off 57 balls sent down to him, and after that he took five wickets for 30 runs. He bowled a fast ball in those days, but does little in this department of the game now. Another wonderful innings of Jessop's for the "Varsity" was against Yorkshire, when he got 101 out of 119 in 40 minutes, a feat that was more like conjuring than cricket, and in 1899, in another game against Yorkshire, this time on the University Ground, he hit up 171 in less than two hours. He once made 240 off 100 balls in 200 minutes against Sussex. But of the many meteoric displays that he has given that at Hastings in 1907 will take some beating, even by himself. Playing for the Gentlemen of the South against the Players of the South, he completed his 100 in 40 minutes, and knocked up 191 out of 234 in 90 minutes. Six times he lifted the ball out of the ground, and there were 30 fours among his figures. In a crisis Jessop exhibits a bulldog tenacity, and he has often pulled an England game out of the fire.

P. F. WARNER.

"Plum" Warner is another of England's great cricket names, and another of those who won their laurels at school, kept them through a University career, and went on to county and England and world cricket with a steady record of wonderful batting. The first of a long roll of centuries came from his bat in 1897. He is one of the most travelled cricketers, has been to the Cape, New Zealand, and Australia, and as he was born in the West Indies, he has seen most of the corners of the world. It is now a matter of history that he succeeded where great leaders like Stoddart and MacLaren had failed to take back to England from Australia the mythical "ashes"; and not content with doing it once, he repeated the feat on his last visit, although he played in none of the tests, and did not captain the team that all the English critics said would fail. Warner always looks upon one game as the game of his life. It was for Middlesex against Essex at Lord's, in 1910, and in the second innings, when eight men were out for 102, his bat became 100 runs to win. S. H. Bayliss became his partner, and the pair put on 301 runs in an hour. For his 101 runs not out Warner stayed in four and a half hours.

F. R. FOSTER.

F. R. Foster is a cricketer who has come to the front in a flash. Nothing was known of him outside local games until 1908, but two years later he bowled in such form for the Gentlemen against the Players at the Oval that the best judges did not hesitate to describe him as one of the English cricketers of the future. Even up to the end of 1910 he was regarded as little more than a bowler. But in the summer of 1911 Foster improved out of all knowledge as a batsman, and was, by general consent, the best all-round player of the year. Moreover, he became captain of Warwickshire, and, more than that, was the youngest county captain then playing. When he helped to carry his side to the top of the championship table everything was predicted for him, and he looks like fulfilling all the prophecies. He is young yet, is the personification of youthful energy, bowls a ball that seems quite ordinary until it pitches, and then comes off the ground with a zip and spin that plays sad havoc with the greatest batsmen. How he, with Barnes, went through Australia's ranks last year is now a matter of history. He is a fine bowler, and a splendid batsman, and it is a pity that England has not more youngsters of his type.

R. H. SPOONER.

R. H. Spooner was another famous public schoolboy, perhaps the most famous since his prototype in the Lancashire XI, A. C. MacLaren took the world by storm at the close of his Harrow career. He has always been high up in the averages. When he first played for his county, against Middlesex, at Lord's, Albert Troll and J. T. Hearne, then bowling at their best, had no terrors for him, and he got 44 and 83 in irreproachable style. He has assisted in a number of big partnerships, notable among them being 308, for the first wicket, with MacLaren for Lancashire v. Gloucestershire, in 1903, and 223, also with MacLaren, for the first wicket, for Lancashire v. Sussex, at Manchester in 1904. Last year he was third among the first-class batsmen, with 51.37 for 45 innings.

The Chess Board.

All communications to be addressed to "Chess," Box 283, Auckland.

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

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

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

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

Answers to Correspondents.

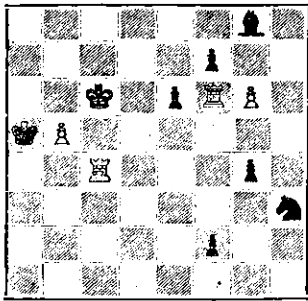
F.K.K.—Thanks for letter and slips.

Position No. 154.

By T. R. DAWSON.

(From "Move White Rooks.")

Black, 7 pieces.



White, 5 pieces.

Ob. 5p2, 2K1pRP1, KP6, 2R3p1, 7s, 5p2, 8. White to play and mate in three moves.

An interesting game played in the recent San Sebastian tournament between Niemzowitsch (White) and Tarrasch (Black). In the middle game the struggle for a long time centres round White's QP, which is supposed to be weakened by his premature (?) advance of P-K5. The score and the notes marked "B" are from the "Yorkshire Observer Budget." The notes marked "W" are in substance from "Deutsches Wochenschar," per the "Canterbury Times," and those labelled "P" from "The People," via the "Otago Witness."

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

White. Black. 1 P-K4 P-QB4 2 P-QB3

Niemzowitsch is fond of irregular play. This move turns the game into a kind of Queen's side opening (B).

2 Or P-Q4; always a good reply to P-QB3 (P).

3 P-Q4 P-Q4 4 P-K5

In the French and Sicilian openings this move is considered bad, and is, besides, condemned by Dr. Tarrasch. But that it is not so easy to defeat in practical play this game plainly demonstrates. Moreover, in recent tournaments Niemzowitsch has often successfully used this discredited variation.—(W.)

By a transposition of moves an old-fashioned variation of the French Defence is reached. Theoretically Black has by far the superior game, but practice finds this difficult of proof; witness the present game.—(P.)

4 QKt-B3 5 Kt-B3 Q-Kt3 6 B-Q3 PXP

Niemzowitsch recommends here OB—2, whereupon White's best reply is 7P XBP, in order to forestall the threat at Q5.—(W.)

B-Q2 seems decidedly preferable, to which White's best reply appears to be PXP in order to relieve the pressure on Q4.—(P.)

7 PXP B-Q2 8 B-K2

If 8 B-B2, then Kt-Kt5, compelling the exchange of White's most attacking piece for 8 B-Kt3, B-Kt4 would follow.—(P) (W).

8 Kt-K2 Kt-K2 9 P-QK3 Kt-B4 10 B-Kt1 B-Kt5 ch 11 K-B2

If he interposes a piece he loses the QP (B).

11 B-K2 Anticipating P-KK4, and intending Kt-B5 (P) (W).

12 P-Kt3 P-QH4 13 P-QR4 QR-B1 14 B-Kt5 Kt-Kt5

Thus far this game resembles the party played between L. Paulsen and Dr. Tarrasch at the Nuremberg tourney of 1898. Paulsen continued here 15 BxB ch, and after 15... KxB; 16 Kt-B3, Kt-B3; 17 Kt-QKt5, Kt-R2; 18 KtXKt, JxKt; 19 Q-Q3, Q-R3, remained with the losing position.—(W.)

15 Kt-B3 Excellent play, and far superior to BxB ch (P).

The position after White's 15th move is: 2KtK2, 1p1b1ppp, 1q2p3, pB1p2, P1P4, 1P2S2P1, 1B3P1P, RQ1K1R.

15 QKt-R3 BxB would improve matters. A possible continuation is 16 KtXB, Kt-B7; 17 R-B1, Kt-K6 ch; 18 PxBKt, KtXP ch; 19 K-K2, KtXQ; 20 RxB ch, 16 PxB is also playable.—(P.)

16 K-Kt2 Kt-B2 17 B-K2 B-Kt5

If 17... O-O; then 18 B-Q3, with a promising attack.—(P.)

The struggle for position is very interesting. White has come to no harm by not having castled, whereas Black ineffectually massed his pieces on the Queen's wing, thereby exposing his King's side, which White attacks after first consolidating his own position.—(B.)

21 KtXB QKtXKt 22 B-Kt1 P-R3

White now has a good game, whereas Black's king's wing is beset with dangers. On account of Kt-Kt5, Black may not castle.—(W.)

23 P-Kt4 P-R3 by Black was an error of judgment, as White's immediate spirited response shows.—(B.)

23 Kt-K2 24 RxB ch BXR 25 Kt-K1 R-B1

If 25... O-O; then P-KR4, etc.—(P) (W).

26 Kt-Q3 P-B3 27 KtXKt QXKt 28 PXP RXP 29 B-B1 Kt-B3 30 P-Kt5 PXP 31 BXP R-B1 32 B-K3 Q-K2 33 Q-Kt4 Q-B3 34 R-Kt1 R-R1 35 K-R1 R-B5

Of no avail. Possibly Black miscalculated the full force of 36 Q-Kt3.—(P.)

36 Q-Kt3 RXP

Black cannot stand the attack; he therefore tries to lessen the pressure by sacrificing the exchange.—(B.)

Black has nothing else for B-Kt5 and QXP are threatened.—(W) (P).

37 BXR KtXB 38 QXP Q-B6 ch 39 Q-Kt2 QXQ ch 40 RXP KtXP 41 P-R4 Resigns

The pawn cannot be stopped, for if Black now plays P-K4, then 42 R-Kt 8 ch, K-Q2, 43 B-B5 ch, wins the B.—(B.)

Notes and News.

Chess players of the present day, remarks a contemporary, are either "grubbers" or "faculty men." The grubbers "grub" after pawns, and have always in view the value of an extra pawn in an end game. The faculty men are on the qui vive for brilliancy, and their chief delight is in the sacrifice of chess material.

Lancashire beat Yorkshire in the annual contest for the Northern Counties Championship on April 27. The match had been postponed on account of the coal strike. The delay had caused the interest of the Yorkshire players to wane, for scarcely a dozen of the Quiry originally selected responded to the call,

Lancashire, on the other hand, was at full strength. Under the circumstances the substantial victory (20 to 10) is not surprising. Yorkshire seems likely to have its revenge in a correspondence match now proceeding between the two counties, in which the score so far is 16 to 6, with 7 draws.

Wellington Items.—James has won the first game in his ladder match against Kelling for 'ring 5 in the Wellington C.C. There are 16 entries for the handicap tourney in the Workingmen's Club. The same club's match v. Wellington East has been postponed, and its proposed telegraphic match with the Westport C.C. has been perforce abandoned, as the latter club cannot secure the wire. Wellington East v. Wellington South has been postponed.

Napier v. Gisborne.—The telegraphic match ended in a tie, each side scoring 4 points. Messrs. Blake, Mason, and Jourdain (Napier) and Sainsbury (Gisborne) were absent. The game at No. 1 board between Messrs. G. Hicks (Napier) and J. W. Whitty (Gisborne) was drawn. It is remarkable that Mr. Witty and Mr. R. Riddell (No. 2 board) should be leading an onslaught on a club of which they were two of the founders forty years ago!

The "Natal Mercury" says, in reference to the Lasker-Capablanca match: "There is, in our opinion, no gaining say the fact that Lasker absolutely funks the match, or he would never want to hedge it round with such preposterously unfair and ridiculous conditions. Something ought to be done to prevent the possibility of such a fiasco, and it is difficult to understand why the various chess associations and federations of the world do not confer, with a view to framing rules and regulations to govern such an important contest. This last 'effort' of Lasker's ought surely to start negotiations to that end." We quite agree with this. Without hazarding any opinion as to whether Lasker would win against Capablanca, or Teichmann, or Rubinstein—not to mention Schlechter, who has already drawn one match with him—the settlement of the conditions of such an important thing as the championship of the world, ought not to lie with the holder. The matter should be in the hands of a representative body. The present position puts one in mind of the small boys' game—"In the King of the castle! Get down you dirty rascal!"

For the Students' Corner.

(The Experienced Player.)

Exercise No. 18.

Try this pretty little problem by Dr. C. Planck, of London. You cannot fail to be pleased when you have solved it. The composer was one of the joint authors of a book entitled "The Chess Problem," published twenty or thirty years ago.

White (four pieces) K at Q Kt 2, Q at KB sq., B at Qb2, B at KB8.

Black (four pieces)—K at K4, Pawns at K3, Q2, Q4.

Forsyth notation 5 B2, 3 p 4, 4 p 3, 3 p k 3, 8, 8, 1 Kt5, 5 Q2.

White to play and mate in two (2) moves.

Solution of Problem No. 152.

(Wurzburg.)

1. P-R8 (R), R-Kt1; 2. R R7, R-QB1; 3. K-K4, R moves; 4. R-B7, mate.

If 1... R-R2; 2. R-QKt8, R-Kt2; 3. R-QB8 ch, R-B2; 4. RXP mate.

Danger in Boots.

"The Lancet" dearly loves to make us shiver. Its latest revelation is that "a whole laboratory of chemicals may occur in the boot." When you find your socks stained a deep yellow, you may know, it seems, that "chromates have been used 'to give a rich tone to the leather'; and chromates are poisonous salts. But this is not the only danger which lurks in footwear. Boots, which the innocent wearer supposes to be made of leather alone, may also contain salts of lead, tin, aluminium, iron, and even glucose. It is a relief to know that these horrors may be evaded by buying boots made of 'good pure leather'; but, in future, the purchaser of cheap, adulterated boots will at least buy a few pairs of bright yellow socks as well if he values the real sense of a venture.

Bottle's Remarkable Voyage

During the voyage, from London to Melbourne via the Cape, in 1908, of the steamer Indraghiri, a passenger on the ship, Mr. H. P. Adams, of Carshalton Surrey, made a practice of putting overboard each day a sealed bottle containing a note of the ship's position and a request that the finder would notify him of the facts of the discovery. Of some forty bottles so launched, news of the first to be found has recently reached Mr. Adams. The interesting fact was contained in a communication from a French gentleman residing in Santiago, Chili, written in the early part of this year, as follows:—"Monsieur, Pendant le cours d'une exploration dans les archipels sud du Chili, j'ai rencontré une bouteille qui contenait un papier on était écrit ce que suit: 'Thrown overboard from the steamship Indraghiri, 'Tyser Line, November 17th, 1908, in lat. 51.38 south, long. 90.15 east. Will the finder kindly return this paper with particulars of the find to H. P. Adams, The Old Rectory, Carshalton, Surrey, England?' Ce papier qui a été égaré a été trouvé par moi sur la côte est de l'île de Wellington, archipel du sud du Chili, exactement à la lat. 49.42 S., long. 74.25 W. J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer, Maurice Delfarges, Santiago, Chili."

The bottle's long voyage thus covered some 7000 miles, roughly along the 50th parallel, and through the wildest waters on the globe, to a point almost exactly at the opposite of the earth from which it started. Its probable course will, according to experts in such maritime matters, have been along the eastern and northern coasts of New Zealand to a point somewhere near the Fiji Islands, where the Southern Equatorial current will have carried it across the full stretch of the Southern Pacific for over 6000 miles; or it may have been swept due east at once by the Adriatic drift, from its starting point on the fringe of the Antarctic Ocean, passing to the southward of New Zealand for more than 7000 miles, until it was cast up on the coast of Chili, about 400 miles north of Cape Horn. It would be interesting to know if there are any authentic records of a longer or more adventurous drift than this.

It will be remembered that a lifebuoy belonging to the ill-fated Waratah, which was presumably cast adrift at the time she sank off the African coast, was discovered on the coast of New Zealand many months after the steamer was lost, having drifted at least 7000 miles.

Prisoner Students.

Mr. Winston Churchill's scheme for making prison a place of reform and hope for young offenders has been in operation less than a couple of years, but it is already bearing fruit.

The essential feature of Mr. Churchill's scheme was a system of training by which first offenders, when they found themselves out in the world again might be given a chance of earning a living outside the overcrowded ranks of unskilled labour.

In order to give offenders this chance the Home Office arranged with the International Correspondence Schools to give instruction to certain young first offenders who are selected by the chaplains and governors. At present the I.C.S. have at Maidstone, Feltham, and Borestal about 30 pupils. Among the subjects they are studying are mechanical engineering, draughtsmanship, and marine engineering. The latter course is especially popular, for most of these young prisoners seem to want to go to sea. The Home Office pays the fees, and the I.C.S. supply our prison pupils with whatever drawing instruments, books, etc., they require.

In prison the selected students study, do the drawings, and answer examination papers. Their replies are dealt with by examiners who know them—they know all the ordinary I.C.S. students only by numbers.

The first of these prison students—a young fellow of 25—has just been released after a sentence of two years. He took a course in architecture and building construction, and has now been placed with a well-known London firm, whose manager alone knows the young fellow's antecedents, and who is doing everything he can to give the prisoner-architect what he calls "a square chance to make good."

gent in wings, and an effort is being made to save her for the stud. She is by Finland—Fiance, and is half-sister to Murrumbidgee. Christmas has the four-year-old gelding by Hausdome Jack—Orchestra looking well. When first put to work the horse was a weak customer, but he is now rapidly assuming a more robust appearance. Sheenan's yearling filly by Martian—Teonore, and a gelding by Martian—Measuremaker, look promising pair. The colt by St. Ambrose—New Ltd. filly by Charlemagne II.—Gusannah, in Roberts' stable, are also racy-looking customers.

FINAL HANDICAP, of 100sovs. Six furlongs. A. F. Douglas's br. Thrave, 4yrs, by 1 Torpedo—Cornellian, 10.0 (H. Deery) J. Griffiths' Colman, 9.4 (H. Griffiths) 2 E. Bilston's San Pious 9.8 (W. Ryan) 3 Also started: Irish Ribs 10.5, Sublime 9.12, Lord Rowan 9.11, Loch Mabru 9.9, Alexis 9.5, Mouton Girl 9.0. Won easily by a length and a-half, a length between second and third. Time, 1.17.

The Japanese Woman.

In the interesting book upon Japan and the Japanese by Joseph E. Longford (published recently) there are one or two vivid sidelights upon the feminist question full of interest to us in these stirring times. How is, we ask, that Japan, which has evolved from mediocrity to modernity before our very eyes, has not given to her women something more than the occasional disfigurement of Paris fashion? Why is the woman still the humbler slave and inferior of her lord and master? One very important reason exists in the fact that in Japan the male population is slightly in excess of the female, and that in consequence all the young girls get married. Marriage is thus their goal, quite securely and although this makes the need of certain reforms no less desirable, the Japanese woman with her mind made up as to her future has resigned any independence of thought beforehand in accepting her natural destiny. This may seem sadly retrograde, but there is another side to the medal of this apparently dependent and servile existence. Mr. Longford tells us that one of the first English books to be translated and to find enormously wide popularity in Japan was no other than "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures"! Here we get a glimpse of the eternal feminine. Is it possible that the soft-footed little lady who prescribes herself so admirably, who moves publicly with so much observance and discretion about her potentate, can she, meek-eyed and sleek-headed, be really and truly the driving power and tyrant of the family? In the silent watches of the night, behind those paper panels is the balance made even? Does that praiseful tongue which has so extraordinarily behaved itself before folk shake out all evils and give to the partner of her life a long, sound and convincing bit of her mind?

The great principles laid down in the Onna Daigaku, all founded on the sternest ethics of Confucianism, were that a woman should be brought up by her own parents so that when married she should be absolutely obedient to those of her husband; that she should avoid the society of men, even that of her husband's relations or fellow vassals; that she should be gentle, conciliatory, and reverential to her husband, "looking upon him as heaven," never repaying anger with anger, never jealous, no matter what cause is given to her, but always yielding to him, never seeing his faults, but always humbly acknowledging her own; always careful in his household; and a good many other things which rendered the Japanese woman the most perfect female type of humility, unselfishness, and patient endurance that the world has ever seen.

HAWKE'S BAY RACES.

OPENING DAY.

HASTINGS, Wednesday.

At the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Winter Meeting today the totalisator handled £11,297, an aggrandisement on the first day of the last winter meeting, an increase of £2169. The following are the results:

WOODLANDS HACK STEEPLECHASE of 120sovs. Two miles. Tyrannic, 10.10 1 Rosengrove, 9.12 2 Tockridge, 9.7 3 Also started: Bonzet 10.2, Mungton 10.0, Jessamine 9.10, Pakeroa 9.7, Makia 9.7, Quandary 9.7. Tyrannic won easily by six lengths, with four lengths between second and third. Time, 4.21. Ladies' Bracelet of 100sovs, one mile and a-half.—Fllisgot, 12.9, 1; Prince Eddie, 10.7, 2; Merric Lad, 10.12, 3. Also started: Mantah, Composed, Anzac, Wainkura, Raukawa, Morning, Tupaea. Won by four lengths, half a length between second and third. Time, 2.44.

HAWKE'S BAY HURDLES of 250sovs. Two miles. Koran, 9.11 1 Stevens, 10.0 2 Palsano, 11.10 3 Also ran: Black Northern, Waiputere, Idealism, Elfish, and Kaurua. Koran led from end to end, and won easily by ten lengths, one length between second and third. Time, 3.51.

HAWKE'S BAY STEEPLECHASE of 400sovs. About three miles. Mr. H. J. Campbell's b g Gleamore, by Captain Webb—Somnus mare, 10.2 (Hangi Thompson) 1 Recline, 9.12 (A. Julian) 2 The Spaniard, 9.7 (R. Gray) 3 Also started: Whakawera 10.8, Appin 10.0, Winiata 9.2, Flamingo 9.0. Won by 2 lengths, about the same distance separating second and third. Wintata fell. Time, 6.40.

WHAKATU HACK HURDLES of 100sovs. One mile and three-quarters. Bravest, 9.0 (A. Julian) 1 Nestor, 9.7 (J. Fox) 2 Master Stead, 9.0 (F. Cross) 3 All started. Won easily by two lengths, a length and a-half between the second and third. Time, 3.18.

HUNT CLUB STEEPLECHASE; cup value 100 guineas, with 40sovs added. Two miles and a-half. The Chief, 11.12 (A. Julian) 1 Morihiko, 11.0 (R. Gray) 2 Whetungui, 10.10 (Mr G. Hirst) 3 Also started: Longboat, Cavill, Otupua, Zomerzet, Pakeroa. Won by half a furlong, a furlong separating second and third. Time, 5.14.

HERETAUNGA HANDICAP of 150sovs. Seven furlongs. Thrave, 9.2 (H. Tricklebank) 1 Loch Mabru, 9.2 (J. Fox) 2 Mount Victoria, 9.6 (S. Reed) 3 Scratched: Outward. Won by two lengths, a head being between second and third. Time, 1.30.

CONCLUDING DAY.

HASTINGS, Friday.

The totalisator handled £9715, against £11,810 dealt with on the corresponding day last year, a falling off of £2395. For the two days the total was £21,011, compared with £20,938 at the last winter meeting.

LADIES' NECKLACE, of 65sovs. One mile and a-quarter. Mrs. G. H. Manville's br g Lord Kikheran, 4yrs, by Kikheran—Strathcroy, 10.7 (Mr. Fox) 1 Mrs. J. Landel's Fair Average, 9.7 (Mr. A. Hyde) 2 Mrs. H. M. Campbell's Flingot, 13.6 (Mr. G. Beaton) 3 Also started: Mastiff, 11.0, Composed 11.3, Alpha 10.3, Nekau 10.12, Tupaea 10.7, Morning 10.7, Raukawa 10.7. Lord Kikheran led all the way, winning all out by a length, Flingot a length further off. Time, 2.20.

JUNE STEEPLECHASE, of 200sovs. About two miles and a-half. H. H. Cuthbert's b g Whakawera, aged, by Filigree's Progress—Española, 10.8 (P. Flynn) 1 H. J. Cameron's Gleamore, 10.11 (G. Jones) 2 H. D. Buchanan's Flamingo, 9.7 (G. Gaddy) 3 Also started: Tyrannic 10.2, The Spaniard 9.7. Whakawera won by 300 yards, Flamingo a furlong further back. Time, 5.35.

RAUKAWA HACK HANDICAP of 100sovs. Seven furlongs. P. P. Neagle's b g Blavoin, 4yrs, by Walkoura—leaverly Twilo, 9.0 (H. Oliver) 1 Hon. J. D. Ormond's Missie, 9.0 (W. Ryan) 2 J. B. McNaughton's Mero Vaka, 9.3 (Alan. Reid) 3 Also started: Walkwhua 10.7, Manupai 9.0, Amaru 9.8, Blvad 9.8, Pany 9.4, Arakau 9.3, Teira 9.2, Moeia 9.2, Tupaea 9.2, Right On 9.0, Hinemara 9.0, Mr Donald 9.0. Won by a length, with a length and a-half between second and third. Time, 1.34.

WELLINGTON R.C. NOMINATIONS.

WELLINGTON, Friday. The following are the nominations for the principal events at the Wellington Racing Club's Winter Meeting:— Wellington Steeplechase, about three miles and a-quarter.—Master Paul, Sir Leo Hunter, Okatia, P. Cokobau, Gleamore, Knutsford, Antarctic, Ligeon, Black Northern, Paritutu, Te Rabu, Douzel, Compass, Zante, Dorando, Captain Higgie, Quandary, Bonzet, Gleamore, Whakawera, Appin, The Chief, The Spaniard, Swarthmoor. Winter Hurdle Race, two miles.—White Cockade, Jack Ashore, Palsano, St. Kelvin, Corbett, The Native, Tolly, Idealism, Fannus, Silver Chase, Korau, Kildonan, Black Northern, Seaman, Goodwin Park, Brides, Sandy Paul, Windage, Bismarck, Captain, Compass, Darby Paul, Hindatara, Julian, Master Theory, Elfish, Uranium, Merriwa, Waterworks, Nescol, The Rover, Gaelic, Game.

S. CANTERBURY JOCKEY CLUB.

TIMARU, Saturday. The South Canterbury Jockey Club held its annual meeting last night. The annual report congratulated members upon the satisfactory state of the finances for the year, the profit being £320. The following report to the Racing Conference was adopted:—"That the Government be asked to amend the tax on clubs to one per cent profits instead of on gross turnover."

AUSTRALIAN RACING.

V.R.C. GRAND NATIONALS. MELBOURNE, June 20. The weights for the V.R.C. Grand Nationals were posted to-day. In the Hurdle Race Argueuse is top weight, with 11.13. The New Zealand horses are weighted as follows:—Bridge 11.8, Wimmera 11.4, Pakan 10.10. Confederate heads the list in the Steeplechase with 12.0. The New Zealand Sea Dog has been appointed 10.8. Home Rule has been scratched for the National Steeplechase.

V.A.T.C. MEETING.

MELBOURNE, June 22. At Caulfield to-day the two principal events resulted as follows:— Toolimbood Hurdle Race.—Home Rule 1, Joe 2, Buikawarra 3. Fifteen starters. Home Rule won by two lengths. Time, 3.58. Richmond Cup.—Loki 1, Cui 2, Kiffin 3. Nineteen started. Loki won by a head. Time, 2.53.

THE ROSEHILL MEETING.

SYDNEY, June 22. At Rosehill to-day the Flying Handicap resulted:—Gigandra 1, Matchless 2, Iuli 3. Seventeen started. Gigandra won by two lengths. Time, 1.14.

THE TURF IN ENGLAND.

ASCOT GOLD CUP. LONDON, June 21. At the Ascot meeting yesterday the following was the result of the principal event:— THE GOLD CUP, value 500sovs, with 3500sovs in addition. Two miles and a-half. Mr. T. Pilkington's b h Prince Palatine, by Persimmon—Lady Lightfoot 1 Basse Pointe, 4yrs, by Simonsia—Basse Tern 2 Bill and Coo, by William the Third 3 Coote 4

Another Point for the Ladies.

A decision given by a Court in Philadelphia that a wife has a right to rifle the pockets of her husband and take his last coin, has given rise to a considerable amount of controversy, states the New York correspondent of a London journal. The decision was made in the case of Mr. John Dorcas, who pleaded that he was forced to leave his wife when arrested for non-support, because she had a habit of "going through" his pockets, every night and relieving him of all the money she found in them. After hearing both sides of the case, the Judge decided that, according to law, that which belonged to Dorcas also belonged to Mrs. Dorcas, and it did not make any difference how she got it.



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Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

BOOKINGS.

(Dates subject to alteration.)

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
 In season—“Ben Hur.”
 July 22 to August 3—“The Blue Bird.”
 September 23 to October 12—Oscar Asche, Lily Brayton.
WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE.
 July 17 to 30—J. C. Williamson, “Ben Hur.”
 August 15 to 29—“Sinbad the Sailor.”
 August 31 to September 12—“The Blue Bird.”
 September 23 to October 2—Pillmer Dramatic Company.
 October 19 to November 2—Oscar Asche, Lily Brayton Co.

When Drama Was Sweet and Wholesome.

It is a curious fact that the older generation—especially, which mourns a decline of Shakespeare from the stage (though, as a matter of fact, Shakespeare is still played more often than any other dramatist), which sighs for the good old days when the drama was “sweet” and “wholesome,” forget, or cannot comprehend, that the old order changed, and that our unpleasant realistic plays of to-day are the modern counterpart of the elder tragedies. No good can possibly come of reviving “*Virginius*” to-day, because the theatre-goers of to-day don't want “*Virginius*”—it bores them. Since our modern drama is intimate and realistic, our modern tragedies must be intimate and realistic, and their subject matter must be what is tragic in modern life. If the good souls who once accepted “*Virginius*,” but now reject “*The Fastest Way*” or “*Mrs. Warren's Profession*,” would only pause to consider the question fairly, they would see that the only reason why “*Virginius*” isn't as unhappy and unpleasant as the modern plays is because it is a story of ancient Rome instead of a modern city—it is 2000 years in the past. I fancy that the Just of Appius Claudius is no more “pleasant” a thing to contemplate, *per se*, than that of the broker in “*The Fastest Way*,” or the husband in Brienx's play, “*The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont*.” I fancy that certain physical facts are quite as frankly suggested by “*Virginius*” (as “*The Winter's Tale*” for that matter, or “*Othello*”) as by the modern plays of Pinero or Shaw. But the difference is that girls to-day are not in danger of seduction by Appius Claudius; a great many of them are exposed to the perils of the big cities, of marriage, of sweet-shops, of idleness, and vanity. If we may have the stage depiction of ancient perils passed, by what logic can any theatre-goer deny us the depiction of present perils? There is no logic in it! The fact is that the depiction of ancient perils did not trouble us, because they were far away; the modern tragedies “*harrow us up*,” because they are near to us, and so we do not like them. We are cowards in art.

An inevitable accompaniment of the opposition to serious modern social drama is the argument that by tolerating such plays you will “banish beauty from the stage,” mark it over with gloom, and depression. You will do, of course, nothing of the kind. In the first place, the men of the largest purpose—that is, the men best fitted to write such drama—are very frequently the men also best fitted for comedy, by their very qualities of sympathy. Pinero, of “*The Thunderbolt*,” is also the Pinero of “*Trilwain of the Wells*” and “*Sweet Lavender*.” Barrie, of “*The Twelve Pound Look*,” is the Barrie of “*Peter Pan*.” It further follows that the qualities required of an audience to appreciate serious social drama are the very qualities which are required for the appreciation of satire. Still further, the depth and richness of the humour in any literature is most frequently measured by the depth and richness of its serious plays or novels, even where the two are not united in one man, as in a Thackeray or Shakespeare.

Enough Unhappiness in the World.
 When we come to the argument that “there's enough unhappiness in the world, and no good can come of depicting it on the stage,” we can only answer that so long as there is so much unhap-

pineness in the world, it is our duty to keep people reminded of it, by every means in our power, until they are driven to remedy matters. It is a psychological banality that man is roused to action much less readily by indirect than direct stimulus. We read without a shudder of 100,000 Hindus or Chinese dying of famine. But if a family in our own town should starve, we would cringe with the horror of it. We have read, most of us, of the perils which await girls in all our big cities, and the dreadful moral result; but how many of us have been roused to see what remedial steps we, personally, can take? Depict such conditions truthfully on the stage, let your audience become absorbed in the story, caught up into the lives of your characters, and you have done the next best thing, for purposes of rousing response, to striking your audience directly through the tragedy of someone near or dear to them. Most Englishmen have never been in prison, and they remained indifferent to the abuses of the English prison system till John Galsworthy's “*Justice*” was produced. There is unappiness enough in the world, enough and to spare, but Mr. Galsworthy proposed that there should be a little less, so he roused the nation by a drama. That is the good which can come of “putting such things on the stage.”

Galsworthy in America.

The Little Theatre, which commenced its career in New York last month, is an appropriate house for that superior order of play whose special appeal is to the cultivated few rather than to the miscellaneous mass of theatre-goers. “*The Pigeon*,” John Galsworthy's splendid play, was the opening production. The critic of the New York “*Globe*” puts the case well when he describes the action of the play as follows:—

“Of all the tremendous ironic moments in life's comedy, none to the scene in which Christ showed his opinion of the respectable citizens of Jerusalem, the pillars of church and society, by openly sucking the companionship of the outcasts and human derelicts. A fragment of the same immortal tragic comedy is reproduced by John Galsworthy in “*The Pigeon*.” With truth and sympathy he has pointed out the supremely pitiful position of the disinherited of this world, the incompetent, the unfortunate, and the vagabond. In a beautiful play full of the humour that is ever on the brink of tears he has drawn them as they are, frail, erring and human. He has shown the cruel irony of the world's attitude toward them. He has brought them face to face with the modern Pharisee and the fatuous futility of his attempts to deal out canned charity in tape-ridden institutions. He has shown the hopeless failure of the existing order of things in its efforts to dispose of the outcast. And all this he has done with the utmost sincerity. Love, the supreme essence of Christian love, is the keynote of “*The Pigeon*.”

Not a Social Tract.

“*The Pigeon*” himself is one of those rare men who do not ask whether a poor wretch deserves charity. All he asks is whether he needs it. Consequently his house is perpetually invaded by all sorts and conditions of vagrants. This to the enormous disgust of his daughter Ann, who embodies the attitude of the average female Philistine. He is also the despair of his three friends, the justice of the peace, the professor, and the parson. The first of these represents the Dogberry notions of his kind. Clap the deserving into institutions and “*dawn the undeserving*.” The pedagogue, on the other hand, would spend all the State's resources in making the undeserving deserving. The church is in favour of “a little bit of both.”

The outcasts are three. There is Guenevere the flower girl, a poor nineteen-year-old bride who has been deserted by her husband. Then here is a drunken old cab-driver, whom the advent of the motor-car has found unprepared and so rolled him of a calling. Most amusing of all is the vagabond Frenchman who never can stick at any occupation because he cannot shake off the call of the road or his inextinguishable curiosity about life. Naturally he is the only articulate one of the three, and it

is he who expresses their point of view: “There is in some human souls, monsieur, what cannot be made tame.” It was an admirable stroke of Mr. Galsworthy's to show that the cause of their misfortunes is inherent in the characters of these pariahs. There is no attempt to lie about them sentimentally. The flower girl might eke out an honest and threadbare existence. But she is human. Like many a highly respectable female she is full of the joy of life. Not having the means to enjoy life respectably she takes to the “*life of joy*.” The vagrant French philosopher does not amount to anything because he loves to rove.

The System Fails.

“And yet,” he asks, “how would society look upon us if we had money? Would I not be merely an eccentric, highly interesting dilettante, with a mania for travelling? Would not the old cabman be an aristocrat of the old school who can hold his liquor like a gentleman? Would not that girl be



A PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.
 “*Tintoretto*,” with 64 plates.

hounds innocent heroes to their ruin, and is killed in the end with every circumstance of horror. Abraham Baruch is not that kind of Jew at all. He certainly ruins Count Max von Reiser, but then he so admires the young man that he makes a will in his favour. Max does not know that, but thinks Baruch, in refusing to give up a forged bill, means nothing but ill. One cannot say it was an unnatural thought, for ruined takes cannot be expected to look on money-lenders as potential benefactors. Baruch intended to give the Count a good lesson, and then tell him about the will, but that form of teaching is dangerous, especially if you have a weak heart and your pupil is a strong and impetuous young man. The Jew suffers from his heart, and a slight struggle is enough to kill him.

For close on three hours the audience at the recent opening performance in London had to listen to the Count's outpourings of conscience, although a bibulous doctor had stated that death was due to natural causes, and the Count himself knew he had no intention of killing. So did his lover, a lachrymose lady who flies to a convent after swearing that the dead man will forever come between her and the man she loves.

A rascally solicitor who has drawn up the will blackmails the Count, who not content with one accident, nearly kills the bibulous doctor in a drunken fit, and does his best to settle the solicitor, besides being the innocent cause of the death of the solicitor's gushing daughter. These many things prey on Max's mind and he gives himself up. The rascally solicitor bribes the doctor to swear that he gave a false certificate, but the woes of the lachrymose lady in the witness-box upset his resolves, and he blurts out the truth. Really, Mr. Alfred Wilson-Barrett, this will not do!

“The Double Game.”

Mr. Maurice Baring has revenge on himself upon the critics in the most handsome manner. Some time ago he offered them “*The Green Elephant*,” and they frankly declared they did not like it. In place of kicking against the pricks, he gallantly set to work and the result is “*The Double Game*,” produced last month in London. From all accounts it is an immensely interesting piece of work; tense, vibrant, “well-made” in the best sense of the word, true to life. Had the story emanated from the prolific brain of Sardoa, it would almost certainly have reached us in the form of superior melodrama. Nothing easier, indeed, than to have treated it in such fashion. Fortunately Mr. Baring, who is a recognised authority upon Russia and her people, withstood the temptation. The author places the action in a middle-class boarding-house in Moscow, where is gathered together a company of all sorts and conditions of people. There is a good deal of talk about revolutionary processes and the advent of terrorism, of the reactionary party and of the party opposed to it. Out of all this speedily emerges the true subject matter of the drama.

Love and Terrorism.

Maria Andrevna, an aristocrat by birth has thrown in her lot with the revolutionaries, has even manifested her willingness to join in their worst atrocities. The nobility, the spirituality of the girl are, notwithstanding, never in doubt. If she does evil it is that in the end good may come of it. Two men are passionately in love with her—Boris Nikolaevitch, accredited police spy, whose business it is to worm himself into the confidence of suspects and thereafter betray them to his masters; the other Dimitri Vasilevitch, a high-spirited young fellow, whose well-founded suspicions of his rival are attributed by Maria Andrevna to jealousy. The crisis in the fate of these three comes when Maria is selected to throw the bomb which, it is hoped, will bring about the death of the chief of the Moscow police. To save her, Boris, who, be it remembered, is honestly and profoundly attached to the girl, can find no other way but to denounce her to her employers, have her arrested in the morning chosen for the catastrophe, and subsequently conveyed out of the country. In Switzerland she will find a safe retreat, and there, subsequently he proposes to join her and make her his wife.

But the project miscarries. Through a series of cleverly-devised incidents Boris's treachery is brought to the knowledge of the woman whose eyes have been hitherto blinded by her great love for him. She commits suicide, and if to the “*Daily Telegraph*,” it appears a trifle forced and just a little melodramatic, it secures at any rate an extremely powerful and brilliant curtain.

merely a vivacious, chic, and much-sought-after young woman, so full of spirits and fun—such as you can find in countless saloons?”

The parson, the J.P., and the professor try to reform the three indigents, each after his own particular moral nostrum. And each system fails. The parson finds a position for the girl, but she loses it because she “got the footman into trouble.” After a few months of the “*life of joy*” she tries to drown herself, but is rescued and then arrested for her attempt at suicide. Then the indignation of the Pigeon and the philosopher break out. Why, demands the Frenchman, who is it that we can see it written on the faces of good people that they believe it would be better for everybody if we were dead, and yet they punish us for trying to die?

There is no definite conclusion to the play. In the last act the Pigeon is on the verge of moving to other quarters, whether his daughter has insisted on taking him in order that he might get away from “those six rotters,” meaning the vagabonds and the reformers alike. But the final scene finds him once more distributing his cards with the new address. He is the very man above all whom the outcasts need. He who loves them alone can understand them. And it is not by being caged in institutions that these wild birds can be tamed. They can never be “reformed” by those who do not try to understand them.

The Jew of Prague.

Titles often convey wrong ideas. The title of Mr. Alfred Wilson-Barrett's melodrama suggests a gloating Jew who

It is an open question whether the suicide of the heroine, which brings the drama to a close, is the only right issue out of the impasse created by the author. One imagines that such a girl of Maria Andreeva's strength of character would have recoiled from a step entailing so manifest a confession of weakness. The author, however, would probably argue that no other solution was open to a woman whose most cherished beliefs in the principles of probity and honour, and whose faith in the man she loved and trusted had been completely and irrevocably swept away.

"Helen of Sparta."

Since the death of Swinburne, M. Emile Verhaereu may, in the opinion of the Paris correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph," be called the greatest living lyric poet; but he is still less of a dramatic poet than Swinburne was. The whole spectacle of the recent production at the Chatelet was a splendid one, yet the tragedy was ill-served by the stage, and, in the opinion of the critic referred to above, was a case in which M. Vincent d'Indy's dictum, that great plays should always be read, and

because South Africa is not yet educated up to the Paderewski worship to which the long-haired virtuoso has been accustomed in lands where men are not quite so elemental and candid, and where women are wont to show their admiration by hysterical outbursts which, though gratifying, if at times embarrassing to the artist, are disgusting to the plain man.

South Africa it seems, failed to take Paderewski as seriously as the great pianist takes himself, and is accustomed to be taken, and its towns, it appears, did not prove the Tom Tiddlers grounds he anticipated. The men were truly dreadful. To them Paderewski was a mere mortal and was treated as such! In Port Elizabeth one creature, greatly daring, seized the pianist of pianists by the lapels of his coat and peering into his face said, "You're Paderewski, ain't you?"—and then laughed!

Worse than all, however, was an "open letter" which appeared in a Pretoria paper, and which perhaps gives a slight clue to the real reason why the pianist did not "make good" in South Africa.

"What have you done for the world? (the writer asked). What do you do?

Madame de Cisneros.

Madame Eleonora de Cisneros, with the Count de Cisneros and her two supporting artists, M. Paul Dufault, and Mr. James Lieblich, landed in Sydney from the s.s. Marzama on June 10th. Her first Sydney concert is to be given in Sydney on Saturday, June 22nd and after brief seasons in Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Melbourne she will tour the principal cities of New Zealand. Arias are to be sung by Mme. de Cisneros from operas, which of late years have been rarely heard in Australia, among them being Meyerbeer's "Le Prophete," and "Les Huguenots" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." One interesting feature of the concerts will be a cycle of old Irish folk songs, the genuine Celtic melodies which (said Mme. de Cisneros when interviewed in Sydney) are to her "just as beautiful as some of the German classics." M. Paul Dufault, who stands right in the front rank of lyric tenors, has a similar devotion to the old folk-songs of France. "I promise you," said Mme. de Cisneros, "that he will sing them beautifully."

The cellist, James Lieblich, who supports Mme. de Cisneros in her Australas-

tate, while his movement from one manual to the other was done with dexterity and neatness. His programme was headed with Hollins' fine concert overture in C minor, which received a clever performance. The opening Andante was executed with majesty, the passages for the great organ and the chords and sustained degrees standing out prominently, while the phrase for the reeds on the choir and swell-organ was tastefully given. Decision and vigour marked the performance obtained of the Allegro, while the Lento movement was delivered with elegance of phrasing, and the finer harmonies were nicely presented. The setting in D major exhibited the reeds of the choir and swell-clavier admirably.

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Left to right: baby glide, grizzly bear, kangaroo vander, hippo hop, ostrich stretch, polliwog wiggle, turkey trot, bunny bug and the honey-bug.

not seen, applies. In the play, Helen has come back to Menelaus, and both have returned to Sparta. In short, she has made up her mind to settle down at last. The danger of the situation is that it would be the easiest thing in the world to burlesque it. But the poet not only remains at the level of high tragedy, he extracts from his theme some splendid poetry.

Helen is weary of passion, but she is condemned by the gods to be beautiful and to rouse passion, and her beauty at last becomes a torture, which she prays the gods to deliver her from. She longs to live a peaceful queen and wife, but her deadly beauty steers her path with monstrous passions that beget crimes. Turn where she will she cannot help being the Helen with whom gods and men are infatuated. She craves for peace; and hideous crimes of lust and murder spring up around her and because of her. Her own brother, Castor, loses his senses for love of her, and slays Menelaus out of jealousy. Elektra, her sister, Clytemnestra's daughter, raves of her beauty, and at last it seems to Helen that even the trees and the stones, whisper the now hated word of love to her. She appeals to Zeus, her father, to save her from the fatal gift of beauty he gave her, and the voice of the god blames her because her pride and her mastery of the world have not equalled her beauty. He takes her up to Olympus, but immortality will not bring her peace. Among the gods, as on earth, criminal passion will pursue her. It is a tragic idea, carried out with splendid power of poetic imagination.

The Unappreciated Pianist.

Poor Paderewski! What a thing it is to lack a sense of humour. Paderewski is angry with South Africa partly because when playing the piano on a coasting ship some unappreciative person rudely requested him to "stop that noise," and partly, it is to be feared,

You play the piano—I am told that you play the piano better than any living pianist; I am not prepared to dispute that; but, after all, what is there in playing the piano?

"We had a man here the other day who could not only play the piano, but seventeen other instruments; including the Jew's harp.

"Nobody made a fuss about him. It only cost two shillings to hear him play all his instruments. He didn't want the mayor to receive him, nor did he charge a guinea for his front seats."

Paderewski was disappointed with South Africa, and South Africa was disappointed with the virtuoso.

"If we have disappointed the great performer as an artistic community," says the Johannesburg "Star", "it is only fair to say that he has likewise disappointed us as a man of the world and a 'good sport'." It is not our fault if artists visit our towns, and particularly Johannesburg, under the impression that we are an open gold mine. It is never previously impressed upon such visitors that we have had little more than a quarter of a century's existence, and that we are still in our artistic swaddling clothes."

South Africa's education has certainly been sadly neglected. Fancy expecting to find in the most famous and most femininely feted pianist of this generation "a man of the world," let alone a "good sport!" It would be just as reasonable to expect to find platinium growing on an iceberg. Paderewski expected to be treated as something quite out of the ordinary, and to be made a fuss of. Had he possessed a real sense of humour the fact that he was getting some entirely new experiences would have proved a continual source of amusement. But your artist rarely has a sense of humour and Paderewski apparently suffers from the complaint common to his kind.

ian tour, is a member of a most gifted musical family. His father is Professor Max Lieblich, a noted composer. His sister, Estelle Lieblich, holds very high rank as a soprano. His brother, Leonard Lieblich was at one time a well-known critic in New York, but is now the editor of "The Musical Courier."

Mr. H. Weber's Organ Recital.

There was another large and highly appreciative audience at the Town Hall last Saturday night to hear the third applicant for the position of city organist. The performer on this occasion was Mr. Horace Weber, organist of Napier Cathedral, who submitted a programme which displayed his skill to full advantage. Mr. Weber has technical resource of no mean order, while as a peddler he is remarkably proficient. His stop combinations were made with good

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KING GEORGE THEATRE

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DAILY CONTINUOUS PICTURES

(P) From 1.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.—(1/-)

(D) And from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Master Programme. Best Value in Town. Evening: Stalls 6d, Dress Circle 1/-, Gallery Half-price.

and the subsequent theme in G major, with its flowing music, was rendered with independence on the great organ, while the progression of chromatic sixths and chords for the swell manual were adequately displayed. A brilliant rendering of the closing movement in C terminated a praiseworthy performance of the able work of the sightless organist, Alfred Hollins. At the conclusion the recitalist was heartily applauded. Edmund Chipp's "Theme and Finale from the Fantasia in the Austrian Hymn" was Mr. Weber's greatest achievement, and in this he did himself full justice. The intricate manual part and its brilliant pedal passages with double octaves, etc., offered no obstacle to his admirably disciplined hands and feet. More brilliant and accurate pedal playing it would be difficult to imagine. The legato passages were executed with evenness, surprising facility, and speed. After this brilliant example of technical skill—manuals and pedals—the recitalist received a hearty recall, and repeated the latter half of the same composition.

King George Picture Theatre.

This comfortable picture theatre, with seating accommodation for 1,000 people, is situated in Durham-street, near His Majesty's Theatre. A continuous entertainment is given daily, and an excellent selection of films may be seen for a small charge. The performance commences daily at 1.30, and proceeds till 4.30 p.m. With regard to the evening performance, a departure from the ordinary routine of continuous picture shows is observed, people being admitted from 7 until 10 p.m.

"Ben Hur."

The opening production of "Ben Hur," at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on Tuesday night, was an elaborate and very creditable piece of work. The large audience was impressed with the many-sided elements of this remarkable play, its religious character, its superb spectacles, and its melodrama of love and revenge. "Ben Hur" makes exceptionally heavy demands upon the resources of the scenic artist and mechanic. The six acts of the piece proceed through a marvellous succession of dramatic episodes, the character of which is enriched by gorgeous colours, realistic tableaux and sensational climax after climax (including the chariot race), as well by music well suited to the picturesque themes which have engrossed the author.

Its story needs to be only briefly told. Ben Hur (Mr. Eric Maxon), of a princely house in Jerusalem, goes to the galleys for three years because of the false witness of his former friend, Messala, the Roman (Mr. Leonard Willey). He finds escape through the clemency and friendship of the tribune Arrius (Mr. Winter Hall); learns soldiering and chariot-racing in Rome, and then returns to meet in Antioch his father's former steward and slave, Simonides (Mr. Eardley Turner). Simonides has a daughter (Eather), with whom Ben Hur ought to fall immediately in love; but he does not for he is lured into moonlight extravagances by the Egyptian girl Iras (Miss Gwen Burroughs). In Antioch he again clashes with Messala, and it is here that the thrill of the chariot race comes in (it really should be the culminating and final episode). However, Ben Hur lands a winner by a short neck from Messala, and puts his backers in Easy Street for a long time. The play goes on to show how, of course, his true affection centres in the modest Eather, with whom he eventually is united. That is the romantic side of the story, its religious side is in the prophecies of the King of the Jews, and much is made of the scene on Mount Olivet, representing the cleansing of the leper mother and sister of Ben Hur, the healing power being manifested by a shaft of light thrown from above. Ben Hur then learns that the Jewish King of Kings is the Prince of Peace, not the conqueror, who, as he dreamed, was to send him in vengeance against Rome.

The acting in the piece was generally very good and convincing, but in "Ben Hur" the plot is of secondary importance, and as the "Bulletin" truly remarks: "By the splendour of Heaven, this is the scene-shifter's night out."

"Ben Hur" was enthusiastically received all the way, and likely to have a great run.

Lyrle Theatre.

The current week's programme of pictures at the Lyrle, Symonds Street, is full of special interest. The star item is a reproduction of the French comic

opera, "Mam'zelle Nitouche," a popular laughable creation, and presented with all elaborate furnishings. It is a magnificent bit of work, and should not be missed. Other films screened embrace dramatic, comic, scenic, and industrial subjects, and provide an entertainment of high merit.

Stray Notes.

Mr. George Clusam has written another short opera, entitled, "After a Thousand Years," which was produced at the London Tivoli the other day, in accordance with the present craze for the production of operatic music in variety programmes. The new work is said to contain musical merit of no mean order. It introduced Miss Muriel Terry in the character of an Egyptian queen doomed to revisit the earth every thousand years, and to re-enact thereon the death-scene of her lover, whom she has given over, in "lines less recent," to the "horrid laughing jaws" of her Court lions. Miss Terry, the critics state, sang her songs with fine effect, and she was well supported by Mr. Frederick Ranslow, the baritone who visited Australia as one of Madame Melba's concert company.

The critics appear to agree that for complete all-round excellence nothing finer has been heard in Melbourne than the performance given by Quinlan's Grand Opera Company of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann." Mr. Quinlan's principals are rarely endowed, not merely in the person of the chief artists (who got a wonderful reception), but also in those gifted people who essayed lesser roles with unusual distinction. Apart from these, the two such vital elements in opera—the chorus and orchestra—are of a calibre the like of which Melbourne has hitherto heard little. The first-named not only sing finely, but they also act finely, while as for the orchestra, it is magnificent. In addition to these admirable features, Mr. Quinlan adopts the sensible plan of giving operas in English. The combination is as great as its reputation, and it is a matter for sincere regret that it is not to be seen in New Zealand.

"It never rains but it pours" (writes the "Star" London correspondent, under date May 10). At this moment we have two operas proving attractive in London, to say nothing of what is achieved by touring companies that are making occasional excursions into the capital. Now we hear of a new company being organised by Mr. Joseph O'Mara, who has probably sung in more opera performances than any living countryman. This new venture, which declares itself "An English Opera Combination," has recruited singers only in the British Isles and Colonies, and Mr. O'Mara promises to astonish his hearers with a new New Zealand contralto, whose identity is rather slenderly hinted at by the statement that she has been a pupil of Marchesi.

Mr. Harry Corson Clarke, an American comedian of note, has signed a contract with the J. C. Williamson management to remain in Australia for the farce comedy season, beginning at the Criterion Theatre in August with "Get-Rich Quick Wallingford." The visitor's wife, who is well known to the New York stage as Margaret Dale Owen, has also been engaged.

Sejme Fatme, the former harem favourite of the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, was taken to the music-hall stage to earn a living, and intends to tour Europe. Her "turn" consists of "harem dances," as she used to dance them before her royal master years ago. Fatme, who is said to be very beautiful, makes her debut at Geneva. She states that she has papers (which are accessible to the public) to prove her former position in the royal palace at Constantinople.

Mr. Hugh J. Ward has received a cablegram from the New York agent of J. C. Williamson, Ltd., stating that the principals of the farce-comedy company, to play in Sydney a couple of months hence, had started for Australia, via Vancouver. The company will be headed by a New York star-comedian, Mr. Fred Nible, who will play Wallingford in "Get-Rich Quick Wallingford." He will be accompanied by Miss Josephine Cohan, one of the best-known Broadway comedienne. Miss Cohan is a sister of George M. Cohan, author of the comedy, Mr. Manning, who has played Dempsey over 200 times, is also coming for that part and to stage-manage. The repertoire of the new combination will further include the two successful New York farces, "Officer 866" and "Excuse Me." The date of opening the farce-comedy season is set down for August 3rd at the Criterion Theatre.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.
NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.
New Zealand views (stereoscopic) are wanted by the "Graphic" in connection with the free distribution (along with a machine) to annual subscribers. Views submitted need to possess some general interest, and will be paid for at regular rates.

HINTS TO SHOPPERS.
Natural appearance, strength and lightness are the essentials combined in the artificial linba manufactured by A. A. Marks. Agents: Surgical Supply Co., Ltd., Fort-street, Auckland. Also Agents for J. and E. Ferris, London.
A choice assortment of hand-worked drawn thread silk cosies and d'oyleys from China, and Paton's Alloa wheeving, in beautiful shades, for ladies' winter coats have just been received by Shakspear and Co., His Majesty's Arcade.
Poker-worked leather goods, wood carving of every description are for sale at Miss Ayling's, 4 Strand Arcade, Auckland. Tuition at 12/6 per quarter is given in the work.
Really good seeds and bulbs at moderate prices can be procured from Robert Sydenham, Ltd., Tenby-street, Birmingham, England.
At Miller's fancy repository, 100, Victoria-street, Auckland, there are spectacles to suit all sights, and the price is right.
The New Zealand Insurance Co., Ltd., fire, marine, accident, and live stock, has its head office in Auckland and is represented and supported throughout the world.
Speight's Dumodin ales are to be had everywhere and the sole agents and bottlers for the Auckland district are Hipkins and Courts, Customs-street East.

Ulster's position in the all-important struggle of the Irish people for Home Rule is attracting attention throughout the Empire. The Hon. R. J. Hall, M.A., of Oxford University, and a Belfast man, will enlighten an Auckland audience on the subject next Friday evening, June 28th, in the concert chamber of the Town Hall. The reverend gentleman is an eloquent and powerful speaker. Tickets at one shilling may be had at Miss Gerti Campion's, Queen Street, and reserved seats one shilling extra at Wildman and Arrey's.

REMOVAL NOTICE.
WE HAVE REMOVED TO NEW AND MORE COMMODIOUS OFFICES, IN THE IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, LOWER DOWN QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE SHERSTONE'S.
NICHOLSON AND GRIBBIN.

W. COLEMAN
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY
IS REMOVING TO NEW OFFICES IN THE IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (The Newly-erected Premises of Messrs. W. and G. Elliott), 42 and 44 QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE SHERSTONE'S ON 1st JULY NEXT.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
R. E. BRIDGMAN, DENTAL SURGEON, HAS REMOVED TO NEW PREMISES, BRIDGMAN BUILDINGS, Corner Dominion and Valley Roads, Mount Eden. Phone 3912.

WRIGHT'S ART CLASSES. 24th YEAR.
VACANCIES FOR A FEW PUPILS.
Studio: VICTORIA ARCADE (Top Floor).
T. Wright. W. Wright.

MR. L. T. HASELDEN AND MR. F. BROWN, DENTISTS.
WHI COMMENCE PRACTICE ON MONDAY, 1st JULY, Edson's Buildings, QUEEN STREET.
Phone 1450.

AUCKLAND SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.
Engaged in an Entirely Sincere and Joyous Attempt to prove to the Doubtfuls that Shakspeare and a few others (not quite so good) are by no means the dull dogs most folks imagine them to be.
Next Performance will be devoted to the Immortal Memory of CHARLES DICKENS, and will include Bardell and Pickwick Trial Scene.

TO BRIDGE PLAYERS.
THE "PREMIER" BRIDGE SCORER is the Best and Largest on the Market. Can be obtained from: Chamberlaine and Edmiston, Stationers, Queen-st.; Spreckley and Co., Stationers, Queen-st.; G. Tolman, Stationer, Queen-st.; H. Mackay, Stationer, Queen-st.; R. C. Hlavick, Stationer, Queen-st.; W. G. Allen and Co., Stationers, Queen-st.; G. Tomkinson, Stationer, Symonds-st.; and Alex. Smith, Stationer, Karangahape Rd. Price, One Shilling. See that you get the "PREMIER," the Favourite Bridge Scorer.

MR. P. FAWCETT-WADE, ACTOR, ENTERTAINER, AND MAGICIAN.
IS OPEN TO ENGAGEMENTS at any distance, Town or Country, with HIS ORIGINAL AND REFINED ENTERTAINMENTS, from 15 min. to two hours, introducing Novel, Humorous and Texturous Feats of Sleight of Hand, Monologues (Gays and Gays), Humorous Stories, and Character Studies from Charles Dickens. For terms and vacant dates apply "Minerva Villa," King Terrace, Shelly Beach Road, Auckland.

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Till you hear the Remisch and Justin Browns. Best in the world, direct from factory—Cash or easy terms. F. Moore & Co., Piano and Organ Warehouse, Custom St. E. opp. Farrell's cars. Catalogues Free.

TOWN HALL CONCERT CHAMBER.
FRIDAY NEXT, JUNE 29, 1912.
ULSTER AND HOME RULE
LECTURE BY
REV. R. J. HALL, M.A.,
Under the auspices of the Auckland Celtic Society.
AN ULSTERMAN'S STORY OF ULSTER'S POLITICAL
Prices 1/ to all parts of H.A.N.
Day Sales at Miss Gerti Campion's.
Reserved Seats at Wildman and Arrey's, 1 extra.
M. J. SHEAHAN, Hon. Sec.

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USE **Wickins' Piano Tutor** English and Foreign Fingering
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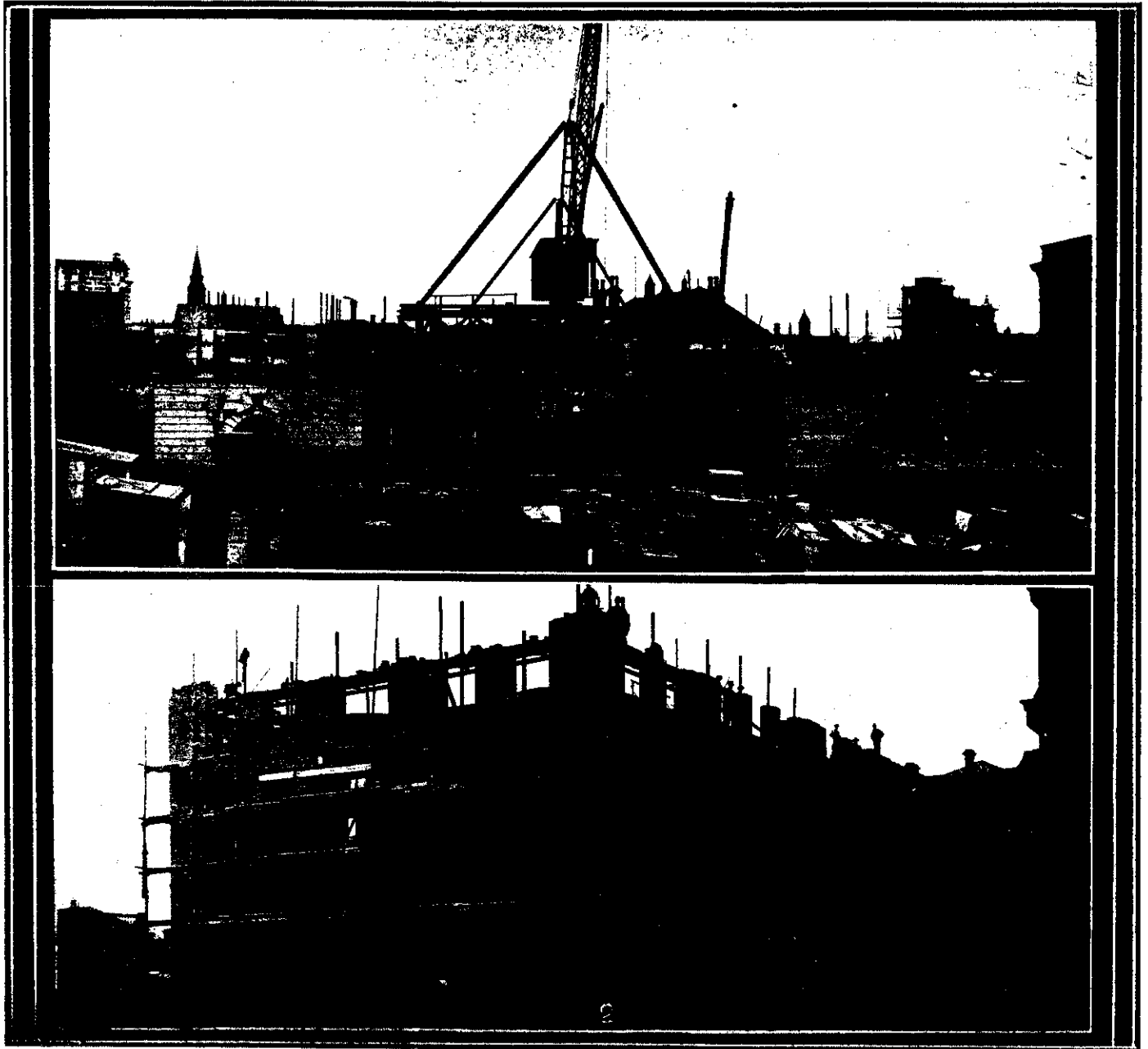




See Special Account, page 7.

AUCKLAND'S GREATEST BENEFACTOR PASSES PEACEFULLY AWAY IN HIS 96TH YEAR.

At five o'clock on Saturday morning Sir John Logan Campbell, the father of Auckland, died peacefully in his sleep. He had celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday on November 8, 1911. Sir John had never been really ill in his life before he had to take to his bed a few days before his death. He had a splendid constitution, and, in spite of the strenuous life he led in the old pioneering days, he was an absolute stranger to the ailments which are usually accepted as the inevitable accompaniment of advancing years. Whenever he appeared in public his venerable face and form have never failed to arouse a keen appreciation of the personal dignity, the strength of character, and the many-sided ability that made him so long one of the leaders of our people and one of the most generous and far-sighted public benefactors that this country has yet known.



TWO NEW BUILDINGS FOR AUCKLAND

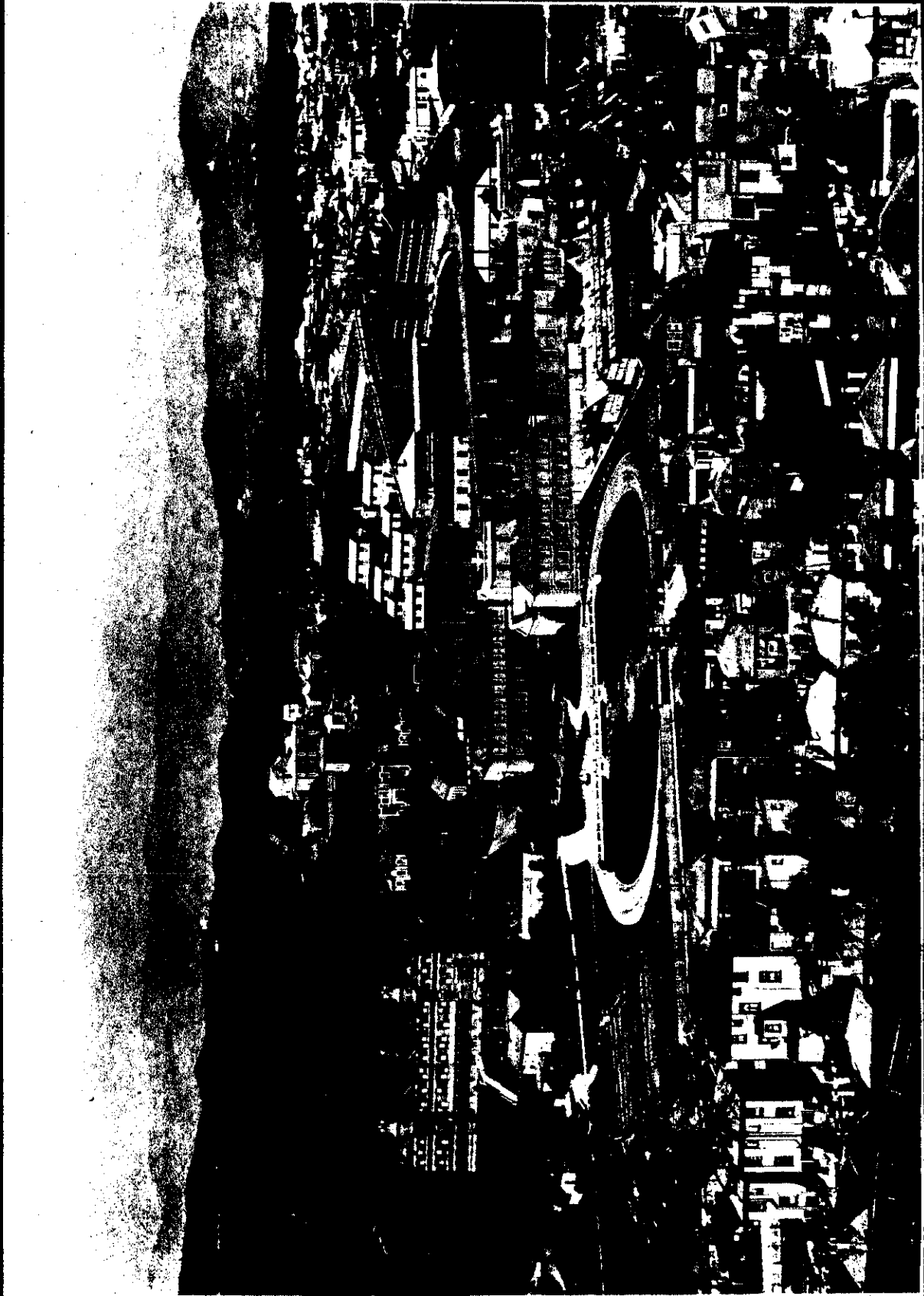
Good progress is being made by the contractors with the erection of (1) the new Magistrate's Courthouse, at the rear of the present building, and (2) the Y.M.C.A. quarters, fronting Wellesley and Colburn streets.



Color photo.

A USEFUL GIFT FROM A WAIRARAPA SETTLER.

A donation of £2000 from Mr. W. C. Buchanan, M.P., a prominent Wairarapa settler, enabled the local authority to erect a home for incurables for district cases. The building, located on a site at Greytown, has been designed to meet modern requirements.



A TELEPHOTO VIEW OF NEWTOWN, WELLINGTON, SHOWING THE HOSPITAL GROUNDS, NURSES' HOME, SEDDON SHELTERS AND VICTORIA HOSPITAL.

Hutton, photo.



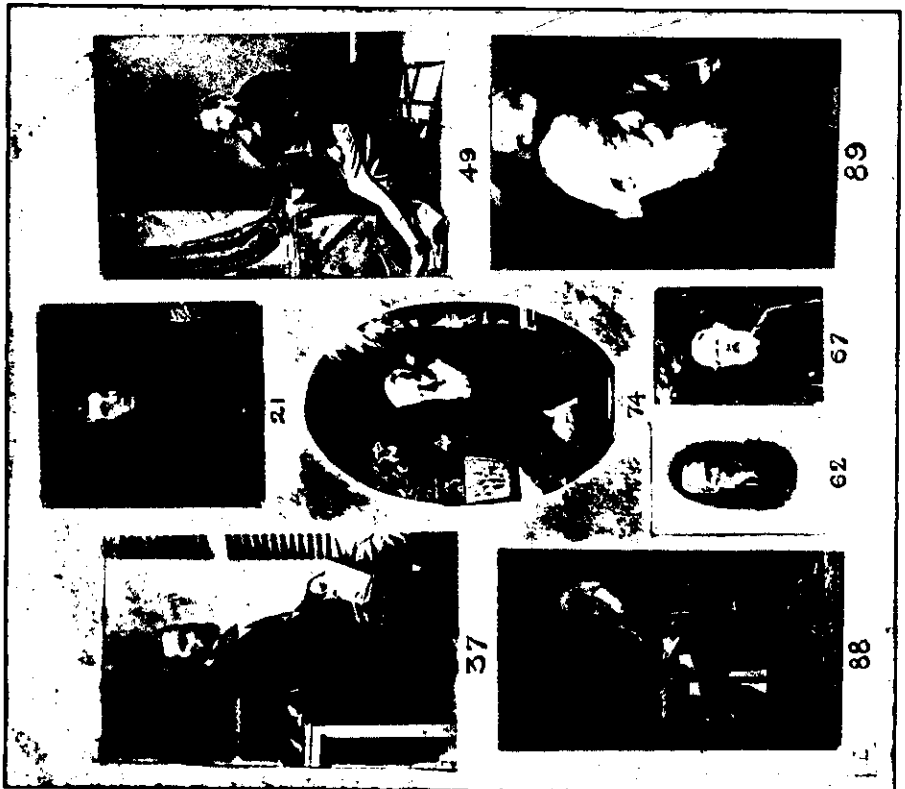
Landon Studio, photo.
 THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE LEVIN MUSICAL AND EDUCATIONAL COMPETITIONS' SOCIETY.
 The competitors at Levin are to take place on July 2, 3, and 4. The personnel of the group is as follows:—Rowing from the left, back row: Messrs. D. W. Matheson, C. F. Rockol, K. Atkinson. Front row: Messrs. D. E. Partons (secretary), Rev. A. C. Handerson (chairman), and W. Hughes.



ILLIARY, photo.
 A THIN LOAD OF RIMU LOGS FROM THE SELWYN COMPANY'S BUSH NEAR PUTARURU.



SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL'S FIRST HOME IN AUCKLAND.
 The illustration shows Commercial Bay, Auckland, or what is now lower Shoreland Street, in 1840. (1) Government Store. (2) Brown and Company. This was the veteran pioneer's first home in New Zealand. (3) Mr and Mrs Nicol. (4) Mr G. Graham of the Engineers. (5) Track over to Orlong Bay. (6) Ferry. (7, 8) By Early settlers, whose names have passed away.



THE LATE SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL—SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS IN PORTRAITS.

At the age of 21 Sir John was living in Edinburgh; at 37 in Auckland; at 49 in British town; at 62 in Florence; and when the re-
 making four photos were taken he was in Auckland.



A VIEW SHOWING PART OF THE SLIP AT PORO-O-TARAO.

HEAVY RAINS CAUSE SERIOUS DAMAGE ON THE MAIN TRUNK LINE—MAILS AND PASSENGERS HELD UP.
 The torrential rain of last week caused serious damage on the North Island Main Trunk at the most serious point of the Poro-o-tarao tunnel, where part of the line was hit by a landslide and several hundred yards of the permanent way slipped several feet. Big gangs got to work at once, and temporary alterations were constructed, to enable passenger and mails to get through.



A VIEW SHOWING THE SUBSIDENCE OF THE LINE AND THE TEMPORARY DEVIATION ON THE LEFT.

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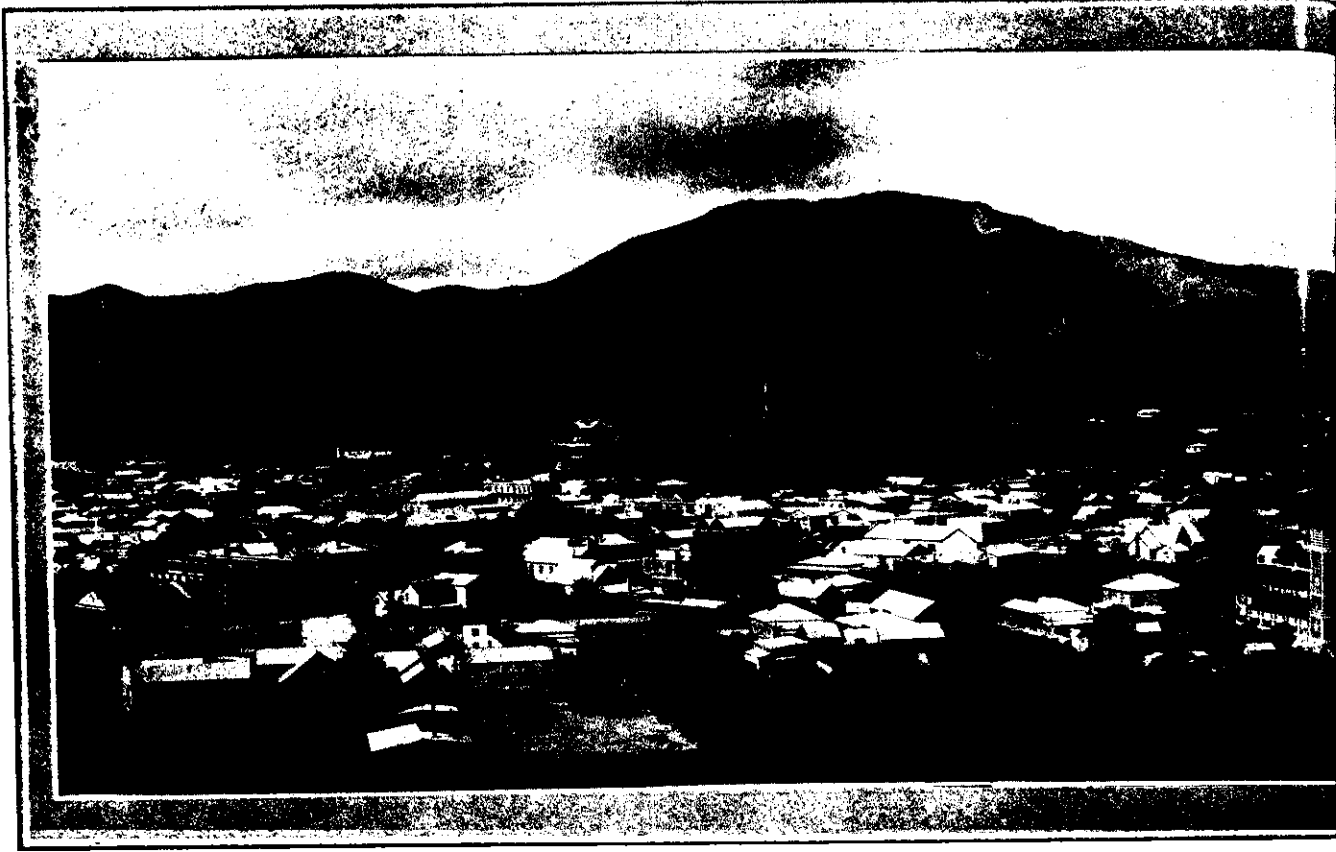


Tropical photo.

KING GEORGE AND HIS ARMY—HIS MAJESTY ARRIVING ON THE PARADE GROUND AT ALDERSHOT.

The King and Queen visited Aldershot last month, following the great manoeuvres, and witnessed a big review, which included cavalry, infantry, artillery, an artillery light air battery, coast, bridge-laying on the water, you-wait, periscope, aerial flights, an inspection of the new motor transport vehicles, and a presentation of colours to three regiments.

The Growing Port and Ca



Kitching, photo.

A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW FROM THE PORT HILLS OF ONE OF THE DOMINION'S MOST C
ROUND THE RAILWAY STATION AND



A FINE EXPANSE OF WATERFRONT—A PANOR

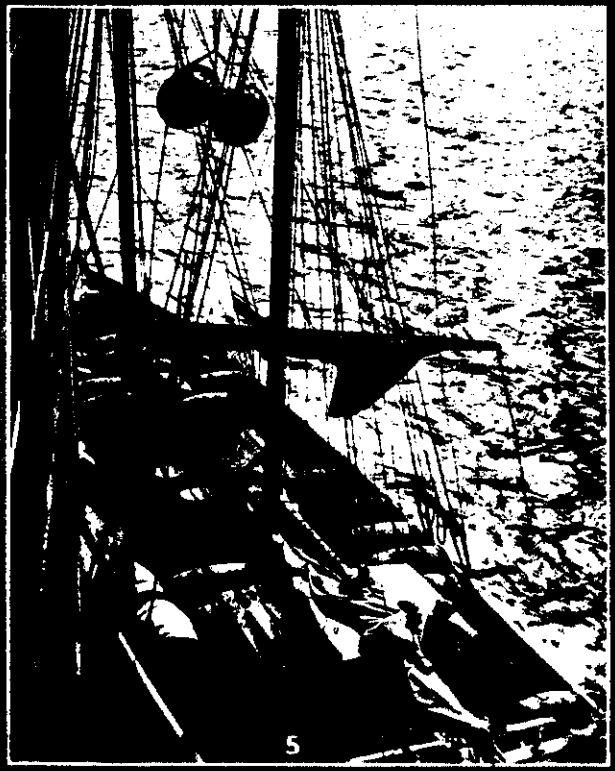
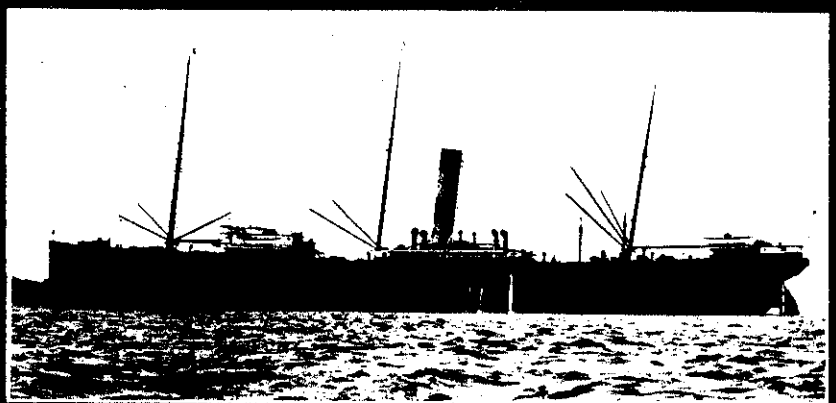
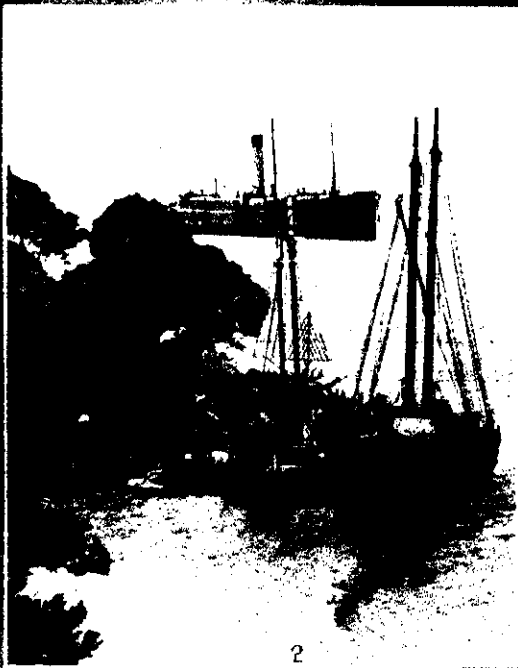
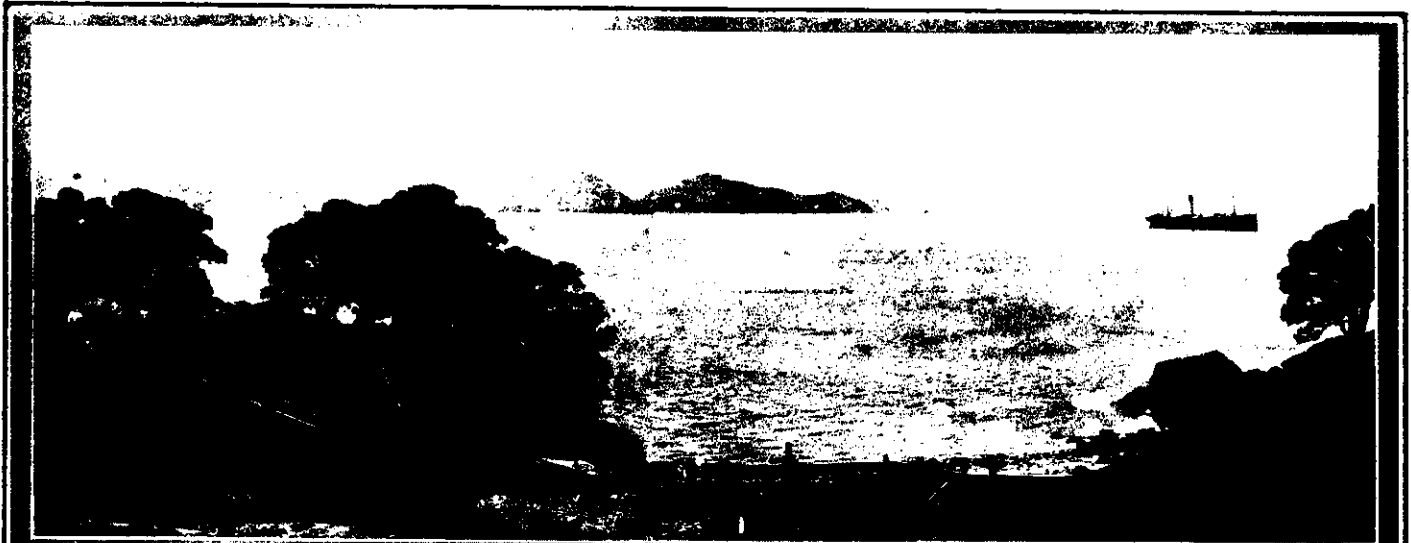
Capital of the Nelson Province



TOWNS—ON THE LEFT IS THE BUSINESS PORTION OF NELSON, WITH THE BUILDINGS SPREADING TOI TOI VALLEY ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.

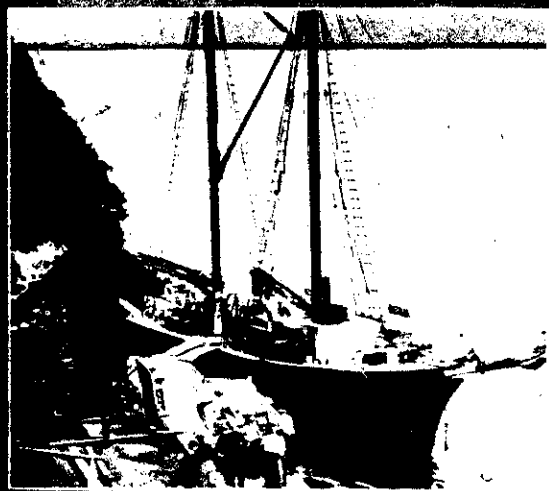
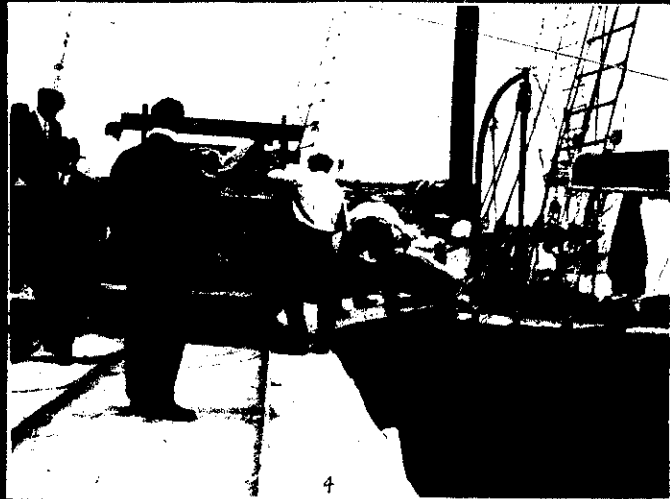


FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE NELSON HARBOUR.



THE FIRST OCEAN-GOING STEAMER TO VISIT WHANGAREI—TAKES THE FIRST LOAD OF FROZEN BEEF FROM THE DISTRICT.

(1) A view showing part of the Whangarei harbour, with the Kumara at anchor. (2) The lighters at the freezing works taking in beef, and the steamer in the background. (3) The Shaw Savill Company's Kumara, the first ocean-going steamer to visit Whangarei. (4) A group of the ship's officers and guests aboard the Kumara. (5) The first sling of products from the new freezing works—two casks of tallow—being taken aboard the Kumara. Speaking at the official opening, Mr. A. R. Crane said that with the advent of ocean-going vessels trading to Whangarei harbour, who could tell the possibilities of which the district was capable? If the development of the Waimata Falls electrical scheme materialised, it would mean the starting of other industries in the district. Other neighbouring districts were being developed, and Whangarei, as the natural trade outlet, would share in the resultant prosperity.



AN IMPORTANT EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF WHANGAREI—FROZEN MEAT FOR THE HOME MARKETS.

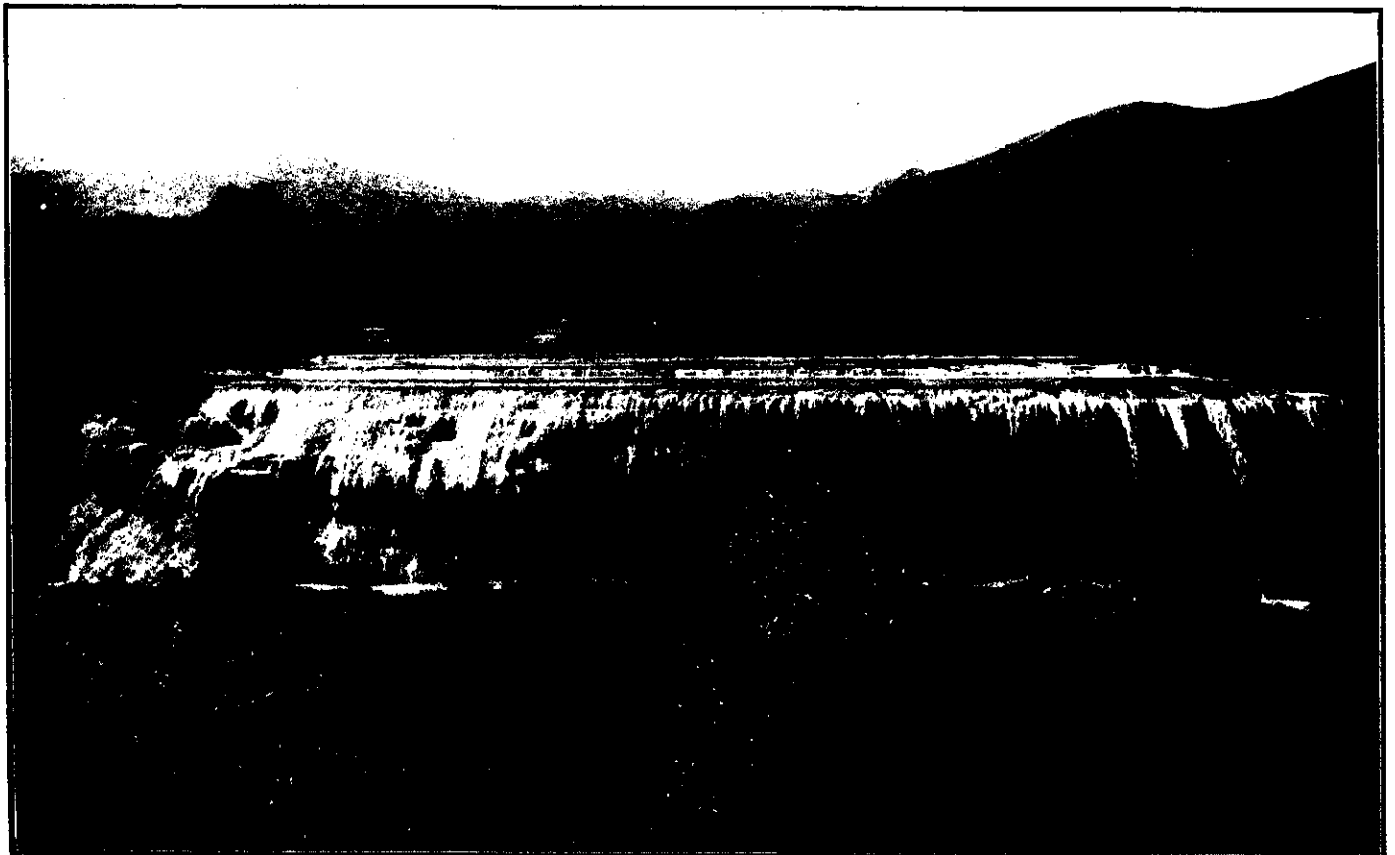
The Shaw Savill steamer Kumara arrived at the new Whangarei Heads freezing works on June 19, to take the first load of frozen beef from the district. A large number of guests attended the official opening, the arrival of the big ocean-going steamer being generally conceded to be the most important event in the history of the district for many years past. (1) and (2) Two of the quarters of beef from the new works, which were conveyed by lighters from the shore to the Kumara. (3) A general view, looking towards the Heads, showing the Kumara in the stream and lighters at the freezing works taking in beef. In the foreground are some of the school-children of the Heads, who had a picnic and holiday to commemorate the arrival of the first Home liner at Whangarei. (4) Loading the quarters of beef on to the lighters. (5) Lighters alongside the Kumara unloading the beef. (6) Trucking frozen meat from the works to the lighters. (7) A view of the works from the sea.



Topical, photo.

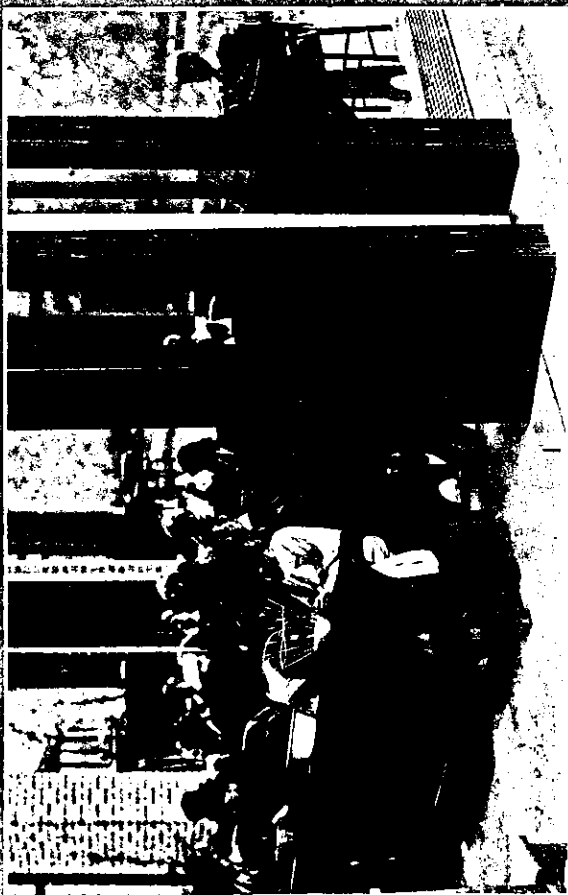
DANCING THROUGH THE STREETS—A QUAIN OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM.

Of all the ancient customs which have come down to the present day, the "Furry Dance," celebrated annually at Helston, in England, is the one which strikes the stranger as most peculiar. Very early in the morning a party of men and women go into the country to breakfast, and about seven o'clock they return, and dance through the streets to a quaint tune, peculiar to the day, called the "Furry Dance." At one o'clock a large party of men and women, all wearing flowers in their hats or coats, assemble opposite the Town Hall, and preceded by a band playing the "Furry Dance," recommence their queer progress through the streets.



A.W.H., photo.

THE BEAUTIFUL FALLS AT THE JUNCTION OF THE WHAREKOPAE AND MOTUERA RIVERS, POVERTY BAY.



THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN MODERN EDUCATIONAL METHODS—AN OPEN-AIR SCHOOL FOR POOR CHILDREN IN BIRMINGHAM.

Topical photo.

(1) A class at basket-making. These rooms are used only in bad weather. (2) Dinner time. Plain but wholesome meals are supplied to the children at a nominal cost. (3) A general view, showing the children's garden plots, with the rest shed on the right. (4) Physical drill and deep-breathing exercises.



Hon. T. Y. Dunstan.

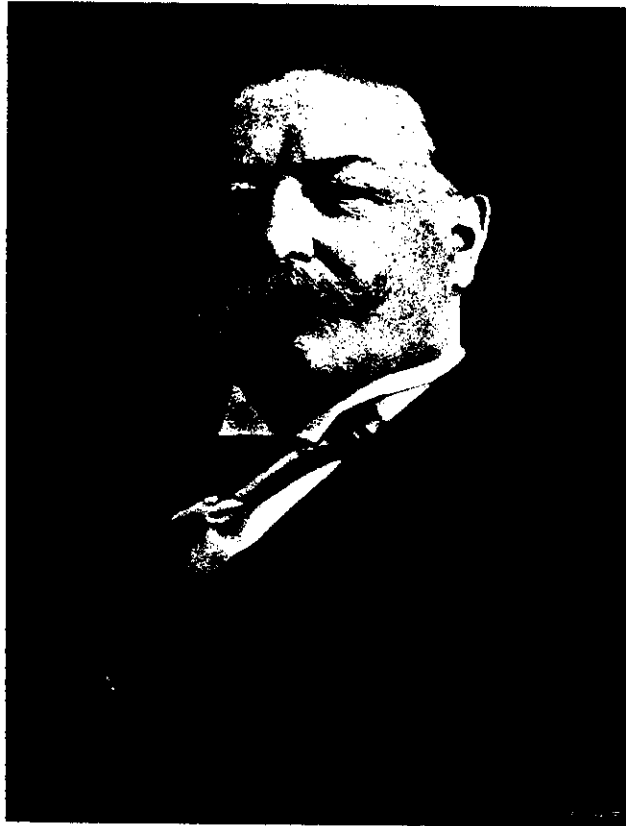


Sir William Steward.



Hon. T. Parata.

THREE NEW M.L.C.'S.



PRESIDENT TAFT, THE CHOSEN REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.



MR D. ROBERTSON.

Secretary of the Post and Telegraph Department, who recently had conferred upon him the Imperial Service Order.

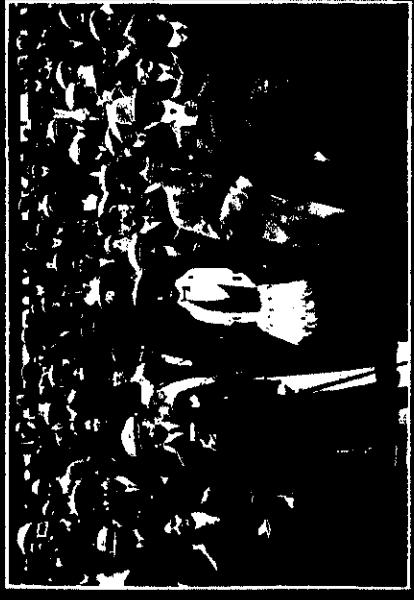


MR J. STRAUCHON.

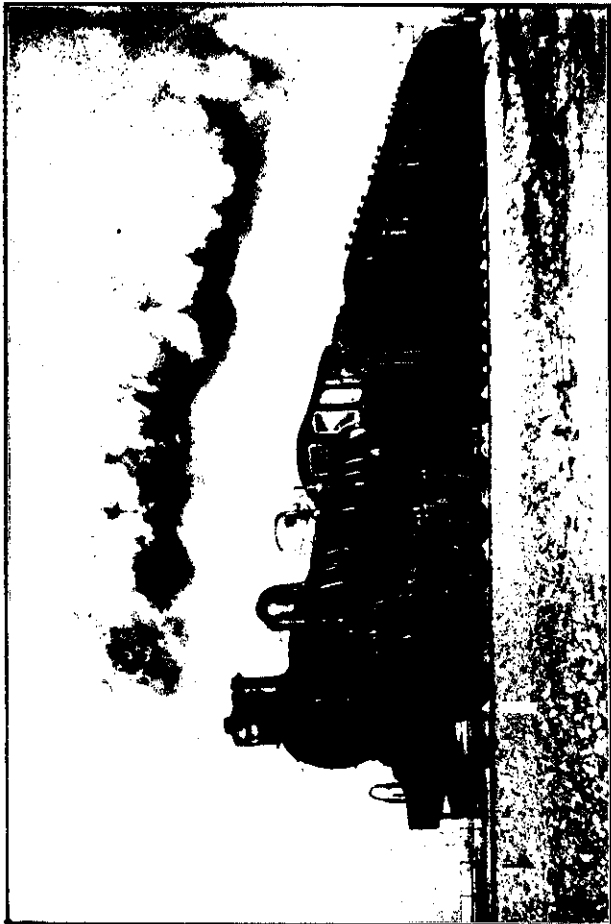
Under-Secretary for Lands, whose name figured in the Birthday Honours List as the recipient of the Imperial Service Order.



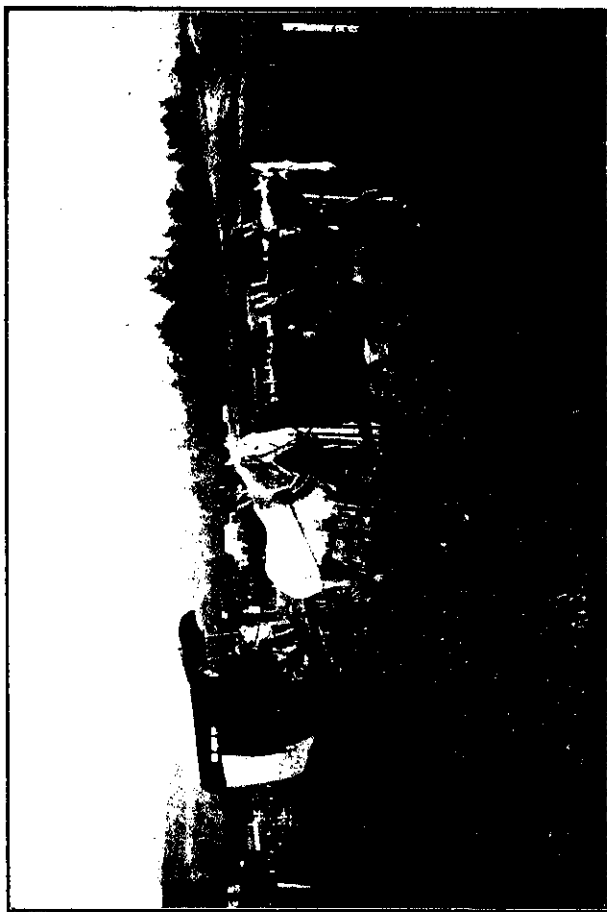
WHANGAREI FREEZING WORKS OFFICIALLY OPENED.—A GROUP OF THE VISITORS.



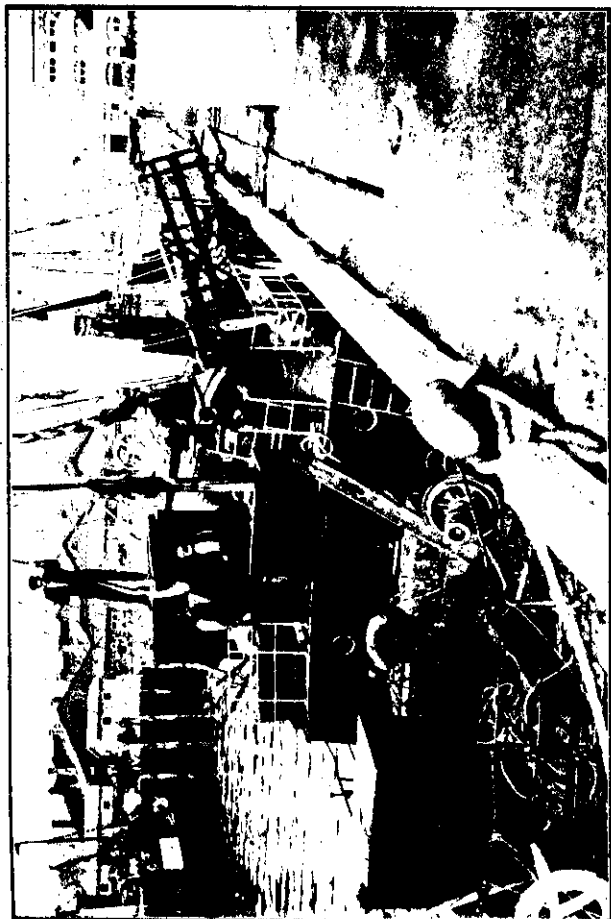
PATRONS OF THE TURF—WATCHING THE RACING AT THE HAWKES BAY MEETING, HELD AT HASTINGS LAST WEEK.



Horton, photo.
THE NORTH ISLAND MAIN TRUNK EXPRESS LEAVING WELLINGTON FOR AUCKLAND.



Hillary, photo.
THE DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVEL IN THE NORTH—A SCENE ON THE ROAD BETWEEN MAUNGATUHIOTO AND KAIWAKA.



OVERHAULING ONE OF AUCKLAND'S COASTAL STEAMERS.



Teala, photo.
WANGANUI "SOCCER" REPRESENTATIVES.
The team, which defeated Manawatu by 4 goals to 1 last week, includes:—Top row: Davidge (president), Sheehan, Gillson, Beckett, Berry (captain), Cameron, Campbell, Healy, Puyackton (hon. sec.). Back row: Huddle, Cox, Cooper, Robson, Martin.

Tragedy of Tarawera

A Memorable Anniversary—One of the Survivors Recounts the Story—Recollections of Mrs. Hazard.

TWENTY-SIX years ago this month the startling tragedy of Mt. Tarawera occurred, and the Maori villages of Wairoa and Te Arika, situated respectively on the shores of Lakes Tarawera and Rotomahana, in the Hot Lakes District of the North Island were buried in their relentless tombs of fiery volcanic debris. So perished half a dozen European residents and many scores of natives. At the time a world-wide thrill was caused by the tidings of the disastrous eruption, and throughout the succeeding years the story has remained one of the most interesting of tourist topics. Thousands upon thousands of visitors have viewed the ruins of the buried villages and heard from the native guides the harrowing tales connected therewith. Many of the essential facts, however, have become confused in transmission during the intervening years, and with a view to obtaining an authentic recital of the great eruption a representative of "The Weekly Graphic" sought an interview with Mrs. Hazard, widow of the well-known schoolmaster, who perished with several members of his family in the awful calamity. This interesting lady was found by appointment one morning at her residence in Mason's-avenue, Herne Bay, and from a wonderfully preserved store of memories she graphically described the appalling disaster that bereft her of a husband, two daughters, a son, a nephew, and a much-loved home. Mrs. Hazard is 69 years of age, and being of fine physique, is as active as many a woman of far fewer trials would be at 50. Hers is a sunny disposition, and but for a head of silvery hair her age would be underestimated. Seated in her cosily-furnished sitting-room, with her painting outfit by her side, and many scenic pictures hung around, this lady is an entertaining hostess.

A Happy Home.

"Yes," she said, when ushering the visitor in; "I will be pleased to tell you all about it. That large photo is the picture of the house as it stood before the eruption. It was a beautiful little home, with its garden and orchard. We had been there about nine and a-half years. The natives would not hear of us leaving, for they had taken such a

liking to my husband, even to offering valuable gifts of land. He was in charge of the native school, and apart from our own children and those of the McKee family, who kept one of the two hotels in the district, there were no European children to be taught." The photograph referred to showed a small single storey house with a detached building, which Mrs. Hazard explained had been put up a short time before to afford more room for the entertainment of visitors. There, too, were all the members of the Hazard family photographed among the flowers and the fruit. It is an enlarged picture of a photograph taken by Mr. Blythe, Government surveyor, about six months before the eruption. The last-named, together with an assistant (Mr. Lundius) were guests of the Hazard household, as they had often been before, when the tragedy occurred. It was a Thursday night.

An Appalling Spectacle.

"Besides myself and my husband," said Mrs. Hazard, "there were in the house Mr. Blythe, Mr. Lundius, our daughters, Clara (aged 22), Ina (aged 16), Edna (aged 6), and Mona (aged 4), our son Adolphus (aged 10), our little nephew, Charlie Hazard, and a Maori woman. We had retired to bed after spending the evening sociably—Mr. Blythe was reading aloud, others were playing chess—when at about 11 o'clock there was an earth tremor. First it was severe, then lighter, then severe again. We all got up and went into the sitting room, in the detached portion of the house. The place commenced to shake severely, and through the front window we could see bursting from Mount Tarawera, on the opposite side of Lake Tarawera from where we were, a distance of about twelve miles, great volumes of flame, just as though a huge bush fire was raging. Above the angry tongues of fire were awful-looking coils of dense black clouds, while dancing about all over the mountain were balls of light, like immense lanterns, together with a continuous zigzag of lightning. I have learnt since that this was an electric storm."

The Worst Realised.

The household would appear to have been remarkably serene. Mr. Hazard remarked: "This is a most wonderful sight,



MRS. HAZARD.

Who here narrates the thrilling incidents of the memorable disaster.

It will be something to tell of throughout the rest of our lives." Mrs. Hazard had by now, however, awakened to the danger which threatened them from the effects of the eruption, even at that great distance from the source whence came those dreadful volumes of molten matter and the terrorising flames. She replied to her husband, "We will not all live to tell it." The Maori woman expressed the belief that the day of judgment had arrived. Then the family and visitors got settled down inside where the eldest Miss Hazard played at the organ, with

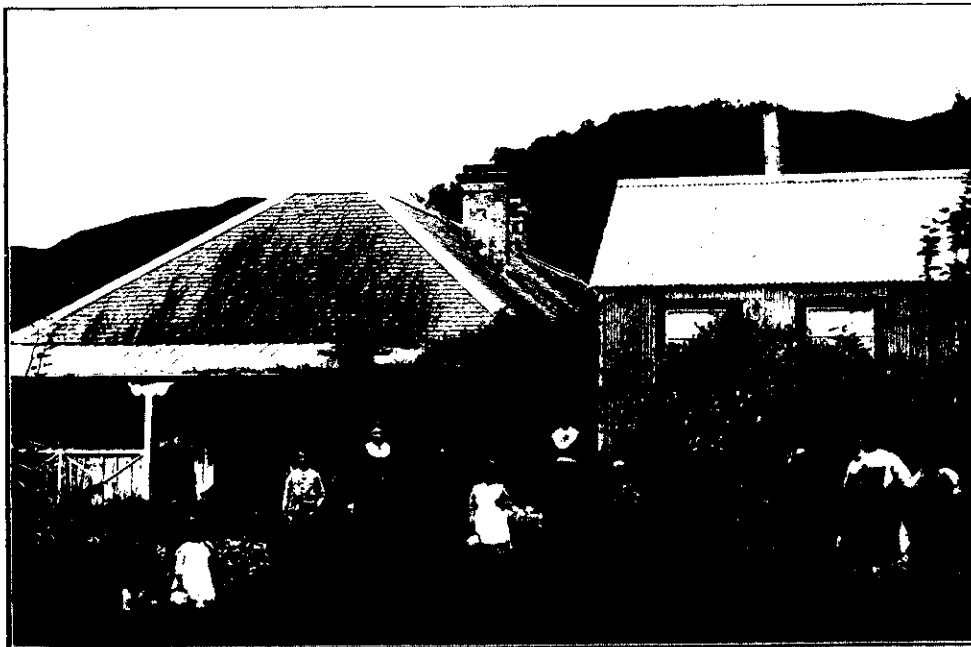
the others standing round and singing. The last hymn they sang was, "There will be Light in the Morning."

A Night of Horror.

"It was Providence that saved me," said Mrs. Hazard, with the further remark that she had never before told the story of her actual escape to an interviewer. "I was sitting on a chair which ran on casters," she added, "and when the mud and stones commenced to fall on the roof I wriggled the chair backwards towards the chiffonier. Just then a large beam fell down from the roof, striking my husband, and falling at one end at the spot where I had been sitting. The other end crashed down on the chiffonier, rested with agonising weight on my leg, and pinned me in a crouching position on my chair. The roar and the din was awful all the time, and I couldn't move. My little boy, who had been standing by me, said, 'We can't live, can we?' and I replied, 'No, dear, we will die together.' He then said, 'Jesus will come and take us,' and I never heard his voice again. While the debris and mud were falling in, one of my little girls gave a glad cry of 'papa,' and spoke no more. All through the night, the roar of the volcano, the sound of the falling mud, and the heat of the flames continued. I could not move or make anyone hear, and but for the corrugated iron on the building I am sure I should have been burnt."

In the Morning.

Although the actual eruption was over at midnight, Mrs. Hazard was buried beneath the iron and mud for about seven hours after that. Mr. Blythe and some rescuers succeeded in locating her then. Try how they could, the task of releasing Mrs. Hazard seemed impossible, until the lady herself directed them to knock the legs off the chair and let her down. One of her legs was so badly injured that she could not use it for a month afterwards. She was carried through the Takitapu bush, much of which had fallen overnight, and then taken into Rotorna in a buggy. A week later she was removed to Auckland. Mrs. Hazard was so prostrated at the time that she did not gain more than a momentary idea of the awful devastation which had been caused to the whole landscape. She ex-



THE HAZARD FAMILY AND HOME AT WAIROA, PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE THE ERUPTION.

plained that her daughter Clara sheltered beneath the organ with Messrs Blythe and Lundins, while her daughter Ima and the Maori woman crouched beneath some corrugated iron in one of the bedrooms. These were all saved, but Mr Hazard, the two youngest girls, their brother, and cousin all perished. The house, as well as the native village, was partially buried, as tourists who have viewed the spot well know.

"If We Had Known."

"If we had only known as much as we do now," said Mrs. Hazard, somewhat pensively, "we could have all been saved by getting into the strongly-built little place at the back. It was built in lean-to fashion against a fence. We knew it was strong, but thought it contained some of the survivors' dynamite. As a matter of fact it did not, but none of us knew that the explosive had been moved. However, it was to be, and no good can come of further reaping." Mrs. Hazard remarked that when the earthquake shock was felt on the fatal night they were not at first alarmed because they had experienced worse before—shocks that had broken the crockery on the dresser. "It was not what I would call a very severe shock," she added, "but at the same time it was not nearly as gentle as the little tremor which we had in Auckland the other week." The earthquakes did not stop as suddenly as

happiest, as well as the saddest, memories of her family life. She re-visited the locality some six years ago, but the pilgrimage was of a painful nature. When in Rotorua a few months ago, Mrs. Hazard did not go out to the buried village.

A Night in the Hen-house.

It was afterwards learned that the eldest Miss Hazard, together with Messrs. Blythe and Lundins, came out from their first place of shelter before midnight during a lull in the eruption. The night was bitterly cold and as dark as a dungeon. The roaring of the volcano was so awful that they could not hear each other's voices only when separated by a few yards. Miss Hazard had got some blankets from one of the bedrooms, and with the other survivors (Mrs. Hazard excepted) was standing on the verandah when lightning struck the house. Stones commenced to fall thickly, and it was then that the survivors felt their way along the fence to the hen-house, in which they crouched until daylight. The hen-house door was in two halves, stable fashion, and when the refugees got there the level of the mud which had fallen was already nearly over the lower half of the door. Their first care on coming out at about 6 a.m., was to search the ruins for other survivors.

ing been struck down and killed by the beam which held Mrs. Hazard fast. The two youngest daughters and the nephew had been killed by the falling debris. Little Adolphus was also found beneath the ruins close to his mother. "He looked so peaceful," said the latter, "that they did not think he was dead. But I knew that he was."

To the Rescue.

Soon after Mrs. Hazard was taken to Rotorua and comfortably quartered at Brent's Bathgate House, her brother (Mr. Alex. Hazard, now of Franklyn-road, Ponsonby), and Inspector Pope (of the Education Department), arrived from Auckland to do what they could for the survivors. None of the others sustained injuries.

"You will wonder, perhaps," said Mrs. Hazard, "why the names of my brother and my late husband should be the same. You see," she explained, "I married my second cousin. Both families had come out from Canada to settle in New Zealand."

The Other European Victim.

The remaining European victim was a Mr. Bainbridge, a young English tourist, who was the sole occupant of McRae's Hotel, apart from Mr. McRae and the



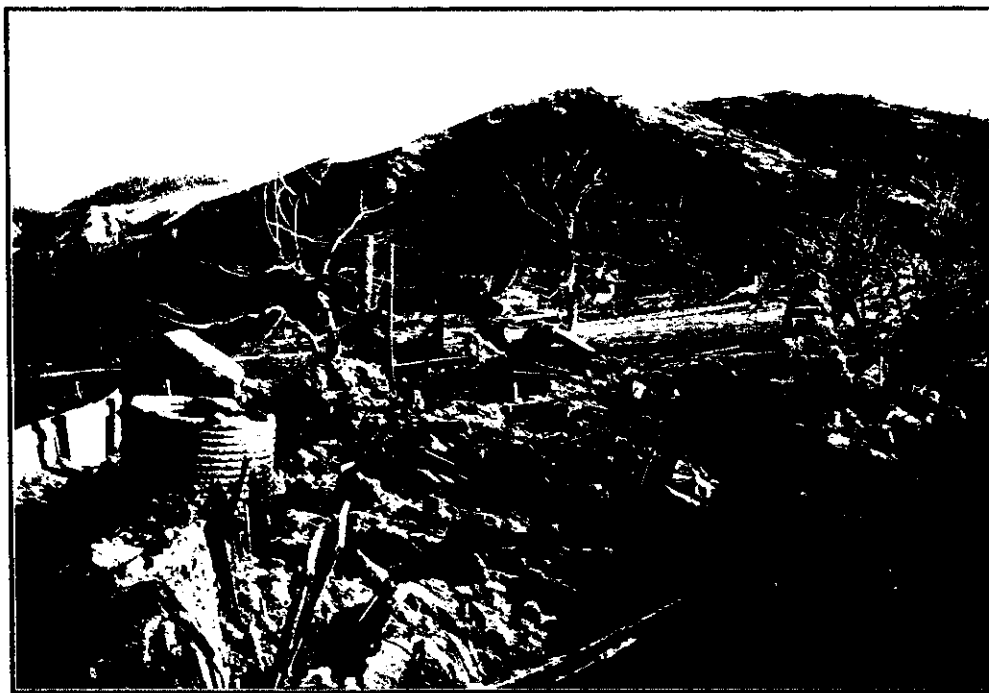
MR. LUNDINS.

A survivor, one of the survivors, now resident at Wanganui.

hill to view the sight. Realising the danger which threatened the country all around, however, they returned to the hotel, and decided that they should take the servants to shelter in Sophia's whare. As they were leaving the hotel, Mr. Bainbridge stepped back to allow one of the women to pass, and when they reached the whare he was missing. On returning to the hotel, they found that he had been struck down by a falling beam on the exact spot where he had stepped back in preference to the servant. The lives of a large number of natives were also saved by sheltering in the whare of the guide Sophia, whose death recently occurred at an advanced age. On the authority of Mrs. Hazard, it may be stated that Mr. Bainbridge had made up his mind that night that he was doomed, having told some of his companions that three members of his family had been accidentally killed, and that he felt sure he was about to die. By a further coincidence two of the late Mr. Hazard's brothers were accidentally killed, the eldest losing his life in an iceboat mishap while returning home for the vacation from the Harvard University.

Did the Terraces Escape?

Speculation has from time to time been indulged in as to whether the Pink and White Terraces, one of the former scenic wonders of New Zealand—perhaps of the world—were destroyed by the eruption, or merely submerged. Mrs. Hazard gave an unhesitating opinion. "The terraces were simply blown up," she said; "in fact, neither they nor any human being on Lake Rotomahana that night escaped. The bottom of the lake blew up; that was the trouble. For some time jets of boiling water had been spurting up in the lake—a fact which indicated unusual subterranean activity." The rising of the water level in the hot lake (Rotomahana) after the eruption was attributed by Mrs. Hazard to the blocking-up of a river which ran from Lake Rotomahana into Lake Tarawera. That river being right under the mountain was choked up by volcanic mud at the time of the eruption, she said, and so the outflow of water was checked.



THE SCENE OF DESOLATION TEN DAYS AFTER THE CALAMITY.

they commenced, and during the week, while Mrs. Hazard was lying prostrate at Rotorua, violent shocks continued at intervals.

A Mantle of Mud.

As an indication of the dire effect which the eruption had upon the whole country-side, Mrs. Hazard mentioned that after her release from the ruins, and while being carried to a place of safety, she frequently expressed her craving for a drink of water. They told her that none was available, and as they were passing the creek from which plentiful supplies of water had previously been obtained, she opened her eyes and observed that it was choked up with grey volcanic mud and repulsive-looking matter. "They told me," added Mrs. Hazard, with the suspicion of a merry twinkle, "that on the way from the ruins to Rotorua I drank a whole bottle of brandy, but I don't believe it. The man who said that was such an inveterate storyteller that I once asked him if he had ever told the truth in his life." That one fleeting glimpse was the last which Mrs. Hazard was to take for many years of the spot which had been enshrouded with the

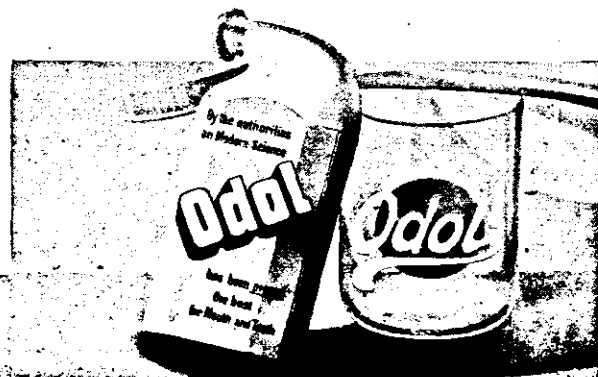
The Death Roll.

They found Mrs. Hazard in the partially-buried condition stated. Mr. Hazard's body was found close by, he hav-

servants, Mrs. MacRae and the family being away from home. When the eruption first started, Messrs. McRae and Bainbridge walked to the top of the

Scrubbing the surface of the teeth with powders or paste does not thoroughly cleanse them; it leaves their condition and that of the mouth unimproved.

What the teeth and mouth need is Odol, which antiseptically purifies the mouth, and cleanses every part of all the teeth, not merely where they show.



All Who Were Left.

Mrs. Hazard's eldest daughter was afterwards appointed to the charge of the native school at Waotu, near Putaruru. She married later on, but has since died, and her children have thus far been cared for by Mrs. Hazard. The second daughter who survived is now Mrs. A. E. Hobbs, of Jervois-road. In parting, Mrs. Hazard remarked that she had not had more than two days' sickness since the eruption, although she had not been of a constitution which might be termed robust.

A Sleeping Fish.

Some curious habits in a fish have been observed by the French zoologist, B. Romeis. The fish in question, which bears the name *Paratilapia multicolor*, was kept in an aquarium containing suitable seaweed, and observed through several seasons. The female fish places the eggs in the pockets in her mouth, and keeps them there until they hatch. After hatching, the fry is thrown out into the water in the morning, but towards evening the young fish come back to the mother's mouth, inside of which they

spend the night. A resting condition resembling sleep was also observed. Ordinarily these fish rest near the bottom of the water. But after the eggs are laid the female seeks the surface of the water, so that at times her back fins were actually out in the air. When at the surface she pressed her side fins close against the body, and remained quite motionless for as much as two hours at a stretch. With the exception of very slight movements of the gill-covers there was nothing to indicate that the animal was still alive. Dr. Romeis supposes that the advantage in this habit lies in the fact that the female, having eaten no food for a long time (during the breeding season) and being obliged to economise the reserve fats in her body, avoids motion as much as possible. Floating near

the surface is perhaps connected with the fact that here the fish can get sufficient oxygen with the least amount of exercise.

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THE LATE MR. BLYTHE,

Who survived the disaster, but has since passed away.



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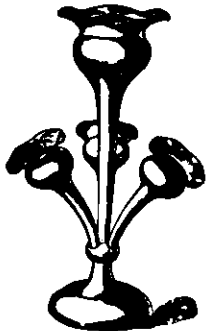
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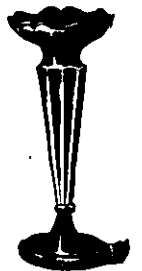
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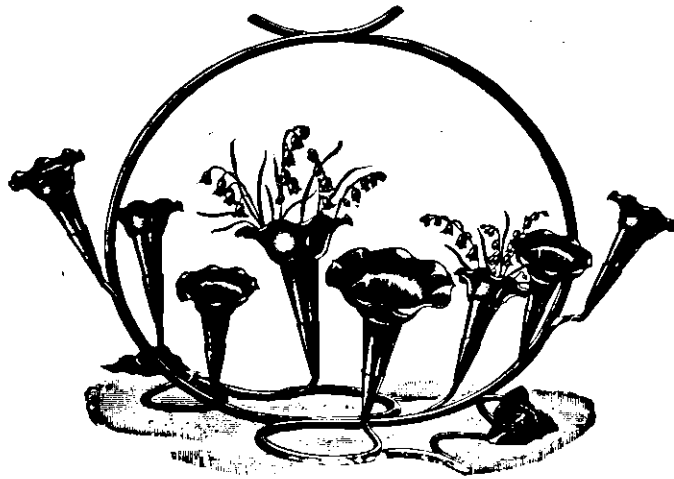
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The Statue That Grew In A Night

"Peter Pan" in Kensington Gardens.

LITTLE boys and girls, and even some grown-up people, who went for a walk in Kensington Gardens one day last month had a great surprise. They actually met Peter Pan.

And then, perhaps, they were a little sorry, for they found that it was only a bronze Peter after all, and even the fairies and rabbits and tiny mice that listened to his piping were only bronze, too. But that is merely a passing disappointment. By and by they will learn to love this merry little bronze boy, who will certainly find it as difficult to grow up as though he had really flown out of a window once upon a time, and after that Peter Pan will be happy.

There was no unveiling ceremony of Sir George Frampton's charming statue, which is the gift of J. M. Barrie, the

creator of Peter Pan. It "just grew" in the most natural way possible. Early in the morning the workmen finished turning the low mound, and when they went away they took a big cloth with them—and there stood Peter blowing eternally upon his pipe of reeds, "practising the sigh of the wind and the ripple of the water."

He stands quite near the head of the Serpentine, upon the western bank, precisely at the point, in fact, where he first landed after his perilous voyage in the thrush's nest. Behind him the Hawthorns have begun to glisten with delicate snow white spray, and all around the grass is starred with daisies. Away by the bridge the chestnut tree that always comes out first because it is the first to hear Peter playing for the coming of summer is covered with great white spikes.

He has a little railed-off space and a gate—which is known as Peter Pan's gate—all to himself, and you can go inside, and walk round and round the statue, and a keeper, who is quite gentle in spite of his medals and uniform and fierce moustache, will tell you all about Peter Pan if you are so luckless as never to have heard of him.

All day long the children came to the statue, and during the day a melancholy-looking man—the only man who has a silver key to Kensington Gardens—walked by once or twice, casting furtive glances at Peter Pan, and looking terribly shy about it.

Only the Peter Pan gatekeeper knew him, and saluted him, because the gatekeeper has known Mr. J. M. Barrie for years, and thinks he is the nicest gentleman that ever wrote a fairy tale.

Sir George Frampton came along also to see how his statue looked now that it had been planted among the trees, and it was lucky that neither of them were there when an old lady walked up to the gate and said to the keeper:—

"What is that statue?"
 "Peter Pan, lady," said the gatekeeper.
 "Oh!" she said. "I thought it was a fountain. And who is Peter Pan?"



THE STATUE THAT GREW IN A NIGHT—MR. J. M. BARRIE'S MAY DAY SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN IN Topical, photo. KENSINGTON GARDENS.



A TRAGEDY.

This curious incident happened in one of the offices at the Auckland railway station recently. The mouse evidently fell from a ham hung directly over the gas jet, and went head foremost clean into the chimney while the gas was still burning. The heat was sufficient to cause instant death. The chimney was unbroken.

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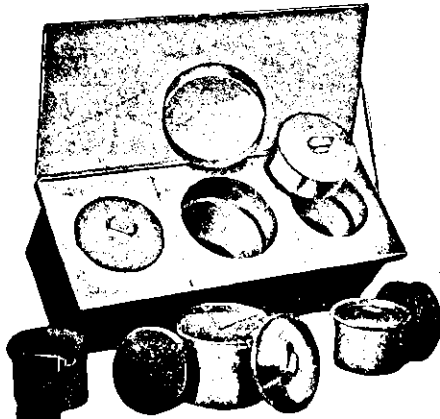
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The Capital of the Company is £80,000, divided into 80,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 21,800 credited as fully paid-up are to be allotted as part of the consideration for the purchase of the Company's assets, and the balance of 58,200 are offered to the public for subscription on the following terms:—
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8 per Cent. with Safety

IN reply to an inquiry which reached Vancouver on the 4th inst., The DOMINION TRUST COMPANY, LTD., whose standing can be ascertained by reference to the Bank of New Zealand, Auckland, have cabled that a considerable sum of money can be at present placed at 8 per cent. per annum on first mortgage of improved Vancouver Real Estate, and that with first-class security.

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The Trust Company's charge is ¼% for collecting and looking after interest and principal.

The net return, after allowing for remitting of principal (both ways) and interest, would be approximately 7½% to the New Zealand investor. For further particulars apply to

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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.

GARDEN NOTES.

PLANTING is now in full swing, and every effort should be put forth to get plants into their places as speedily as possible. Fruit trees and bushes, roses, camellias, and other flowering shrubs claim the attention of planters.

What hedging plants to go in for is a question which often crops up, and it is one easier asked than answered. *Eleagnus* was all the rage a few years ago, now it is not much planted, the reasons given being that it requires too much trimming and that a disease has attacked it.

We are quite prepared to admit that *Eleagnus* requires a lot of attention, but we cannot have a rampant growing plant unless care is bestowed to keep the shoots within bounds. The trouble with *Eleagnus* appears to be that the growth is allowed to get too strong before trimming, and then when the pruning knife is applied the long twigs are found to have got matted together and the trimming becomes very tedious. In order to keep this hedge in good form we have

Many amateurs are very much afraid of the knife being used on their plants, and some of them contend that gardeners are too fond of using it, but experience shows that unless hand pruning is resorted to with young plants one cannot get good stocky growth.

Cupressus Lawsoniana is without question one of the best plants to use for hedging. The objection raised against it is that it is of slow growth. This, of course, is only partly correct, for if one secures fair-sized, vigorous plants, they soon make headway. They require very little clipping, are not subject to disease, and animals don't eat them—a very great recommendation to those with a horse or a cow.

The good old-fashioned Privet hedge still has its advocates, and much worse plants can be put in. The worst we have heard against it, is its sickly perfume.

Laurels are not much used as they don't stand wind well. Still they make a very handsome hedge in suitable localities.

Laurestinus is useless in the North Island, and holly only does well in rare places.

The *Escallonias* are in favour at present. *E. Macrantha* with its dark green leaves and bright blossoms makes a good

PERPETUAL-FLOWERING CARNATIONS.

STOPPING.

With regard to the first stopping of perpetual carnations, there is one way the world over to top your carnations with successful after results. If done correctly it means a nice shapely plant, with plenty of breaks, or a lanky misshapen plant if stopped without judgment. Amateurs will find that this operation is a puzzling one, for it depends on the nature of the cuttings themselves, the soil in which they are potted, the climatic conditions, their subsequent handling after potting, and, lastly, the variety itself. Taking the five mentioned conditions as a whole, it is hardly necessary to add that they must all be favourable to the growth of the cutting, for if one of them is overlooked there is but one result—failure.

When your young carnations are nicely established in three-inch pots and have about nine joints, then is the time to top them. To begin with, the wood is ripe and sufficiently matured when the cutting has reached its ninth joint, and will easily snap off under a practised hand, but I advocate for amateurs to cut the tops off with a sharp knife, so as not to damage the buds below, which, if damaged, means a loss of one break.

This brings us to varieties. The Enchantress family—White Perfection, Pink Delight, May Day, Beacon, etc.—should be stopped down to the sixth joint. Varieties like *Carola*, *Edith Waters*, *Roseate Dawn*, and the slower growing sorts it is as well to leave at least eight joints on the plant when stopped. Having stopped your plants, possibly you will have the inclination to use the top as a cutting, but my advice is—don't; for without doubt much of the unsatisfactory experience with new varieties is due to the mad rush in endeavouring to propagate in unreasonable quantities by propagating tops.—W.H.G.

variety of other subjects. Mr. Allan came to New Zealand from Scotland, where he had received a ten years' training in all the branches of the nursery and seed business, which eminently fitted him for the responsible position entrusted to him later by Messrs. Arthur Yates



MR. E. ALLAN.

and Co. as manager of their seed farms located at Mangere and Buckland, a position which he has occupied for an extended period of 23 years. Mr. Allan has now purchased land at Buckland, which is specially adapted for seed growing, and has started business on his own account. Seed growing in the Dominion is capable of vast expansion. Mr. Allan as an expert selector and grower will undoubtedly secure a well-deserved measure of public support.

SWEET PEAS IN BLOOM ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

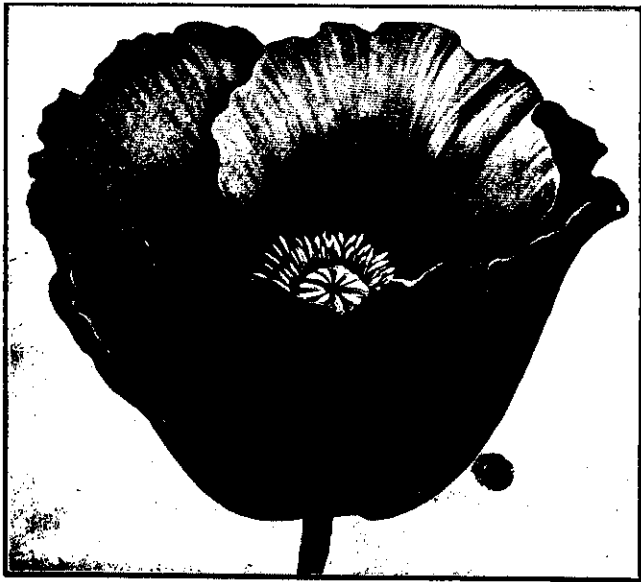
As evidence of what can be done with sweet peas in some parts of the North Island, especially near the sea coast, which are free from frosts, a well-known enthusiastic grower tells us his peas are always planted out and that he has still a row in bloom from which he can gather a bunch two or three times a week. He has had blooms continuously since October, and his winter varieties are now showing flower, and these will provide blooms all through the winter until November, when the spring flowers come in. This is the first occasion, we believe, on which such splendid success has been achieved without growing under glass, and is another instance of the wonderfully genial climate we possess in some parts of this Northern province, and shows what may be done by careful culture under suitable conditions.

TWENTY-THREE YEARS GROWING AND SELECTING SEEDS.

Mr. E. Allan, whose photograph is reproduced in the present issue, is not unknown to readers of the "Graphic" having contributed numerous articles from time to time in the columns of the journal on seed selecting, sweet peas, and a



HOW TO "STOP" OR "TOP" A YOUNG CARNATION.



POPPY, KING EDWARD.

The plants of this new variety, 2 1/2 feet in height, bring forth in great profusion large flowers of a deep scarlet red, of gorgeous effect, which is heightened by the large black blotch entering each petal for half its length from the base.

found frequent switching over with a light hedge hook the best means to adopt.

Tecoma appears to have found much favour during the past few years, and it certainly makes a very beautiful hedge, but the plant is somewhat tender, and useless where there are heavy frosts.

Pittosporum Crassifolium is a very popular hedge. It will stand any amount of wind, and if well cared for, by cutting back the first year or two, makes a dense compact hedge. It is not hard to keep in good form.

small hedge, but is rather frail. *E. Exoniensis* is one of the best sorts we have tried. It has small leaves and trusses of blush blossom, a most attractive hedge.

Olearia Fosterii, the Golden Ake Ake, makes a splendid fence. It will stand any amount of wind undamaged, grows compactly, and requires little or no trimming, and it is a fast grower. *Olearia Traversii* is a fast grower and suitable for sandy soils, but is very subject to the attacks of insects, which kill out the plants, leaving ugly gaps in the fence.

STREAK DISEASE IN SWEET PEAS.

(From the "Gardeners' Magazine.")

Much has been written about the cause of "streak" in sweet peas, and if printers' ink could have cured the disease it would have long ago ceased to trouble us.

A high authority says: "The name by which the disease is known to-day—*Thielavia basicola*—was given to it by Zopf in 1876, since when, it has engaged the attention of various scientists, all of whom by various and different methods have arrived at the conclusion that errors of watering and manuring were largely responsible for the existence of the disease wherever it occurred.

"Probably no one cause contributing to the weakening of the root, and thus laying it open to attack by the fungus, will be found that will fit all cases of disease, but there seems no doubt that if care be taken to avoid every possible check to root development and activity, the 'streak disease' will cease to be so troublesome."

The same authority says, "Overwatering must be avoided at all costs." Whilst freely admitting that "overwatering" would destroy plants, let us rather seek the primary cause of "streak disease" in some other direction, for sweet peas growing under glass are ordinarily watered daily if necessary, and not infrequently twice a day, and yet there is no appearance of "streak."

Instead of concerning ourselves with the name of the disease, or even as to its nature, we may consider the physiology of the plant and its functions.

The sweet pea belongs to the leguminose family of plants, all of which are naturally supported by nodules on the root containing nitrogen-gathering bacteria, which, in their turn, assimilate the free nitrogen of the atmosphere for the use of the plant. I said naturally, for this function seems to be imperative, as when we unnaturally feed any of the leguminous plants mainly on nitrates or nitrogen-containing material, these plants freely feed on the nitrates of the soil, and it appears that nitrogen-gathering bacteria in the root nodules die of inanition; in fact, an unnatural balance is set up in the economy of the plant, which assumes a parlous condition, susceptible of any and all diseases to which the plant is liable, and death ensues.

"Streak," or any of the fungoid diseases, may be latent, developing when suitable conditions are afforded.

I do not feel concerned to prove this, for it is sufficient to know that plants of sweet peas remain healthy, and free from "streak" and other diseases, when nitrates and nitrogen-containing mate-



ROSE, "SOUVENIR DE MADAME VIENNOT."

The fine specimen of the splendid climber shown in the photo, is growing in the garden at Mr C. Spencer's residence, Pongsonby, Auckland. At the time the photo. was taken the bush carried 120 blooms, 70 of which can be counted in the illustration.

rials are not applied to the soil in which the plants are to be grown.

It is an established fact that the legumes of our pastures are all destroyed by the too free application of nitrogenous manures, and it is not surprising that the sweet pea should also be susceptible, and succumb to similar treatment.

E. W. Duckwell, in "Bacteriological Technique," says: "The bacteria which prove so valuable in fixing the atmospheric nitrogen for the benefit of peas, have a peculiar life history. They are widely distributed in the air, water, and soil, but are frequently absent in some localities, or are so few in numbers as to be of little value to peas grown in such places. When through inoculation, bacteria gain entrance, rapid multiplication takes place, so that in a short time

the sap is teeming with countless myriads of these tiny organisms, which fill up all the channels, multiplying, until this cycle of their life history is accomplished."

In a general way, for the healthy growth of sweet peas, most soils require an annual application of phosphates and potash, chalk or lime (ad lib.), with small quantities of magnesia salts, etc., and all these may be applied without being associated with nitrogen-containing material, such as animal manure and the like.

A question may naturally arise. If the use of dung and other kinds of organic manure are to be avoided in the growth of sweet peas, how is the necessary supply of humus in the soil to be maintained? The answer is by manuring the preceding crop with organic manures containing nitrogen, if this be necessary.

If it should be desirable to grow sweet peas on the same land year after year, the supply of humus may be maintained by the application of well-rotted manure, which has been prepared by remaining in a heap for about twelve months, for it has been ascertained, that stable manure loses, approximately, 25 per cent. of its nitrogen every three months, and the soil bacteria during the twelve months would have worked up the nitrogen-containing material successively into nitrates, and free nitrogen, and the latter would by this time have been liberated, and lost in the atmosphere, the residue being mainly organic manure minus nitrogen.

A question might arise, if nitrogenous manures are not to be used, how are plants to be fed and to be made to produce exhibition blooms? The answer must be: Wait until the plants become well matured before applying any nitrogen, then, possibly, an addition might do but little harm, and might be the means of winning the cup, even although it might ultimately injure the plants.

It does not follow that because nitrogen is absolutely essential to the successful growth of most crops it should be so for all plants.

Nitrogen acts as a poison to sweet peas and all legumes, and the sooner this is recognised, and acted upon, the better.

ROBERT HOLMES.

THE DAFFODIL AS A SHOW FLOWER.

A writer in the "Journal of Horticulture" says:—There is no other flower with the possible exception of the rose, that looks at home in so many different surroundings as does the daffodil. A little while ago I saw it, in the form of the Lent lily, growing in thousands almost wild over grassy meadows. Its pale golden blooms, gleaming in the light of the western sun, looked so lovely with the green setting given them by the grass that I could not help thinking this must surely be the right and best way of growing the daffodil. But when I came home and went into the garden, I saw the beds and borders, banks and rockery filled with some hundreds of different forms of this flower; the effect of the big trumpets on their stalwart stems, the graceful Leysi and the starry poetens was altogether wonderful. The blending of countless shades of white and cream, yellow and orange, seemed to prove that, after all, the daffodil was equally as happy and effective in the cultivated garden.

The last daffodil picture of which I have to write is suggested by the title of this paper, and is a picture in which



SAXIFRAGE GRANULATA, "COMET," EXHIBITED BY MRS. E. LLOYD EDWARDS, AND GIVEN AN AWARD OF MERIT BY THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

the exquisite form of the daffodil is better shown than it can possibly be in garden or meadow. I mean, of course, the daffodil as a cut flower, and more especially as a flower for exhibition. Anyone who has visited the recent shows of the R.H.S. will agree that, as shown on these occasions, the daffodil is pre-eminent in this respect. The fact that it can be cut as a bud many days before the show, and opened in water; the comparative ease with which it can be packed; and, finally, its adaptability to artistic arrangement in vases, all tend to make it an ideal exhibition flower. It is, therefore, surely somewhat of an anomaly that till this year there has been no opportunity for amateurs to show daffodils in London. Those who wanted to do so had to travel to Birmingham, or to some other provincial town, such as Buntingford or Tunbridge Wells, for the purpose.

This year the Narcissus Committee of the R.H.S. decided to have a two days' show, in which a certain number of classes should be arranged for amateurs. This was held on April 16 and 17. Writing in the autumn, some daffodil growers thought too early a date had been fixed and in an average year no doubt this would have been found to be the case; but in this abnormally warm spring the difficulty has been to keep back the blooms, and to show them with the brilliancy of colour in cup and corona which is essential for success. It has only been possible to do so by opening many varieties in water in cool (not cold) rather dark sheds or rooms, or by shading the flowers as they grew.

The amateurs' classes were divided into two groups, but the only distinction between the two was the number of varieties to be shown in each class, and as group 3 contained more classes than group 2, it seemed quite a toss up which would be the easiest group to show in. As a matter of fact, the competitors were pretty evenly divided between the two divisions. Perhaps another year the Narcissus Committee will consider the advisability of adopting the plan, which has worked so well at Birmingham, of setting a limit to the price to be paid for the varieties shown. At



SIX FIRST PRIZE CHRYSANTHEMUMS, EXHIBITED BY MRS. G. P. FARIS AT THE SOUTHLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT INVERCARGILL. Wootton, photo.

Birmingham, 10/6 is the outside price a bulb may cost in group B, and 1/ in group C.

One of the prettiest groups at the show was arranged by Mr. Herbert Chapman, of Rye. It consisted of nine varieties of Poeticus Narcissus. Mr. Chapman makes a speciality of this beautiful section, and always has fine specimens of the newest varieties. In this

case, the arrangement of the flowers appealed to me quite as much as the beauty of the flowers themselves. They were set up with plenty of nice straight foliage, yet not so much as to make the vases look heavy, and Mr. Chapman had succeeded in arranging his vases in such a way as to avoid any stiffness, and yet to give an appearance of graceful symmetry. The fine variety Soc-

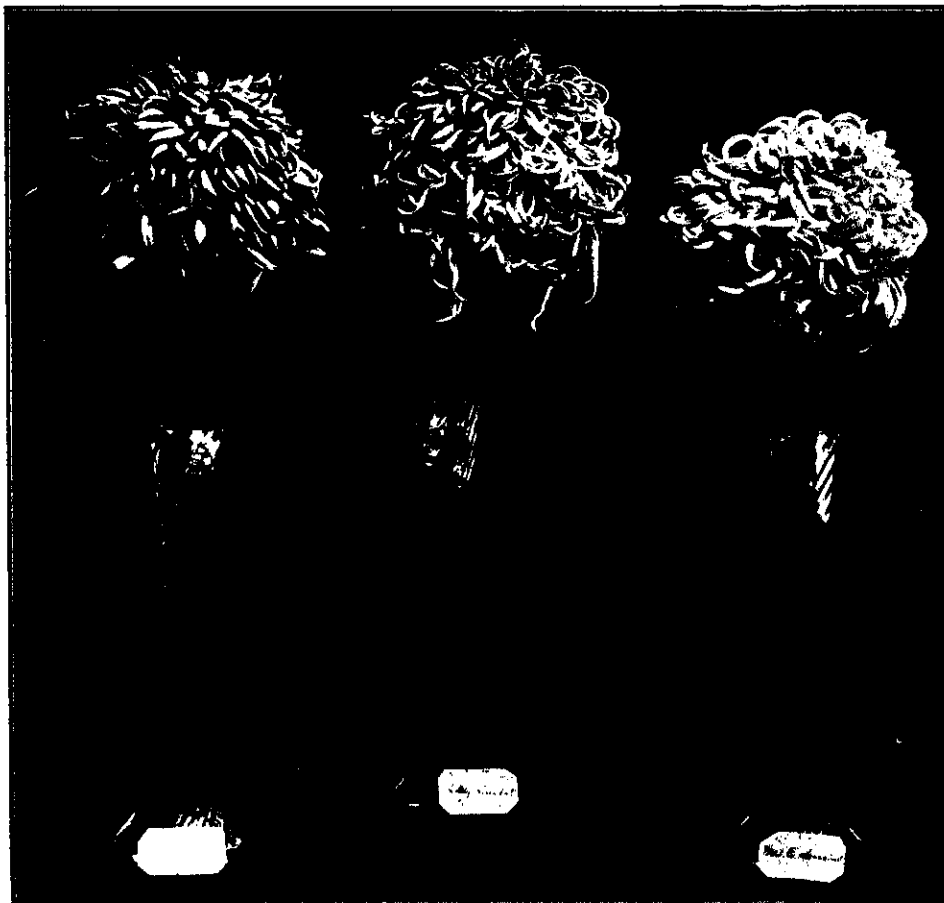
rates was conspicuous. Mr. Christopher Bourne, of Bletchley, whose Daffodils are always worth looking at, showed some lovely blooms of Queen of Hearts, a Barri variety which, in its way, was as fine as anything in the show, at any rate to those to whom perfection of form and softness of colouring appeal more than mere size and brilliancy.

THE GARDENING ENTHUSIAST.

We all know him, albeit at times we find him rather trying. Still, we have a warm corner in our hearts for him, even when he is most persistent in his demands. There are, of course, enthusiasts and enthusiasts, and our regard does not, I fear cover the whole fraternity. We do not love the "variety" that each spring swoops down on us for plants of all kinds, and who, after planting, or maybe only "sheuching in" what he has cadged, finds his gardening enthusiasm cool until another spring. Most of us know this kind, and endeavour by one means or another to shake him off, but usually find it to be rather a "teuch" job. However, although not at all uncommon, this spurious enthusiast is fortunately greatly outnumbered by the genuine lover of gardening, and to this latter class we all gladly lend a hand as opportunity offers. In casting back in my mind over the numerous enthusiasts it has been my good fortune to meet, I am not at all sure as to which of the various "fanatics" was the most in earnest.

I have known the pansy man, auricula man, daffodil man, sweet pea man, and dozens of other single-flower fanciers, each of whom exhibited the greatest enthusiasm for his own particular "love." An acquaintance, himself a general gardening enthusiast, says that he has known sweet pea-daft men, auricula-daft men, and pansy-daft men, but, to his mind, the daffodil-daft man is the daftest. Be that as it may, I have met "grey daft" enthusiasts on various sections of the art, and have had much pleasure and profit listening to their talk on their favourite subject.

Probably the most interesting enthusiast is he who has a great love for all flowers, and who can be entertaining on quite a number of flowers. This latter is perhaps the rarest of the species; nor is this to be wondered at, seeing that to thoroughly master the requirements of even one species of plant requires a considerable amount of time and patience. One thing at least is apparent, and that is the real enthusiast, especially if he confines his labours to a few kinds, usually cultivates these well. It is the love one bears to a plant that makes even the hardest



THREE FIRST PRIZE CHRYSANTHEMUM BLOOMS, SHOWN AT THE SOUTHLAND HORTICULTURAL SHOW BY MRS. G. P. FARIS. Wootton, photo.

Labour seem light when attending to its wants, and so enables the worker to benefit both in mind and body. Bacon tells us that "gardening is the pursuit of all human pleasures, and a great solace to the heart of man." That being so, in a general sense, there can be no doubt; but it is only the true enthusiast who can fully appreciate the meaning of these noble words. It may now be profitable to say a few words about some of the enthusiasts I have known intimately, omitting names in case some of my friends might object to publicity, as the truly modest very often do.

The first on my list was a show dahlia enthusiast. It was while I was at school (alas! a long time ago now) that I knew "Jeems." He was headle of the Parish Church, and a pawky, humorous body. His dahlias were his pride, and certainly finer blooms of the show and fancy sections I have never seen. His garden was no great size, but he managed to find room for some three dozen of his favourites. I remember one year poor "Jeems" met with a sad "mischance." His plants were growing well, but a neighbouring farmer was using some kind of artificial manure for his turnips, and "Jeems," thinking to improve matters, took a pail and helped himself to a generous quantity of this material wherewith to treat his favourites. Making a little trench round each plant, he scattered in a good handful to each, and then well watered it in. In a day or two the fine, promising dahlias were all withered and ruined for the season, and "Jeems" was in despair. However, it weaned him from experimenting with stuff out of a "poke," and the same trouble never befell him again.

This inclination to be very good to plants has often disastrous effects, just such as poor "Jeems" had. Another old fellow who grew very fine black currants nearly killed his bushes outright by being too generous with fowl manure. Before leaving dahlias, I should mention the pompoms of an old friend in the South of Scotland. For years he had a perfect craze for this section; and such plants as he could produce! I have seen them eight feet high, and covered with beautifully perfect blossoms. Eventually he transferred his favours to the cactus section, and did them equally well. I know several auricula enthusiasts, and the amount of labour these men expend on these modest flowers is simply wonderful. The bulk of these men grow simply for the love of the flower, but the panny men are nearly all exhibitors. It is astonishing how the hold the panny cult can have on its devotees, and the amount of time and labour they will expend endeavouring to beat a neighbour.

SWEET PEAS IN ROWS.

No. 1 shows how each plant must be placed in rows—in zigzag lines as denoted by the small circles in Fig. 2. The manner of applying manure is important. If the manure be simply dug in in a narrow trench as shown at 2 in Fig. 3, the plants will only thrive during the early part of the summer; but if it be well mixed with the soil generally over a space several feet wide, as shown at No. 3, the plants will continue to make roots, strong shoots, and produce flowers throughout the summer months—if well fed and all flowers are regularly gathered until the end of September.—Severn.

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Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

SWEET PEA CULTURE ILLUSTRATED.

A Wrecked Life

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN.

FOLLOWING the example of my friend while walking with him on Fifth Avenue, I saluted two ladies—one more than middle-aged, the other considerably younger, both small and fair—who were passing from an automobile to a shop. When we had left them well behind my friend inquired:

"Did you notice that girl?"
This designation surprised me. From my glimpse of her I had judged her to be at once too attractive, too well provided for, and too mature to have maintained so long a single state. I asked her name.

He uttered one of those surmises prefixed by "Miss" that suggest nothing, that recall nothing, and that are continually going in one ear and out the other. Then he added:
"But to myself I call her 'Danae'?"
"Why?"
"Because Danae's father, Acrisius—
we are told—shut her up in a tower."
"A romance?"
"Inevitably."

"And this one, perhaps, more interesting than the general run?"
"All lives, even the most humdrum, contain romance interesting enough if properly observed. Do you want to write the story of a wrecked life, not of our girl, but of a thousand well-bred, well-off girls in this city?"
"Of course."

He related to me these particulars:
Danae's first home had been in the Middle West. Ilyria was a dingy little town bristling with factory chimneys, clattering with machinery, hidden six days in the week beneath a pall of bituminous coal smoke. On its outskirts, however, lay broad residential streets, macadamised, shaded with chestnut trees of intermingling branches, the asphalt sidewalks raised, like country by-paths, high above the road-bed, the lawns—enclosed by boundary fences, embellished here and there with a cast-iron stag or mascot sloping backward and upward to ample dwelling-houses. These, harked round with hydrangea and rhododendron bushes, showed broad porches, walls of stained shingles, and massive exterior chimneys built of various coloured boulders. Birds sang, a pianoforte tinkled, the calls of children echoed with a Sunday clarity. Down the street came a pedestrian, his figure, beneath the leaves, a flicker in the instantaneously-changing dapple of shade and sun-line. At windows, behind lace curtains, appeared vague faces. In the deep porches old bodies, who sat rocking, slowly turned their silver heads. Still one heard only the clean sound of the pedestrian's shoes-soles striking upon the pavement; all was so still and peaceful that the whistles and bows of neighbours seemed to float to their mooring from a great distance.

In such surroundings Danae, as an only child, had grown to manhood. The juvenile exterior of which she was a part derived from its environment and its traditional social ideas pre-eminently healthy. The lifelong absence of formalities, the presence of a general respect almost as old, resulted in a balance of behaviour excellent as a preparation for the golden mean in wedlock. Danae, for the most part, gazing round her, expected that her career was going to be like all the rest. She looked forward to having a husband from among the playmates of her childhood, to a new home all her own, to children, maybe to grandchildren, to many years that resembled one another even in happiness. But when she was twenty this prospect was obscured.

Her father, a manufacturer, born poor, now badly grown wealthy, decided that Ilyria was a field too small for his performances. New York attracted him.

His mind's eye saw, perhaps, not only those tall towers rising above the skyline of wealth, but also that radiance which, trembling in the midnight sky, proclaimed the furnace where, to a myriad exultations, was melted by night the treasure by day. For him, no doubt, a prestige immeasurable and yet indefinite, resulted from boyhood and yet even now, enveloped the metropolis like a glittering mist.
Ilyria was left behind.

Danae and her mother were spared, by virtue of their anticipations, considerable regret. If it was a sad moment when they turned to bid farewell to the familiar shingle walls behind the rhododendrons, it was a moment of exultation when they saw, from the bow of a ferry-boat, the massed skyscrapers of the city which they were henceforth to call home. So much lay there awaiting their unlimited leisure, that they had never more than glimpsed! Possibly their hearts, too, had all the while contained a secret desire now at last to be appeased.

They went straightway to live in a hotel on Fifth Avenue, half a block square and fifteen stories high, with a lobby pillared and floored in marble, with a restaurant where one found all the foods on the earth disguised beneath French sauces, with lounging rooms where strains of music seldom ceased to sound, while a babble of voices, the ripple of footfalls, the subtle agitation for

But they had become "New Yorkers." They had joined the great army of provincials which populates the city's hotels, which makes haste to call itself metropolitan, and which in the end pays high for that assertion.

Said my friend:
"This has lasted twelve years."
"Twelve years!"
"Does that surprise you?"
"Very much, if they never long for home."

"Ah!"
"Why don't they go back?"
He smiled, like one who begins to find explanation difficult.

"Or Danae, at least, marry someone?"

My friend responded in a hesitating way:

"Suppose you get the rest yourself?"
Next evening he took me to dine with Danae and her mother, at their invitation.

We were ushered into a salon high above the neighbouring houses—into one of those salons of stereotyped appearance which are attached to expensive suites of rooms in great hotels. The walls were covered with silk in that ubiquitous shade called rose du Barry; the pictures were all small, wan, and trivial looking; the chandeliers were composed of a hundred pressed-glass pendants; the gilded furniture was afflicted

ed, "nice" old woman that her mother was.

The resemblance between them did not, however, extend at all to their attire. The mother, in black silk and jet, revealed herself as that bugbear of modish dressmakers, the woman who must always look provincial. Danae, on the other hand, wore, with exceedingly fashionable effect, a low-neck dress of blue.

All the same, in this dress, amid the walls of rose du Barry, she found herself unhappy. We went quickly downstairs in the public elevator.

Midway in the corridor, where spectators had ranged themselves on settees along the walls, we were overtaken by Danae's father.

He was a tall, rugged-looking man of sixty-odd, his eyes blanting upward at the outer corners, his nose long, his grizzled moustache clipped short above a hard-set mouth, a toupee, parted in the middle, finishing him with an almost foppish touch. He wore an evening coat, and an embroidered waistcoat, more suitable for a young man.

But it was not with us that he was going to dine. Putting on an expression of regret, he said that a "director's dinner" claimed his evening. Immediately after this declaration, he departed, leaving an impression of strength, ruthlessness and insincerity. The two ladies, with the demeanour of women accustomed to acting for themselves, moved toward the restaurant.

We dined in a room of eighty tables, where Greek waiters quarrelled behind marble columns, where the air was redolent of rich food, flowers and perfumes, where the string band played selections from "I Pagliacci," "The Candy Kid," and "Madame Butterfly." The dinner menu was the eternal hotel menu, capable of an infinitude of variations, yet ever the same. The mushrooms sous cloche, the guinea hen, the coupe Grise-lidia, all vaguely smacked of that mysterious limbo off behind the screen where stew perpetually a myriad conglomerate of hotel meals. Danae ate little; nothing was served that she regarded with expectancy.

And I knew, as if she had told me, that she and her mother, when alone, lamented the lost "home cooking" of Ilyria.

I began to talk to Danae about that town.

Immediately she fixed me with her eyes, pale blue, large and soft, at once reticent and eager.

"You know my home?"
"I have been there. I have even walked on Rose Street. No doubt I have seen your house. Tell me if it had rhododendrons round it, and plots of nasturtiums close to the walk?"

In an hour's acquaintance she had, perhaps, intuitively discerned in me a sympathetic feeling. For, lowering her eyes, she uttered in a troubled voice, as if to a friend:

"That is cruel."
"You are homesick!"

With pale eyelids still lowered, she nodded in assent.

"Then why not go back?"
"We can't do it. Father has developed such large interests here, he's become so important a figure. I say that without conceit, you understand; I'm not glad of it."

I perceived that this was true.

"At least, why not go back now and then, just for a while?"

She sighed:

"It's not the same. Young girls that I played with are mothers of families. The boys that I knew are fathers. It's become a sad sort of place. A return to Ilyria is like peering at night through lighted windows into a house where everyone else's dreams have come true."

She added, with a smile meant to mollify that speech, though in a trembling voice:

"That is, if dreams ever do come true precisely."

In the Middle West, isn't it a general belief that the future depends on the individual's efforts?

Danae shrugged her shoulders.

"The future isn't in our hands," she said presently, in a tired, well-nigh lifeless tone. "We have no rights that aren't liable to be denied us by fatality."

"And what form does this fatality most often take?"

But Danae was not to be inveigled into further indiscretions.

"I suppose that depends on the individual," she replied, while preparing to escape into the conversation of her mother and my friend. They, too, it appeared, were talking of Ilyria.

The mother, with that bird-like spryness not uncommon in little old ladies



They had joined the great army of provincials which populates the city's hotels.

mannish personalities at cross-purposes, were more agitating and enervating than a material stimulant. Far beneath their windows the traffic rattled; from lower roofs clouds of white smoke continually whirled up to blur the dizzy panorama; when they descended in the swift elevators, as it were, to terra firma, among the crowds the singing intonation of unknown names by servants always fell suddenly and sharply on their ears. Tobacco smoke curled round their heads, mild palm leaves, woman wearing gorgeous dresses so tightly laced that the wearers were scarcely able to breathe, turned theatrical-looking eyes askance in hostile scrutiny.

They thought, sometimes, of the deep porch and the broad lawn, of the silence and tranquility of dusk, of the shut door, the shaded lamp, and the glowing fire place.

with all the ailments of the period of Louis XV. Nothing less homelike could have been conceived; and the closest relative of this room in which we waited would have been a stage-setting for the comquette in a Palais Royal farce.

Danae and her mother, appearing in the doorway, at once accentuated the triviality of their surroundings.

I saw a daughter and a mother strongly similar despite their diverse ages, save in respect of that evasive savoir faire, repose, the air of cultivation wherewith the children of Americans often unconsciously depreciate their parents. But in the mother one was already able to perceive what Danae would become some day. For the girl, while still pretty in a diminutive, blonde fashion, showed here and there an infinitesimal sign of changing, presently, into the little, faded

of semi-rural antecedents, was dilating on the change in her former home:

"A public building group that'd be a credit to Cleveland. Some sky-scrapers! A four-mile boulevard! And on Rose-street—the new residences, the new homes. Those would belong to my daughter's old playmates. Not a lad of 'em that's not a father! All married off!"

"Practically all, mamma," corrected Danae.

"Practically? Yes, yes, child—practically all."

The eyes of the two women met; the mother lost her look of liveliness. Thoughts bound them suddenly to silence. My friend and I sustained the conversation.

That night, as I walked home, I thought:

"What is he like? Why doesn't she marry him?"

A week later, as I was passing an art-dealer's shop, I saw Danae, in a black hat and a long coat of Persian lamb-skin, entering the doorway. She had then—for one who had been at pains to study her—that appearance of repressed haste, of smothered eagerness, of tenacity and self-abandonment mingled, which often distinguishes a woman on her way to a surreptitious rendezvous. I made for the art dealer's shop.

In a room, behind the picture gallery, hung with purple velvet and furnished with half-a-dozen table-shaped show-cases, a collection of Egyptian scarabs was on view. Danae had entered the one public place where people were least likely to intrude on her.

An old man with white whiskers like Ibsen's, a note-book in his hand, breathing asthmatically, leaned over the show-cases. A slender, homely woman in a loose blue frock, her hair dishevelled, her bare, brown neck like the surface of a withered apple, stood thumbing a catalogue industriously. Danae, the third occupant of the room, drooping by the window, gazed out at some blank walls of brick. As I entered, she looked round, wide-eyed, startled. Then her face fell.

"You!" she ejaculated.

"I, of course—but you! This is an unsuspected side of your disposition; do I discover the blue-stockings?"



The one public place where people were least likely to intrude.

And to allay suspicion, I mumbled, while peering into the nearest show-case:

"Hastates dynasty . . . very rare . . . how many Ptolemy cartouches . . . royal daughter, royal sister, royal wife, lady of the two lands . . . Isn't this one a Cleopatra the Seventh?"

Danae looked away.

"I'm not particularly interested in scarabs," she replied. "Although heaven knows a woman might interest herself even in scarabs, to escape the censure of New York."

"Of New York!"

"Certainly." Of the New York that we strangers, we foreign women, have to live in, so long as we stick it out."

"You are blue to-day."

"I ought to feel remorseful. I've just told my mother a lie, and given her the slip."

Turning her large blue eyes almost defiantly to mine, she repeated, with a laugh not noticeably gay:

"Would you believe that for the sake of an hour, only an hour, I told her a lie and gave her the slip?"

"Not on account of scarabs, however."

"Hardly."

"Then I'll be going."

She held out her hand with an expression of relief.

"You don't think me rude?" she asked.

"On the contrary, I think myself abominably so. Good-bye."

But at the door I met him coming in. I knew by his quick glance past my head, by the apparent enlargement of his eyes, by the unconscious virility with which he shouldered me aside in passing, that it was, indeed, the one, that he had come from a distance, that they were met after a considerable time. Besides, I considered it a more than even bet that he was a native of the old town.

For he was a stocky young man, strong-looking (and she was frail), energetic (and she was rather languid), swarthy (and she was fair), with thick eyebrows, blue cheeks, a prominent nose, a broad mouth, in such combination as to recall immediately a swarm of masculine physiognomies, honest and healthy, peculiar to the Middle West. Such is the sectional individuality of our soil and climate, that one sees every day in the city, men of whom one can announce, after scrutinizing their faces, "He is from the plains." "He is a Southerner." "He is from near the Great Lakes."

That evening, however, on meeting my friend, I made sure by inquiring:

"Isn't Danae's young man an Ilyria?"

"Bravo!" he exclaimed, laughing.

"And they have known each other since childhood?"

"Of course."

"He is a bustling young business man, a money-maker, a hatcher, a fellow of good reputation."

"You seem to have discovered everything."

"On the contrary, everything is a puzzle to me."

"How so?"

"Why doesn't she marry him?"

He was silent.

"Here," I continued, "are two young persons who will not be young much longer, who have loved each other, presumably for a long time, but who meet as it were chaste and virgin, yet in public places, at long intervals, and then only for a moment. He, loving her, must lead a gloomy life in a town where all his friends have families of their own and cheerful homes. She, as we know, leads a gloomy life in a New York hotel, with all her instincts crying out for a cottage in Ilyria and a nursery. Yet they don't marry!"

"Yet they don't marry," my friend repeated.

"Is there a feud between the two families?"

"Not at all."

"Can it be that her parents object to this young man?"

"I'm sure that neither of her parents could, or would, object to him in any way."

"Nevertheless, you know very well, for you mentioned the fact, that it was the father who shut the first Danae up in a tower!"

"What do you say," he suggested, in an absent-minded manner, "if we go out, round eleven o'clock, and get some supper?"

Evidently he still required me to collect my own material.

Round eleven o'clock we entered one of those Broadway restaurants famous throughout the country, the facades of which, shabby enough in daylight, blaze by night with a counterfeited of splendor inexpressibly alluring to the ingenuous. It was a place where immense plumed hats and bare backs everywhere reflected in long mirrors, where champagne glasses crashed occasionally upon the floor, where the head waiter bowed too familiarly to handsome women in diamond necklaces. Viola music of the most emotional variety sobbed and whispered as if in one's ear; and, at the passage of newcomers, a sudden agitation of the scented air was like an amor-

ous breath upon the cheek. "Show girls," from musical extravaganzas just concluded, tall, slender, leucurely, with impudent eyes, appeared in the door: ways against a background of white shirt-bosoms; college boys, made restless by stimulants, proud of their intoxication, navigated with feeble mien from one table to another in search of friends; women of middle age, notorious in Europe and America, uttered sonorous laughter to advertise their presence.

In the corridor, before the elevator that conducted patrons to private supper rooms above, appeared suddenly, and as suddenly passed out of sight, the long nose, the close set mouth, and the toupee of Danae's father. The mob of his party were no younger than he, the women no older than his daughter.

"A directors' meeting?" I inquired of my friend.

He replied:

"You are getting warm at last."

"But," I protested, "this will never answer my question."

"There you are," he retorted. "Go call on her again."

Next afternoon I did so.

Danae sent word downstairs that she would join me presently in the Trojan room. So, in that apartment—a vivid specimen of the "interior decorators" art gone mad—I watched, from a divan full of musty velvet cushions the flirting of stock-jobbers and adventurous-looking women with painted lips, the quarrelling of a married couple exhausted by sight-seeing, the shy meeting of fresh-faced school-girls and callow youths all collars, pompadours and silken anklet-bones.

But Danae was standing before me.

Her eyes were red. When she sat down, I perceived that she was on the verge of a hysterical reaction. At once she remarked, defiantly, in a quivering voice:

"As you can see, I've been crying."

"Why do you tell me that?"

"I don't know. It rushed out of my mouth. I must say something to someone, sometimes! One can't keep mum for ever! People die of such things!"

I asked: "Has it to do with scarabs?"

Evidently still without finding anything incongruous in talking so to me, she answered, with unsteady, vibrant accents:

"Yes. He's gone away, further than Ilyria this time. He says he's asked me for the last time."

"He didn't mean that? He'll be back again sooner than you think?"

"Oh," she cried excitedly, laying her hands against her bosom and looking upward, "what would be the use?"

"Come, now," said I, "when we lose control of our feelings we suffer twice as much. It is necessary to be calm."

Lowering her blonde head, she pressed a handkerchief against her lips.

Through the French windows of the tea-room burst the uproar of the band.

I asked Danae:

"Will you tell me what it is that keeps you here?"

She answered, without hesitation:

"Mamma."

"Your mother?"

"Can't you see that if I left her she'd be entirely alone?"

"But your father?"

"My father! He's never with us. We seldom see him for more than a few moments. He's—too busy."

"In spite of twelve years' residence, mamma and I are still strangers in New York."

"Mamma, at least, is too old, now, to learn it. She'll always retain the simplicity of Ilyria. I must be greatly like her! I wasn't unpopular at home, but here I never 'caught on.' So it happens that, after all this time, we've only each other."

"We go together to the matinees and the concerts, to the opera and the picture shows, wherever decent people gather for public amusement, pay their way, and enter without the need of introduction. Then we come back to the hotel and dine together, we two, and go to bed."

"And I've seen working girls, who have holidays and beans, who count their friends by the score, who can marry at any moment and have children, look at me, as I pass them by, with bitter envy. If they knew how tight I am in prison!"

"But you'll say the door stands open—that others would run out. If I did so, night and day I would never cease thinking. She's there alone . . . No one is with her now. . . . She's at dinner, a waiter behind her chair for company. . . . She's all alone!"

Danae covered her eyes with her handkerchief. "Those round us scarcely noticed her emotion. . . ."

"But she must know all this!"

"Only half of it. She thinks he has never asked me."



"I knew it was indeed the one."

After a while, I ventured:

"Perhaps your father, if he were aware of—"

"You know better."

Indeed, I did.

When I left her, the sun was setting. At Thirty-fifth Street I entered a jewelry shop. Chance had decided to furnish me with a fiddle; at the diamond counter I discovered Danae's father.

He had before him, spread out on a square of blue velvet, a variety of handsome diamond necklaces. When, at my bow, he recognized me, in his keen eyes appeared a curious effect of shallowness, as if at an excess of reticence. However, designating the jewels in a manner entirely genial, he remarked:

"Wedding presents are a puzzle, aren't they?"

"Yes; and the worst of it is, that everyone seems to be getting married."

His face, despite his long practice in inscrutability, clouded. I knew what he was thinking of.

He was thinking that, in respect to matrimony, his girl was a failure.

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Progress in Science.

How the Titanic Went Down

THE "Scientific American" contains an interesting article on the tragedy of the Titanic, and at the same time advances some interesting and extremely probable results of the collision between the great vessel and the iceberg. The Titanic stood for the "last word" in naval architecture. Not only did she carry to a far greater degree than any other ship the assurance of safety which we have come to associate with mere size; not only did she embody every safeguard against accident, known to the naval architect; not only was there brought into her structure a greater proportionate mass of steel than has been put into any, even of the recent giant liners; but she was built at the foremost shipyard of Great Britain, and by a company whose vessels are credited with being the most strongly and carefully constructed of any afloat.

The Gas Fatal Peril.

But there was just one peril of the deep against which this mighty ship was

Thus, at one blow, were all the safety appliances of this magnificent ship set at naught! Of what avail was it to close water-tight doors, or set going the powerful pumps, when nearly half the length of the ship was open to the in-pouring water. It must have taken but a few minutes' inspection to show the officers of the ship that she was doomed.

How The Great Ship Went Down.

Piecing together what the survivors witnessed from the boats, it is easy to understand the successive events of the ship's final plunge. The filling of the forward compartments brought her down by the head, and, gradually, to an almost vertical position. Here she hung a while, stern high in air, like a huge, weighted spar buoy. As she swung to the perpendicular, her heavy engines and boilers, tearing loose from their foundations, crashed forward (downward); and, the water pressure increasing as she sank, burst in the so far intact after compartments. It was the

motor vehicles can be reduced about 50 per cent. Instead of paying 1/3 for his gallon of petrol, the taxi-cab driver may buy crude paraffin at 3d per gallon, and pocket the difference. Even if he finds difficulty in getting crude oil he may purchase the best for 8d, and still make a fair saving. Motor lorries can also be fed by the cheaper fuel. The saving to one motor-bus company alone is reckoned at something like £100,000 every year. The saving to London's motor traffic would, it is stated, amount to nearly a million. The discovery that paraffin may be used in place of petrol has been made by Mr. G. Constantinesco, a young Roumanian engineer, and for some time his theories have been put to severe tests. Experiments which have already been made are so far satisfactory. Should the idea find final accomplishment, the motor will be much nearer the ideal traction than at the present time. For it is in the upkeep of the car that much opposition is found.

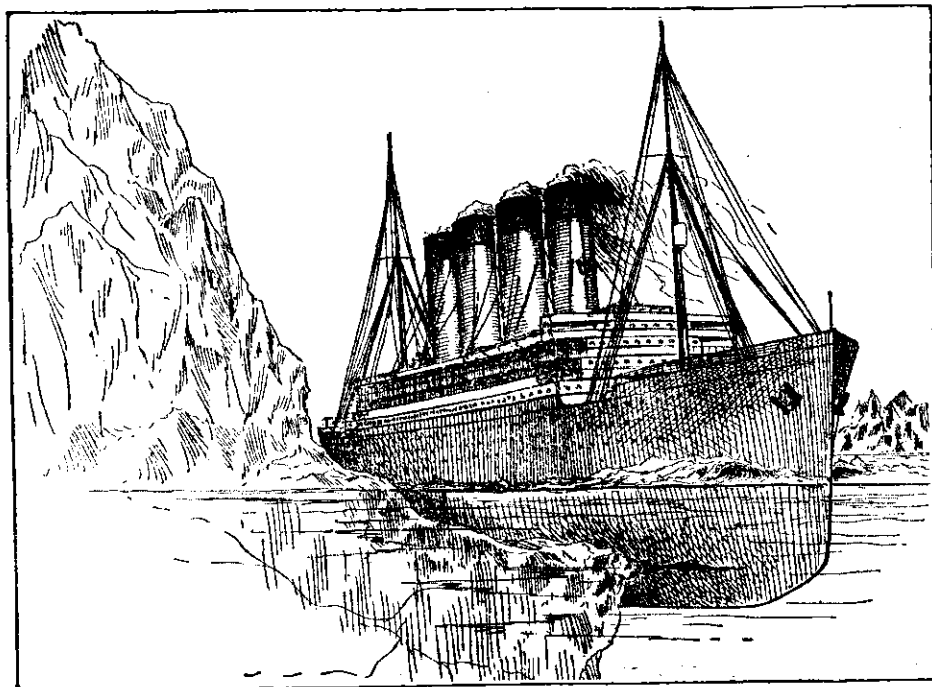
Celluloid And Its Dangers.

Celluloid is highly inflammable, and on many occasions has caused loss of life and property. The chemical process of its combustion has been studied recently by Dr. Panzer, of Vienna, and (says a writer in the "Scientific American") the results of his experiments are of great value to science and industry, as they show a way of dealing with a celluloid blaze. Celluloid does not ignite spontaneously, but it was

gases, liquids, and carbonaceous matter. The colourless gases, water, carbonic acid, and nitrogen oxides are extremely poisonous.

Perfecting the Electric Car.

Whether the New York tramway companies have been influenced or not in the design of cars by feminine fashions, certain it is that a new type, with no formidable step, has been evolved. An illustration in the "Scientific American" for April shows a tight-skirted woman entering a car with an ease which has induced her to smile suavely. The explanation is set out in the American. "A novel form of car, having passenger entrances at the centre only, has been worked out for the electric railways of New York city," it is stated. "By placing the trucks at the extreme ends of the car, a low floor at the entrance doors is provided, ten inches only between doorsill and street pavement, which is hardly greater than the rise between the treads of an ordinary house stairway. From this point the floor slopes upward very gradually towards each end. The motorman's compartment is entirely shut off from the space occupied by passengers. The car wheels and truck frames project up into the space beneath the seats at each end of the car. The conductor's post is directly opposite the pair of centre doors, at the most advantageous point to open and close the doors and receive the fares of incoming passengers. The doors are automatically operated by compressed air, by a device similar to that used on the side-door subway cars of New York, which allows the doors to be closed while passengers are crowding through it, yet relieves the pressure when the door is blocked by the body of a passenger and automatically applies it again when the obstruction is removed. In this manner the door works its way to a safe closing through a crowd of passengers without causing injury to any of them. If a man's overcoat or a woman's skirt gets caught in the door, the car cannot be started until the object is removed. It will be impossible for the car to start unless the door is closed tight, no matter what position the controller handle is in, and it will be impossible to open the door till the car stops. Ventilation is automatic, the air supply being controlled by a device connected to the car springs to admit air in proportion to the weight (that is, to the number) of passengers aboard the car."



In all probability a massive, projecting, underwater shell of the iceberg with which she collided tore open several compartments of the Titanic, the rent extending from near the bow to amidships. The energy of the blow, 1,161,000 foot-tons, was equal to that of the combined broadsides of two modern Dreadnoughts.

as helpless as the smallest of coasting steamers—the long, glancing blow below the waterline, due to the projecting shell of an iceberg. It was this that sent the Titanic to the bottom in the brief space of 2½ hours, and it was her very size and the fatal speed at which she was driven which made the blow so terrible.

The Fatal Blow.

There were the usual lookout men at the bow and in the crow's nest, and officers on the bridge were straining their eyes for indications of the dreaded ice, when the cry suddenly rang out from the crow's nest: "Berg ahead!" and an iceberg loomed up in the ship's path, distant only a quarter of a mile. The first officer gave the order "Starboard your helm." The great ship answered smartly, and swung swiftly to port. But it was too late. The vessel took the blow of a deadly, underwater, projecting shelf of ice, on her starboard bow, near the bridge, and before she swung clear, the mighty ram of the iceberg had torn its way through plating and frames as far aft as amidships, opening up compartment after compartment to the sea,

muffled roar of this "death rattle" of the dying ship that caused some survivors to tell of bursting boilers and a hull broken apart. The shell of the ship, except for the injuries received in the collision, went to the bottom intact. When the after compartments finally gave way, the stricken vessel, weighted with the mass of engine and boiler-room wreckage at her forward end, sank, to bury herself bow down in the soft ooze of the Atlantic bottom two miles below. There, for aught we know, she may at this moment be standing, with several hundred feet of her rising sheer above the ocean floor, a sublime memorial shaft to the sixteen hundred hapless souls who perished in this unspeakable tragedy.

Crude Petroleum Motors.

A hundred miles for a shilling is cheap travelling even in these days of low fares; that is the astonishingly low cost of driving a motor-car which uses crude paraffin instead of petrol. Experiments have been successful, and if the use of it becomes general the cost of spirit for

found that after extinguishing the flames of a piece of burning celluloid decomposition would still go on, and would continue even in a vessel filled with carbonic acid and steam. This shows that atmospheric oxygen is not necessary for decomposition, that a fire caused by celluloid can only with difficulty be put out with water, and that ordinary fire extinguishers are useless. The flameless combustion starts at a temperature of 212 degrees F., so that decomposition may be started by a flame situated quite at a distance away. The white vapours resulting from combustion form an explosive mixture with air. To extinguish a celluloid blaze in a building is a most difficult task, if not impossible. On account of the rapidly-spreading flames, and the excessive heat of the fumes, the seat of the blaze is almost inaccessible to flames. Ignition and gasification of celluloid may be caused by an open flame or simply by heat. A hot stove can cause decomposition. If a piece of celluloid is slowly heated, it may be observed to soften first, then blisters appear, then sudden decomposition, sometimes accompanied by flame. Products of dissociation are

HEALTH FROM THE PINE FORESTS.

WHY PEPS ARE UNEQUALLED FOR LUNG, THROAT, AND CHEST TROUBLES.

The next best thing to living in the balmy, lung-strengthening atmosphere of the European Swiss pine forests is to breathe in the virtues of the same healing air at home. You thus guard against bad weather perils, and shake off the stifling, hacking cough which tells of bronchitis or deep-seated lung mischief. This can only be done with the aid of Peps, which virtually bring a pine forest to every home.

Peps gives bronchial sufferers the only, effective combination of the true medicinal pine balsams to which is added a germ-killing agency of exceptional power. When a Peps Tablet is placed in the mouth it starts to dissolve, and the powerful medicines are then released in the form of fumes which are breathed into the lungs.

When this natural Peps method of treating chest troubles is compared with the mistaken notion of swallowing syrupy mixtures and the drug-laden juices of cheap lozenges into the stomach, the wisdom of always keeping Peps handy to foil the perils of bad weather and to stop the first signs of coughs, colds, swollen or inflamed throat and bronchitis, is irresistibly driven home. All chemists sell Peps.



The Unheard Wedding-March.

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

IT was the close of a rare day in June. Birds and flowers had kept it in time from sunrise to sunset. Lazy white clouds, with nothing else to do, had swept the azure skies, and only those who were being troubled by trouble were other than care-free.

Mariana Leighton was one of those whom trouble was troubling. It was to have been her wedding-day, but Chauncey Haverstraw had not come.

For a full hour she waited at the altar in the little suburban church. Yes, for a full hour she waited, and saw first one by one, and then group by group, her friends and acquaintances steal out of the sacred edifice and go away, their voices rising as soon as they felt they were out of hearing.

The minister had waited for three-quarters of an hour; but he was a methodical man, and his Sunday sermon was due to be written that evening, so with many apologies, he had left her.

"Make yourself perfectly at church," said he. "If Mr. Haverstraw should come, send someone in to the rectory, and I'll come back and marry you; but I am very much afraid that you will not become a Haverstraw to-day."

The lovely girl thanked him for his kindly words. Then, picking out a comfortable pew, she went and sat in it, and gave herself over to sad thoughts.

The five or six who were waiting in the hope that something exciting or scandalous would take place, respected her evident desire to be alone. That is, all but Mrs. Fosguit, who came up to ask her whether, in the event of her not marrying, she would take back the Sunday-school class she had given up.

Now, this was not the first time that Chauncey had disappointed Mariana. She was to have been married exactly a week before; but just as she was arraying herself in her bridal clothes, she had received a telegram from Chauncey:

Invited join theatre party. Bernhardt. Out to-morrow with apologies. Chauncey.

Just ten words!

At first she had been inclined to be angry. It did seem as if even a chance to see Bernhardt should not have been considered paramount on such an evening; but she knew that Chauncey was sincerely devoted to the drama, and so she had telephoned to the rector, asking him to explain the delay and to send the guests home as quietly as possible.

Next day the handsome Chauncey had got away from his desk before closing hour, thanks to his obliging employer, and had gone to ask forgiveness. When he came swinging along with his manly stride, Mariana had not the heart to rebuke him. She met him in the hall with a smile.

"It was playing it rather low down, wasn't it, pet?" said he, as he pressed her cheeks in his ample palms and kissed her pretty upturned face. "You see, I was all ready to start when Bob Heuston ran into the office to say they had seats for Bernhardt, and wouldn't I make one of the party? Well, at ten dollars a seat—and I'm so fond of Bernhardt's acting, from what I've read of it—and I thought it might help me with French, which I hope to take up some time. Don't you understand?"

"Of course I understand, dear. You acted naturally."

"They didn't charge anything for lighting the church, did they?"

Mariana shook her head.

"I don't think they ever do, but I'm afraid the rector was a little disappointed. He told Mrs. Brownson that he had expected to go to the seashore on the fee."

"He couldn't have done it. I wasn't going to give that much."

"It does cost a lot to go to Atlantic City!" said she sadly.

It was one of the places to which they would not go on their wedding tour. There were so many such.

"It really suits me better to postpone it a week," said Chauncey. "We are awfully busy at the office, and it

was a great favour my being allowed to leave ten minutes before closing time."

"When are you going to be taken into the partnership, dear?" asked Mariana.

"It all rests with Stapleton. When he realizes my worth sufficiently I shall soon be a member of the firm, and I may buy a seat on the exchange. Think of it, dear! I began there at two dollars a week only four years ago, and already my wages—my salary, I mean—has been doubled twice. And I'm not yet twenty-six."

"You're a typical American!" said Mariana, and she spoke the truth. There are all sorts of types.

"Well, you'll surely be on hand next week. I'll ask the grocer to tell all his customers how it happened, and it won't be necessary to have more cards engraved."

"No, decidedly not. We must think of the question of expense, dear, until I'm a partner."

II

All this had happened the week previous, and now Chauncey had apparently been invited to help form another theatre party. It made Mariana wish that she lived near him, because then she might come in for some of the free tickets. She longed to go to the theatre with him. They never had been, as it was so expensive if one took a box, and Chauncey had always said that if he couldn't afford a box he wouldn't go. Of course, window privilege tickets would have been different, but he never got those, as Mr. Stapleton would not allow any shows to be advertised in his Wall-street window.

The sweet-toned bell struck nine. Mariana wiped away a slight moisture in her eyes, and turned around in her seat. Only two others were left in the church—the sexton, and a stranger who had been attracted by the lights. The sexton was an elderly man, but the stranger was young and handsome—

most as handsome as Chauncey. This was the thought that flashed through Mariana's flexible brain.

"Shall I close up, miss?" asked the sexton.

"I suppose you might as well. Something unavoidable has detained Chauncey—Mr. Haverstraw—and if he came now I wouldn't get married to-night because Mr. Chase is busy with his sermon."

The sexton went around putting out the lights. The stranger came out of his pew and walked down the aisle to Mariana.

"Rather vexing!" said he. "My name is Wells. I'm visiting the rich Wellses who live on Audubon Street—although I am no relation. When I saw lights in the church I was sure it was a wedding; but it wasn't. Tell me, in a case like this, does the organist get paid the same as if he had played?"

"No," said Mariana. "The fact is, he was doing it for nothing just to oblige me, because"—she blushed—"because he was in love with me, but I refused him twice. I don't suppose we'll have any music eventually, but he won't charge me for his time this evening, as he had nothing else to do. Every one has been so kind! The grocer told everybody of the postponement."

Mr. Wells knitted his brows.

"How did he know?"

"Oh, I mean the first postponement," said Mariana rather sadly. "You see, Chauncey—Mr. Haverstraw—was to have married me last week, but he had an opportunity to hear Bernhardt for nothing, and so he postponed it. The grocer told every one when he went around for orders."

With unaffected politeness, Mr. Wells took Mariana's arm, and they walked down the aisle together. He gave a little laugh.

"Do you know what I was thinking of?" said he.

"No. What?"

"I was thinking how happy I would be if we were walking down this aisle as husband and wife. Just a thought, you know!"

The disappointed girl laughed softly. "I might be happy, too," was all she said, but it gave encouragement to Mr. Wells.

"Why not do it, say next Tuesday?" said he, in such a tone as would admit of his throwing it off as a joke should she seem displeased.

But Mariana was too amiable a woman to be easily displeased. This stranger had been very kind to her in her loneliness, and she was not ungrateful. Besides, what woman ever took an offer of marriage as an insult!

"Perhaps," she said, "if I were differently situated, I might think of it."

"How can you be differently situated?" said he, almost bitterly. "Mr. Haverstraw is not keen to make you his wife, or he would not have let a play come between him and his marriage."

"You do not know Chauncey," replied Mariana with spirit. "He is a student of the drama—has been one ever since he read somewhere that people of intellect took the drama seriously! And, besides—Bernhardt for nothing!"

"Oh, very well!" said Mr. Wells, releasing her arm, and—having come to the vestibule—putting on his hat. "I am to understand, then, that all is at an end between us?"

"No, I don't say that," said the poor girl, driven hither and thither by conflicting emotions.

Mr. Wells went on, unheeding her words. "For all you know, I may be rich—"

Mariana caught her breath at this last word.

"Are you rich?" said she.

"No, but I am young yet, and I'm willing to wait."

"For riches?"

"For you. If I get you—"

"No!" said Mariana quickly, gathering his import. "If you get me, you'll get nothing else. Except for my board, which I have not paid, I haven't a cent. I have been honest with you because, if we were to marry, I could never forgive myself if I thought I had created a false impression as to my pecuniary circumstances."

"Mariana—may I call you Mariana?"

"You have."

"Well, then, following the good precedent, Mariana, what you have said makes me love you more and more."

"It's the way of the world," said Mariana. "Chauncey is just the same. When he is with me he adores me; but he is so busy in New York, and there is so much to do and see, that when he is there—well, I think he forgets me. It's natural."

"No, it is not natural. I never saw or heard of you till to-night, but I could never forget you. You may be absolutely impossible socially, but I fear the thought to shred and cast it from me. If Haverstraw wants to marry you, he has got to have my permission—and I will never give it!"

Mariana clapped her hands. "Oh, you are so masterful, and that's one thing that Chauncey isn't—"

"I don't know about that. Seems to me that a man who postpones his wedding twice in a week has elements of masterfulness in him that are worth cultivating."

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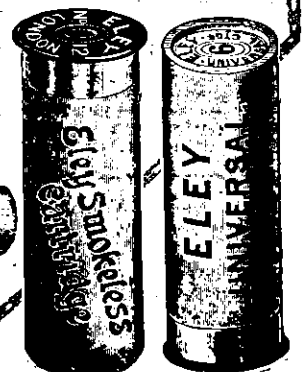
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"A large electric light hung before the church portal, and the two were standing in its radiance. Mariana had hardly ever had a mother, but she wished for one at this moment. She felt that she had reached a crucial point in her life. Could she be happy with Chauncey? Could she not be happy with Mr. Wells? "By the way, what is your first name, Mr. Wells?"

"Theodore—and my first, like my last, is at your service."

He bowed as he spoke, and removed his derby. Mariana noticed that he was not in the least bald. Chauncey's hair was very thin, and he would probably grow bald and bald as the years went on. Could she love an absolutely smooth-topped man? No. If, then, she married Chauncey, and he lived, the time would inevitably come when she would cease to care for him. Were not these two postponements Fate's kindly proffers of assistance? She believed they were.

"I never saw you look so pretty," said Mr. Wells. "You can stand the electric light. You must be lovely, even in the daytime. Are you not?"

Mariana blushed, but as she was a truthful girl she answered in the affirmative.

At that moment a quick step was heard on the side street—a step that caused Mariana to look up and wink her eyes excitedly. It was the footfall of Chauncey Haverstraw.

An instant later he swung around the corner and came face to face with her. She was agitated, but she did not forget her manners.

"Mr. Wells, shake hands with Mr. Haverstraw," said she.

The two shook hands, and then Mr. Wells inquired, in a quizzical tone of voice:

"Well, what was the reason this time?" Chauncey, ignoring Mr. Wells, said to Mariana: "My dear, I clean forgot it. We're awfully busy at the office this week, and Stapleton asked me to stay late to-night—I get supper money, of course—and I said I would." He turned to Mr. Wells. "You see, I'm figuring to get into the firm, and I never refuse any extra work, because every man who has been successful has followed just such tactics."

"But why didn't you telephone to this young lady?" said Mr. Wells in his severest tone.

"Why, when I'm at work I never allow outside affairs to enter my head. It's the only way to succeed. I stayed until right, and then I left; and on my way to my lodgings I thought of my engagement and hurried out here. Have they all gone, Mariana?"

"Yes, dear. They waited a good while. If they had had to pay to get in, I suppose they would have been there yet."

"Naturally," said Mr. Wells.

"Well, my love, why not step into the rectory and be married quietly? Perhaps the rector will expect less if he doesn't have to leave the house."

"He has left it twice," said Mariana reprovingly, and Chauncey hung his head. He was sorry for his forgetfulness; but, after all, business was business, and ten years later the exact date of the wedding could make little difference.

"The lights in the rectory are all out," said Mariana. "Mr. Chase has written his sermon and retired."

"See here," said Mr. Wells impulsively, dropping his derby in the grass and standing bare-headed before the woman he loved. "You have come to the parting of the ways! He looked first at Haverstraw, and then at Mariana. "Mr. Haverstraw and you are temperamentally unsuited for each other. I say frankly that I hoped such would be the case before I saw him; and now I know it. A marriage between you two, to-night or a week from to-night, would mean a divorce before your wooden wedding. You, Mr. Haverstraw, are ambitious, and I see you a partner in your concern if you cast love aside. If you marry, you will live and die a poor clerk!"

"By Heaven! I believe you're right," said Chauncey, burying his face in his hands, and then clapping them in obedience to warring emotions. "But you, Mariana—would you not be desolate if I gave you up?"

Mariana stooped over and absently picked up the derby that Wells had cast from him.

"I don't know—I have come to think a good deal of Theodore."

"Call me Teddy."

"Of Teddy? He was so sympathetic in my disappointment." She took hold of the upper button of Chauncey's waistcoat.

"Chauncey, I believe that I could stand your desertion if—"

"A-ah!" said Wells, in deep tones. "If your own Theodore would promise to love and cherish you Haverstraw, I

predict a future for you in Wall Street. Would you oblige me by stepping over to the rectory and leaving a call on the rector's slate for to-morrow at five in the afternoon? I have no dress-suit, so it will have to be an afternoon wedding."

As Chauncey Haverstraw started to do his bidding, Wells clasped the graceful form of the lovely orphan to his arms.

"Oh, how I bless the wedding-march I didn't hear!" said he.

Secrets We Have Lost.

The secret of the ancient Roman cement is once more a topic of discussion since the fall of a few yards of Roman wall at Cwerwent in England. The fall was due to a movement of the subsoil, and not to the decay of the wall itself. There are still several hundred miles of the Roman walls to be seen in England and they seem to be as strong as the day they were built. An expert of the London Museum quoted by the New York Sun says: "We do not know the method of its composition, but it is far sounder than any modern cement. Indeed when some part of such a wall has to be dislodged it is necessary to use dynamite. All we know is that pounded tile is a considerable element in the cement. For the rest, Roman walls are built with stone and tile from a concrete bottom."

The confession seems a little ignominious for this particular stage of human progress, but perhaps if we were quite honest with ourselves we should admit that antiquity possessed a good many secrets that we have lost, and among them the tempering of copper, the moving without machinery of enormous stones, and the calculation of star movements without instruments.

Music, the Comforter.

"Last week," writes the editor of the Etude, "we heard 100 crippled orphan children singing, and music had for us a new and sweeter meaning. The crutches the bandages, the braces, the pains, the aches, the fears and tears were all wiped away for the moment by the wonderful magic of song. Smiling faces made it hard to realize that their cruel deformities really existed. Music, the comforter, had come. Sometimes we think that the highest office of our art is to take the mind away from the perplexities, the griefs, and the cares of everyday life. We agree with Shelley that 'music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory.' Music is the antidote of the world. When you are tired, and worn, and worried; when the great problem seems harder than ever; when there does not seem to be any way out, take a little rest and go to your piano, your violin, or your singing. This kind of rest may bring the solution of your difficulties far quicker than hours of worrying. Psychologists are coming to realize that music has a utilitarian worth which in this age of tension is quite as important as bread and butter. When you fail to find mental comfort, turn to music, and the relief is almost sure to come."

Wives—Luxuries, Not Necessities.

Somewhere in the United States they are holding a Simple Life Exhibition, or at least that is what they call it. Its ulterior motive seems to be to show bachelors how they may continue to soar in the pure air of liberty and defy the fowler and her snare. They have all sorts of contrivances here, but nearly all tending to the same end, to show the experienced youth of the country that while a wife may be a luxury, she is by no means a necessity. And there ought to be a law against it.

It is surprising how easily you can be a bachelor if you only know how. The writer has been reading the glowing accounts of this exhibition and does not want to keep his knowledge to himself. For example, look at the new fireplace that these people have put on show. You touch a button and the whole affair swings round, disclosing a perfect little cooking stove with a tiny oven, plate warmer and toasting rack. When you have cooked and eaten your modest meal, you touch the button again and once more you have the ordinary fireplace. Then you put your feet on the table; light your pipe; throw the match on the floor, and laugh the whole heated, care-free laugh that comes only to the bachelor. There are other contrivances that darn your socks and sew on buttons while

you wait, and you can even do your own washing with the aid of a simple little machine that will clean everything from a handkerchief to a conscience.

Gipsies in England.

There remain in England about 12,000 gipsies, nomad and sedentary, while Scotland and Wales have about 6000 of the same people. The gipsies of Wales and of the Northern English counties are noted as retaining more of the ancient Romany than their kind-folk of Southern England, who indulge in red hair, snub noses, and blue eyes, and speak such very corrupt Romany that the better class clans refuse to recognize them. Even in the North, inquiring members of the Gipsy Lore Society must distinguish between the true Romanichel and those descendants of Scottish tinkers and degenerate English gipsies who at large horse fairs may be camping on the same ground with the superior Hernes and Boswells. Just now, of course, rural England is enriched by that host of splendid Continental nomads who scattered from their first camp at Birkenhead to test the charms of common and highway, and have not yet reassembled for the further trip to Canada or Brazil. But, still, gipsysm is declining, say observers; and the modern Romany, not to speak of the "posh-rat" or half-breed, seems to take more kindly than he should to the ways of city life. The poor gipsy drifts to the slums; the prosperous gipsy does not despise a suburban villa. Even in the country a Romany of unimpeachable wanderer descent may be found settled down quite happily within the limits of his farm. Between the attractiveness of the town, the increasing tolerance of

mixed marriages and the sophistication of once Arcadian lanes and roads, the lingering remnants of a mysterious race seem bound to be absorbed by degrees in the everyday life of the English people.

A Gigantic Undertaking.

The greatest hydro-electric installation at present under construction is situated on the Mississippi at Keokuk, in Iowa. The mighty river is nearly a mile wide at this point and has a rock bottom and high banks. The engineers have cut a transverse channel in the bed and have constructed a concrete dam seven-eighths of a mile long to confine the waters. At one end a harbour has been built, with locks for the use of the river steamers. The surplus water will make its escape over a spillway some 4000ft long, fitted with 110 steel gates. The fall at the power-house will range from 21ft to 39ft, and the minimum volume of the water available for the turbines will be 20,000 cubic feet a second, producing 120,000 horse-power of electric energy. The scheme, which is now nearing completion, has cost already about £3,000,000, but the city of St. Louis, situated 140 miles from the dam, has agreed to take enough power to pay interest on the expenditure. The company that has carried out this big work, under authority from the Federal Government and the State Legislature, is ready to deliver high-tension current at points 250 miles from the power-house, and its prices, which will be calculated generally on the basis of the cost of coal, will be exceedingly low, particularly in the winter, when the river will be high.

WOMAN'S PRAISE

Excellent Remedy for Constipation

Ladies from all parts are continually writing to tell of the benefits they have derived from using Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, and the letter from Nurse M. A. Sellers, of 174 Easy Street, Collingwood, Melbourne, which is published below, in addition to her photograph, is just another instance of the efficacy of these Pills as a remedy for Constipation.



Nurse M. A. Sellers

"As a nurse of nine years standing at Collingwood," writes Nurse Mary A. Sellers, "I have found it necessary in many circumstances to recommend Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills; they are almost universally used; in fact, many of my patients I found using your medicine already. Personally, I can say they are an excellent remedy for Constipation—they act in a soothing manner—and I would not do without them, because they defy the symptoms of Constipation continuing, and invariably restore health in very little time. You have my consent to use this testimony for publication, having personally derived great benefit from their use."

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. As a family remedy for Costiveness, Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have a wide reputation. They are mild in action, causing neither weak-

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The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

REVIEWS.

The Ox and Its Kindred: G. R. Lydekker. (Methuen and Co., Ltd., London.)

Too many of us in the present century are perhaps prone to accept what the gradual evolution of time has brought us without troubling to inquire as to the origin and various influences which have been such important factors in development and to those interested in evolution of our domestic cattle, "The Ox and Its Kindred" must strongly appeal. After an introductory dissertation on the English name of "ox," the book proceeds to deal with the general structure and zoological position of the species. Then follow interesting chapters on the British wild cattle and the domesticated breeds, British and Continental. The concluding chapters are devoted to describing the various species of wild cattle found in different parts of the world, hybrid cattle, and extinct species. The book is excellently illustrated, and should be read by every student and cattle owner who desires a thorough knowledge of the sources from which our present-day breeds have sprung.

BITS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Words.
"There is great power in words. All the things that ever get done in the world, good or bad, are done by words."
—"The Terrible Meek," by Charles Rans Kennedy. Harper and Brothers.

From "The Girl With the Blue Eyes."

"No one who is in love could ever be bored for a moment."
"Women rarely feel at home with each other until they have had a good long talk about chiffons."
—"The Girl with the Blue Eyes," by Lady Troubridge. Mills and Boon.

Shakespeare's "Dark Lady."
"The immortal significance of Shakespeare's life to me, the history of his soul, is the story of his love for Mary Fitton. Till he met her at thirty-two, he knew little of life and less of women; through her he came to knowledge of both and to much self-knowledge. . . . The conception of passion as a forcing-house of genius is new to literature, and altogether foreign to the English mind; yet Shakespeare himself is one of the best examples of the truth. . . . For twelve years he lived intensely, now in the seventh heaven of delight, now in the lowest hell of jealousy, rage and humiliation. All the experiences of joy and sorrow he turned to soul-profit."
—"The Women of Shakespeare," by Frank Harris. Methuen.

A Love Margin.
"A woman usually has a 'love-margin.' Even though she's hurt, even though she's heart-broken, even though, worst of all, she's a tiny bit bored, all her little, natural love courtesies go on just the same of their own momentum, for a day, or a week, or a month, or half a lifetime, till the love flame kindles again—or else goes out altogether. Love has to be like that."
—"The Sick-a-Bed Lady," by Eleanor Abbot. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Modern Danger.
"If the women of the past were sometimes engrossed in trivialities, through the lack of a wide intellectual outlook, the women of to-day may be in danger of shallowness through the very multiplicity of their interests and cares, or, on the other hand, through their self-satisfied absorption in the one person who is the centre of their lives."
—"Leaves of Praise," by Annie Matheson (with two studies by May Sinclair). Stephen Swift.

Women's Ways.
"It is no wonder women believe in God easier than anyone else does. They can believe with so little reason in men."
"A woman is a very poor creature. I think she hankers more for just love than she does for heaven. I don't know how she will get on in a place where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. It's bound to be hard on her if the Lord does not give her something more than a harp and a golden crown

with which to fill the aching void she is sure to have somewhere under her breast feathers."
—"A Circus Rider's Wife," by Corra Harris. Constable.

No Happy Medium.
"It's so hard for a woman to become well known without becoming too well known."
—"Austin's Career," by Violet Tweedale. Long.

Eve's Experience.
"Every woman is as old as Eve, though some, thank heaven! are equipped with modern improvements."
—"Agnes of Edinburgh," by M. Armour.

Advice to a Lover.
"If you want to lose your heart over a woman, or even lose your money, do it! But never lose your head."
—"Felix Christie," by Peggy Welling. Methuen.

The Necessary Descent.
"No woman can live on a mountain-top for more than ten minutes at a time, even with the man who loves her: she wants to go down to the valley to shop."
—"A Lady of Spain," by G. B. Burgin.

the men that can't—what things not particularly mattering, it's the can that matters."
—"Success," by Una L. Silberrad. Constable.

Sayings of An Alleged Superman.
"Every intelligent man is an enigma to himself, and insuring that he shall be so to others is a constant delight to him."
"That opinions and events are either serious or humorous is a crude notion. They are both. Our lives are not either comic or tragic, but both, at one and the same time."
"All strong personalities want to do something to distinguish themselves from the vulgar herd; but, unfortunately, if they go outside the limitations of their epoch, they are put under restraint as madmen. Dickens could wear bright green trousers, because in his days doing so was not considered a proof of downright madness. But things have degenerated since then."
—"A Superhuman in Being," by Litchfield Woods. Stephen Swift.

Love, the Lavish.
"Love is a bold giver, when it is sure of itself and its reception."
—"Queen of the Guarded Mounts," by John Oxenham. Hodder and Stoughton.

A Good Sportsman.
"What is a sportsman? He is one who has not merely braced his muscles

majority of divorce cases."
—"Letters from China," by Jay Denby. Murray and Evesden.

Genesis of a Classic.
"Hardy told me that his first conception of 'Tess' was derived from a glimpse he had of a comely country lass sitting in the tail end of a cart which rumbled past him as he was strolling along the road. Her pretty face was so sad and appealing, as it slowly disappeared from view, that it haunted him many a day, and he evolved from this transient vision the story which has become an English classic."
—"The House of Harper," by J. H. Harper.

Idiosyncrasies of An Artist.
"I never knew Henner—the French Artist—to be embarrassed. We treated him like a member of the family, and one day, wishing to make him understand that his nails were really too grimy, I asked him whether he wished to wash his hands before dinner."
"He looked at his nails, understood, and quietly said: 'I am in mourning for Alsace and Lorraine.'"
"But if he were never embarrassed, he had embarrassing habits, the worst of which was that of examining the shoulders and arms of ladies in décolleté with unperturbed insistence. And not infrequently he would say: 'Allow me just one second; I want to feel the grain, the quality of your skin.' And, before the victim had time to move, he would press down his hairy and grimy forefinger on her bare arm, or even on her neck."

"Countess S., a handsome lady of the Hungarian aristocracy, who had come to Paris on her honeymoon, raved about Henner's art. Meeting him one day in my house, she offered to sit for the painter. Her French was not fluent, and she meant, of course, that Henner should paint her portrait. He readily accepted, for her complexion was milky and transparent, and her hair had that glowing copper tint which he loved so much."
"A few days later I met the fair Hungarian Countess."
"How is the portrait?"
"Don't speak about it," she replied. "Your Henner is a wretch. I went to his studio with my husband. Henner said to me quickly: 'Please undress.' Then, as if he were talking to himself, he added: 'Her body stretched on the black velvet of this couch, her hair loose . . . and a dark background . . . it's going to be a masterpiece!' My husband was mad with rage. . . . At last M. Henner saw his mistake. He had only seen my hair and my complexion, and hadn't stopped to think whether I were a lady or a model."
—"My Memoirs," by Marguerite Steinheil. Evelyn Nash.



STONE BLIND.

From "The New Sin."
"Folks with the gift of expression are not generally given to thinking over-much."
"Blessed are they that owe, for they invariably live in luxury."
"The business man is told that musical comedies are good for him. Just the thing for his poor, tired brain. It flatters him. He doesn't in the least know what a poor, tired brain is, but it is so splendidly British to believe you have one. People simply adore being told that they are tired and weary. They feel, oh, so interesting. And off they go to the Gaiety to be cheered up. It is true that they have been in a condition of semi-hysterical cheerfulness all day, but that must never be admitted."

"Envy is the easiest pain in the world to assuage if you have imagination."
—"The New Sin," (a play in three acts), by Basil Macdonald Hastings. Sidgwick and Jackson.

Human Labels.
"There are just three sorts of women, counting girls: Perfect dears, Poor dears and Persons. Men, of course, are still easier to classify, because there are only two kinds of them—nice and horrid."
—"The Guests of Hercules," by G. N. and A. M. Williamson. Methuen.
"There's two kinds of men in this world, the men that can do things and

and developed his endurance by the exercise of some great sport, but has in the pursuit of that exercise learnt to control his anger, to be considerate to his fellow-men, to take no mean advantage, to resent as a dishonour the very suspicion of trickery, to bear aloft a cheerful countenance under disappointment, and never to own himself defeated until the last breath is out of his body."
—"Sportsmen and Others," by R. C. Lehmann. Hegan Paul.

Eve, the Uneducated.
"It's a frightful handicap being born grown up, as Eve was. Any girl would have seen through that old serpent—any modern girl, anyhow. Poor Eve had no chance; she'd had no education for her part."
—"Patricia Pendaragon," by E. Ward.

Her Bait.
"Almost any woman who drapes herself effectively in ninos, crepe, silk, mullin or limp lace, and sits alone with a man for more than an hour, may reasonably expect a certain amount of amorous adulation."
—"Barter," by G. de S. Wentworth James. Everett.

Marriage.
"Matrimony is one result of that unsatisfied longing for perfection, which is the origin of all religions, and the great

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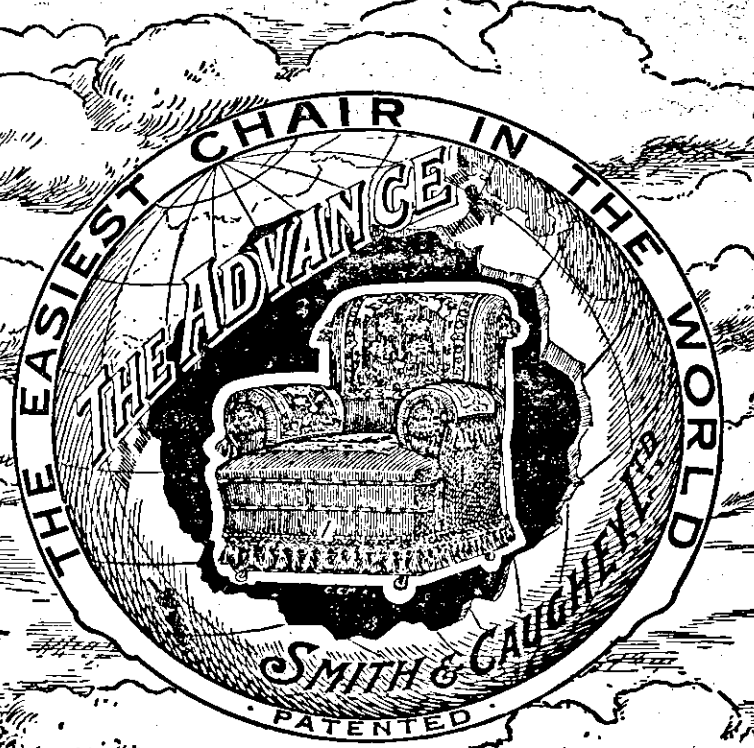
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The Lure of the Unknown Land.

THRILLING ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA—WHERE CANNIBALISM STILL PREVAILS.

BASED altogether on personal experience, a strange, stirring book of exploration and adventure of recent times is the simple narrative, "In the Amazon Jungle." Fascinating throughout, it rivets attention on a vast region of horror-infested jungles which white man had never penetrated before. There, we are told, is gold to be dug and rubber forests to be commercialised— at the risk of life every foot of the way. It is a rich field for the explorer-pro prospector of the future. Mr. A. Lange, the writer, travelled over 2,200 miles up the Amazon to spend some time with a medical friend at a village on stilt, Remate de Males, or "Culmination of Evils," a free translation and quite fitting the fevered town so built above its muddy foundation. Later he joined a party of rubber hunters, wandering far into the unknown jungle. A few of the party managed to return, but of the remaining members the author was the sole survivor.

Civilisation is still in its infancy among the rubber-workers at Remate de Males, but love of finery and fashion has set its stamp on the women in the most amusing manner. We get this picturesque glimpse of the natives:

"The rubber-worker is a well-paid labourer even though he belongs to the unskilled class. The tapping of the rubber trees and the smoking of the milk pays from eight to ten dollars a day in American gold. This, to him, of course, is riches, and the men labour here in order that they may go back to their own province as wealthy men. Nothing else will yield this return; the land is not used for other products. It is hard to see how agriculture or cattle-raising could be carried on in this region, and, if they could, they would certainly not return more than one-fourth or one-fifth of what the rubber industry does. The owners of the great rubber estates, or seringales, are enormously wealthy men.

"There are fewer women than men in Remate de Males, and none of the former is beautiful. They are for the most part Indians or Brazilians from the province of Ceara, with very dark skin, hair, and eyes, and teeth filed like shark's teeth. They go barefooted, as a rule. Here you will find all the incongruities typical of a race taking the first step in civilisation. The women show in their dress how the well-paid men lavish on them the extravagances that appeal to the lingering savage left in their simple natures.

"Women, who have spent most of their isolated lives in utterly uncivilised surroundings, will suddenly be brought into a community where other women are found, and immediately the instinct of self-adornment is brought into full play. Each of them falls under the sway of 'Dame Fashion'—for there are the latest things, even on the upper Amazon. Screaming colours are favoured; a red skirt with green stars was considered at one time the height of fashion, until an inventive woman discovered that yellow dots could also be worked in. In addition to these dresses, the women will squander money on elegant patent-leather French slippers (with which they generally neglect to wear stockings,) and use silk handkerchiefs perfumed with the finest Parisian eau de Cologne, bought at a cost of from fourteen to fifteen dollars a bottle. Arrayed in all her glory on some gala occasion, the whole effect enhanced by the use of a short pipe from which she blows volumes of smoke, the woman of Remate de Males is a unique sight."

Rough surgery became a stern necessity, and combined with clean living and the wonderful forces of nature it is not surprising that it proved successful. We find the notable case of a native woman whose arm had become so badly infected that removal of a portion of it was undertaken as a last resort in an effort to save her life. Despite the author's fears, the outcome was most happy:

"We went to the room and got the history and the forepaw given me by a medical friend before I left home. Besides these, I took some corrosive sublimate, intended for the preparation of

animal skins, and some photographic chemicals. The secretary, after a search produced an old and rusty hacksaw as the only instrument the estate could furnish. This we cleaned as carefully as possible with cloths and then immersed it in a solution of sublimate. Before going to the patient's hut I asked the owner and the woman's husband if they were reconciled to my attempt and would not hold me responsible in case of death. They answered that, as the woman was otherwise going to die, we were entirely right in doing whatever we could. I found the patient placidly smoking a pipe, her injured arm over the edge of the hammock. By this time she understood that she was to have her arm amputated by a surgical novice. She seemed not to be greatly concerned over the matter, and went on smoking her pipe while we made the arrangements. We placed her on the floor and told her to lie still. We adjusted some rubber cloth under the dead arm. Her husband and three children stood watching with expressionless faces. Two monkeys, tied to a board in a corner, were playing and fighting together. A large parrot was making discursive comment on the whole affair, while a little lame dog seemed to be the most interested spectator. The secretary took the history

were spellbound unable to move a step farther or even to think or act on my own initiative.

"The snake still made no move, but in the clear moonlight I could see its body expand and contract in breathing; its yellow eyes seemed to radiate a phosphorescent light. I felt no fear nor any inclination to retreat, yet I was now facing a beast that few men had ever succeeded in seeing. Thus we stood looking at each other, scarcely moving an eyelid, while the great silent monster looked at us. I slid my right hand down to the holster of my automatic pistol, the 9mm. Luger, and slowly removed the safety lock, at the same time staring into the faces of the men. In this manner I was less under the spell of the mesmerism of the snake, and could to some extent think and act. I wheeled around while I still held control of my faculties, and, perceiving a slight movement of the snake's coils, I fired point blank at the head, letting go the entire chamber of soft-nose bullets. Instantly the other men woke up from their trance and in their turn fired, emptying their Winchester into the huge head, which by this time was raised to a great height above us, loudly hissing in agony.

"Our wild yelling echoed through the deep forest. The snake uncoiled itself and writhing with pain made for the water's edge. By this time we were relieved of the terrible suspense, but we took care to keep at a respectful distance from the struggling reptile and the powerful lashing of its tail, which would have killed a man with one blow.

"After half an hour the struggles grew weaker, yet we hesitated to approach even when it seemed quiet and had its head and a portion of body submerged in the water. We decided to stay through the night and wait here a day,

a signal of trouble among these Indians."

Instantly the words of Cowper, "Blythe as shepherd at a wake," leap to my mind as the writer describes the wretched scene following the death of a child:

"The body was then brought in and dressed in a white robe adorned with pink, yellow, and sky-blue silk ribbons. Loose leaves and branches were being taken not to conceal any of the fancy silk ribbons. Empty whisky and gin bottles were placed round the bier, a candle stuck in the mouth of each bottle, and then the whole thing was lighted up.

"It was now getting dark fast, and as the doors were wide open, a great crowd was soon attracted by the brilliant display. All the '400' of the little rubber town seemed to pour in a steady stream into the dining-room. It was a new experience, even in this hotel, where I had eaten with water up to my knees, to take a meal with a funeral going on three feet away. We had to partake of our food with the body close by and the candle smoke blowing in our faces, adding more local colour to our jerked beef and beans than was desirable. More and more people came in to pay their respects to the child that hardly any one had known while it was alive. Through it all the mother sat on a trunk in a corner peacefully smoking her pipe evidently proud of the celebration that was going on in honour of her deceased offspring.

"The kitchen boy brought in a large tray with cups of steaming coffee; biscuits also were carried around to the spectators who sat against the wall on wooden boxes. The women seemed to get the most enjoyment out of the mourning, drinking black coffee, smoking their pipes, and paying little attention to the cause of their being there, only too happy to have an official occasion to show off their finest skirts. The men had assembled around the other table, which had been cleared in the meantime, and they soon sent the boy out for whisky and beer, passing away the time playing cards.

"There was nothing for me to do but submit and make the best of it. All night the mourners went on, the women drinking black coffee, while the men gambled and drank whisky in great quantities, the empty bottles being employed immediately as additional candlesticks. Towards morning, due to their heroic efforts, a multitude of bottles totally obliterated the "lit de parade" from view. I managed to fall asleep completely exhausted when the guests finally went off at nine o'clock. The doctor diagnosed the case of the dead child as chronic indigestion, the result of the mother's feeding a three-month-old infant on jerked beef and black beans."

While among these strange people Mr. Lange was forced to witness their horrible cannibalistic orgies, following the capturing and slaying of unarming Peruvians, though no endeavor was made to induce him to participate in the feasting. When a small army of the Peruvians came against the Mangeroimas the writer marched to the front with his hosts, and only his good weapon and sure aim saved his life.

"Now, however, a cachaço, with a large bloody machete in his hand, sprang from behind a tree and made straight for me. I dodged behind another tree and saw how the branches were swept aside as he rushed towards me.

"Then I fired point-blank, sending three bullets into his head. He fell on his face at my feet. As I bent over him I saw that he had a blow-gun arrow in his left thigh; he was therefore a doomed man before he attacked me. This was my first and only victim during this brief but horrible slaughter. As I was already thoroughly sick from the noise of cracking rifles and the thumping of clubs smashing their way into the brains of the Peruvians, I rushed toward the centre of the valley where the first attack on the advance guard of the enemy had taken place, but even more revolting was the sight that revealed itself. Here and there bushes were gnawing as some cacacha crawled along on all fours in his death agony. Those who were struck by the blow-gun arrows seemed simply to fall asleep without much pain of struggle, but the victims of the clubmen and the bow-and-arrow men had a terrible death. They could not die by the merciful wound-in-poison, like those shot by the blow-gun, but expired from hemorrhages caused by the injuries of the ruler weapons." "In the Amazon Jungle," by Algot Lange, New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



Boarder: This egg doesn't smell very nice.
Landlady: You'll be expecting a bottle of Cologne soon with each egg!

from the bowl containing the sublimate and handed it to me with a bow. With a piece of cotton I washed the intended spot of operation and traced a line with a pencil on the arm.

"Imagine with what emotions I worked! After we had once started, however, we forgot everything except the success of our operation. I omit a description of the details, as they might prove too gruesome. The woman fainted from shock just before we touched the bone—nature thus supplying an effective, if rude, anaesthetic. We had forgotten about sewing together the flesh, and when we came to this a boy was dispatched to the owner's house for a package of stout needles. These were held in the fire for a few seconds, and then immersed when cold in the sublimate before they were used to join the flesh. By the time it was done, I was, myself, feeling very sick. Finally I could stand the little room of torture no longer, and left the secretary dressing the wound."

Every foot of the way was fraught with danger, but nowhere do we find a more shivery, thrilling adventure than befell the party one night, while paddling close inshore, when a fifty-six-foot box constrictor was discovered:

"On a soft, muddy sand-bar, half hidden by dead branches, I beheld a somewhat cone-shaped mass about seven feet in height. From the base of this came the neck and head of the snake, flat on the ground, with beady eyes staring at us as we slowly advanced and stopped. The snake was coiled, forming an enormous pile of roundly scaly monstrosity, large enough to crush us all to death at once. We had stopped at a distance of about fifteen feet from him, and looked at each other. I felt as if I

as I was very anxious to skin the snake and take the trophy home to the States as a souvenir of a night's adventure in this far off jungle of the Amazon. We went up in the bushes and lit a fire, suspended our hammocks to some tree trunks, and slept soundly not more than ten yards from the dying leviathan."

"Death lurks in the most unexpected shapes in the jungle country, for even the water is thoughtfully poisoned by the Mangeroimas, that they may with the least possible inconvenience to themselves, hasten the departure from the world of their enemies. Ignorance of this fact nearly cost the author his life.

"One morning I had been tramping through the jungle with two companions who were in search of game, and I was very tired and hot when we came to a little stream which I took to be the same that ran past the maloca. My friends were at a short distance from me, beating their way through the underbrush, when I stooped to quench my thirst. The cool water looked to me like the very Elixir of Life. At that moment, literally speaking, I was only two inches from death. Hearing a sharp cry behind me I turned slightly to feel a rough hand upon my shoulders and found myself flung backwards on the ground.

"Poison" was the reply to my angry question. Then my friend explained, and as he talked my knees wobbled, and I turned pale. It seems that the Mangeroimas often poison the streams below the drinking places in order to get rid of their enemies. In the present case there had been a rumour that a party of Peruvian rubber-workers might be coming up the creek, and this is always

Michael Won the Day.

By MARY HEATON VORSE.

Of course, Sally Landry hadn't married Michael without knowing something about his quick temper. It had quite a reputation, had that temper of Michael's. Personally, I do not think that it was quicker than many a man's, but Landry was so big that anger in him seemed impressive, and besides that, his temper was noiser than the tempers of most men. It simply exploded—that was all; it exploded with violence, even. It let itself off in a rattling thunder of resonant adjectives and nouns. When the smoke had cleared away one would find Michael placid as any mill-pond quite unaware that he had done anything at all worthy of mention. He did not mean anything by it, and nobody had ever minded him much; in fact, his friends quite enjoyed the picturesque exaggeration into which his temper led him.

Sally had rather admired it the one or two times she had seen it in active eruption, so to speak. It had been turned in her defence. She admired the rapidity with which he recovered. The first time it occurred to her that his anger might be directed against herself was when Michael's mother said to her: "You must mind Michael, my dear, if he's hasty now and then. Michael's always had a quick temper. He gets over it right away." And she had added, with a touch of complacency: "But Michael is just like his father, and he was just like his grandfather, as if it was a virtue in Michael to have perpetuated in his person a violent family temper."

Sally had been politely tolerant of her mother-in-law's little fluttering bits of advice. They had mainly to do with the things that Michael liked and the things that he didn't like. Michael, she confided to Sally, was very particular about his coffee. Michael never could remember to put all his things in his bag, and when he arrived for a week end party and found that he'd forgotten some necessary, it always made him very angry. She hinted that Sally would avoid friction by seeing to it herself that everything went in.

Mrs. Landry was apologetic when she gave such advice, because Sally seemed so largely confident, so able to look after her own affairs—and those of a number of other persons besides. Still, it hardly seemed fair to Mrs. Landry to let any woman marry Michael without giving her a glimpse of his temperament. Michael was so much easier to live with when a few little details were attended to.

Sally Warner was twenty-eight when she married. She had some theories about marriage—not many. For one thing, she didn't believe in spoiling husbands, as her younger sister, who had married first, had spoiled hers. She believed in doing her part of the work shy and competently, and then letting Michael do his share. She was so quiveringly anxious to do right that she couldn't imagine herself doing anything wrong. She had no patience with the women who married lightly and without a just sense of their responsibilities, of what they owed to themselves and what they owed their husbands. She wasn't quite sure that Michael was equally serious in his views of life; she wasn't even sure she wanted him to be, for the chief charm of Michael was his boyish gaiety. Though he was four years older than Sally, he sometimes seemed the younger. He had enthusiasms the like of which she had never known, and his chief and most endearing enthusiasm was the flattering one that concerned her. For Michael was in love, gloriously in love—head over heels in love, and he didn't care who knew it. His friends let him bore them with accounts of Sally's perfections, for the world was indulgent to Michael Landry. That boyish charm of his which floated his famous temper also made him less odious when in love than are most men.

But finally it happened at the breakfast table. Everything was delightful; the table was pretty, Sally looked most charming. The breakfast was good—all but the coffee. That was undeniably weak.

Michael tasted his. "What is this?" he demanded, as he sipped it.

"What is what?" asked Sally. "This that I'm drinking," said Michael. "Why, it's coffee, isn't it?" said Sally innocently.

"Coffee!" he exploded. "I don't call this coffee! I call it an insulting sop, that's what I call it! How's this coffee made—is it dripped or boiled? Boiled I bet you!"

"I don't know how it was made," Sally replied with dignity.

"You don't know how your coffee's made? You don't know whether your coffee's boiled or dripped—in your house! If I ran my business that way, I'd be a bankrupt this minute!"

Sally rang the bell.

"If I had out, if you like," she said, with freezing politeness; she was proud that she could always keep her temper under control. "Will you ask," she instructed the maid, "whether this coffee was dripped or boiled?"

"Boiled, ma'am," the maid reported presently.

"I knew it!" said Michael. "I knew it! Boiled—and boiled in a dirty pot, by Jove! I can smell it! Let me tell you, Sally, right now, I won't have it. I've been patient about this coffee business; I haven't said anything; I believe in letting everybody do his own work in this world, and I'd thought you'd come to me, by Jove, I thought you'd come to!"

"Come to what?" asked Sally, with an air of tranquil inquiry that would have irritated a wilder man than Michael.

"To your senses!" said Michael. "To a sense of taste! I'm a perfectly reasonable man—my wants are few—I could stand almost any kind of food; but as for drinking a sop that I can't tell from a brew of patent medicine—by heaven, I won't! I wouldn't at a hotel—why, if this had been a hotel, I'd have raised the roof before now. That's the matter with me—I'm too patient. I just let things go on and on—and now look at that!" He pointed to the coffee before him. "That's the fruit of patience! Do you buy your coffee ground or in the bean?" he next demanded.

The question came out like a bullet. "I buy it ground," said Sally with dignity.

"That's no way to buy coffee," said Michael; "that's no way at all to buy coffee; and there's the only one way to make coffee in the world, and that's by dripping it. I don't mean to say that an old hunter can't boil a good pot of coffee, but an ordinary cook's no more able to make boiled coffee than to find her way through a trackless forest!"

Once launched, Michael explained, lucidly and at length, the theory of making perfect coffee. Then he reflected upon the necessity of this coffee; he told Sally what he thought of the cook; he left no doubt in Sally's mind as to what he thought of her as a housekeeper; and he definitely explained—most definitely—what kind of coffee he was going to have hereafter in his own house, if he had to go out, by Jove, and make it himself.

"I'll bet you anything you like," he said, "that she lets those grounds stand for hours and hours; I'll bet you she warms over coffee for dinner—by Jove, I'll bet you she does that every!"

Sally sat upright and silent. She let him go on. At last he relapsed into silence behind his paper. He grumbled away at intervals during breakfast, his irritation now rising high and wrathful, then dying away to occasional discontented mutterings.

So, Sally reflected bitterly, this was what Michael "didn't mean anything by"—this uncontrolled fit of rage, and over such a petty cause. From the bottom of her heart Sally loathed pettiness in all its forms.

She sat upright, a white-faced Casabianca, and longed to flee to her own room to cry, but was too proud to do it. She sat there with wide-eyed horror,

waiting for Michael to emerge from behind his paper.

Presently he came into view again. He came into view, placid, good-tempered, and affectionate. The utterly ignored the scene he had made; he didn't seem conscious that there had been a scene. Far from giving any sign of being aware that he had done anything wrong, he had the air of forgiving Sally for something that she had done, for he said, with great sweetness:

"If you give your attention to it, I'm sure you'll be able to give me the best cup of coffee I've ever tasted," and after that he had the audacity to kiss her good-by. He was in no way disconcerted when she averted her face and his kiss fell somewhere upon her back hair.

Sally spent the morning crying. It was useless for her to tell herself that Michael meant nothing. The noise of his anger had first left her numb and frightened, as if by some appalling noise. Then anger at Michael swept over her. He dared to talk like that to her! This was all his love for her meant, all his extravagant tenderness; a cup of bad coffee was enough to sweep it away! She understood him now. Then followed a large disgust at the circumstances that made such a thing possible in her life, an indignation at Michael for having shown her anything so ugly. His loud irritability struck her as nothing short of indecent.

As she recovered from the first shock of his "brutal exhibition"—for that is what she called it to herself—she examined her conduct with a fine, impartial judgment. Had she been so lax a housekeeper as to have deserted that she went through all her various duties. She sat in judgment on herself; she was judge and jury. The verdict was "Not guilty." She had been a good careful wife—she had, she had!—and Michael was a beast not to have told her before about the coffee in a different way.

It was one of those cries when a young woman feels that her happiness is gone for ever. Even though she should forgive Michael in the course of time, her love could never have the fine flavour that it had had before. The first joy of it was tarnished. There would always be the fear lurking in the background that Michael might break out at her like that again.

At this Sally pulled herself up. It should not happen again. If Michael couldn't control himself, why, she would teach him how. Here was a time for discipline.

She had known how to wield effectively a certain stony displeasure. When Michael came home that night she would listen to his apologies—of course there'd be apologies; then very calmly, and with carefully chosen phrases, she would show him how childish, how petty, and how brutal his conduct had seemed to her—how it would have seemed to any reasonable outsider; and she would not forgive him too soon. Michael should feel that he had committed a grave fault, all the graver because he had gotten angry over so trivial a thing.

Nevertheless, she saw to buying coffee of the very best kind, in bean, and a coffee-grinder; also pots of several sizes for dripping—earthen ones, according to Michael's loudly reiterated suggestions. Then she awaited the penitent return of her lord.

Michael came home bringing with him his usual air of large good humour. His personality seemed to warm the room like the light of an open fire, when he came into it. He greeted Sally with his usual charming affection.

She made no response. Discipline was beginning.

"Come on out and let's see the garden; don't you want to?" he suggested. His attitude was appealing; evidently he was quite unconscious of having done anything wrong. Sally could hardly believe her senses. He was as sweet and as friendly and as affectionate as if he hadn't just ended his life's happiness for a cup of coffee.

"I don't think I care to go," Sally responded to his suggestion.

"Why not?" he demanded, in blank amazement.

"I'm a little tired to-night," said Sally frigidly.

"Poor little girl!" Michael sympathized, and he kissed her.

Sally almost shivered to think of his kissing her just as if nothing had happened. What demerit!

"Oh, come along," he said; "the air'll do you good. You dig around the house too much, that's what's the matter with you. You're too conscientious. Come out, Sally, and see if the flowers have



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grown since we looked at them yesterday."

Excuses failing, poor Sally went; she had no intention of provoking another scene. She went, a silent statue of herself. Michael talked on buoyantly.

"I like blue flowers," he said, as they passed a bed of larkspurs; "don't you Sally?"

"Yes," replied Sally. It seemed to her as if actual distance separated them.

"It's a pity there are not more blue flowers," he went on. "Bachelor's button are blue—but it's hard to keep their colour from going off, you know."

Sally was quite pale with indignation. "Don't you feel well?" Michael asked her anxiously.

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"That's all right then," he sighed with relief. "You don't seem natural, I suppose," he added very simply, "it's a mood."

It was his experience that all women had moods—inexplicable moments when you couldn't understand them. His mother whom he adored, had them; every girl he had ever known had been subject to them; and at these times they'd say all sorts of queer things about themselves and about you. Sally evidently had moods, too, and when she had one of her star fights, it was for him to plant his two feet solidly on the earth and wait for her to come back. Moods were simple; one overlooked them. Indeed, Michael's attitude toward the "queerness" of women was that of the philosopher toward the weather. He was no meteorologist of the emotions. It was not his business to search into the hidden causes of mist and rain; enough for him sensibly to seek cover in a storm; or, if he had to be abroad, to plod manfully through the tempest without complaining.

Now I will ask the reader to observe Michael Landry and his wife Sally at dinner. Behold Sally, erect and dignified, in her chair presenting a blank and stony front. Behold Michael rattling harmless small talk against the wall of silence between him and his wife. See Sally making her displeasure more and more obvious all the time; subtly, she has discovered, does not work with Michael. Watch them through the whole dreary meal—Michael's artless gaiety playing on, Sally growing more and more rigid.

At last Michael became aware that his wife's mood was lasting longer than it ought to.

"Do you want to go into town to the theatre to-night," he suggested, "and get cheered up?"

"No, thank you," said Sally, with calm politeness. "No, thank you. I don't feel like the theatre."

"Ah right," said Michael, relieved; "I don't either. I feel much more like staying at home, but I thought perhaps you'd like to go. We'll have a much better time at home together, dear, won't we?"

To this Sally made no reply. But Michael was neither abashed nor cast down. Dinner was irrefragable, and when the coffee appeared, it proved excellent. And what did Michael say?

"I knew you could make a good cup of coffee," were the unbelievable words that fell on Sally's ears, "if you put your mind to it. Jove, I wish I'd spoken about it sooner," went on Michael, applying the axe to his tree of joy. "You take a hint mighty quick. Sometimes, I think I'm the happiest man in the world. Why, I know men who talk and talk about things, and their wives never pay the least attention. I know a man," went on Michael, "who ate poached eggs every day for three years, and he hates poached eggs. He told his wife he didn't like them, but she told him they were more healthful that way, and besides it was easier to get all the breakfast eggs done alike. I wouldn't stand for that though. By Jove, I'd have fried them in a shading-dish first. You wouldn't have let me eat poached eggs that I hated, would you darling?" he asked affectionately. Michael was still in the first flush of newly married fatuousness. At this point he got up from the table and kissed his outraged wife. She received his caresses with as much warmth as a stone monument. But Michael, borne up on the flood of his own enthusiasm, didn't notice her coldness.

"It was mighty nice of you to attend to that right away," he said again, later in the evening, tramping across dangerous ground with a heavy foot. "Now, some women get angry—actually get angry—if their husbands suggest the best thing to them. Thank goodness, you're not that kind. If there's any thing I hate, it's a petty woman who can't take a slight suggestion. I think I'd lose all

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ACCEPT THE HELP OF SEVEN DAYS' FREE "HAIR DRILL."

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More than any part of your body your hair requires constant care and attention.

First, it is a most delicate and sensitive structure. This is shown by the fact that illness frequently causes all the patient's hair to fall out.

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THE DANGER.

The result of neglecting to "drill" your hair daily is that deposits of scurf and greasy matter accumulate on your scalp.

Here they set up a diseased condition of the hair-growing structures and squeeze the hair-roots to death.

The first symptom is the alarming results of neglecting to "drill" your hair as shown above.

The first stage is the falling out of your hair in large quantities every time you brush or comb it.

Further, you are probably tormented by an almost intolerable itching at the scalp, due to the presence of irritating, greasy matter and decaying debris in the hair follicles, while steadily your hair is getting weaker, scantier, thinner, and more unattractive-looking every day.

These are the results of hair neglect.

To cure your hair troubles and scientifically to save, and its results are so gratifying.

Everybody has heard of "Harlene Hair-Drill." Over a million men and women practise it every day from Royalty downwards.

Applied to scanty, thin hair, within a few weeks the lady or gentleman or child who uses it is surprised with the result.

Harlene Hair-Drill removes scurf and prevents its re-forming, and stimulates the roots to healthy growing action.

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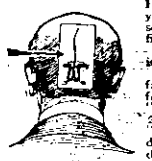
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respect for a woman who was so small-minded as to get angry because her husband criticized some little thing about her housekeeping."

Here was a clipping of the wings of retribution, to be sure! Here it was that Sally withdrew irrevocably into her inner self.

The following week saw the great battle for supremacy that goes on, consciously or unconsciously, between every newly married pair. Somebody has to be on top. It is very rare that one of two married people isn't the stronger. Sally was used to being the strongest at home. Silent displeasure had been her weapon; calm, dignified, silent displeasure; not a word uttered that she had to apologise for; not a look or a speech that a lady might not permit herself; the calm, stony face of Gibraltar presented for her family's inspection. Thus she had always waged war; not that she would have called it waging war. She admired herself for it; she had always felt superior because she never got irritated, nor lost her temper.

Now she kept up the same tactics with Michael that had brought her brothers to terms and that had even worked successfully with her father and mother. She kept on—but with a certain sickening premonition of defeat. She had rewarded or chastened those whom she loved like a jealous goddess. Here, with the person she loved best of all, and needed to defend herself against most of all, she found herself with no weapon. There were no good-conduct prizes that she could give him. Michael liked her in sunshine and in shadow. She was welcome to her moods; they couldn't annoy him. She could retire into the fortress of herself, and he would never knock at the door. She could have all the liberty of the emotions. Indeed, the only notice that Michael took of her attitude was to remark once, with genial tolerance:

"Got the sulks, Sally? Well, you shall sulk, if you want to. You don't mind my sitting watching you sulk, do you, darling?"

And then there came to Sally, the impassive, the calm almost irresistible desire to slap her Michael—slap him hard. Thus may a new environment affect us.

And the worst of it was that Sally found her resentment dying out. She nurtured it; she fended it like a sick child, but it wouldn't stay alive. Michael was too nice, and too amusing. Then there came a moment of vision to Sally. She saw her own displeasure, her own chill looks and glances, as the small, tiny weapons of a child, matched against the large good-humored impassiveness of Michael. It was no use. She gave up. She surrendered. Michael had won the day.

Almost apologetically she came up to him and took his hand, in sign of surrendering her sword. But she had one last shot. He didn't notice that it was the first time that she had come to him in a week. He didn't even know that there had been any measuring of strength. He was not aware that there had been a battle and that he had won.



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Why Lord Rosebery Declined An Invitation to Dinner.

Sir Henry Lucy, continuing in the "Cornhill" his vivacious reminiscences, prints the following letter which he once received from Lord Rosebery:—

88 Berkeley Square, W., March 22, '89.

My dear Mr. Lucy,—You have, alas, fixed for your dinner a day of private fasting and humiliation to me.

You don't understand that May 7 is a domestic tragedy, the mise en scene of which is the bosom of my family. I should never be allowed to dine out on that day.

On that melancholy anniversary I scrape myself with a potsherd, and decorate my few remaining hairs with ashes. Nor do I take meat or drink or repose. In short, it is my birthday.

Yours sincerely, Rosebery.

Just a little sneezing.
Just a little chill;
Just a bit of medicine,
Just a nasty pill,
Just a week of coughing,
Still no chance of cure;
But if you bought Woods' Peppermint,
You'd now be well I'm sure.

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of the store, he would ride over on a Sunday, ostensibly to visit the two young people, but really to spend a day of delicious happiness with little sunny-haired Jessie. To Lillian his attitude was always one of shy reverence, amounting to awe, and with Eric, though the two were firm friends, he had little community of interest, but between him and the child there was a complete and beautiful understanding. He would romp with her for hours on the floor, the child crawling over him, twining her hands in his curly hair, poking inquisitive fingers in his eyes, and playing all manner of sly pranks with him. When he thought no one was looking he would sit talking to her in queer baby talk of his own invention, or hugging her close in sleep, her chubby arms fast around his neck. He got his mare, who always met the approach of another hand than Jimmy's with bared teeth and wild eyes, to let Jessie stroke her glossy muzzle with impunity, and even to allow the little one to sit crowing on her back. His pockets, when he came, were always full of sweets and little presents, and he would laugh boisterously as her tiny crawling fingers searched him for lollies or toys. When he left late in the evening he would tip-toe into her room, and gaze at her sleeping in her cot in pretty flushed innocence. Then he would bend and kiss her gently, and perhaps hide some little present he had concealed before under her pillow. The child, on her part, was as fond of Jimmy as he was of her. She would often watch for him for hours at the window, and when he arrived would hide with childish glee, and then rush out and smother him with caresses and moist kisses. In the moments of her keenest infantile misery she could always be quieted by the news that Jimmy was coming.

The parents watched the friendship, in which they had no part or lot with amusement, not unmixing with mild jealousy; but they kept this latter to themselves, and Jimmy was made as welcome as the dawn whenever he liked to call. Soon it became understood that he would stay with them instead of at the hotel, when he passed through the village, and he never once drank, swore, or made himself in any way objectionable while in their house.

The strangest thing about all this was that, on other parts of the road, Jimmy was the same drunken, swearing, fighting reprobate he had always been. He just seemed to keep this little corner of his life clean and garnished, a pure sanctuary where he could repair to refresh his soul.

One evening, in the quiet of the sunset, Jimmy drove his tired cattle past the store at the corner, waving to Jessie as he passed, and paddocked them near the gateyards at the other side of the railway crossing. He was returning on foot, stretching himself after a hard day's riding, and his mare was following him closely, occasionally butting him gently with her pretty head. Away to the right he heard the shrill whistle of the afternoon train, sharp and startling, on the quiet air. A moment or two afterwards he heard a clear childish treble shouting his name, and in a flash of sudden terror, saw a little figure in a red pinafore running down the white hill to meet him. With a stab of anguish he saw the train coming out of a yellow cutting, only a few hundred yards off, and realised that little Jessie must inevitably cross the track just in time to be run down. Almost in the same instant he launched himself forward like a thunderbolt, shouting to her the while to keep back.

It was all a matter of seconds. Jessie, not understanding his cries, had run on, and he snatched her, it seemed from right under the engine, and flung her clear. His own body, caught by the train at full speed, was hurled far and high to one side, and fell with a sickening thud across a rata log by the side of the road, whence he rolled slowly and lay very still in the soft damp grass.

When they reached him he was death white, and scarcely breathing, and a cold sweat was on his brow; but his eyes were still alive and intelligent, his ears wild and affrighted. His mare was smelling him with dilated nostrils. A doctor who happened to be on the train fell him a little, and then shook his head at those who wished to move him. They brought the child to him, and his eyes lit up with joy as he saw that she was whimpering and frightened, but unharmed. He held up one arm, and they let her nestle close to his side, his arm around her and her wet face close to his. Presently the mother

came running, and when she heard how Jimmy had saved the child, she kneeled unashamed before them all, and kissed him reverently on the brow. At that last mark of favour Jimmy's death-white face flushed again, and a great and radiant happiness seemed to come and settle on his brow. In a little while the death change began to creep into his face, and they took the weeping child away. So, slowly and peacefully, in the gathering shadows, without pain and without regret, Jimmy took his last stretch of road, and found at last a home.

Unclaimed Medals.

In two large strong rooms at Woolwich Dockyard are stored nearly 50,000 unclaimed South African medals. Each is engraved with the name of the man to whom it was awarded. These men are not now with the colours, but a staff of clerks and a department armed with medal lists and regimental records are endeavouring to trace them. Many of this lost legion are Irregulars who flocked to the British colours when the war broke out, but who have since become scattered all over the world. One young man, for instance, after the war, went prospecting in the interior. He turned up recently at Capetown after an absence of nearly ten years, and asked for his medal. It was given him. Similar demands from all parts of the British Empire are received nearly every week. Hundreds of medals have been reposing in regimental safes since 1904. At the end of ten years, according to the King's regulations, those still unclaimed will be broken up and the silver doled to the Mint. Many men have refused the medal on the ground that it is "too cheap." Three-quarters of a million of the medals were struck—a fact which may have something to do with their being lightly regarded. But these South African awards are not the only medals at Woolwich awaiting claimants. There are 4000 medals (with names engraved) for the Zulu campaign of 1878-9, and also seven medals presented by the British South Africa Company for the Matabele campaign. Claims for Crimean and Indian Mutiny medals are still made. On an average the India Office gives a way twelve Mutiny medals a year, while the War Office bestows one Crimean medal a year and replaces about ten lost medals.

Humours of the Customs.

When the German tariffs were under discussion in the Reichstag that humorous Socialist, Herr Nobel, suggested that foreign orders conferred on German subjects should be treated as children's toys and taxed accordingly. He meant it as a joke, but this excuse cannot, it seems, be put forward on behalf of the French Customs authorities, who, it is stated, have just ordained in all seriousness that trunk and handbag locks, clasps, and other metallic fastenings in "nickelled metals shall be classified by their officers as "imitation jewellery," and that umbrella tubes and ferrules shall come under the same schedule and be taxed of £5 per 100 kilos accordingly. The classification is almost as humorous as that made by the Cairo city Customs officer, who, when called upon to levy duty on the Ptolemy mummy, which now reposes in the Cairo museum, decided that it must pay toll chargeable on salt fish! The Dingley Tariff was once responsible for what was a minor tragedy. A haggis for the Burns celebration was detained at New York while the Customs officials tried to solve the problem of the duty leviable. In despair the President of the Burns Society instructed a sausage maker to provide the "chickfin of the pudding race." The sausage maker added embellishments in the form of vegetables and enclosed the whole in a calico bag. The result was the president considered the only way to appease the shade of the poet was to resign. The Customs officials, it is said, never came to any decision as to what the haggis should be classed as for duty purposes, for whilst they were searching for precedents and arguing the point the haggis defined itself as an intolerable nuisance, and was dealt with accordingly.

Time Enough Yet.

The future habitability of the earth is a question which has led to a good deal of speculation on the part of geologists and astronomers. The latest estimate, given by Prof. Chamberlain, is based upon data gleaned from these and other branches of science, and gives the earth a future habitability running into tens of millions of years, probably about fifty million years. Of course, adds the "University Correspondent," the usual proviso should be added that accidents may happen, such as a celestial collision.

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for weakness, poor appetite, chest complaints,

for ill-health arising from general debility—there is no emulsion nearly so good as SCOTT'S EMULSION. And so pure, so palatable is Scott's Emulsion that

for men, women and children

it is equally beneficial—a source of new strength to all. But be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. Other kinds may result in disgust and disappointment. Therefore, ask only for SCOTT'S Emulsion and see the trade mark.



Are you sure YOU know this trade mark? Note it now. See it on the package you buy—it is the sign of SCOTT's purity and genuineness.

Of all Chemists and Medicine Dealers.



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has long been proved in the Old Country to be the most useful cleanser. In the New Country, too, no matter what kind of cleaning there is to be done, Hudson's Soap will do it quickly and thoroughly. For washing clothes, for scrubbing tables and floors, for cleaning paint, and for washing up after every meal.

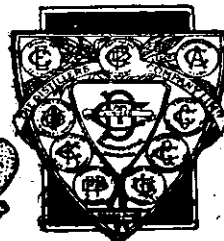
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Cousin Kate's Correspondents.

TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of Cousins, by writing to

COUSIN KATE,

"The Weekly Graphic,"

Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever 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.

Rockville.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I hope you will forgive me for not writing for so long, but I have had no time. We have had a good deal of wet weather lately, and the roads are very muddy, so I am very glad that we have not far to go to school. I am in the third standard at school, and will be 12 years of age on July 6 next. I have a pretty little doll; she has blue eyes and golden curls. Will you give me a name for her? I am reading a book called "Anne Stretford," by Mrs Henry Wood. I think it a very nice book. My favourite books are "East Lynne," by Mrs Henry Wood, and "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens. Have you ever read them? I have a box of paints, and like nothing better than to get a piece of board or paper and paint on it. My sister has some crayons, but I like the paints best and wish a riddle. Why is an illiterate schoolmaster like a man with his eyes shut? —Cousin J.R.S.

[Dear Cousin Iris.—I am very pleased to hear from you again. Have you far to walk to school? I think a good name for your pretty dolly would be Bluebellie. You surely are a very little girl to have read "Pickwick Papers." I think it is a very delightful book; a great contrast to "East Lynne," which one to enter at the show for two things: writing and sewing.—From DORCIE.]

Ohaupo.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am just writing a few lines again. My brother is starting to learn music. There are such a lot of people about here with the mumps and influenza. We had our term examination last week. I am going to enter at the show for two things: writing and sewing.—From DORCIE.]

[Dear Cousin Debie.—I was pleased to get your little letter. I hope you don't get either mumps or influenza, both horrid things. What show are you going to enter for?—Cousin Kate.]

Dannevirke.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Will you excuse me being so long in writing, as we have a big snik run in Dannevirke, and besides I have to go to school every day. I have only missed one day so far. At our school we have got a good hockey team, and I am one of the head ones of the team. I am learning painting, and I have done three nice pictures. We have had our exam, and I think I have passed in everything except geography. I forgot it was your birthday on the 7th of May. It is mine on the 5th of June, and I will be 14 years. Where is Uncle Man and Dot now? I am in the sixth standard at our exam. We had to write a composition on the Titanic. Wasn't it an awful accident? On Saturday night at Dannevirke there was a man run over by the 8 o'clock train, his two legs and head being cut off.—Cousin Lily.]

[Dear Cousin Lily.—I am glad to hear from you at any time. I know you must be a very busy cousin, and you must be working hard at school. You are a senior cousin now. What a dreadful accident. There was an account of such a sad accident to a school boy who had both his arms cut off. Dreadful, I think; poor little chap! Uncle Man and Dot have been asked for a time.—Cousin Kate.]

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK.

THE FRIEND OF THE BIRDS.

"Oh! There's a horrid boy peeping into the hedge! He will tear out our nest. Whatever shall we do!"

So exclaimed a mother-thrush as she sat hatching her eggs.

"Do not be afraid, my dear," said the father-thrush; "this little boy will do us no harm. He goes about the woods and hedges watching all the nests to see how we build them, and what colour our eggs are. You might just let him have a look.

So the mother-thrush, very glad there

tiny doorway of her house. As he sat under a bramble bush he could see the white-throat lining her pretty home with horse-hair. In the orchard he watched the chaffinch fixing lichens all over the outside of her nest, so that it should look like the trunk of the apple tree. And up on the hills the lapwing found that she need not pretend to be lame, and limp off to some other place to draw Florian away from where her eggs lay in a rut on the field.

Florian was able to persuade many of the other children not to harm nests; and all the birds in the district became much more happy, and called Florian the Friend of the Birds.

It was winter time, and the birds had hard work to find enough food, searching along the sheltered valley and by the stream. When the ground was not frozen they could still get worms and grubs; and there were a few berries on the hedges here and there—but they took a lot of finding. One cold and cloudy day, while all the birds were specially busy hunting for food, a skylark came flying

of a large boulder, and was afraid he was going to die.

As he lay there one of the larks who knew him saw him, and this was the bird who carried the message down the valley. And from every field and hedge and wood all the birds flocked together and flew off to the rescue of their kindly friend. There were thousands and thousands of them, and when they got to the Boulder up on the Downs where poor Florian was just shivering, every bird, big and little, plucked off some of its feathers and spread them over him. Soon he was quite covered, except his face, with the warm, downy covering. Quite comfortable, he thanked the great flock of birds, and sent them off to roost in places sheltered from the snow. Then he fell asleep.

Early next morning his father found him, safe and snug; and when they got back to their cottage how happy everyone was! And more than ever after that wonderful adventure Florian was the Friend of the Birds.



"Sam Johnson, you've been fightin' agin. You've lost two of yer front teeth."
"No, I ain't mammy, honest. I've got 'em in me pocket."

was no cause for alarm, hopped upon a branch above the mud-lined nest, while Florian pushed his way into the bush and counted five large blue eggs.

One by one all the birds got to know Florian, and were not afraid of him. They found that they need not wait till he had gone away, but could fly to and from their nests while he was near, and go on with their building or bringing food to the young birds. So, of course, Florian was able to find many more nests than boys do who make the birds afraid. He could watch the wren popping in and out of her ball-of-a-nest made of dead leaves and moss. It amused him to see the plump little bird go through the

through the valley with the message that the Friend of the Birds was lost on the Downs.

Florian had been wandering high up in lonely places far away from houses and roads. When it began to get dark he turned to go home, but he found that he did not in the least know which way to go. All the hillops looked alike. Then the wind blew harder, and down came the snow. Soon the Downs were quite covered with white, and he could not have seen a path even if he had come to one. For a long time he hurried on, this way and that; but it was of no use. At length he was tired out, and very cold. So he lay down in the shelter

THE LITTLE BROWN CRAB.

A little brown crab was running up and down on the shore. The tide was out, and the sand was hard and firm. "It's splendid," said the little crab, and he tried how fast he could run from the pool where he lived to the big white stone and back again.

"Better and better," he said to himself as he scrambled back into the pool, and buried himself in the damp sand. "Now if any of those Humans called Boys come along I shall be able to get away before they can catch me. I don't believe even a Human could run faster than I did just now. The Red Rock

Valuable alike for the Invalid and Robust

A Complete Milk and Farinaceous Food.

Easy of Digestion, Most Agreeable to take, Simply and Quickly made.

The 'Allenburys' Diet is recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, etc. and is particularly adapted to the needs of Dyspeptics, Invalids and the Aged. Being largely predigested it is easy of assimilation. A cup of the 'Allenburys' Diet is useful in the forenoon, between meals.

The 'Allenburys' Diet may be taken with advantage, on going to bed, in the place of stimulants. Being easily digested it promotes tranquil and refreshing sleep, free from the depressing reaction in the morning, which often follows the taking of spirits.

For those who cannot readily digest milk the 'Allenburys' Diet is a welcome substitute, as it does not cause indigestion and flatulence.



Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, Eng., and MARKET STREET, SYDNEY.

says that lots of them come about in the summer. Well, let them come. I'm ready for them."

Next day Dick arrived at Weston for the holidays. It was a tiny little place, where very few people came. So when Dick took off his shoes to paddle he thought it was quite safe to leave them on the shore. He put them neatly together, close to the white stone, and then he splashed into the water. By-and-by the little crab came out and set off for his usual run. He did it even faster than the day before, but when he got to the white stone he stood still at the sight of Dick's shoes. Whatever were they? Were they alive? And if so, what kind of creatures could they be?

He walked round them, trying to find out as much as he could. They did not move, so he began to get bolder. He



"Too bad! I am quite certain, however, he is one of the bugs mother mentioned as being unfit for food."

climbed on to the outside of one, then he walked up it, till suddenly he tumbled inside. This gave him a bad fright, but, once there, he meant to go on, and he went in further.

"It's a cave," he said. "A great, big, dark cave! What a pity the bottom isn't sandy! It would do so nicely for me to live in."

He had got as far as the toe, and he was thinking of turning back when he felt the cave swing in the air. Dick had come back, and caught up his shoes by the laces.

"Oh, dear," thought the little crab. "Whatever has happened?" and he peeped out.

Dick did not see him, and so they went on till they were by the pool. Here Dick stopped. He washed the sand off his feet, and then he tried to pull on his shoe.

This was too much for the little crab, and he rushed out. Dick let his shoe drop, and the little crab darted into the pool. Dick tried hard to catch him, but the little crab was too quick. Under the damp sand he went, far out of reach.

Not till Dick had put on his shoes and gone off did the little crab dare to come out again, and even then it was a long time before he left the pool. One fright like this was enough for a lifetime, and he made up his mind he would never again go into strange caves.

Modern Disquiet.

Mr. Harold Begbie, in his latest book, "The Ordinary Mind, the Extraordinary Thing," says that in the present time the pressure of the soul has increased among mankind. "Stand at the corner of London Bridge or Blackfriars Bridge, or in the streets of Oldham when the workers are going home," writes Mr. Begbie. "Look in their faces. It is not poverty or coarseness or vulgarity or wickedness which appals you. . . but hardness and absence of joy. Can a people so hard and dispirited, so joyless and divided, so little conscious either of immortality or brotherhood, support the strain of its own godless materialism? Can they ever work out those high and splendid destinies of Empire for which enthusiasm and faith are the first essentials? It is my hope that those of my readers who are either in despair about the future or careless as to the fate of humanity may realise that there exists among the multitudes of their fellow creatures a great hope and a great call to personal service in that 'pressure of the soul' which is one of the strangest signs of this troubled age, and to guide which is one of the first duties of those who very really and very earnestly have their affiance in Christ. Everywhere, when we penetrate beneath the surface of society, there is this disquiet of the spirit, this pressure of the soul, this dissatisfaction with earthly things, this hunger after satisfaction and peace."

Bulletless Gun.

The bulletless gun has at last made its appearance, says the "New York Sun." It is a German invention, and, instead of bullets, it shoots a gas which temporarily blinds and chokes the victim. The cartridge used contains several ingredients, which, when exploded, combine to form a vapour of a peculiar character. The gun itself differs very little in appearance and mechanism from the ordinary double-action revolver. It holds five cartridges. The action of the vapour may best be imagined by considering the position of the person shot at. The appearance of the weapon, the report, and the flare of the powder combine to convince the victim that he has been shot with an ordinary firearm. His eyes and mouth open wide with surprise, and the gases generated by the combination of the chemicals envelop his head completely, penetrating his eyes and affecting his sight. For several

minutes he is practically blind. Simultaneously the mucus membranes of the nose and throat are irritated, and the victim sneezes and chokes, and for a minute or two finds it almost impossible to breathe. Chief William J. Flynn, of the United States Secret Service, has decided to adopt this weapon for use in the service. In rounding up bands of counterfeiters and other offenders against the Federal laws, the chief believes the chemical gun will prove just as effective

and, at the same time, more humane than the ordinary weapon, which frequently inflicts serious injury, and sometimes kills the prisoner.

HER FATE.

Bridget: "What does 'Kismet' mean, mum?"
Mistress: "It is the Arabic for fate."
(Three days later.)
The Mistress: "What makes you limp Bridget?"
Bridget: "Shure, me kismet hurt me."

While you wait—five, ten, or fifteen minutes—the natural digestive processes of Benger's Food are working.

You can regulate this Food in preparation, so as to give the enfeebled stomach, at first almost complete rest; and you can increase, day by day, as health becomes restored, the amount of work left for it to do.



is thus adjustable to individual cases, an advantage that belongs to no other food. It forms with milk a dainty and delicious cream. Infants thrive on it, delicate and aged persons enjoy it.

Every household should possess a copy of "Benger's Food, and How to Use It—For Infants, Invalids, and the Aged." Post Free from: BENGER'S FOOD, LIMITED, Otter Works, Manchester, England. Benger's Food is sold in the U.S. by Druggists, etc., everywhere.



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PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE

We solicit a trial order. These articles are sold on our usual strictly-kept policy. We hold them for fourteen days. If then dissatisfied, return the goods and we will promptly refund your money in full.

We can afford to do this, because all our goods are honest in every detail. We know you won't want to send them back.

Besides they are sent to your door carriage-paid and duty free. These are the advantages of dealing with the reliable firm—a firm on the spot and established in New Zealand.

35/-—WORTH £33/- Lady's Solid Gold Watch (stamped), beautifully chased and engraved. All latest improvements. Guaranteed ten years. Complete with long muff-chain. A small Sacrifice, 35/- Money back if not satisfied.

10/6—WORTH £15/- Gent's handsome gun-metal Lever Watch. All latest improvements. Non-overwind attachment. Compensating balance. Special dust-proof cap. Complete with Rolled Gold Albert. A bargain! Sacrifice, 10/6. Money back if not satisfied.

52/6—WORTH £10/- Beautiful Diamond and Emerald Doublet Half-hoop Bangles. Set in English 9-ct. hall-marked gold. Sixteen diamonds and nine emerald doublets in setting. Complete with safety chain. Guaranteed genuine stones. Sacrifice 52/6! Money back if not satisfied.

45/-—Genuine Sheffield Cutlery 4-doz. 4 1/2-in. Service comprising:—Maiden Silver Teaspoons, 4-doz. Maiden Silver Tablespoons, 4-doz. Maiden Silver Dessert Spoons, 4-doz. Maiden Silver Table Forks, 4-doz. Maiden Silver Dessert Forks, 4-doz. Table Knives, 4-doz. Dessert Knives—white balance handles. Absolutely the highest quality. Complete in silver-mounted case. Sacrifice 45/-! Money back if not satisfied.

29/6—WORTH £30/- Gent's very handsome and highly decorated Double-cased Lever Watch. Fully jeweled movement. All latest improvements. Compensated for all climates. Ten years' guarantee. Complete with Solid Silver Double Albert. Chance of a lifetime! Sacrifice the lot, 29/6. Money back if not satisfied.

18/6—WORTH £20/- Gent's Rolled Gold Watch. Engine-turned double cases. Keyless. Geneva movement. Splendid value! Complete with Rolled Gold Albert. A bargain. Sacrifice 18/6! Money back if not satisfied.

1/-—WORTH 2/6 Beautiful Name or Motto Brooch. Genuine Colonial gold-cased. Splendid value! Only limited number left. Note the price: only 1/-! Money back if not satisfied.

1/6—WORTH 4/6 Gent's Rolled Gold Double Albert. Only limited number left. Sacrifice 1/6. Money back if not satisfied.

19/6—WORTH £2/- Lady's Solid Silver Wrist Watch. Beautifully chased. Splendid movement. Complete with strap and case. Sacrifice 19/6. Money back if not satisfied.

12/6—WORTH £15/- Solid 9-ct. Pearl and Ruby Brooch. Complete with gold chain and bell drop. Set with real garnet. Splendid bargain! Sacrifice 12/6. Money back if not satisfied.

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Gives piquancy and flavour to Meat, Fish, Game, Cheese, Poultry and Salad.

The Original and Genuine
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Please Note this, Young Ladies!

"—when you begin Baking or Cooking, see that you have a plentiful supply of 'Highlander' Condensed Milk at hand. It's quite indispensable!"

Leading Teachers of Cookery strongly recommend and use "Highlander" Milk.

HIGHLANDER CONDENSED MILK

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."

Addresses of Plunket Nurses and Secretaries.

Dunedin.—Plunket Nurses Laing and Torrance. Tels. 1130 and 2057. Offices of the Society, Health Department Rooms, Liverpool-street, Dunedin. Office hours, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 3 to 4 p.m. Branch office at Cargill road, South Dunedin. Office hours, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, from 3 to 5 p.m. Hon. sec., Mrs. Edmund, Melville-street. Tel. 53.

Christchurch.—Plunket Nurses Hickson and Hansard. Office of the Society, 847 Chancery-lane. Tel. 847. Office hours, 9 to 10 a.m. and 2 to 3 p.m. daily (except Saturdays and Sundays). Hon. sec., pro. tem., Mrs. C. Reid, Knowles-street, St. Albans. Tel. 1071.

Wellington.—Hon. sec., Mrs. M'Vicar, 27 Brougham-street, City. Tel. 2642.

Auckland.—Plunket Nurses Chappell and Brien, Park-street. Tel. 851. Office of the Society, 2 Chancery-street. Tel. 829. Office hours, Tuesdays and Fridays, 2.30 to 4 p.m. Hon. sec., Mrs. W. H. Parkes, Marinoto, Symonds-street. Tel. 240.

Napier.—Plunket Nurse Donald, Masonic Hotel. Tel. 485. Hon. sec., Mrs. H. E. Oldham. Telegrams, "Oldham," Napier. Tel. 585.

New Plymouth.—Plunket Nurse Morgan, Imperial Hotel. Tel. 123. Office, Town Hall, Wednesdays and Fridays, 2 to 4 p.m. Hon. sec., Mrs. J. R. Matthews, Fitzroy. Tel. 104.

Timaru.—Plunket Nurse Campbell, Office of the Society, Arcade Chambers. Tel. 314. Office hours, 3.30 to 4.30 and 6.30 to 7.30. Hon. sec., Mrs. Ernest Howden.

Invercargill.—Plunket Nurse O'Shea, Allen's Hall, Kelvin-street. Hon. sec., Mrs. Mandyside, Gala-street.

Ashburton.—Plunket Nurse Hickson, Office of Society, Bullock's Arcade. Nurse in attendance every Saturday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Hon. sec., pro. tem., Miss Standish.

Society's Baby Hospital, Karitane Harris Hospital, Anderson's Bay, Dunedin, Tel. 1985. Demonstrations on points of interest to mothers are given every Wednesday afternoon from 2.30 to 3.30. All mothers are invited.

Messages may be left at any time at the Plunket Nurses' offices or private addresses. All other information available from the hon. secretary of each branch.

PLUNKET NURSES' SERVICES FREE.

The New Book

A little book entitled "What Baby Needs" has been issued by the Society in response to urgent requests from all directions for an authoritative pamphlet to take the place in the meantime of the Society's guide-book for mothers and nurses, "The Feeding and Care of Baby," which is out of print. "What Baby Needs" contains feeding tables, recipes, 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.

"What Baby Needs" can be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries of the Society, the Plunket nurses, and the leading book-sellers; price 6d., posted 7d.

The Bran Bed (continued).

Dr. Comby gives the following as the disadvantages or inconvenience that may

arise in connection with the use of the bran-bed:—

(1) However careful one may be, it is impossible in practice not to scatter a little of the bran around the cradle when one lifts the infant.

(2) Some scales of bran adhere to the baby's skin; these have to be washed off from time to time.

(3) The excreta being formed into dry odourless balls, and kept out of sight, the mother or nurse does not notice any changes in the motions which might warn her that the baby's digestion was becoming upset—in other words, there are no tell-tale napkins to act as timely warnings. (Memo by "Hygeia")—This is certainly a drawback. However, it rarely happens that a baby becomes seriously ill without other warnings, such as wind, failure of the bowels to move, or undue frequency of motions, pain, crying, restlessness, and other evidences of discomfort. Directly such signs were noticed the mother using a bran bed could resort to ordinary napkins for a day or two.)

(4) The use of the bran-bed must be restricted to the first year of life at longest. If continued it is found that babies play with the bran, picking up handfuls and scattering it in all directions, or putting it into mouth, nose, eyes, etc. (Note by "Hygeia")—One fancies that there are few babies who would wait until they are a year old to indulge in tricks of this kind. Indeed, my correspondent found herself non-plussed when her baby was five months old:—We used the bran-bed referred to in the Society's book, and found it a great success and convenience. We attribute to this form of bed her strength of back and straightness of limbs, and would most certainly use it at future times. At five months we discontinued the bran-bed, as baby seemed to outgrow it, but would have liked to keep it up longer; but she got restless, and kicked the bran about!"

Conclusion.

In conclusion Dr. Comby says:—This system of rearing babies is very economical and very simple, and for these reasons may be specially recommended in households where for any reason a large amount of time and attention cannot be devoted to the baby—in other words, in homes where there

would be a risk of the baby being left stagnating in soiled garments through their not being changed or cleaned often enough.

Comments.

Personally I am inclined to think that the strongest arguments in favour of the bran-bed from a hygienic point of view are, first, the fact that the baby is never left revoltingly polluted by remaining wrapped up for hours soaked and choked up with its own excreta, and, secondly, the fact that while in bed he can freely move and exercise his trunk and lower limbs unhampered by exasperating swaddlings, and restrictions—in other words, the baby is encouraged, not thwarted, in his natural efforts to stretch himself and take exercise.

These considerations apply as much to the baby in a palace as to the baby in a cottage. Count Tolstoy was noisily born, but this did not save him from the distress of being swaddled; on the other hand, the sensitiveness of his organisation made the restrictions peculiarly aggravating and harmful, as would be the case with all children of nervous temperament.

As Dr. Leonard Guthrie remarks in his book on the "Functional Nervous Disorders in Children":—

"The principles to be observed in the clothing of neurotic children are that the garments should be light, warm, loose and non-irritating. Clothes should be made to fit the child; the child should not be forced to fit the clothes."

Leo Tolstoy thus describes his early resentment at his swaddling clothes:—"Here," he says, "are my earliest reminiscences: I am bound. I wish to free my arms and I cannot do it, and I scream and cry, and my cries are unpleasant to myself, but I cannot cease. Somebody bends down over me; I do not remember who. All is in a half-light. But I remember that there are two people. My cries affect them; they are disturbed by my cries, but do not untie me as I desire, and I cry yet louder. They think that this is necessary (i.e. that I should be bound) and whereas I know it is not necessary, and I wish to prove it to them, and am convulsed with cries, distasteful to myself, but unobtainable. I feel the injustice and cruelty, not of human beings, for they pity me, but of fate, and I feel pity for myself. This was my first and most powerful impression in life."



WHITE AS A GHOST

Pale, grey like cheeks, bloodless lips and gums, are the first warnings of Anaemia. Then follow, great weariness, breathlessness, melancholia, headaches, indigestion, and often Neuralgia. Neglected Anaemia often leads to a decline. The only cure for Anaemia is an increased blood supply. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recommended for Anaemia because they are a blood-making tonic medicine. They actually combine with food and air to increase the blood supply, and they have cured a host of Anaemic sufferers in New Zealand. Read how they helped one young girl:—

"When about 15, my blood began to turn to water," said Miss May Nickel, Caledonia Street, Hawera. "My appetite failed so completely that from morning till night I hardly touched a bit of food. My mother had at last to keep the vinegar away from me, it was all I cared for. If mother cooked things for me specially I could not eat them. All my blood ebbed out of my cheeks, they were as white as a sheet of paper, so were my lips and gums, and on a

cold day my lips would go quite blue. Under my eyes were dark black lines. My cheeks got more hollow every week and I got so thin my clothes merely hung on me. All the live long day I was drowsy and sleepy. I would want to lie down and doze all the time. Just above my eyes I had a dull sort of ache. At last my mother got me a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they did me a world of good, and finally cured me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are for the blood and nerves. As well as Anaemia they have cured Indigestion, Rheumatism, Sciatica; 3s. a box, 16s. 6d. for six boxes, from all dealers or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Ltd. Wellington.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Travical Memories.

MADAME STEINHEIL'S LIFE STORY

On April 18th, under the title of "My Memories" Mme. Marguerite Steinheil gave her life story to the world. When first we behold her she is five years old, happiest of children, adoring—and adored by—her mother and father, M. and Mme. Japy. At the age of twenty she marries M. Steinheil, twenty years her senior, a cousin of Meissonier and himself a painter—but colourless in character as in his work, a man "sans volonté," a weakling, the very last companion for the young, vivacious, and brilliant Marguerite—"Meg," as she is familiarly called. A year after marriage there takes place a domestic rupture so serious, so complete that when matters of importance have to be discussed, M. and Mme. Steinheil, although living under the same roof, discuss those matters by letter; the correspondence being carried from room to room by Mariette Wolff, the wrinkled, brown-faced old cook.

M. Steinheil produces mediocre pictures in his studio, whilst Madame entertains so charmingly, so brilliantly that her salon becomes one of the favourite places of rendezvous of "le Tout Paris," Cabinet ministers, judges, magistrates, elegant worldlings, everyone "who counts" in the Amazing City takes tea in the tastefully-furnished house in the Impasse Ronsin. Here is Zola. Over there are Massenet, Boumet, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Francois Coppee, President Felix Faure meets Mme. Steinheil, and immediately is captivated by her wit and beauty. "Flowers and invitations are rained" upon her from the Elysee. She becomes the President's confidante, even his counsellor. Until the sudden death in 1898 of Felix Faure, Mme. Steinheil is the "Queen of Paris." But ten years later, during the night of the 30th and 31st May, 1908, the elegant, the much sought-after house in the Impasse Ronsin is the scene of the appalling double murder of M. Steinheil and his mother-in-law, Mme. Japy; and "le Tout Paris" shuns the salon, and terrible insinuations are made here, there, and everywhere against Mme. Steinheil.

In November of 1908, arrest of the "Queen of Paris" on the charge of strangling her husband and her mother. For a whole year she remains in prison, is bullied and distracted by M. Andre, the examining magistrate. After an eleven days' trial in the dim, stifling, oak-panelled Paris Assize Court, Mme. Steinheil is acquitted. And she seeks refuge in England, where she begins the writing of her Memoirs.

PRESIDENTIAL DOCUMENTS.

In the short compass of a newspaper article it is impossible to do justice to one of the most dramatic, one of the most extraordinary autobiographies ever presented to the public. Four hundred and seventy pages, and not a page that does not thrill or mystify, excite pity or indignation, set one marvelling at the social, political, and judicial life of the Third French Republic. The Affaire Steinheil is as complicated as the Dreyfus Affair, and no less ugly and sinister. It bewilders, it terrifies, it depresses; and finally Mme. Steinheil leaves it where it originally was—a ghastly, and impenetrable mystery.

As in the Paris Assize Court, Mme. Steinheil here declares that the assassins of her mother and her husband were three men in black robes and a red-haired woman, who, ere committing the double crime, bound her (Mme. Steinheil) down to her bed and dealt her so violent a blow that she lost consciousness. Money and jewellery were carried away—but for the first time Mme. Steinheil now expresses the opinion that the assassins had come in search of certain private documents belonging to the late Felix Faure which they knew to be hidden in the house of the Impasse Ronsin. These documents were the President's Memoirs, a "secret history" of the Third Republic, in which Mme. Steinheil had collaborated during her almost daily visits to the Elysee. The President had begged her to remove them to her own home for safety. They were of the highest political significance. And there was a conspiracy on foot to obtain possession of them.

For pages and pages Mme. Steinheil holds forth upon these documents and also upon a mysterious pearl necklace given to her by Felix Faure, which was also coveted by "conspirators." As in the Dreyfus affair, any amount of vague, shadowy conspirators—particularly a

"mysterious German," who lurked about the Impasse Ronsin and, after the murder, disappeared, and has been seen no more. From this point onwards in Mme. Steinheil's volume, one lives in an atmosphere of the dizziest incoherency and mystery. The Yellow Journalists of Paris invade her house, threaten and terrify her until, in her desperation, she loses her head and makes all kinds of false accusations.

A disgrace to France are the methods of the Examining Magistrate and the tactics of certain French yellow journalists. Some of these actually plot to kidnap Mdlle. Marthe Steinheil and keep her a prisoner in a country house and the plot is only discovered and frustrated in the very nick of time. The "dossier" against Mme. Steinheil, prepared by the examining magistrate, numbers 15,000 pages—2 million words; and through studying the dossier the unhappy woman discovers that friends and acquaintances once so eager to pay court to the "Queen of Paris" in the Impasse Ronsin salon now repudiate and calumniate her, that her replies to the examining magistrate have been distorted and that her past life (yes; even at the age of five!) has been so misrepresented as to make her out a monster of "lepravity."

For weeks, Mme. Steinheil lies in a nursing home in the country—the Yellow Journalists introducing themselves into that establishment under all kinds of pretexts and in all manner of disguises. Then, one night, the journey to London in the charge of a doctor, but London has been informed of the "Tragic Widows" arrival.

A PROJECTED "DISAPPEARANCE."

But if Mme. Steinheil's autobiography is crammed with drama, tragedy, and mystery, throughout it there runs a note of poetry, of humour, of sound common-sense. Without the latter quality, how could she have been the counsellor and confidante of the late Felix Faure! Dur-

ing the Fashoda crisis and in the early frenzied days of the Dreyfus Affair, he told her all his fears, anxieties, woes. Had it remained with the President of the Republic, England and France would have been at war.

But of Mme. Steinheil, he had an extraordinary idea. Once whilst at Havre, the President invited her, her sister, and a friend to take an afternoon sea-trip on his yacht. When some way from shore he led Mme. Steinheil aside and said—"There are supplies and coal on this vessel for many days. We are going to cruise for a week or so. Let those who are responsible for the present state of affairs extricate themselves as best they can from the disgraceful position in which they have placed themselves—and me." The "present state of affair" was the Dreyfus Affair—and Felix Faure, a confirmed anti-Dreyfusard, was "blind with anger." It needed all Mme. Steinheil's powers of persuasion to induce Felix Faure to return to harbour. She told him, "A President cannot disappear for a week."

Through Felix Faure's influence, Mme. Steinheil secured all kinds of Government appointments for her friends—who promptly deserted and repudiated her after the Impasse Ronsin murders.

After being the "elegant," the "brilliant" Mme. Steinheil (after being—to her friends—the "radiant" and "irresistible" "Meg") she becomes the "Tragic Widow," and the "Red Widow," and (in the words of savage, hoarse-voiced old Henri Rochefort "the Black Panther." Never—even in Paris—such a life story. Never such a history of intrigues sentimental, political, judicial; of mysteries sombre and lurid; of power, triumph, and terrific downfall. But... Mme. Steinheil has triumphed once again. At the close of her "Memoirs" she writes—"I cannot doubt that by now my innocence is established in the eyes of the reader; I even venture to believe that I may have won his, or her, sympathy."

Of the reader's sympathy, she may rest assured. It is equally safe to predict that her candour, her courage, and the brilliancy of her literary style will not fail to win her hosts of new admirers and friends.

Rowland's Macassar Oil FOR THE HAIR.

Preserves, Beautifies, Restores it. Closely resembles the natural oil in the hair, which nature provides for its preservation. No other article possesses this property. Without it the hair becomes dry, thin, and withered. Poor hair mars the effect of a beautiful face. Good hair adds charm and interest to a plain one; every Toilet Table should possess this oil.

LADIES should always use it for their own Hair and for their Children's Hair as it lays the foundation of a luxuriant growth. Golden Colour for fair hair. Of Store, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 47, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid cheap worthless imitations; buy only Rowland's.

A SLUGGISH CIRCULATION, begotten of sedentary habits, leads to congestion of the brain, liver and other organs. The best remedy for this undesirable state of affairs is to stimulate the activity of the whole bodily economy by taking a wineglassful of "Hunyadi Janos" natural aperient water every morning.



"One Spoonful when the Cough is Troublesome."

Half a Century Old
And Still the Best!

Bonnington's Irish Moss will break up the most troublesome cold with almost magical rapidity. It gives absolutely no chance for a La Grippe and other more serious troubles to develop. Keep

BONNINGTON'S Carrageen IRISH MOSS

in your home, and refuse every imitation or "just as good." No matter how high in promise substitutes may be they are "short" in performance, because none possess the excellent curative properties found in Bonnington's Irish Moss.

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES SELL BONNINGTON'S. TAKE NO OTHER.

MR. W. MASON, of Waikato, writes:—

My voice, not being of the strongest, requires a restorative at times and I consider, after trying voice tubes, etc., that nothing under the sun equals Bonnington's Irish Moss, as it is a voice food as well as a throat assuagant.

MR. R. HARRILL, Te Whare, Hamilton, writes:—

It gives me pleasure to state that your Medicine Bonnington's Irish Moss has been used in my family as a remedy for coughs and colds for upwards of thirty years. I, myself, though being 70 years of age, still find great relief by taking Bonnington's Irish Moss when needed, and can recommend it to young and old.

MRS. B. TAYLOR, of Pongsonby, Auckland, writes:—

I have great pleasure in recommending your Bonnington's Irish Moss. It is undoubtedly the best cough remedy I have ever used. Having a large family I have found it a source of great comfort to my little ones, especially in cases of Bronchitis and Croup. On several occasions I got very anxious but a good warm bath with a dose of your Irish Moss soon had the desired effect.



C. I. 3059.

Lord Haldane.

Continued from page 2.

yet tactful adviser of the British legislators on the subjects which they know they do not know very much about, you wonder what Haldane has to do with pessimistic philosophy." Yet one of his earliest achievements, when probably he had not quite decided whether to be Lord Chancellor or to adorn a university as professor there, was the translation of a crabbed Schopenhauer into English so graceful as to be almost poetry at times.

Lord Haldane likes to talk in Parliament, our British contemporary notes. He likes to talk on the platform. His subjects are always, or nearly always, something above mere party politics. His lectures on themes dear to diners over their cigars and to the young men of literary and philosophical institutes. The ladies who work for women's rights hear him gladly. The heavier magazines open their pages to him with delight. In short, Haldane has lived much in the public eye because, our contemporary says, it delights him to do so. "He is a clever, versatile, accomplished writer, speaker, and politician—a very good specimen of the man of general culture, who is equally at home in the library and in the world and who will get the most that can be got out of both." But on the whole he has made more of the world than of the library.

But Haldane's "comfortable presence," adds Mr. H. W. Masingham, in the London "Outlook," reflects not only the amiability of his own character, but the sham liberalism he has shepherded with loving care. Lord Haldane, being a philosopher, is inevitably a sceptic. That is, he does not believe in liberalism, although obliged to profess it after a fashion. "Physically, he might have sat for Browning's Bishop Blougram, and his smiling face and ample figure, habited in the garb of the most picturesque of churches, would have adorned an eighteenth-century gathering of wits and casuists." Hence, while theology of a kind—might well have claimed him, his place in a democratic party is hard to seek.

By way of answering these critics of his, Lord Haldane loses no opportunity of explaining himself on the platform. Britain, he thinks, lacks ideas, especially in politics. Germany has many. Since Britain has no great ideas of her own, or, at any rate, very few, need she shrink to borrow ideas from those who have them to spare—the Germans? He loves to contrast the British attitude to science with that of the Germans. The British, he complains, have always made their fight for material prosperity first. When prosperity has been attained, Britain strives after ideas. This he deems an outcome of the Anglo-Saxon temperament. There is too great an aversion among Anglo-Saxons to anything that is abstract. There is a desire to do as much as possible by individual effort, to turn to science and to the aid of thought and organization for the completion rather than the foundation of the social edifice. That leads to great waste. It is a bad plan. Individualism is too much to the fore. National pride is too conspicuous. Patriotism is abused. It ceases to be a virtue at times. Thus Frenchmen alone should not be proud of Laplace and Lavoisier. Not Germans alone should rejoice in the names of Weber, Helmholtz, Gauss, and Riemann. Others besides the English should speak with pride of Newton and of Darwin. Lord Haldane teaches, in short, that great men nowadays belong to the world.

The Weight of Brains.

While the weight of the individual brain in each particular species, as compared with that of the entire system, may be said to have some bearing on the intelligence of the individual, there is no fixed proportion between the weight of the brain and the total weight of the body, as between one species and another, as is shown by the following table:—

	Average Grammes.	Pro- portion.	Per Cent.
Elephant	4960	1/439	0.23
Whale	2490	1/25000	0.04
Man	1400	1/42	2.38
Horse	500	1/734	0.13
Goat	425	1/213	0.47
Orangoutang	400	1/377	0.27
Sheep	138	1/377	0.27
Deer	106	1/290	0.34
Elephant		1/450	0.22

Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

BLACKMAILING A COUNTESS.

LONDON, May 16.

JUDGE LUMLEY SMITH and a jury were engaged for a couple of days at the Old Bailey this week in trying Frances Page, the proprietor of "Kimpsons' Detective Agency" and William Glendinning, his manager, for "feloniously and by restraint of person compelling the Countess Hamil de Manin to accept four bills of exchange for £100 each." It was alleged that the defendants, becoming possessed of certain letters which the Countess wrote in 1907, so terrified her by threatening to have her arrested that she signed the bills. No evidence was called for the defence.

The story of the Countess who seems to have travelled extensively in the Antipodes, was to the effect that some years ago she met a Mr. John Hamilton Dobbie on board the ship going from New Zealand to Australia. At that time she knew a gentleman named Daniel O'Connor, "a man of considerable position in Australia." He and Mr. Dobbie were acquainted with each other. In 1907 Mr. Dobbie and Mr. O'Connor were in London. She knew a Mrs. Williams, stepdaughter of Lady Pink. The witness introduced Mr. Dobbie to Mrs. Williams, and the result of that introduction was that they became engaged to be married the same evening. In May, 1911, a Mr. Freeman Lloyd, who gave the name of Payne, called on her, sent up a card of "Kimpsons'" and said he had come from Mr. Dobbie. He asked if she would give information about Mr. O'Connor and if she would tell what she knew about anonymous letters O'Connor had written. Lloyd suggested that she had written some anonymous letters. She said she had written nothing but friendly letters, and that she had signed them all. Lloyd said she should have them back if she signed a letter of apology—that both O'Connor's letters and her own would be handed to her. She said she did not know how to write a letter of apology. Lloyd said he would dictate one, and he did.

On May 10th she went to 71 Strand and saw Glendinning. She said she had come for the letters. He said he could not give them to her and must see his solicitor first. She left, and afterwards received a telephone message making an appointment for the next day. In the afternoon of May 11th she went to the office of Kimpsons'. The two prisoners and their solicitor, Marshall, stated that the witness had written anonymous letters. They said they would get a warrant for her on the charge of writing anonymous letters, that she would have to pay £1000, and would be arrested if she did not. They said: "You are a rich woman; you have £12,000 a year, and can well afford to pay." She replied that she had done nothing, that she had not written the letters, and could not pay £1000. Then Page suggested £500. Marshall said, "Yes, I will go and consult headquarters." He left, and returned in a few minutes and said, "Yes, yes; it's arranged for £500." Payne said "No, £400." Marshall said, "Let it be £400." Witness had not agreed to pay £400 or anything, and said she would not pay it. Marshall said, "You will have to give bills." Glendinning wrote out four bills and she signed them, because they said that if she did not a warrant would be obtained and she would be taken into Bow-street. She was in an awful state of mind, nearly mad. Glendinning asked her to have some champagne, but she refused, and some tea was brought. She had some and felt very bad after it. She gave some of the milk to her little dog, and it went to sleep for five hours. The tea was given to her before she signed the bills, and after drinking it she felt dazed.

Glendinning said she must give him a gold and pearl chain and pendant which she was wearing, as they wanted £75 for counsel's fee. Some letters were produced, and Payne threw them into the grate and lit a match. She saw smoke, but she could not say whether they were destroyed. Glendinning said: "It's all over." She asked what would become of O'Connor, and he replied "He will go free." She then handed them her gold and pearl pendant, being, she declared, so terrified that she did not know what to do.

The Countess was cross-examined at

considerable length by counsel for the prisoners, who eventually submitted that the Countess was a witness upon whose evidence it would not be safe to convict a man even of petty larceny. He contended that the Countess was not only cognizant of, but instigated the writing of the anonymous letters sent by O'Connor to Lady Pink and the Pink family. He suggested that she entered Kimpsons' office for the purpose of regaining the letters for as small a price as she could possibly manage, and although she might have become agitated in the course of her bargain it was plain that she left victorious.

The jury, however, accepted enough of the Countess's evidence to prevail upon them to bring in a verdict of guilty after less than ten minutes' conference, and the judge apparently concurred in their decision as he gave both prisoners twelve months' hard labour.

TAILORS ON STRIKE.

The strike of London tailors is no doubt a serious matter to those engaged in it, but to the world at large this latest manifestation of labour "unrest" appears rather as a mild joke than a serious episode, after the very real troubles caused by the transport workers' strike and the coal war. Clothes are, of course, a necessary of life, antecedent in civilized regions, even to coal and transport. But the nation is not threatened with an enforced period of the "sit-together" fashion, nor even, is the mass with any serious inconvenience.

It may upset a few individuals, but the average Londoner of the upper and middle-classes have usually clothes enough in stock to keep themselves presentable for quite a long time, and for the poorer classes the strike has no terrors, and if they had the stocks of such garments in the hands of the wholesale houses are big enough to go round for weeks and weeks to come.

The strike, then, is not an organised attack on the community with the object of starving it into surrender, like those we have been having lately, but an old-fashioned struggle between employers and employed, in which the public are not directly concerned in any particular extent. All they can do is to look on without being in a position to form a clear idea of the rights and wrongs of the case. The points at issue are, of course, money and hours of work; the employed want to get more money for less work, and the employers decline to grant it. Something has been said about the provision of more workshops, but more money is the real thing. It is not a very surprising or novel demand. The number of persons who would like to get more money for less work includes so large a proportion of mankind, that the exceptions may be left out of account.

Nor is the strike at present "in being" to be considered as a battle between the "bloated capitalist" and the wretched, ground-down "wage-slave." The sort of tailoring involved in this strike is not a capitalistic industry of the modern type on a big scale. London West-End tailoring is a craft, in which the master-tailors have for the most part been workmen themselves, and many of them still work at the business. They do not individually employ any large number of men, and those whom they do employ are, to a large extent, also employers in their turn. They engage and pay assistants, who are generally women or girls. A dispute between employers and employed therefore resolves itself into a question of details, and are bristling technical complexities which utterly befog the sympathetic outsider. For instance, his heart may bleed to think that a high-class workman should only get the "dockers' tanner" per hour, but it rather damps his enthusiasm for the workers' cause to find that the time "log" by which payment is reckoned is a very different thing from an hour by the clock. Thus, 63 log hours are only equal to 35 real hours, and 6d. per log hour really means 11d. an hour.

The public cannot judge of these matters, and must leave the combatants to fight it out. They can do so without any compunction. The work-people earn very good wages. Those on strike, so far, are the best paid of their class. The master tailors, for their part, are gen-

erally believed to do pretty well in the West End of London. Theirs, however, is a seasonal business, and the strike has been timed to hit them as hard as possible, for it is interfering with the early summer trade, which is the best of all. It is now that the American visitors come over in their shoals and load themselves with London tailorings, and now that men generally renew their ward robes.

The employed will also suffer with the employer, for this is their fat season for earnings. The quarrel is not likely, however, to be of long duration, for the unions at present involved are very weak financially. On the occasion of the last strike in 1891, the men won. This time it looks as if the masters, who are showing a firm front, are more likely to succeed.

VISION AS EVIDENCE.

In Dumfriesshire Sheriff Court this week an application was made by the trustees of the late Robert Turnbull Scott, ship and insurance broker, of Palmerston Buildings, Bishopsgate, London, who lived at Highgate, to presume the death of his father, Archibald Scott, who went to Australia in 1851 at the time of a gold "rush," and was lost sight of. The object of the action was to complete the titles of house property in Loughmole, Dumfriesshire, to which the missing man would have been heir.

Mrs. Jane Scott (or Debenham), of Great Warley, Essex, widow of Dr. Debenham, said the missing man, Archibald Scott, was her father. He was a member of a Langholm family, was born about 1821, and was some time clerk in the York City and County Bank of Whitby. He was married to Anne Elizabeth Turnbull about 1843, and had two children, the witness and her brother Robert. Her father went to Australia in 1851, at the time of the gold "fever," and all efforts to trace him had failed.

His elder sister, Sybella, many years ago told the witness that she was convinced by a vision that her brother Archibald was dead. Her aunt Sybella informed the witness of certain family traditions, and told her that while she was taking a walk with her father one summer evening, she saw her brother Archibald walking along the path towards them, dressed in the check suit which he used to wear. She was a little behind her father, and in passing the figure she did not speak, but she turned round to look and make sure. The figure also turned in passing, and then disappeared. She asked her father if he had seen anything, but he said "No," and she was certain her brother Archibald had died at that very hour she had seen the vision.

The Court allowed Archibald Scott's death to be presumed—and was hardly taking any risks in so doing, seeing that he disappeared just over 60 years ago, and was then in his 31st year or thereabouts.

MAKE YOUR OWN HAIR TONIC.

A SPECIALIST'S ADVICE.

In a recent issue the "Daily Realm" of London published a special article on the care of the hair in which was given the formula for a home made hair tonic that was highly recommended for its remarkable hair-growing properties, as well as for stopping falling hair, re-vitalizing the hair roots and destroying the dandruff germ. This article was of special interest to me, as the formula was one which I, myself, have seen used in countless cases with most astonishing benefit, thus confirming my belief that homemade hair preparations are the best. For the benefit of those who have not seen it before, I give the formula here with.

Procure from your chemist a four-ounce bottle containing three ounces of Hay Rum, one ounce of Lavona de Composee (Smith's), and 4 dram Menthol Crystals. Dissolve the crystals in the Hay Rum and then add the Lavona de Composee; shake thoroughly and apply night and morning to the roots of the hair, rubbing into the scalp with the finger tips. This preparation contains no colouring matter, but restores grey hair to its original colour by its action on the hair roots. If you desire it perfumed, add half a spoonful of French Rose perfume, which combines perfectly with the other ingredients and imparts a most pleasing scent. (Do not apply where hair is not desired.)

Compulsory Work.

The Swiss government is the only one in civilisation that offers work and a living wage to any one who needs it. And it is not only offered, but it is made compulsory, the alternative being the workhouse and military discipline. Therefore, there is no excuse for begging or loafing, and both are prohibited by law. The nature of the work to be provided is determined by the local authorities, but it is usually of the nature of public improvement, and the pay is sufficient for necessities. The Swiss believe, and with good reason, that the unskilled labourer who is unemployed will soon become unemployable and that idleness is a danger to the State. Switzerland is, of course, a very small country, and it is possible to do things there that can not be done elsewhere. But the principle seems a good one.

A "J.P.'s" CONVINCING EVIDENCE.

Mother Seigel's Syrup. The Finest Health Preservative.

HIS SOLE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

When a man becomes enthusiastic about anything—whether it be Sport, Science, Politics, Literature, or his own particular hobby—you can rely upon it that he will, sooner or later, make it his favourite topic of conversation. Indeed, if you give him the slightest encouragement, he will speak of nothing else.

This is one of the reasons why so many people who have been restored to health by Mother Seigel's Syrup write us such enthusiastic letters. They feel they must put on record, for the benefit of others who suffer, what this world-renowned Stomach and Liver Tonic has done for them.

It is always a pleasure to us to receive letters confirming the claims we make in regard to Mother Seigel's Syrup, for nothing we could say as to the wonderful powers of Mother Seigel's Syrup as a remedy for Indigestion, would be half so convincing as the voluntary testimony of those who have proved its worth by personal experience. Therefore we shall simply place before you one of the many thousands of letters we have received.

Mr. R. Dowe, J.P., Lorgan House, Fortitude Valley, Queensland, on August 14th last, wrote us a letter which bears the unmistakable imprint of sincerity and honesty of purpose. His states:

"About 18 months back I suffered most extreme pains in the back, caused by severe Indigestion. Everything I ate disagreed with me. I lost weight and strength. Giddiness and a swimming sensation in the head were of frequent occurrence.

"Nothing did me the least good until I commenced taking Mother Seigel's Syrup. Soon after, I began to get better, until in the course of a few weeks I was quite cured, and restored to thoroughly good health again."

"AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION."

There you have just the plain facts as recorded by Mr. Dowe, who, in his enthusiasm for Mother Seigel's Syrup, goes on to say: "It is the finest health preservative obtainable, and only requires to be used once in any home to be found indispensable.

"If an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," then a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup is of more account than all the other contents of a chemist's shop. It is our sole household remedy."

These are the words of an enthusiast, and sincerity is stamped all over them. Everything that Mr. Dowe has written has already been said by tens of thousands of men and women who also have been restored to health by Mother Seigel's Syrup.

If you should have Indigestion or any disorder of the stomach or liver, such as Pains after Eating, Biliousness, or Constipation, take the remedy which Mr. Dowe so strongly recommends—Mother Seigel's Syrup—and you will soon regain health as he did.

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.

GRAY—TROTTER.

A VERY pretty wedding was celebrated at the Church of the Nativity, Blenheim, on Wednesday afternoon, the contracting parties being Miss Ethel Elizabeth Trotter and Mr. George Herbert Gray, both of Middlesborough, Yorkshire, England. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Grace, assisted by the Rev. R. de Lambert. The church was pretty decorated by the members of the choir. The service was fully choral, both parties being members of the choir, Mr. Gray having been choir-master and conductor for some time. The bride, who was given away by Mr. S. Edinger, wore a dress of Sicilian cloth, trimmed with satin and silk fringe, and a hat of grey velvet lined with blue. Miss E. Jackson, who attended the bride, wore a nixon dress trimmed with silver beads, and a tassel straw hat trimmed with plumes. She also wore a gold crescent brooch set with pearls, a present from the bridegroom. Mr. E. B. Paine carried out the duties of best man, Miss S. Rogers, A.R.C.L., L.A.B., officiated at the organ, and as the newly-married couple left the church, played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." A reception was given by Messrs. James Grace and de Lambert, who supplied enjoyable afternoon tea, and the usual toasts were duly honoured. Mr. and Mrs. Gray were the recipients of many useful and valuable presents.

MEREDITH—TAYLOR.

On Tuesday afternoon the Cambridge Presbyterian Church was crowded to overflowing, the occasion being the marriage of two very popular residents, Miss A. M. S. (Bird) Taylor, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor, of "Bardowie," and Mr. Charles Meredith, son of Mr. Meredith, of Canterbury. The church had been most artistically decorated for the occasion by Mrs. Frank Ross, Mrs. A. Gibbons, and Miss Williams and Miss Gow. The Rev. W. J. Gow was the officiating clergyman. Mr. J. White presided at the organ, and played the Wedding March as the bridal party left the church. The bride looked lovely as she entered the church on the arm of her father, in an exquisite gown of ivory duchess satin, the bodice being draped with a marquisette fichu edged with tiny frills, and on the skirt were long panniers of the same edged with frills and drawn in at the foot of the skirt with bunches of satin and chiffon roses. The satin skirt and square court train were trimmed with beautiful creme guipure lace. She also wore a large white tassel straw hat with pleated satin ribbon and lances plumes, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet. She was attended by two of her sisters, Misses Mollie and Helen Taylor, as bridesmaids, the former wearing a becoming frock of dull reseda green satin charmeuse, draped with a lighter shade of nixon, the bodice being very quaintly made and finished with silk embroidery in the same shade, the trim edged with fringe and green beads. She also wore a large black velvet hat with green bows the same shade as her frock. Helen Taylor looked sweet in a girlish frock of pale pink taffeta, with handsome Irish crochet cuffs and collar, and large black velvet hat, with a wreath of tiny pink chiffon roses. They both carried lovely bouquets of violets, with mauve streamers. Mr. F. Reynolds, of Freewave, acted as best man, and Mr. Shand, of Hamilton, was groomsmen. After the ceremony a reception was held at "Bardowie." The presents were most numerous and costly, one being a silver tea and coffee service, presented by Mr. Taylor's employees at "Bardowie." Many of the gifts were sent from friends in England, Melbourne, and Sydney. Mr. Meredith, who is assistant master at the High School, was presented with a case of fish knives and forks by the pupils, and by the teaching staff a silver cake basket and butter dish.

Miss Taylor received her guests in a handsome black satin gown covered with silk Bob net, and finished with black em-

broidery, small black velvet witch's hat with plumes; Miss Bobbie Taylor looked sweet in grey blue pastel cloth, pretty guipure collar and cuffs, and an uncommon black chip straw hat turned up with a cluster of pink velvet roses; Miss Myra Taylor, a becoming frock of pale pink pastel cloth, with grey satin pipings and buttons, large grey silk straw hat lined with pale pink and trimmed with tulle and roses; Mrs. Henry Walker (aunt of the bride), black and white check cloth, with black pipings, black velvet hat and feathers, and a touch of crimson, and handsome brown furs; Mrs. Wallace Bews (aunt of the bride), in a gown of ashes of roses, and a pretty toque; Miss Heather Bews, smart grey tailor-made, black hat with bunch of violets; Mrs. W. Whewell (aunt of the bride), black merveilleux silk, and black hat; Miss Whewell, brown tweed coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs. Willie Taylor, pretty mole velvet frock trimmed with corded silk and buttons, mole and cerise hat; Mrs. Henry Bush, smart navy tailor-made, collar and cuffs of natterie blue, black beaver hat, dull cerise and black velvet bows; Miss Barnard, creme serge costume, black velvet hat with black fur and flame coloured roses; Mrs. Frank Ross looked smart in an electric blue satin coat and skirt, and large black hat with a long mole-coloured ostrich plume placed across the crown of the hat; Mrs. H. Huddleston, a becoming creme costume, and large black velvet hat with shaded berries and osprey of old rose, and lovely sable furs; Mrs. Pickering, black silk gown, with yoke and underleaves of black tucked net over white, and black hat; Miss Pickering, creme serge frock, and large mauve hat trimmed with mauve and Oriental silk; Mrs. H. Crowther, a smart tweed coat and skirt, and hat to match; Mrs. C. Hunter, navy blue coat and skirt, and small black hat with plumes; Mrs. W. Hunter, navy blue coat and skirt, and black hat with green and black bows; Mrs. London, navy coat and skirt, biscuit coloured hat with green wings; Miss London, pale pink pastel cloth frock, dainty creme ruffe, large black velvet hat; Miss Annie London, black velvet frock, and grey hat with berries; Mrs. McCullough, dark tweed coat and skirt, and smart hat; Mrs. J. Martyn, green tweed coat and skirt, and hat to match; Mrs. Wynn-Brown, brown costume, emerald green cuffs and collar, and brown hat; Mrs. Banks, black brocade gown, dull pink and heliotrope lunnet; Mrs. Norman Banks, grey green foulard, and hat to match; Mrs. Gow, navy coat and skirt, and black toque; Mrs. Bryce, navy blue tailor-made, black velvet hat with white lancer plumes; Mrs. E. E. Roberts, creme coat and skirt, white feather boa, and white hat with black and white plumes; Miss Attfield, amethyst frock, sealskin coat, and hat to match; Mrs. R. J. Roberts, black coat and skirt, and black hat with plumes; Miss Mary Roberts, grey coat and skirt, and black hat with feather; Mrs. Caldwell, black silk coat and skirt, and black hat with royal blue plumes (lancer); Miss Caldwell, navy coat and skirt, royal blue hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Hally, black coat and skirt, green hat with plumes; Mrs. A. Gibbons, old rose frock, and white and black hat; Miss Hally, creme serge frock, and quaint turban hat; Miss Williams, natterie blue frock, and black fur toque; Miss Ethel Hill, navy coat and skirt, black fur

toque; Mrs. Ring, black velvet gown, and black velvet hat; Mrs. Couper, blue tweed coat and skirt, and brown hat with pink roses; Mrs. Nicoll, navy tailor-made, black velvet hat with white plumes; Miss N. Pickering, heliotrope frock, black hat; Mrs. Mervyn Wells, navy tailor-made, natterie blue satin hat with fur, and lovely furs; Mrs. Hammond, black gown, and pretty hat; Mrs. Walker, navy coat and skirt, black hat with emerald green and white wings; Mrs. Stewart-Brown, dark costume, and black hat; Miss Gwynneth, navy tailor-made, and black hat; Mrs. W. Douglas, pretty grey cloth tailor-made, and large grey tassel straw hat with grey lancer plumes. The bride's going-away costume was a smart grey tweed, with grey braid and buttons, grey silk straw hat with wings and a touch of cerise, and handsome black furs. The honeymoon is being spent in Auckland.

DOUCE—DICKINSON.

A very quiet wedding was solemnised in St. Andrew's Anglican Church, Cambridge, the contracting parties being Miss Alma G. Dickinson, elder daughter of Mr. George Dickinson, of Cambridge, and Mr. James T. Douce, son of Mr. T. Douce, of Essex, England. The officiating clergyman was the vicar (the Rev. C. Mortimer-Jones). The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a pretty dove grey frock, trimmed with lovely lace, and a grey hat to match. She was attended by her sister, Miss Erica Dickinson, who wore a grey frock and black hat. On account of the recent bereavement in the family, there were no guests present. The happy couple left by train for Auckland, en route for Waitera, where the honeymoon will be spent.

AMBURY—VOSPER.

A wedding of considerable interest was solemnised on Saturday morning in St. Paul's Methodist Church, Cambridge, between Miss Jessie Roberts Vosper (second daughter of Mr. W. Vosper, of "Dingley Dell," Cambridge) and Mr. Horace Joseph Ambury, of New Plymouth. The Rev. W. Ready (the president of the Methodist Conference of New Zealand) officiated. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a dress of ivory palette silk, trimmed with Brussels lace, with square Empire train; she also wore the usual wreath of orange blossoms and veil, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. She was attended by her sister, Miss Elsie R. Vosper, and Miss Olive Clarice Ambury (sister of the bridegroom), as bridesmaids, who wore pale grey tailormade frocks, richly braided and piped with cerise velvet, and grey tassel straw hats, and carried beautiful bouquets of autumn leaves and flowers, being the work of Mrs. H. Nixon, and Miss Veale. Mr. Jack Martyn, of "Broadmeadows," was best man, and Mr. Frank Vosper (brother of the bride) was groomsmen. After the ceremony, a reception was held by Mr. and Mrs. Vosper at "Dingley Dell." Mrs. Vosper received her guests in a handsome black silk, trimmed with Oriental velvet. Mrs. Ambury (mother of the bridegroom) wore a brown cloth costume. Shortly after the breakfast the happy couple left by motor for Rotorua, en route for their new home at Hawera. The bride's travelling dress was a navy tailormade, with brown facings, and a black beaver hat.

NEWTON—ALLEN.

The marriage of Mr. J. Newton (Christchurch) and Miss N. Allan, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Allan (Christchurch), took place last week at St. Mary's (Merivale). The ceremony was performed by the vicar, the Ven. Archdeacon Gossett. The bride was given away by her father, and attended by

Waiting for the "Billy" to boil, then lunch and a refreshing cup of



SYMINGTON'S
COFFEE ESSENCE

Its delicious flavour adds zest to the meal. Made so quickly, it gives more time to enjoy the outing, and hence leaves a pleasant memory. For the Camp, Picnic or Field Party, take Symington's always. Your Grocer has it

Thos. Symington & Co.,
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Her sister, Miss M. Allan, was bridesmaid. Miss Dobson presided at the organ, and the church was beautifully decorated by the girl friends of the bride. The bride's gown was of white liberty satin, in the high Empire style, with wide silk embroidered lace, narrowing to the waist and giving a tunic effect, yoke of tucked net, tulle veil embroidered at the corners, and orange blossoms. She wore a string of pearls and carried a shawl bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Muriel Allan (the bride's sister) wore a very pretty frock of white crepe de chine, the sides of the skirt being full and gathered into a plain panel back and front, fachu of tucked spotted net, and finished at the waist with a large bunch of violets; her hat was of white velvet lined with violet velvet and white feathers, and she carried a large violet velvet muff. Mr Desmond acted as best man. Mrs Allan had a gown of black silk, long cloak of black velvet, black hat with crown of gold lace and a black ostrich feather, and carried a bouquet of red roses. The guests were Mr. Mrs and Miss Lawrie, Mr and Mrs Leicester-Matson, Mrs Harman Reeves (Dunedin), Mrs J. Fairhurst, Mrs Macbeth, Mrs Leslie Wood, Mrs Cecil Wood, Mr and Mrs Leslie Rutherford (McDonald Downs), Mr and Mrs Big-Wither, Mrs Toddhunter, Mrs Duncan Macfarlane (Lyndon Downs), Misses Newton (2), Mr and Mrs Newton, Mr and Mrs W. Jameson, Dr. Mrs and Miss Cork (Lincoln), Mr and Mrs Matson, Mrs Matson, all of whom were relatives of bride and bridegroom. No other guests were invited, but the church was crowded with on-lookers. Mr and Mrs Allan entertained the guests at their residence in Merivale Lane. The numerous wedding presents were on view, and were greatly admired.

HUSBAND, WIFE AND DAUGHTER CURED.

LIVER DISORDER, VOMITING AND BILIOUSNESS ENDED BY BILE BEANS.

Mr. E. P. Lambert, of 7, Denham-street, Sydney, says:—"Myself and wife were both victims of biliousness and indigestion. Often, while working on the wharf, vomiting fits and bilious attacks would completely prostrate me, and while these bouts lasted all strength left me. Terrible chest pains intensified my suffering; my liver was sluggish, which caused me to feel drowsy and thoroughly worn out, while there was always an unpleasant taste in my mouth. My wife suffered in a like manner with wind round the heart; she was reduced to an awful state, and her health completely shattered. Both of us tried various remedies, but all our efforts were in vain.

"At last my wife procured a supply of Bile Beans, and we both started taking them with very gratifying results. A few doses relieved us both of the awful pains and sickly sensations. The bilious attacks grew less and finally ceased, lassitude disappeared, and vitality and energy took its place. A full course of Bile Beans completely cured us, and now we are both able to eat practically anything, whereas before we were only able to partake of a very limited diet.

"My daughter also derived much benefit from Bile Beans, which are a splendid liver medicine."



A NATURAL MISTAKE.

It was just after spring-cleaning. She was reading in a low, thrilling voice:—"When the packing begins in earnest, it seems as though there could be no spot on the earth's surface unshaken." He roused himself from a somnolent attitude in an easy-chair. "Who wrote that, Maria? It's been through it, whoever he is. I wonder who he married." "Why, you great stupid," said she, "it's Amundsen writing about the ice."

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 Ida Gunn, second daughter of Mr. G. M. Gunn, of "Marathon," Seddon, Blenheim, to Mr. Gordon Litchfield, son of the late Mr. A. J. Litchfield, of "Livermere," Blenheim.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Towsey, daughter of Mr. Arthur Towsey, of Wanganui, to the Rev. James T. Monfries, of Manunui, Main Trunk line.

The engagement is announced of Mr Jack Allan, son of Mr Robert Allan, (Merivale), to Miss Helen Buckham, second daughter of Mrs Buckham (Papanui Road), Christchurch.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hazel Ira Dinnison, of Takapuna, Auckland, to Mr Leslie McLernon, of Bluff Hill, Napier.

Matrimony.

No navigator has yet traced lines of latitude and longitude on the conjugal sea.—Honore de Balzac.

When a husband is embraced without affection, there must be some reason for it.—Hitopadesa.

However old a conjugal union, it still garners some sweetness. Winter has some cloudless days, and under the snow a few flowers still bloom.

—Madame de Staël.

By taking a second wife a man pays the highest compliment to the first by showing that she made him so happy as a married man that he wishes to be so a second time.—Samuel Johnson.

However dull a woman may be, she will understand all there is in conjugal love; however intelligent a man may be, he will never know but half of it.

—Madame Fée.

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, form the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

I know not which live more unnatural lives.

Obedying husbands; or commanding wives.

—Benjamin Franklin.

She that is born handsome is born married.—Proverb.

This spectre of the female politician, who abandons her family to neglect for the sake of passing bills in Parliament, is just as complete an illusion of the masculine brain as the other spectre whom Sydney Smith laid by a joke—the woman who would forsake her infant for a quadratic equation.

—Frances Power Cobbe.

If you want a neat wife, choose her on a Saturday.—Benjamin Franklin.

Themistocles said that his son, who knew how to wheedle his mother, was the most powerful man in all Greece. "For," says he, "the Athenians rule the Hellenes, I rule the Athenians, your mother rules me, and you rule your mother!"—Plutarch.

The Italians have this proverb: In buying houses and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God.

—Charles Peneau Duclos.

Aviatress Flies Channel.

For the first time, last month, the Channel was crossed in an aeroplane by a lady, a Miss Trehawke Davies, who accompanied M. Gustav Hamel, the well-known air-man, on his machine, the journey from London aerodrome to Antibes, near Boulogne, taking under an hour and a-half. After a couple of hours' rest, the two enthusiasts flew to Paris.

It is an interesting coincidence that M. Hamel's first experience, several years ago, of a balloon journey, was with Mr. Hedgcs Butler, who, earlier, accompanied a lady balloonist over the Channel.

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.

June 24.

A Quiet Week.

SOCIAL life has been of the very quiet order during the past week, and with the exception of Lady Lockhart's two receptions no functions have been held. However, in the coming week there will be a round of parties given in honour of the bride-elect, Miss Betty Grierson, who is to be married on July 4th. Miss Gillies is giving a dance on the 27th, Mrs. C. Buddle on the 29th, and Miss Thelma Bloomfield is having a "receipt tea" on the 26th.

A Return.

A return party was given to the girls who arranged the very jolly surprise party to Miss Una Buddle last week. This time the "mere man" assumed his normal attitude, and instead of being entertained and waited upon by his fair partners, the positions were reversed. The party was given in Mrs. T. Colter's house, in a delightful room which can, at a few moments' notice, be converted into a ballroom. The party was jolly and most enjoyable.

Basket Ball.

On Saturday afternoon I went to see what to many people is quite a new game, basket-ball. One is rather apt to

view new games in somewhat of a contemptuous manner, but basket-ball is full of interest and movement. As an exercise, it has many advantages, for every muscle in the body is called into play. No player is allowed to push or hold, so that players of either sex, or any sizes, can play together with impunity. Of course, a tall person has an advantage, as the ball is thrown from player to player. Many girls who are not nearly strong enough to play hockey (and many play it who should not), will find basket-ball a splendid game, without the dangers of the former but with quite as much excitement. There is one great advantage basket-ball seems to me to have over hockey, and that is the player is in an upright position, and most of the time with arms upright and outstretched, instead of, as at hockey, in a crouching attitude. Basket-ball is undoubtedly a more graceful game.

Lady Lockhart's At Home.

Lady Sinclair Lockhart was "At Home" on Tuesday and Wednesday, and although there were a large number of guests there was no semblance of a crush. A string band was hidden away somewhere, and provided just that needful amount of accompaniment that sets tongues wagging. The rooms looked charming. The drawingroom was in a scheme of palest pink and white, and the mantelshelf was lovely. In the smokingroom there were large masses

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THE

J.C.L

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STOCKTAKING SALE

commences

Friday, June 28th

Everything Reduced

JOHN COURT

LIMITED

THE J.C.L. STORES

QUEEN STREET

of red hawthorn berries and paper white narcissi. On Tuesday, the tea-table was a charming scheme of palest pink, with pink shaded candles, and on Wednesday red salvia and red shaded candles were used with good effect. Lady Lockhart received on Tuesday in a very sweet emerald-green charmeuse, veiled with black, which was most becoming, and on Wednesday a white silk frock, with overdress of white lace, was worn. Mrs. Power wore a black toilette; Mrs. Arthur Myers wore a lovely frock of Nankin blue chiffon velvet, with beautiful fuselle and gold embroidery, smart hat massed with black feathers and lined with blue, ermine stole and muff; Miss McKenzie (Wellington), natter blue charmeuse, with wide hem of velvet in a darker tone, grey hat with blue bows, grey furs; Mrs. W. Coleman, black charmeuse coat and skirt, lovely black hat with feathers; Mrs. Sweet, blue charmeuse coat and skirt, black hat with feathers; Mrs. R. A. Carr, black cloth, black hat, and lovely black fox furs; Mrs. Seymour Thorne-George, black cloth, handsome furs, and black and gold hat; Miss Neville George, smart dark blue tailored suit and a pretty mole felt hat, with wings and touches of tangerine velvet; Mrs. Archie Clark, black cloth, and a smart hat massed with uncurled natural tips, and lovely furs; Mrs. Sydney Thorne-George wore a becoming brown toilette; Mrs. H. O. Nolan wore a pretty frock in a lovely shade of blue, of charmeuse cloth, with touches of lovely embroidery, and a smart black hat and furs; Mrs. C. Buddle wore violet cloth coat and skirt, hat to match with amethyst wings, and lovely fox furs; Mrs. Pabst wore natter blue; Mrs. Drummond Ferguson wore pale blue tailored suit, and a smart grey velvet coat, black beaver hat; Mrs. P. Dignan, grey tweed tailored suit, black hat with large red and black bows; Mrs. Sydney Nathan, cinnamon brown coat and skirt, braided, and a bunch of tangerine flowers in the coat, smart black hat with lancer plume; Mr. H. Horton, wore amethyst cloth, hat to match; Mrs. E. Horton, grey cloth, black hat with lace frill, grey furs; Mrs. Carpenter looked smart in blue, and a black beaver hat; Mrs. Foster, mole cloth, black hat, and lovely black fox furs; Mrs. T. Cotter wore a long smart black charmeuse coat, and small toque; Mrs. Pritt wore black velvet; Mrs. H. Marsack, green cloth, black and white hat; Mrs. Southey Baker, smart mole-coloured toilette; Mrs. Lloyd wore grey, with touch of blue; Mrs. McDowell, dark cloth coat and skirt, black velvet hat, and handsome furs; Mrs. Archie Denniston, brown coat and skirt, hat to match with wallflower tinted trimmings; Mrs. Copeland Savage, dark blue cloth tailor-made, black hat with long green and black feather, brown furs; Miss Una Buddle looked charming in, pale grey cloth, hat to match with palest pink wings, grey fur; Miss G. Lloyd, dark blue, with blouse of blue and gold veiled with blue nixon; Miss Kileen Dyer (Rotorua) looked nice in cream, with toque to match; Miss Dorothy Nolan, blue tailored suit, with smart touches of scarlet, black velvet hat with white flowers, white fox furs; Miss Moyra Nathan (Wellington) wore a smart blue tailored suit, and a small hat trimmed with ermine, and a touch of ermine; Miss Esther Foster wore a pretty blue velvet frock with lovely lace collar, and a becoming black hat; Miss Muir Douglas looked smart in dark blue, and a black hat; Miss Winnie Cotter, bright blue coat and skirt, white furs, and a smart black velvet hat with a cluster of white osprey at the back; Miss McGregor (Christchurch), black cloth coat and skirt, black and green hat with white wings; Mrs. Horace Walker, smart black and mole striped cloth, braided with black on emerald green, mole and green hat; Miss True Walker, navy blue coat and skirt, navy velvet hat; Mrs. Rack, black cloth, smart black and white hat; Mrs. Leatham, smart mole cloth coat and skirt, and a smart hat; Mrs. P. Lawrence, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. W. R. Holmes, dark blue coat and skirt, smart black and white hat; Mrs. McGuire, black cloth skirt, with short black velvet coat, ermine trimmed hat, and ermine stole and muff; Mrs. Robertson, mole velvet, with oxidized trimmings, hat to match; Mrs. H. Kimling, dark cloth coat and skirt, pretty hat with tangerine on it; Miss Olive Lusk, dark coat and skirt, black hat with pretty violet rose wings; Miss Muriel Dargatzis, cream cloth coat and skirt, artistic hat of steel grey satin and amethyst wings; Miss Marjorie Towle, mole cloth frock, sage blue velvet hat with trimmings of fur; Miss Kimling looked well in black cloth, black hat with white

wings; Miss Enid Reed looked charming in black velvet, with wide one-sided rever of white, and a smart little hat; Miss Dija Fletcher, smart dark blue coat and skirt, finished with black braiding, black hat with lancer plume; Miss Thelma Bloomfield wore a smart blue tailored suit, with piping of royal blue, charming blue and black felt hat with trimmings of vieux rose; Miss Una Saunders looked smart in a blue coat and skirt, seal and ermine hat, and grey furs; Mrs. Noel Bamford wore amethyst cloth coat and skirt, hat to match trimmed with dull violet rose wings; Miss Mary Colegrove looked pretty in her natter blue frock and large black hat; Miss A. Carr, black and white shepherd's plaid coat and skirt, and a smart hat, and lovely white fox furs; Mrs. Louis Myers, Mrs. Daume, Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. A. Ferguson, Mrs. Goodhue, Mrs. J. R. Reed, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Colegrove, Miss Banks, Mrs. Prickett, Miss Prickett, Mrs. J. R. Tole, Mrs. G. Richardson, Mrs. Rathbone, Mrs. Mowbray, Miss Mowbray, Mrs. E. Firth, Mrs. Clem Lawford, Mrs. Woolf, Miss Ruby Coleman.

A Delightful Dance

was given by the Takapuna Tennis Club on Friday evening. The committee left absolutely nothing unthought of calculated to promote the enjoyment of their guests, and must, therefore, be regarded as the more unfortunate in that the weather proved so objectionable. The cold, wintry aspect of the night, however, had no visible effect on the attendance, and I believe that everyone would have faced the elements had they been in more rebellious a state for such a pleasant evening as all spent. The walls of the little Lake Hall were decorated with masses of bunting, and the stage with a trellis of bamboo and greenery. The tables were florally arranged by the ladies with anemones and ferns, the committee of gentlemen who had so admirably done everything else in connection with the dance declining to venture, the will to do by no means ensures success in the doing. Mrs. Shakespeare wore an effective silk toilette with ermine roses; Mrs. O'Neill, handsome black silk robe; Mrs. Corry, rich mauve silk; Mrs. Watt, black lace over white satin; Mrs. Lionel Abbott, brown charmeuse; Miss Cairns; Mrs. Margan, handsome black jetted robe; Miss O'Neill, a charming pale green nixon; Miss Clara Corry, dainty pink voile veiled in spangled chiffon; Miss Dorothy O'Neill wore her pretty coming-out frock of white charmeuse with overdressing of nixon; Miss Bessie Watt, turquoise velvet trimmed with white fur and violets; Miss Rita Ashton, pretty grey velvet with silver trimming; Miss G. Bell wore an effective black nixon; Miss May Knight, dainty white frock; Miss Lorie (Hamilton) pretty green nixon over satin; Miss Katie O'Neill (Hamilton), pink satin with overdress of nixon and crystal trimmings; Miss (Peta) Hungerford was charmingly frocked in white satin and nixon, edged with white fur; Miss Ida Lorie (Hamilton), pretty white satin with overdress of blue and white dew-drop chiffon; Miss Wilson-Smith, blue velvet, pink rose in hair; Miss Potter, white charmeuse edged with silver trimming; Miss O'Neil, pretty pink frock; Miss Guthrie, rosewood chiffon over satin; Miss Bartlett, green silk; Miss Minna An-son, dainty white muslin, red in hair; Miss Cassie Macky, pretty white silk and silver; Miss St. Clair, black; Miss — St. Clair, white, with pink wreath in hair; Miss Buchanan, pretty blue frock; Miss Mahony wore a dainty pink satin dress; Miss Cox, pale green nixon over satin; Miss Connie Jones, charming white silk frock with lace; Miss Wood, white charmeuse; Miss Yella Gerard, green Oriental satin; Misses Laxon, dainty white frocks; Miss Jossie Akers, pretty blue nixon with pearl trimming; Miss Berta O'Neill, white muslin; Miss Bessie Dalton, a charming white costume; Miss Gilliet, pink.

A Good Cause.

The Ladies' Committee of the Protection of Women and Children and the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Societies each year raise a substantial sum of money towards the funds. This year it has been decided to hold a popular concert in the Town Hall. Herr Wieland has undertaken the management of the concert, and among the performers will be Madam Wieland, Miss Major, Messrs Harold Gregson, Farrow, the Lyric Quartette, and several others.

Mt. Eden Croquet Club.

A very successful progressive euchre party was held on the 19th June, in the Kensington Ice Rink, by the members

of the Mount Eden Club. Over eighty guests took part in the game, and when scores were counted the successful players were: Ladies' first prize, Mrs. Read; second prize, Miss Squirrel; the gentlemen's prize fell to Mr. Parkinson and Mr. I. Jones. Mrs. F. Oldham wore cream silk; Mrs. E. W. Burton, black silk and jet, royal blue scarf; Mrs. M. Mackay, natter blue frock; Miss Esam, palest pink nixon and satin, cream net overdress relieved with black; Mrs. H. Tatterall, black chiffon taffeta, with black Maltese trimming; Mrs. Read, black dress, blue coat; Mrs. Squirrel, lovely robe of heliotrope silk and cream lace; Miss Squirrel, dainty cream frock; Mrs. Ormiston, pretty pale blue silk, with Oriental embroidery and blue fringe; Mrs. Michaels, black silk, blue coat with large satin collar; Mrs. Passmore wore black and turquoise blue, blue satin coat with fur trimmings; Miss Pilcher, handsome white silk, with silver beading; Mrs. Rankin, green silk, grey coat; Miss Martin, pale blue spangled nixon over blue satin bodice made with fichu effect; Miss Chalmers, dainty blue crystalline; Miss Stutchbury, pale pink silk; Miss Ivy Buckland, dainty white muslin, cream coat; Miss Hazel Tatterall, pale blue voile, cream net yoke; Mrs. Dickinson, cream dress, blue coat; Mrs. Mann, black; Mrs. Brierly, grey paillette silk, Oriental trimmings, pale pink coat relieved with black; Mrs. Lambin, pretty grey silk; Mrs. Cahill, grey voile; Miss Wyatt, pale pink silk, lovely silver scarf; Mrs. Hill, dainty lace blouse, black skirt; Mrs. D. Smith, cream; Mrs. Norbury, grey silk; Mrs. Parkinson, white silk; Mrs. Harvey, black and white frock; Mesdames Jones, Court, Carter, Martin, Hurfit, Stutchbury, Cox, Burrows, Misses Clarke, Midge, Martin, Saunders, Harvey.

Waitemata Croquet Club Social.

The Waitemata Ladies' Croquet Club celebrated the termination of the season by a special gathering in the Northcote Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, when about 100 ladies and gentlemen were present. The programme opened with a whist drive, in charge of Mr. Wm. Luke, the scrutineers being Messrs. Wm. M. Jacks and W. H. Glover. The prizes for the highest scores were annexed by Mrs. K. D'Esterre and Mr. B. Van Veen, and the "booby" prizes were awarded to Mrs. E. J. Tremain and Mr. H. Cadness, who were the lowest scorers respectively. Mrs. George Fraser, Mayor of Northcote, subsequently handed the winners the prizes. An adjournment was then made to the supper-room. The arrangements in connection with the supper, solely carried out by Mrs. F. Hubble and Misses Palmer, reflected considerable credit on those ladies, and the floral and other decorations of the table were arranged by Miss Violet Palmer. Dancing was kept up with zest till well into the next morning. The committee of the Club, Mesdames A. Bartlett (president), W. Luke, J. R. Bethwaite, P. W. Bolland, Arthur Greenslade, J. T. Fearley (treasurer), Miss V. Palmer, and the hard-working secretary, Mrs. B. Van Veen, have every reason to be proud of the success that attended their efforts. As the outcome of representations made, the Committee has decided to hold further social gatherings during the winter months, probably at monthly intervals. The music for the dancing was supplied by Misses Ruby Gifford and Moody and Mr. Thos. Coward, the M.C.'s being Messrs. Wm. Luke and Jas. T. Fearley. Among the dresses of the ladies were the following:—Mrs. Geo. Fraser, handsome black silk; Mrs. J. T. Fearley, Oriental satin, silk fringe and pearl trimming; Mrs. A. E. Greenslade, pink, trimmed with silk fringe; Mrs. R. A. Meek, black velvet, old gold trim-

mings; Mrs. I. Cramond, grey satin trimmed with silk fringe; Mrs. J. Leonard, white satin and overdress of nixon; Mrs. F. Hubble, green dress trimmed with sequin trimming; Mrs. P. W. Holland, heliotrope silk, sequin trimming; Mrs. B. Van Veen, white silk, with brocade overdress, pearl trimming; Mrs. W. Luke, pink silk, jewelled overdress, Oriental trimmings; Mrs. Pitt, natter blue silk, spangled trimmings; Mrs. Atkinson, Oriental satin, nixon overdress and bead trimmings; Mrs. J. R. Bethwaite, cream silk, medallion trimming; Mrs. G. H. Lyon, striped silk, prettily trimmed; Mrs. Hardie, pretty black dress; Mrs. Palmer, black silk; Mrs. W. M. Jacks, black velvet, pretty Oriental trimming; Mrs. Besterstock, striped silk prettily trimmed with silk lace; Mrs. W. H. Glover, white net over white satin, bead trimming; Mrs. E. D'Esterre, black dress, insertion trimming; Mrs. H. Cadness, cream satin, silk lace trimmings; Mrs. W. Laurie, cream dress; Mrs. F. W. Brooking, black, with lace trimmings; Mrs. J. W. Brown, heliotrope satin, prettily trimmed; Mrs. A. Martin, green silk; Mrs. A. H. Messenger, light blue with white trimming; Miss S. Fraser, light grey lustre; Miss Malavey, turquoise-blue, trimmed with point lace; Miss R. Gifford, pale grey silk, piped with black and white silk; Miss V. Palmer, violet velvet, with spangled trimmings; Miss R. Birley, Tusore silk, trimmed with natter blue and pearls; Miss V. Bell, black velvet, with real lace trimmings; Miss E. Bell, pale pink; Miss Palmer, black satin, beautifully trimmed with Oriental trimmings; Miss Warner, pale blue silk, lace trimmings; Miss Jenkinson, pretty cream dress, bead trimmings; Miss C. Nicholson, black silk, nixon overdress, and spangled trimmings; Miss Brooking, white satin, nixon overdress, medallion trimming; Miss Violet, crepe de chine; Miss Cadness, pretty white dress, with lace trimmings; Miss Lewis, white satin, with bead trimmings; Miss Mellor, pale blue, with nixon overdress; Miss Moody, cream dress; Miss McCrea, white silk, with nixon overdress; Miss Bennett, pretty cream dress, bead trimmings; and Miss Freda Hubble, cream silk.

Personal.

Miss Iris Dunlop is visiting the North with her brother, Mr. F. G. Dunlop, who is there in connection with Native Land Court business.

Mrs. George Roberts is spending a month in Auckland.

Mrs. Seymour Thorne George and Miss Neville George leave early in July for a visit to Wellington, where they will be the guests of Mrs. V. Riddiford, the Lower Hut.

Mrs. Gore Gillon is at present in Melbourne, where she will remain for the winter.

Miss Wynks (Christchurch) is the guest of her uncle, Mr. Gore Gillon, with whom she will stay for the rest of the winter.

WELLINGTON.

June 22.

An Evening.

Mrs. Walter Johnston, who during the last few years has been an acquisition to the list of dance hostesses, entertained on Wednesday night with great

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success. Japonica and rhododendrons decorated the rooms, and the supper table was done with anemones, violets, and freesias. Among the guests were several visitors from other parts of New Zealand who had come to Wellington for the ell ball and are staying on for subsequent festivities. Mrs. Johnston wore cloud grey liberty satin, the draped tunic of chiffon having jewelled embroideries in eastern tones; her sister, Miss Coleridge, was in black ninon with touches of jet; Miss Ida Coleridge, pale pink chiffon over white and pink flowered taffeta; Miss Johnston, black velour with a fichu of lace; Mrs. Guise, cameo pink satin with a tunic of ninon in the same shade.

Fancy Dress Party.

A few nights previously Mrs. Johnston gave a children's fancy dress party, which was a most picturesque and cheerful frolic. Chinese lanterns and fairy lamps gave illumination to the scene, and the supper, gorgeously decorated and plentifully supplied with crackers, was greatly appreciated. The guests ranged from biggish boys and girls in the school-room to a wee laddie not much over a year old, who was too shy to do much but look on. The smart host, Coring Johnston, looked handsome in a court suit of rose coloured brocade with ruffles of lace, and knee breeches of white satin, silk stockings and buckled shoes completed his get-up. The guests included the Honourable Joan Dickson Poynder, who made an alluring little Turkish lady in shimmering satin veiled in crepe de chine, with many sequins and jewels glittering in her dark hair. There were fairies galore, and several dainty little Japanese ladies. Twin sisters were demurely attired as hospital nurses, and two little girls who were enjoying the distraction from a convent school represented Spanish dancers with all the excitements of gay frocks, pompoms, and tambourines. Mrs. Johnston wore black satin draped with ninon and finished with lace. Miss Coleridge was in blue with a ninon tunic; her sister had on a crepe de chine gown; Mrs. Harold Johnston's dress was of changeant taffeta.

Card Party.

It was a good idea to hold a progressive card party, and the ladies of the Kelburne Bowling Club must have been pleased with the way it went off. Incidentally the funds should have benefited as well, and there will no doubt be additional trophies and prizes to compete for when the ladies' bowling season opens once more. Shaded crimson lights and good fires made the Burlington rooms attractive and cosy. At 10.30 play ceased, and the points of the game were discussed over the supper that followed. The first prize, a silver rose-bowl, was won by Mrs. Percy Bundell, the second prize going to Mrs. Rawson, who tied for honours but lost in the play off. Miss Kircher and Mr. Durt won the eucure prizes. Some very smart and pretty frocks were worn by the players, and there was a great variety in wraps. The reversible satin coat sharing the honours with the more picturesque burnous variety made of soft-lined satins. Two vice-presidents of the bowling club were present. Mrs. Church wearing grape purple velvet with a bertha of Maltese lace, and Mrs. Spencer, whose flowered taffeta dress was veiled in pale blue ninon; Mrs. Marquis, the wife of the tactful and indefatigable honorary secretary, wore black velvet and lace.

Girl Scouts.

Her Excellency Lady Islington is taking a special interest in the Girl Scouts, and it is hoped that under new conditions there will be more pronounced sympathy shown towards the movement. The first thing to be done is to abolish the khaki uniform, which, although serviceable and practical, is condemned because of its conspicuousness and its general ugliness. Her Excellency suggests dark blue as the colour to be adopted, and there is also a feeling in favour of some of the tweed mixtures which do not show dust and wear so readily as the plainer dark colours. It was Lady Islington's idea, also, that the name should be altered from Peace Scouts to Girl Guides, the title under which the movement flourishes in England. Her Excellency Lady Islington was elected patroness of the Girl Guides; Mrs. Royd Garlick succeeds to the presidency, Lady Ward having resigned; Mrs. Godley as a vice-president, and Miss Kane is to act as hon. secretary. Dr. Elizabeth Platts-Mills, who is a leading supporter of the scheme, is to act as general instructor, and the committee comprises Lady Osborne-Gibbes, Mrs. Luke, Mrs. Turton, Mrs. Dyer, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Ross, Misses Coates, Bunting, King, and Stapleton-Cotton. The new hon. treasurer is Mrs. T. G. Macarthy.

At the meeting, Lady Islington wore a graceful gown of cachemire de soie, draped, and caught up with tassels; her hat was of velvet, with an upstanding aigrette. Miss Stapleton-Cotton's smart tailor-made had facings of black satin, and was worn with a beaver hat.

Arts Club.

At the Arts Club on Monday night the hostesses were Mrs. Clark and Mrs. McVilly, the former wearing ciel-blue satin, the tunic of mole Tosea net having bands of velvet; Mrs. McVilly's dress was of amber satin, the draped overdress being of pale violet ninon, with embroideries combining the two tones. The principal attraction was a card tournament, the winners being Mrs. Munro (who received a painting), Mrs. Richardson (a silver and cut-glass scent-bottle), Mr. Heginbotham (a picture), and Mr. Montgomery (a photograph). Supper and a pleasant little concert occupied the time while the floor was cleared for dancing.

Bride-elect.

Miss Vida Bristow has been the centre of a good deal of entertaining lately on account of her approaching marriage to Mr. Anderson. On Friday the hostess was Miss Kember, who wore pale grey crepe de chine, with collar and cuffs of killed net; her mother was in Royal blue charmeuse, with black embroideries; Miss Bristow wore a brown tweed tailor-made, and a fur toque with plumage; Mrs. E. Bristow was in dark blue, with a blue hat. Songs and solos were contributed by the hostess and some of the guests, while they took it in turn to consult a fortune teller, who predicted all sorts of pleasing and exciting events. There was a very bridal air about the tea table, with its silver bells, horse shoes, turtle doves, and its white flowers set in silver vases.

Another tea for Miss Bristow was that given by Miss Seed at Miss Tindall's tea rooms. The guest of honour wore a heather tweed coat and skirt, and a toque with wings. The hostess was in dark blue, with a black hat garlanded with roses; Miss J. Seed's blue coat and skirt had black facings, and was worn with a dark blue hat.

The marriage is arranged for Friday, June 29, which is the anniversary of the date of Mr. and Mrs. Bristow's wedding. Miss Mabel Anderson has come up from Christchurch for the ceremony, and is staying with Mrs. Ewen.

College Old Girls.

The Wellington College Old Girls' Association owes much of its successful existence to the tact and energy of Miss Holm, who has lately retired from the position of honorary secretary. As a parting gift, she received a silver manicure set and silver electric clock, the presentation being made by Miss McLean on behalf of the members. This year the association decided to have a dance without the usual preliminary of a eucure tournament, and the innovation was much approved. Yellow and white daisies, with a knot of black ribbon here and there, carried out the College colours and the committee badge. Miss McLean wore white satin, veiled in jetted net; Miss Holm, charmeuse and lace; Miss Flux, the new hon. secretary, black velvet and lace.

Concert.

There was a crowded audience at the concert given to commemorate Mr. Robert Parker's retirement from the conductorship of the Musical Union, with which he has been connected for so many years. Their Excellencies were present with a party from Government House, Lady Islington wearing a dress of Liberty satin and ninon under her wrap of crepe de chine. Miss Stapleton-Cotton's charmeuse gown had handsome embroideries.

Personal.

Miss Rosina Buckmann, who is always a favourite with Wellington audiences, is to be given a farewell concert on Monday, prior to her departure for London, where she hopes to make an appearance on the operatic stage.

There is always a special charm about Colombo to people who have been to Ceylon, and the prospect of living there is before two Wellington girls in the near future. The problem of arranging trousseaux for such a very different climate is exercising a good deal of thought, but by October Miss Bimndell expects to be ready for the journey, and her marriage will be celebrated at Colombo. No date has yet been settled for Miss Macintosh's marriage, but it will probably be early next year.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Martin, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Martin, to Mr. Ernest Anderson, is to be solemnised at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington, on June 28.

The same date is that of the marriage between Miss Cooper (eldest daughter of Mr. Justice Cooper) and Dr. Gilray, of Napier, which is to take place at St. John's Presbyterian Church, Wellington.

The marriage between Miss Irene Jameson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Jameson, of Kelburne, Wellington, and Mr. John Burns, of Auckland, will most likely be celebrated about November next.

HAMILTON.

June 22.

An Evening.

Mrs. Stewart gave a small informal evening for her friend, Miss Raife, on Wednesday last. The young folks had a merry evening, with various competitions, the winners of which proved to be Miss O'Neill and Mr. Day. These were again put to the test by being allowed five minutes to write a certain list, when the latter scored. A feature of the evening was the delightful playing of Miss Raife, which was thoroughly appreciated.

Afternoon.

A competition afternoon was given on Thursday last by Mrs. Eben Wilson for

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her sister, Mrs Taylor. All the answers to a series of questions had to end in "ant." The winning pair of visitors proved to be Mrs Cork and Mrs Sheppard, who were presented with a pretty trophy each. Mrs Wilson received her guests in a pretty grey ninon and silk frock.

Personal.

Miss O'Neill has gone to stay with relatives and friends at Takapuna for a few weeks.

Miss Gresham has returned to Auckland after an enjoyable, though short visit to Mrs A. Hyde.

Miss Raife, of Devonport, has been paying a visit to Mrs Stewart.

Mrs W. I. Taylor (of Ohautapu) has been staying with Mrs Eben Wilson, her sister.

Mrs Douglas, Miss Rothwell and Mrs F. Wilson are giving the next bridge evening in aid of the croquet club at Mrs Douglas' house on Friday, the 28th inst.

GISBORNE.

June 22nd.

At Golf.

At the Poverty Bay golf links last Saturday afternoon a men's handicap tournament took place. A large number of ladies arrived for afternoon tea, the links being practically devoted to the men on Saturdays. Mesdames, A. J. Muir and J. W. J. Preston and Miss Taylor presided at a delicious tea. Those present were: Mesdames King, Barlow, Willecock, Field, Buscke, Traill, Thoroe, George, Adair, Burke, Morgan, Murray, Bull, Blair, Scott, Misses Davies, Nolan, Jameison (Christchurch), Bull, Black (2), Willis, Murray, de Lautour, Folkner (2), McCredie, Rees.

Personal.

Mrs. G. O. K. Sainsbury is staying with her mother, Mrs. W. G. Sherratt, Wai-tapu.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Reed are the guests of Mrs. J. Williams.

Mrs. W. L. Rees (Gisborne) is at present with her daughter, Mrs. H. B. Lusk, Napier.

Miss L. Rees has returned from Napier.

NAPIER.

June 22.

Golf.

On Saturday the members of the Ladies' Club played a handicap bogey match over the short course. There were more competitors than usual and some good scores were handed in. On Tuesday the medal round was played instead of on Thursday, this day being given up to practice. A team of ladies from the Wanganui Club were expected on Friday to try conclusions with our local players, but the trip has been postponed to a later date.

Personal.

Mrs. Homes, Ashburton, is staying with Mrs. Snodgrass, Bank of New Zealand.

Mrs. G. Robinson has gone to Christchurch for a holiday.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Pollen left for Christchurch on Wednesday morning, where Mr. Pollen has been appointed Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Mrs. and Miss St. Hill, of Porangahau, are in town for a few days.

Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Johnstone, of Motuotaraia, are in town for the Hastings races.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Monckton, Wai-pawa, are staying in Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Armstrong, of Akitoo, are in town for the races.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Sanderson, of Glen-roed, who have been staying with Mrs. T. Clarke, Hedgeley, returned home on Wednesday.

DANNEVIRKE.

June 22.

Golf.

The club has been favoured with two fine club days, and quite a number of players enjoyed the outing. Amongst them were Mesdames Baddley, Lawford, Lawson, Nymand, McDowell, Ward, Roake, McFarland (Napier), Misses Hensley, Wilbourn, Lawford, Hartgill, Buckhurst, Burker, Riley, Herbert, G. Irvine and MacGibbon.

Personal.

Mrs. L. Nair, Mrs. W. Irvine, and Mrs. Mason were hostesses at small evenings this week.

Mrs. and Miss Potts left on Thursday for Tauranga, where they intend to reside.

Mrs. H. Giesen left on Thursday with her two small daughters for Wellington. Mr. and Mrs. McFarland (Napier) are in Dannevirke for a few days.

Miss D. Knight, who has been spending a week in Feilding, returned on Monday.

Mrs. Reid Mackay, who has been in Sydney for about two months on a delightful visit, returned home on Wednesday.

Mrs. and Miss Pettit have reached Wellington on their homeward journey. They also have been enjoying a holiday in Sydney.

HASTINGS.

June 22.

At the Races.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's winter races were held last week. There was a large attendance. Mrs. J. H. Lowry looked stylish in steel-grey cloth tunic frock, underskirt of black silk, large black velvet hat with black ostrich plume, grey fox fur stole and muff; Miss E. Williams, navy cloth tunic frock, underskirt of black silk, cream silk yoke, navy velvet toque with green mount; Mrs. Nairn, navy tailored coat and skirt braided with black, bottle green, straw hat with green wings; Miss Russell, dark thistle mauve cloth maygar frock, braided with soutache, black velvet hat; Mrs. McKenzie, green tailored coat and skirt, green hat; Mrs. Hassal, dark rose serge coat and skirt, hat en suite; Mrs. Falconer, coat and skirt of white cloth, braided with silk soutache, large black beaver hat with blue cord; Miss Crosse, navy blue braided coat and skirt, small black beaver hat with Oriental buckle; Miss — Crosse, marine blue coat and skirt, large black beaver hat; Miss Mason, dark cloth tailored coat and skirt large black velvet toque, with white ostrich plumes; Miss Mackerser, brown cloth coat and skirt, brown velvet toque with brown wing; Miss Braithwaite, saxe blue cloth, braided in black, large black hat with black wings; Mrs. Hill, blue tailor-made, black hat; Mrs. Reid, navy costume, braided in black, black hat; Miss Drury, biscuit cloth frock, braided, black stole and muff, large black hat; Mrs. Beyers, black and white cloth costume, hat en suite; Miss Cuthbert, blue serge coat and skirt, burnt straw hat; Mrs. Wallace, mole cloth coat and skirt, large mole straw hat with white wings; Mrs. Wood, blue tailor-made, grey straw hat with small white ostrich tips; Mrs. Kieley, navy tailor-made, black and white toque, crown massed with pink roses; Mrs. Landels, mole costume, black seal toque, black stole and muff; Mrs. McKibbin, navy serge coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with green mount; Mrs. Macdonald, marine blue tailor-made, black velvet toque handed with grey fur; Mrs. Tossell, navy tailor-made, large blue straw hat with black wings; Mrs. Ebbet, blue cloth frock, black hat; Mrs. Lewis, smoke-grey panel frock, large black hat with white wings; Mrs. Scannell, grey striped coat and skirt, hat en suite; Mrs. Brodie, saxe blue coat and skirt, braided with black, black hat; Mrs. Bennett (Masterton), high-waisted coatee and skirt of white cloth, braided with silk soutache, black and white striped toque with cerise mount; Miss White (Kaikoura), cream cloth coat and skirt, large black beaver hat; Mrs. Haldane, blue tailor-made, black beaver toque; Mrs. Thompson, blue serge coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Lee, brown tailor-made, hat en suite.

Mrs. Millar, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Giesen, Mrs. Board (Marton), Mrs. Giesen (Dannevirke), Miss Prior, Miss Kirtou, Miss Walpole, Miss Baddley (debutante), Miss Hill, Miss M. Prior (debutante), Miss B. Innes-Jones, Miss De Castro (Wellington), Miss M. Hill (debutante), Miss Kerr (Wanganui), Miss Harper (Wanganui), Miss D. Taylor (debutante).

Personal.

Miss Kerr (Wanganui) is the guest of Mrs. Millar.

Miss Malar has returned from a holiday in Wanganui.

Miss O. Lovett (Bulls) is the guest of Mrs. L. Gorton.

Miss L. Harper (Wanganui) is staying with Mrs. Alymer.

Miss De Castro (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. McAllum.

Mrs. Giesen (Dannevirke) is staying with her sister, Mrs. French.

Mrs. Board (Marton) is the guest of Mrs. Glasgow.

Miss Lane (Marton) is the guest of Mrs. N. Gorton.

and was decorated with greenery and white paper narcissus. A delicious supper was daintily arranged on small round tables, and tastefully decorated with pale lavender irises and violets. The fourteen hostesses all carried beautiful bouquets of violets. Mrs. Atkinson wore a pretty cream satin frock; Mrs. Alymer, grey satin, overdress of grey ninon, beautiful lace on bodice; Mrs. Carr, handsome yellow satin gown; Mrs. Clayton, beautiful grey satin frock, trimmed with very handsome passementerie; Mrs. Cotterell looked very nice in white satin, overdress black ninon; Mrs. Fitzherbert, black satin, beautiful overdress black lace, white lace on bodice; Mrs. Fry, white satin, silver trimming; Mrs. Gillespie, tomato-coloured satin, tunic of spangled ninon; Mrs. Glasgow looked very nice in a black velvet frock, with touches of blue; Mrs. L. Gorton, white satin, overdress of spotted ninon; Mrs. N. Gorton, white satin frock, overdress black ninon; Mrs. Horrocks looked very nice in a handsome white satin frock; Mrs. McAllum, beautiful silver and blue frock, overdress of grey ninon; Mrs. Roberts, handsome black satin gown, jet trimming on bodice; Mrs. Baddley (Kim-bolton), Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Halliday, Mrs. Millar, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Giesen, Mrs. Board (Marton), Mrs. Giesen (Dannevirke), Miss Prior, Miss Kirtou, Miss Walpole, Miss Baddley (debutante), Miss Hill, Miss M. Prior (debutante), Miss B. Innes-Jones, Miss De Castro (Wellington), Miss M. Hill (debutante), Miss Kerr (Wanganui), Miss Harper (Wanganui), Miss D. Taylor (debutante).

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NEW PLYMOUTH.

June 22.

A Dance.

A most enjoyable time was spent at the Brougham Street Hall last Thursday evening, the occasion being the annual dance of the Whakatika Hockey Club. The hall was bright with ferns and hockey sticks, while the table was prettily arranged with shaded camellias and autumn leaves. The music was rendered by Mrs. Woods' orchestra. Mesdames Bewley, Penn and Glasgow acted as chaperons. Amongst those present were—Miss Roberts, very pretty pale blue charmeuse, veiled in ninon; Miss W. Roberts, dainty smoke grey satin charmeuse, with tunic of ninon; Mrs. Penn, emerald green satin, with black sequined net tunic; Miss Penn, pale blue silk; Miss K. Penn, white net tunic over a white satin foundation; Mrs. Bewley, black silk, real lace bertha; Miss Bewley looked well in white taffetas, with scarlet poppies at waist and in coiffure; Mrs. Glasgow, black silk, relieved with white; Miss Glasgow, white chiffon taffetas; Mrs. Kebbell, pale blue voile, trimmed with bands of blue silk; Miss Haines, pale pink voile, trimmed with cream lace; Mrs. P. Lawson, pale blue silk; Miss Snowball, pretty pale blue silk, trimmed with ball fringe; Miss M. Snowball (debutante), white chiffon taffetas, trimmed with silk lace; Miss B. Oliver, pretty dove grey ninon over satin charmeuse; Miss W. Bennett, white satin, with ninon tunic; Miss K. Bennett, pale blue satin, with tunic of ninon; Miss Laing, sage green ninon over a silk foundation, deftly lightened with silver embroidery; Miss Kirkly, cream lace robe; Miss J. Hempton, pale blue silk, trimmed with blue tassel fringe; Miss B. Clarke, eau-de-nil ninon over silk corage, finished with lace; Miss Brewster, shell pink embroidered chiffon over satin; Miss K. McAllum, pale blue silk; Miss Arthur, cream silk; Miss K. Watson, cream silk, veiled in net, trimmed with swansdown and cream roses; Miss Morrison (Hawers), white satin, trimmed with silver; Miss E. Johnson, white silk; Miss Kyngdon,

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FEILDING.

June 21.

A Dance.

Some of the leading ladies of the town gave a most enjoyable dance on Tuesday last, 18th June. The room was beautifully decorated with flags and evergreens. The stage was fitted up as a drawingroom for the chaperons, and was decorated with lovely bowls of anemones. A large marquee was erected alongside of the hall, and was comfortably arranged with easy chairs and lounges,

rose pink; Misses Corkill (2), white silk; Miss Wilson (Te Kuiti), white silk, trimmed with a deep silken fringe; Miss Whittom, rose pink satin; Miss Sturtivant, cream silk; Miss K. Mills, rose pink silk; Miss Ashdown; white satin, with emerald green net tunic; Miss M. McEwen, cream silk; Miss Monteah, cream silk. Amongst the gentlemen were—Messrs. Bayley, Blockam, P. Hanna, Bewley, Bain, Nicholson, McCord, Pott, T. King, Stowe, A. Humphries, T. Avery, Chissum, Chaney, Kebell, Seldon.

Personal.
Mr. T. Fenton, who has been the guest of Mrs. Fitzherbert, has returned to Masterton.

Miss G. Douglas (Auckland) is paying Mrs. M. Fraser (New Plymouth) a visit. Miss Cutfield, of the nursing staff, Hamilton, is spending her holidays with her parents at Fitzroy.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Cruickshank have returned to New Plymouth, the former having recently arrived back from the Old Country, while the latter has been for some months in Auckland.

The Misses Devore, who have been the guests of Mrs. R. George and Mrs. Collins (their sisters), have returned to their home in Auckland.

Mr. Pat. Hanna, of the Northern S.S. Co.'s Office, Auckland, is spending his holidays with his people in New Plymouth.

Mr. W. D. Robertson, who has been on a trip to England, returned to New Plymouth last week.

STRATFORD.

June 22nd.

Social.
The fortnightly social in connection with Holy Trinity Church filled in a very pleasant evening on Tuesday. Dancing was preceded by a short concert, when Mr and Mrs C. H. Penn, Miss Butler, the Vicar, Messrs Wilson, Wilkie, and Lewis contributed items. The supper arrangements were under the charge of Mesdames Stubbs, Richards and Miss Gladys Black.

Bridge Party.
Mrs Chinchin gave a small and enjoyable bridge party on Wednesday evening. Mesdames Uniacke and Robinson winning the dainty prizes.

Card Party.
With favourable weather a very enjoyable afternoon was spent at Mrs Uniacke's on Thursday, when about forty guests revelled in the delights of a card party. The hostess was dressed in an aluminium voile trimmed with silk braid and steel. A dainty afternoon tea was served, and prizes won by Mesdames Grant, Young, Harrison (Eltham), Paget, Fussell and Parr. The remaining guests were Mesdames McIntosh, Dymock, (Wellington), Sellars (Masterton), Glasgow, Budge, Webster, Menzies, Munro, Crawshaw, Stubbs, Chinchin, Wake, Hogg, Richards, Copping, Lonergan, Budd, Curtis, Porritt, Misses O'Brien, Fussell, Wake, Turton, James (2), Curtis.

Leap Year Dance.
The lady members of St. Andrew's Tennis Club were responsible for a very successful and unique Leap Year dance given at the Forester's Hall on Thursday evening.

Personal.
Mrs Bond gave a most enjoyable euchre party and "musical" at her residence, Hamlet Street, on Thursday evening, in honour of Captain and Mrs Lampen.
Mr R. H. Bigh, of the White Star League, gave a most interesting address on Tuesday at the Town Hall. Unfortunately the weather militated against a good attendance.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

June 22.

At the Opera House.
Blascheck paid a return visit to Palmerston this week, and was greeted with a large and appreciative audience at the Opera House. A few I noticed included: Mr. and Mrs. Hankins, Mrs. F. S. McRae and Miss Bonnie McRae, Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Arthur Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Pickett, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sutherland, Mrs. C. W. Walker, Miss P. Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. A. Barraud, Mrs. F. Hewitt, Mrs. P. E. Watson and Miss W. Watson, the Misses Fraser and girls from Craven School, Miss Monckton, Miss Preece and Miss G. Bell.

Bridge Party.

Mrs. Bendall, Alexandra-street, gave a small bridge party at her residence on Wednesday night. The drawing-room was sweetly decorated with late pink roses and early snowflakes. Those playing were: Mr. and Mrs. Bendall, Mr. and Mrs. Moodie, Mrs. and Miss Collins, Mrs. Randolph, Miss Stephens, Miss Dobbie, and Messrs. Dempsey, Collins, and Blackmore. The hostess wore a cinnamon brown frock, the bodice embroidered in a darker shade of brown silk, and finished with a small cream net yoke.

Liedertafel Concert.

The Liedertafel are to be congratulated on the success of the concert given in the Opera House on Thursday night. There was a very large audience. A few I noticed were: Rev. and Mrs. H. G. Roshier, Miss Slack, Mrs. W. J. Fitzherbert, Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, Mrs. Dorothy Waldegrave, Miss Mawhinney, Mrs. Levein, Mrs. Louisson, Miss Jones (Wanganui), Mrs. and the Misses Coombes, Miss F. Randolph, Mrs. Milton, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Clere, Mrs. Porter and Miss Porter, Mrs. and Miss Barnicoat, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Harman, Miss Pascoe, Mr. and Miss Watson, Mrs. A. N. Gibbons, Miss Levin, Miss D. Wilson, Mrs. A. D. Thompson, Miss E. Wilson, Mrs. and the Misses Gardiner, the Misses Waldegrave (4), Mrs. Fuller, and a great many others.

A Small Party.

Mrs. McKnight, Queen Street, entertained a small party of friends at progressive bridge last week. Miss Jones (Wanganui) won the ladies' prize, and Mr. Morrah the men's. The players were: Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Milton, Miss Jones, Miss Randolph, Miss Mabel Smith, Messrs. McKnight, Morrah, Blackmore, and Thompson. The hostess wore a black frock with black satin trimmings and cluster of crimson roses at waist.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Clere have gone to Christchurch.
Miss Jones (Wanganui) is the guest of Mrs. Levein.
Mrs. A. D. Thompson and Miss Wilson have returned from a short stay at Otaki.
Mrs. and Miss Morrah are back from Hastings.
Mr. Guy Reed, of the Bank of New Zealand staff, has been transferred to Gisborne.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

Hawera, June 22.

Winter Show.
The third annual Dominion Dairy Show was opened at Hawera last week, and continued for four days. Pressure of business prevented the Hon. T. Mackenzie from being present, as he had intended, and the show was officially opened by Mr. G. V. Pearce, M.P. for Patet. During the four days the weather was cold and wintry. Nevertheless the attendance for the show was nearly 14,000. Some of those I noticed were:—Mr. and Mrs. Gillies, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Tonks, Mrs. and Miss Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Nalder, Mr. and Mrs. Page, Mr. and Mrs. Lennou, Mr. and Mrs. Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Misses Nolan (2), Mr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Worthy, Mr. and Mrs. Wylds, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Misses Pearce, Mrs. and Miss McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Foyster, Mrs. and Misses Caplen, Miss Lysaght, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hawken, Mr. and Mrs. O. Hawken, Dr. and Mrs. MacDiarmid, Dr. and Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. and Misses Glenn (2), Miss Douglas, Mrs. and Miss Howlett, Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Hislop, Misses Young (2), Misses Winks (2).

At Home.

It was a happy thought on the part of Mrs. Page and Miss Harris to give Miss Whitcombe a farewell "At Home" before her departure for Wanganui, where she intends to reside in future. During the afternoon an amusing competition took place, entitled "A Domestic Romance and Tragedy." Mrs. Kimbell won the first prize, while Miss Stringer was second. Mrs. Page was wearing a grey net frock, with touches of cerise; Miss Harris, petunia coloured cloth, trimmed with velvet of the same shade; Miss Whitcombe, pretty cream net

frock; Mrs. Kimbell, brown tweed coat and skirt, black hat with black plumes; Mrs. Tonks, purple skirt, seal skin coat, heliotope hat with wings; Mrs. O. Hawken, grey Harris tweed costume, small black and green hat; Mrs. Williams, green cloth costume, vieux rose hat, trimmed with black velvet; Mrs. Nolan, black serge frock, braided in black, black hat; Mrs. Webster, navy serge costume, black hat with black ostrich feathers; Mrs. Holder, cream serge coat and skirt, black tagel hat with wheat ears; Mrs. Bell, brown cloth costume, black and green hat; Mrs. Moore, black skirt, seal skin coat, small black hat; Mrs. Cassell, navy blue costume, braided in black, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Dingle, black costume, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Mason (Wanganui), grey tweed costume, black hat with saxe blue wings; Mrs. Wallace, grey tweed coat and skirt, revers faced with black, small black hat; Mrs. A. Hufter, black serge costume, black velvet toque; Mrs. Willis, navy blue costume, hat to match; Mrs. Campbell, black serge costume, black felt hat with quills; Mrs. Nalder, black cloth coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs. Sutton, navy cloth coat and skirt, red felt hat; Mrs. Howlett, black costume, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Stringer, black serge frock, black hat; Miss Moore, black and white striped cloth costume, seal skin hat; Miss Kock, navy serge coat and skirt, hat to match; Miss Morse, navy blue serge, black hat; Miss Stringer, mole coloured cloth costume, brown hat; Miss W. Stringer, navy blue serge coat and skirt, burnt straw hat trimmed with black ribbon; Miss B. Nolan, grey tweed Norfolk costume, grey and green hat; Miss Nolan (Hawke's Bay), saxe blue coat and skirt, black hat with white fur; Miss Reilly, navy costume, braided in black, black hat with shaded blue trimmings; Miss Dingle, black serge costume, black hat; Miss Revell, navy serge costume, cinnamon brown hat with quills; Miss White, black cloth and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Howlett, navy blue costume, black hat.

Personal.

Miss Campion, who has been visiting the Misses Reilly, has returned to her home in Wanganui.
Miss E. Caplen is visiting friends in New Plymouth.
Mrs. Mason (Wanganui) spent a few days in Hawera this week.
Miss Nolan (Hawke's Bay) is spending a short holiday with Mrs. R. Nolan.

WANGANUI.

June 22.

Afternoon Tea.
During this week numbers of afternoon teas have been given. On Tuesday Mrs. A. Wilson was the hostess to a small one for Mrs. Cameron, of England, who is the guest of Mrs. H. F. Christie, St. John's Hill. The same afternoon the Misses Brettargh gave a jolly little tea for Miss Gertrude Dodgshun, of Gisborne, who has been staying in Wanganui for some weeks. On Wednesday Mrs. J. C. Greenwood gave a tea at Paul's Tea Rooms for Mrs. Dodgshun. Amongst those present were: Mrs. A. Lewis, Mrs. Wray, Mrs. A. Wilson, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. J. Anderson, Mrs. Lomax, Mrs. Dodgshun, Mrs. Lucy Peake (Te Awamutu), Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Hughes-Johnston, Mrs. Gibbons, Mrs. Brettargh, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Stevenson. On Thursday Mrs. A. Lewis gave an afternoon tea for Miss Bee Russell, of Christchurch, who is staying in Wanganui with her sister, Mrs. Gifford Marshall, and her marriage to Mr. Theo Barker, of Christchurch, takes place in Wanganui next Wednesday. It is to be a very quiet wedding, with only relations present.

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At Golf.

There was a fair number on the Belmont links on Wednesday. Afternoon tea was given by Miss Brown. Amongst those on the links were: Mrs. J. Harold, Miss Montgomery Moore, Miss Parsons, Miss Christie, Miss Leslie Williams, Miss N. Cowper, Miss Bates, Miss C. Bates, Miss G. Christie, Mrs. McBeth, Miss McBeth, Miss R. Fairburn, Miss W. Bayly, Miss Cave, Miss Ida Stevenson, Miss H. Anderson, Mrs. D'Arcy, Mrs. Meldrum, Mrs. Hogg, Miss M. Milne, Miss Nixon, Miss C. Nixon, Mrs. Young (Otago), Mrs. Howarth, and others.

Opera House.

Blaschke, the Society Entertainer, had a one-night season at the Opera House this week. There was a large and appreciative audience, and amongst those noticed were: Mrs. J. C. Greenwood, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. Dodgshun, Miss G. Dodgshun, Miss Anderson, Miss Brettagh, Miss Stevenson, Miss Christie, Miss G. Christie, Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Gonville Saunders, Miss Wilford, Miss Parsons, Miss Bayly, and others.

Personal.

Mr. Theo. Barker, of Christchurch, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Izard, in Wanganui.

Miss Spenser, of Wanganui, has returned from her holiday in the South.

Mrs. Cameron, of England, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. F. Christie, St. John's Hill, Wanganui, left for the South this week.

Miss Bee Russell, of Christchurch, is staying in Wanganui with Mrs. Gifford Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacy Peake (Te Awamutu) are the guests of Mrs. Henry Peake, Wanganui.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice, of Australia, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. Nixon Ledgerbrook, Wanganui.

Miss Olive Williams, Putiki, Wanganui, has returned from her visit to relations in Hawke's Bay.

Miss Reue Nixon, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Wellington and Westport.

Mrs. Von Haast, of Christchurch, is the guest of Mrs. Hutton, St. John's Hill, Wanganui.

Mrs. Rochford, of Eltham, who has been staying in Wanganui with her mother, Mrs. A. Lewis, has returned to her home.

Miss Neame, of Wanganui, has been staying at Mokoia, Hawera, with Miss Tysaght.

PICTON.

June 22.

Afternoon Tea.

A most enjoyable afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Kenny at her residence "Bridge End," for her sister-in-law, Mrs. (Dr.) Millington. An art gallery competition was very amusing, and kept the guests busily employed. Mrs. Vickers, and Miss Philpotts were equal for first prize. Both were the recipients of pretty articles, and Miss Beswick was awarded the "booby" for the fewest correct answers. Mrs. Kenny received her guests in black crepe de chene and white silk; Mrs. Millington, black ninon over glace, with white lace yoke and sleeves; Miss Kenny, Waikawa Road, striped costume and black hat; Miss Edith Kenny, and Miss Ata Millington were attired as waiting maids in white muslin frocks, and filled aprons, large mob caps trimmed with pale blue silk and big blue sashes. They were greatly admired, and announced the guests. Mrs. H. C. Seymour was in black, with fancy straw hat trimmed with silk; Mrs. Allen, black; Mrs. Vickers, green coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs. Dickson, brown tweed costume, grey felt hat; Mrs. Healey, dark costume, hat to match; Mrs. Haslett, navy blue-lustre gown, black hat; Mrs. Smith, black costume; Mrs. Ellis, black; Mrs. Arthur, black; Mrs. Madsen, dark coat and skirt, black velvet hat with plumes; Mrs. Philpotts, dark dress, and long seal-skin coat, bonnet with jet and flowers; Mrs. Williams, dark costume, hat to match; Mrs. Hiddell, tweed coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs. Beauchamp, black; Mrs. Haighway, brown costume, pretty hat; Mrs. Nicol, dark costume; Mrs. Beswick, dark costume, hat en suite; Dr. Ada Patterson, dark costume, hat to match; Miss Burton, black and white costume; Mrs. Bewick, brown costume; Miss Philpotts, tweed coat and skirt; Miss Beauchamp, blue coat and skirt, hat to match; Miss Western,

striped cloth coat and skirt, hat en suite; Miss Frankish, brown serge costume; Miss Williams, blue and brown; Miss Dawkins, dark tweed coat and skirt; Miss H. Harris, grey costume, hat to match. Tea was served in the drawing-room, and was most delicious, served by the daughter of the house and her cousin, while Master Paul Kenny assisted by carrying round the sugar-bowl and sweeties.

Social.

Another of the socials in connection with Holy Trinity Church was held on Tuesday, but unfortunately its success was marred by a downpour of rain, which kept a large audience away, and also some of the intended performers. The hostesses, however — Mesdames Storey, Nicol, and Chambers — decided to go on with the arrangements, and all those who braved the elements had a good time. Songs were rendered by Mrs. Nicol, Mrs. Willetts, and Mr. P. Burrough; recitations by Miss L. Cragg, Miss Rita Storey, and the Rev. T. J. Smith. A good supper and a good fire left nothing to be desired.

Personal.

Mr. Alfred, Inspector of the Bank of New Zealand, is in town on official business. Mr. Aldred is also in Picton.

The Rev. T. J. Smith spent the greater part of last week cruising about Pelorus Sound, visiting the settlers in many out-of-the-way corners of that many-armed stretch of water.

BLENHEIM.

June 22nd.

Hockey Dance.

A most enjoyable dance was given by the Marlborough Hockey Club on Friday evening in St. Patrick's Hall, and was well attended. A dainty supper was laid out in the supper room, the table being prettily decorated with shaded chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. Amongst those present were: Mesdames R. McCallum, black taffeta relieved with creme silk lace; Corry, black silk, white eaxe blue velvet; Strachan, black velvet; Wolfertan, black silk taffeta; Furness, black silk; Blackett, red taffeta with grey chiffon tunic; Walker, pale blue ninon with tunic; Redwood, white satin with white lace overdress; Lucas, blue satin; Powell, pale blue charmeuse with chiffon tunic; Fraser-Tyler, pink satin with pale pink ninon overdress; Misses F. Hutcheson, white silk; Meade, creme silk; Ewart, blue velvet; Skinner, white satin; T. Ball, white chiffon taffeta; Jenney, white taffeta with pretty spangled net overdress; L. Clouston, white lace dress over chiffon taffeta; C. Clouston, blue ninon; M. McNab, shot taffeta; M. Farmer, grey ninon; Dora Perrott, heliotrope ninon; Harding, blue silk muslin; D. McKay, blue satin; Williams, blue satin with side panels of lovely lace; Fulton, white satin; Brittain, pale grey ninon with tunic; Barnett, white charmeuse; Fisher, white taffeta; L. Ewart, white muslin; G. Furness, white muslin; T. Reid, pale blue ninon; Scollard, black velvet; P. Clouston, white taffeta; McKay, heliotrope ninon over satin; L. Wolfertan, black velvet; Messrs. Fisher, Spence, Brittain, Lucas, Redwood, Walferton, Hill, Admore, Barnett, Scollard, Orwin, Meade, Parker, Hood, Samsou, and Perrott.

Concert.

It is seven years since Miss Rosina Buckman previously visited Blenheim, and her appearance was the occasion of a large gathering in the Town Hall on Monday and Tuesday evening. Miss Buckman received a hearty reception. She was assisted by Mrs. W. R. Allen (pianist), Sig. Truda (flautist), and Mr. Frank Foster (tenor). Those noticed among the audience were:—Mr. and Mrs. F. Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. Teshmaker-Shute, Dr. and Mrs. Meade, Mr. and Mrs. G. Seymour, Mrs. Clouston, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Mrs. R. McCallum, Mrs. A. McCallum, Mrs. Hevell, Mrs. Innes, Dr. and Mrs. Bennett, Miss Smith, Miss Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bell, Misses Bell (2), Misses Clouston (3), Mr. and Mrs. C. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. G. Waddy, Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. R. Adams, Mrs. D. Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rose, Miss Mowat, Miss Florence, Mrs. White, Miss Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Shipley, Mr. and Mrs. Robb, Mr. and Mrs. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Murray, and Dr. and Mrs. Walker.

Personal.

Miss Skinner has returned from a short visit to Wellington. Miss Morgan (England) is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Neville, "Thorston."

Mr. Harte, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Welsh, has returned to Invercargill.

Miss M. Bell and Dr. Gordon Bell have returned from their trip to Christchurch and the West Coast.

Miss Foster (Seddon) has returned from a holiday to the West Coast.

Mrs. T. Mills (Pelorus Sound) is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Mills, Hawkeshaw Street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Dillon, "Leefield," were in town during the week.

CHRISTCHURCH.

June 22.

Afternoon Tea.

Mrs. G. G. Stead entertained a few of her friends on Tuesday at her residence, Sumner, at an afternoon tea. The guests were: Mrs. and Miss Bowden, Mrs. Denniston, Mrs. and Miss Burns, Mrs. H. H. Loughnan, Mrs. and Miss Merton, Mrs. Wilding and Mrs. Harley.

An afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Richardson at Cashmere Hills on Friday. Those present were: Mrs. G. Rhodes, Mrs. Onslow, Mrs. Denniston, Mrs. Raymond, Miss Thomas, Miss Tabart and Mrs. Stringer.

Concert.

The Christchurch Orchestral Society gave the second concert of their season on Wednesday evening at the Theatre Royal.

The vocalists included Mrs. Arthur Meade (soprano), and Mr. T. F. Thomas. The programme, chiefly of instrumental music, was excellently given, especially the opening overture from "Semiramide" (Rossini). The large audience was most enthusiastic. Mrs. Arthur Meade sang "Gai Papillon," written by Andrew Hawley, and Mallinson's "Gloriana," in her usual charming style. Mrs. Trevor Thomas gave Sargeant's song, "Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind." Mr. Alfred Bunz was conductor, and Mrs. Twynham was leader of the orchestra. Mrs. Meade wore a handsome robe of silver sequined net over pale blue silk. Two beautiful bouquets were presented to her. Amongst those present were: Mr. and the Misses Lyne, Mrs. Wilding, Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. J. Williams, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Macbeth, Mrs. Stringer, Mrs. Herman, Professor and Mrs. Wall, Miss Guthrie, Mrs. Gabbatt, Mrs. Carey, Misses Mcir, and Mrs. Peate.

At the Theatre Royal.

Mr. Alexander Watson opened his season on June 20th, with Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and it was a most interesting and instructive entertainment. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Loughnan, Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, Misses Bullen (2), Dr. and Mrs. Newell, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Malcolm, Mrs. Dalgety, Miss Burnett, Rev. J. and Mrs. Cocker, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Miss N. Duncan, Miss N. Guthrie, Dr. and Mrs. Gow, the Misses Brown (2).

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Savil, who are spending the winter in Christchurch, have sent out invitations for a small dance.

Captain and Mrs. Macarthur Onslow (Christchurch), left last week for Sydney for a short time.

Miss M. Shaw (Hawke's Bay) is staying with Mrs. George Rhodes at "Elmwood" (Christchurch).

Miss D. Bennett leaves Christchurch shortly for a trip to England.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. J. Urigg (Amberley) have been spending a few days in Christchurch.

Mrs. Gower Burns (Christchurch) is visiting Timaru.

Miss Macdonald (Christchurch) is staying with friends in South Canterbury.

Mrs. Inman has returned to Christchurch from the North Island.

The Misses Watson (Wellington) are spending a short time in Christchurch.

Miss Babington, (Christchurch) has gone to Oamaru.

Miss Knubley, who has been staying in Christchurch, has returned to Timaru.

Mrs. Stead (Christchurch) is staying at her residence in Sumner.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Stead (Braekfield), have been spending a few days in Christchurch.

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Go, little verse, upon thy way,
And round the joyful tidings tell:
There is no cold or cough to-day
That cannot be made well.
Go, tell the name, the magic name,
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BEDSTEDS. Stocked everywhere.

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

MANY and varied are the aspects of the tailor-mades this season; the materials of which they are made are too numerous to be even enumerated. The trend of fashion is towards wider skirts, and coats that cover the hips, smartly cut away in front. Here it is that the Louis XVI. influence is noticeable. The extremists, for afternoon wear, have set their seal of approval on the long coats of black taffeta or bengaline of this character, supplemented with a smart waistcoat and embroidered lawn or lace ruffles at the throat and wrists.

Combinations in materials and trimmings are certainly features in dress at the moment. This development is manifest in every department, from the simplest day-frock of serge and velvet to the more elaborate evening gown of the most expensive and elaborate of material. Dress is so very magnificent this season in the matter of fabrics that the difficulty of keeping within the limits of a reasonable dress allowance is difficult.

Regarding Skirts.

Quite a new departure in the realm of habille tailor-mades is a series of pleats at the back. For instance, a distinctive model of lagoon blue bengaline had an apron of the same material. It nearly concealed the hem of the skirt in front, was slit up on either side, and carried round to the back and caught with a cute little ribbon bow. Therefore the underskirt was revealed at the back only. It was quite full, as it was pleated to the waistband. The apron, however, imprisoned the fulness so that the straight silhouette remained. The coat was short while the sleeves extended to the wrists, but at the elbow the bengaline was cut away, revealing a fascinating puff of satin. In 1870 there was a slightly "belled" sleeve entitled the Duchess that was deemed ultra smart. It had a small-vogue in 1850, and it is this sleeve that is again coming into favour. It is rather a trouble, this sleeve, as it hangs down at the wrist and has an unhappy knack of catching in anything in its vicinity. In the more elaborate tailored suits the Georgian



In this figure we have a most graceful reception robe of softest taffeta mousseline in a bronze shade—here we note a fuller skirt, but withal falling so gracefully and closely round the figure that one hardly realises the amount of material employed. The drapery seems skilfully weighted in the train of inserted embroidery. The corsage has a square effect by reason of the emplacement of embroidery on yoke and sleeves, then follows the pointed hood-line, which is a feature on so many models. The embroidery itself is metallic in effect, of bronze and oxidised silver, but worked with silks of green, yellow, and purple shading, and that it harmonises admirably with the taffeta. The crown of the small hat is of the same silk, with lining of green velvet and fantastic aigrette.



COSTUME OF PARMA MAUVE CLOTH, WITH EMBROIDERED COLLAR.

waistcoat is introduced of the same material, and is usually relieved with touches of black.

Ever prominent in millinery schemes, the ostrich feather is now extending its province and is being made useful and very ornamental as a substitute for fur upon frocks as well as headgear.

It is employed as a bordering upon a lovely evening gown, its white, crisply curled fronds looking exquisitely soft beneath the glitter of silver and the sheen of pearl embroideries wrought upon grey satin. An evening cloak is embellished with three rouleaux of it, dyed cerise and placed upon lettuce-green velvet to simulate a very deep cape.

In the milliners' new productions it is to be found as well, edging the velvet cap or hat, instead of the peltry bordering.

for instance. We may have the Dolly Varden skirts with us again before long, who knows?

NOT ONLY PANIERS BUT ALSO THE POLONAISE.

Talking of skirts, the polonaise has made its appearance. Some people prefer it to the paniers; it is more becoming to some figures. Paniers, whether worn short and well weighted, so as to be flat or long, or much looped up and rather "bouffant" are all very well for tall and slight people, but they do not do for a short, thick-set figure, and a polonaise relieves the severity of a plain skirt, and is not quite so trying. The quite plain skirts will probably disappear altogether before very long.

COPYING OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

Another early Victorian fashion which is being revived is the small white satin or broche coats, which are worn with almost anything, but which look best with a black skirt. There is a very short basque, and it is made with quite a small waist belt fastening with a clasp. The revers and cuffs may be of black satin when it is worn with black. Even the bolero is coming in again, so there is no lack of quaint revivals. The short white satin coat belongs to the Louis Philippe period.

SHORTER GLOVES.

With a satin, taffetas, or any kind of a silk frock the sleeves are often of a different material altogether. The armholes are cut away, and the dress finished off then by being piped and a nixon or lace sleeve worn. All sleeves are worn long almost on to the hand, and are finished with lace, which falls half over the hand. For such sleeves gloves of one or two buttons are all that are required, the long gloves of last season being useless.

Fashion Notes from London.

(From Our Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 3.

The question is being debated in the papers a good deal just now as to how much the fashions are set by the theatres and, failing that, what it is actually that determines just what is going to be worn. There can be no doubt that the theatres are responsible for a good deal. Plays are so wonderfully staged nowadays and so much attention is paid to the dressing of the different parts that the leading dressmakers are glad to seize the opportunity of getting an exhibition of the styles they want to introduce. But the theatres do not do it all. No doubt the great Dickens boom we have been having this winter has something to do with the popularity of old-world styles, with the way the panier is catching on



SMART STREET SUIT.

in Soft Whitecord Suiting, perfectly tailored.

HATS VERY SEVERE.

The hats are certainly getting smaller. A toque shape is much in evidence, and although the bright weather is upon us the newest hats do not promise much in the way of shade to the eyes. They are also very little trimmed. Summer hats one would imagine should be gay with flowers, but fashion has decreed it otherwise this year. There are very few flower-trimmed hats among the models. Knots of ribbon and high upstanding aigrettes, poised at a becoming angle, is all that they have. Of course, they are not nearly as interesting as usual, nor are they very becoming. The style is too severe to suit the majority of people.

TOUCH OF COLOUR IN THE SHOES.

The hobble skirt has for many months been the joy of the comic papers, who have simply tumbled over one another in their anxiety to outdo each other in saying the smartest thing they could about them. But from all accounts, in spite of the wider skirts, women in Paris are walking just as badly as ever, owing to the very high heels they have taken to wearing. Coloured heels seem rather the rage, especially with black shoes, and they go to match something in the toilette. A black or a white costume, for instance, with touches of green on the bodice and perhaps in the hair too, might have green heels.

COLD WINDS AND SUNSHINE.

April has been a record month as regards dryness, but in spite of the brilliant sunshine we have had day after day, cold winds have been very prevalent, which made one wonder what to wear. Warmer clothing was obviously the right thing, but the clothes one has been wearing all the winter did not show up very well in the sun. So they had to be cleaned and sponged if one did not want to go about looking very shabby.

SMARTENING UP WINTER WEAR.

Ammonia is, of course, the best thing to clean tweed coats and skirts with, but pure ammonia should never be used. It is too strong, for one thing, for if not properly diluted it would most likely ruin the colour of the costume. Then, too, it is very expensive. But a good recipe for a cleaning medium is three drachms of soft soap and six drachms of borax, dissolved in two and a-half pints of water, and with a pint of strong ammonia added. When bottled, do not use a cork, but an india-rubber plug. Even this mixture is a little too strong, and some water should be added when it is used for tweeds or cloth. It is excellent for cleaning metal surfaces, however, in its full strength, flannel being employed.

Fashion Notes from Paris.

(By a Parisian Expert.)

PARIS. April.

Everything has pointed to an early season, in so far as spring models are concerned, the early date of Easter this year prompting a forced display of spring, and hurrying on the French dressmaking world for the next month or two.

Just now we are not getting the extremes; the bizarre new things they come later, and then, still later, comes a second wave of conservatism, a toning-down of the too voyant, a selection of the best of what has been offered, a survival of the fittest.

SPRING CREATIONS OF NET AND MOUSSELINE.

For the present, the makers seem content with turning out delightful little street costumes, general utility frocks of simple smartness, pretty linens, voiles, foulards, etc., sure to be useful and practical, no matter what else may be ordered later. An exception to the rule is to be found in the new lingerie and lace models prepared for the coming season, and in most cases extravagantly elaborate, as the modish lingerie frock is prone to be nowadays. So much handwork is lavished upon frocks of the type, that the French models are very long in preparation, and the buyers must place their orders from season to season, if they are to secure the work of the best makers. Already is shown wonderful confections of this type, compact of laces, embroidered nets, silk mousselines, mulls, batistes, linens, etc. Often five or six different materials are combined in the making of one frock, called by courtesy lingerie, though the lingerie materials may play a small part in the finished whole.

THE YELLOW LINENS ESPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE.

Sheer robes of mousseline or linen, fine lace, and hand-embroidered, are often accompanied by superb coats of heavier lace, usually Irish; this heavy lace in small quantities being also mingled with the fine lace of the robe. A striking model of this class, shown in a Re de la Paix shop, has a novel feature in the studding of the handsome Irish lace coat with brilliant cut jet discs, and the idea, though bizarre, works out more attractively than you would imagine. As for the useful little lingerie

frocks that will actually stand tubbing, they are already with us in great quantities, and though the really dainty models are not extraordinarily cheap, they are not at all events in the same class with the more gorgeous frocks.

A house, whose linen frocks and suits are noted, is showing a large number of charming models in these yellow linens, usually with touches of white for relief, a little white band embroidery, a collar of embroidered white linen or pique set with rows of very fine yellow soutache, matching the linen a collar and frill of lingerie and lace, or some such becoming device. A note of black, too, is most effective on these yellow tones, and is usually introduced in a cravat or tiny bow, though, in coat suits, the collar and cuffs or mere-

can be worn in the house or in the streets. There is a dignity in the line and decoration that is eminently suited to walking costumes. And who will deny the fact that a frock can never be too elegantly simple for the home?

THE ADVENT OF THE PANNIER.

Panniers have made their appearance. We see them, but, though they go by that name, their draperies are not really panniers at all. Charming they most certainly are, belonging, as they do, to a day of more opulent and flowing outlines, but they are details, and must remain details. We of us who have been bored to tears over the slim silhouette will welcome fussy dresses, pretty little lace flounces and frills, tiny quillings and pleating, fascinating lace ruffles, the pointed Court waist and the like. Moreover, if your skirt has more material than of yore, the same must be flimsy and suppressed as much as possible, flattened and ironed. Are we afraid to change our line? I am afraid we are. Anyway, let us be brave, and whatever the season's changes may be, wear a brave front, and dare to wear what suits us best.

OUR SKETCH.

Quite charming are the lace and net dresses destined to be worn over coloured slips. Filet lace and Point de Malines are artistically blended in the model pictured on this page. The underdress is of pearl grey satin, the overdress composed of the two above-mentioned dentelles. The corsage is arranged fichu-fashion, while a dainty little chemisette is in tucked grey chiffon, threaded with a silver ribbon.



by the collar may be faced with black, and a note of black may be introduced on the making of the buttons.

SILK FROCKS DO DOUBLE DUTY.

The double role the silk frock plays successfully this spring is extremely attractive to the woman with a practical kink in her mind. There is a decided vogue for charmuse, by the way, and after seeing the soft, dull silk in wonderful colourings, it is not surprising that the majority of makers and wearers lean to this fabric. Fashion has made up silk dresses so that they

500 Beautiful Colours

THINK what opportunities this gives for colour schemes, for designs that combine delicacy and strength.

Most of the colours in Pearsall's Silks are washing and boiling dyes, and are clearly marked.

Another point is that the beautiful and lasting lustre of these Silks is due to the purity of the Silk itself.

"FLO FLOSS" 350 Washing Colours. A divisible Silk.

"MALLARD FLOSS" A twisted Floss Silk.

"CABLE SILK" A very stout Silk for parties, etc. 350 colours.

"FAMELA" Knitting and Crochet. A hard make in stainless colours.

There's a Pearsall's Silk for every kind of work. Obtainable at all drapers and fancy goods repositories.

PEARSALL'S EMBROIDERY SILKS

NOT ALWAYS THE DRESSMAKER'S FAULT

Yes, 'tis vexing to have a new frock which somehow does not look anything like that depicted by the fashion plates.

But— Think before you blame the dressmaker. The fault may lie with your corset.

Royal P.D. Rustless Corsets

will save you much unnecessary vexation because they are built to comply with the prevailing fashions. They give the figure the ideal poise, and are hygienic. The perfect gown has a perfect foundation when it rests on a Royal P.D. Corset.

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If you want the very best

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LATEST VICTORY GRAND PRIZE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION, 1910

SEE HORROCKSES' NAME ON SELVEDGES and decline all substitutes. Sold by all First-Class Drapers and Storekeepers.

Verse Old and New.

The Searchers.

SMITH started out, in answer to
A write-up of a distant land,
Where fruits and flowers always
grew
And south winds warmed a
coral strand;
But soon a letter came along—
He had not been away a year—
And this the burden of Smith's song:
"You have to earn your living here."

Again Smith moved, and he was most
Enthusiastic o'er the view;
Twas where, to quote the agent's boast,
The easy money bushes grew;
But back a postcard winged its flight
To those at home who held Smith
dear;
And this was all he cared to write:
"You have to earn your living here."

Poor Smith! in vain his restless feet
Shall fare beneath the rainbow arch;
In vain through lands of cold and heat
Shall he, and kindred searchers, march;
For there has always been one sign
To greet man's vision, dull or clear;
Even in Utopia it shall shine:
"You have to earn your living here."

Herndon.

[On September 12, 1857, the Centurion America was lost at sea in a great storm off Cape Hatteras. Captain William Lewis Herndon, of the Navy, was in command. His tranquil courage preserved discipline up to the last, and until his passengers, officers, and crew were all in the boats. Seeing that the last boat was already overloaded, Captain Herndon refused to add to its danger, and, ordering it off, went down with his ship.]

Ay, shout and rave, thou cruel sea,
In triumph o'er that fated deck,
Grown holy by another grave—
Thou hast the captain of the wreck.

No prayer was said, no lesson read,
O'er him; the soldier of the sea;
And yet for him, through all the land,
A thousand thoughts to-night shall be.

And many an eye shall dim with tears,
And many a cheek be flushed with
pride;
And men shall say, There died a man,
And boys shall learn how well he died.

Ay, weep for him, whose noble soul
Is with the God who made it great;
But weep not for so proud a death,—
We could not spare so grand a fate.

Nor could Humanity resign
That hour which bade her heart beat
high,
And blazoned Duty's stainless shield,
And set a star in Honour's sky.

O dreary night! O grave of hope!
O sea; and dark; un pitying sky!
Full many a wreck these waves shall
claim
Ere such another heart shall die.

Alas, how can we help but mourn
When hero bosoms yield their breath!
A century itself may bear
But once the flower of such a death;

So full of manliness, so sweet
With utmost duty nobly done;
So thronged with deeds, so filled with
life,
As though with death that life begun.

It has begun, true gentleman!
No better life, we ask for thee;
Thy Viking soul and woman heart
Forever shall a beacon be,—

A starry thought to veering souls,
To teach it is not best to live;
To show that life has naught to match
Such knight-hood as the grave can give.
—S. Weir Mitchell.

First Pathways.

Where were the pathways that your
childhood knew?
In mountain glens? or by the ocean
strand?
Or where, beyond the ripening harvest
land,
The distant hills were blue?

Where evening sunlight threw a golden
haze
Over a mellow city's walls and towers?
Or where the fields and lanes were
bright with flowers,
In quiet woodland ways?

And whether here or there, or east or
west,
That place you dwell in first was holy
ground;
Its shelter was the kindest you have
found,
Its pathways were the best.

And even in the city's smoke and mire
I doubt not that a golden light was
shed
On those first paths, and that they
also led
To lands of heart's desire.

And where the children in dark alleys
penned
Heard the caged lark sing of the April
hills,
Or where they dammed the muddy
gutter vills,
Or made a dog their friend;

Or where they gathered, dancing hand in
hand,
About the organ man, for them, too,
lay
Beyond the dismal alley's entrance way
The gates of wonderland.

For 'tis my faith that Earth's first words
are sweet
To all her children—never a rebuff;
And that we only saw, where ways
were rough,
The flowers about our feet.

—From "Horizons and Landmarks," by
Sidney Royse Lysaght.

Discontent.

Sailing, sailing, sailing over the freetops
high,
When the light is red in the west, a
low, lone bar—
Wheeling and drifting and whirling
across the sky
Till out of the day comes night and
the evening star.

Sailing, sailing, sailing careless and
reckless as Youth!
Sons of the wild March winds and the
untrod way—
Buccaneers black that chatter and mock
at ruth,
Wanderers asking of Time but a song
and a day.

Sailing, sailing, sailing! Strike off
these shackles of mine!
Chains of convention, links that are
all-fool's gold—
And it's up and away! with never a bond
to confine
While the sea and the heavens are
wide and the heart is bold!
—Ingram Crockett.

The Poet from His Garret.

Arrogantly,
Above the dazzling city, darkness
zoned,
I look down on the fools that scoff at
me,
As one enthroned.

Sadly the street
Its never-ending monotone uplifts.
Across the silent heavens, fearing-fleet,
The pale moon drifts.

Long, long ago
A maiden watched from every storied
tower,
And to the meanest churl that sighed
below
Might cast a flower.

Canst thou not see
My deep-red rose that lies beneath the
lamp?
Nay, o'er the luckless petals, wantonly
A thousand tramp.
—From "Hard Labour, and Other
Poems," by John Carter.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

Legislature Ethics.

A CERTAIN saloon-keeper years ago was elected to the legislature of an American State at a time when there was important legislature pending. He accepted £200 for his vote on a certain measure. The deal was hardly closed when the opposition came round, offering him £400. The temptation was strong, but the member shook his head.
"No gentleman as is a gentleman," he said, "will sell out twicet on wan proposition."

If George had been Twins.

The lad had a face bright and sunny and a pair of blue eyes like a girl's, and he had just put an end to the earthly existence of a fine ripe banana in a manner remarkable for its neatness and despatch.
Then he looked up at "daddy" and smiled the inquiring smile which meant trouble for the old man.
"Dad," he said softly, "supposing I'd been twins."
Dad shuddered; but it is necessary to dissemble sometimes.
"Well, Georgie," he said, "supposing?"
"You'd have bought the other boy a banana, too, wouldn't you? Fact, I don't see how you could have got out of it."
"I should certainly have bought the other boy, as you call him, a banana," said dad austerely.
"Well, dad," said the dear little fellow, "you surely ain't goin' to cheat me out of a banana 'cos I'm all in one piece, are you?"
A groan came from somewhere, but Georgie was neatly despatching another banana pretty soon.

An Agnostic.

Jones had just run over to see if Mr. and Mrs. Blank would go to the theatre with them. Mrs. Blank was sorry, but, unfortunately, Blank was out. Probably he was at the club. She would telephone. The following conversation ensued:
"Halloa! Is this the — Club? Is my

husband there? Halloa! Not there? Sure? Well, all right then; but hold on. How do you know? I haven't even told my name."
"There ain't nobody's husband here—never," was the better attendant's reply.

Referred to Dr. Wiley.

"Somebody's been trying to stump Dr. Wiley, I see," said Hanks, "by asking for a definition of hash."
"That oughtn't to stump anybody," said Blithers. "Hash is nothing but a recurrence at a subsequent meal of the conglomerate remnants of a previous repast."

Try This On Your Friends.

Jones and Smith met in the street yesterday and got talking.
"I was on the top of a tram the other day," said Jones, "puffing quietly at my cigar, when suddenly a lady sitting near me snatched it from my mouth and threw it away."
"You've no right to smoke on a tramcar," she cried. "It's not allowed."
"Well, what did you do?" inquired Smith.
"I was rather taken aback, but in a minute I grasped the poodle she was carrying in her lap and dropped it overboard."
"You've no right to have dogs on a tramcar," I said; "it's not allowed."
"She glared, and then we both looked over into the road, and there was the poodle running along by the side of the tram, and what do you think it had in its mouth?"
"The cigar?"
"No," said Jones; "it's tongue."

Heady Legislation.

The Chinese prototype of the American Anti-trust Law is beautifully brief and simple. It contains but four paragraphs, which are as follows:—
"Those who deal with merchants unfairly are to be beheaded."
"Those who interrupt commerce are to be beheaded."
"Those who attempt to close the markets are to be beheaded."
"Those who maintain the prosperity of commerce are to be rewarded."

An Unlucky Heiress.

An heiress married a foreigner who was, she understood, a count; but it turned out that he was only a waiter. When she discovered his true station, she reproached the man bitterly.
"I knew I wasn't getting wealth with you," she said, "but I thought I was getting family."
"So you are getting family, my dear," her husband replied; and, with a nasty laugh, he opened a door and revealed six little children. "See, all these are ours. I forgot to tell you—I was a widower."



"Go away and let me read, you dool for nothing hazegone!"
"Well, if I am hazegone, Daddy, don't you think I ought to have a check?"



"THE VOICE OF SPRING."

AS MOST OF 'EM LOOK AT IT.

"Mother, did you learn to cook before you got married?"
 "I did not. I married first. There's no use learning a trade until you know that you're going to need it."

THE WAY OF IT.

"My wife is a lecturer, and I am an entertainer," said Hobbs.
 "Indeed? I knew your wife appeared in public, but I did not know that you ever did."
 "Oh, I don't. I stay at home and entertain the baby."

WHAT WAS HE TO DO?

Sunday-school Teacher: "You should not fight, Tommy. If thine enemy smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other."
 Tommy Smathers: "He gimme a jab on both cheeks, an' I didn't have no more to turn to him."

Little Girl (inquiring at ticket office): "How much is it to L— Station?"
 "Frate Clerk: "Why do you keep asking? I've told you six times already it's twopence."
 Little Girl: "I know. Only my little brother likes to see you come to the hole. It reminds him of the Zoological Gardens."

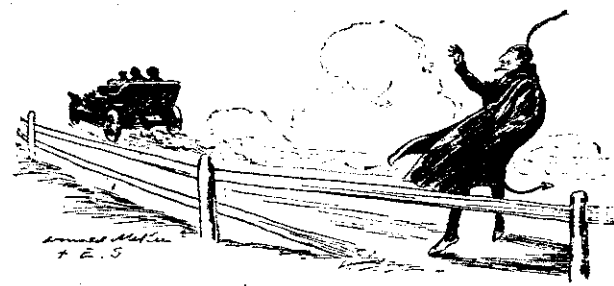


THE INTRUDER.

Wife: "We need some new rugs."
 Husband: "Don't we need blankets more?"
 Wife: "Who sees blankets?"

"And now, sir," thundered the bullying lawyer, "tell the court what you were doing in the interim."
 "I never was there," retorted the witness indignantly; "I stayed in the smoke-room all evening."

"That chap next door is having a terrible argument with his wife."
 "But I don't hear his voice at all."
 "Why should you—when he hasn't spoken?"



"Now, that's the first breath of real air I've had since I left home!"

"Waiter, this fowl is like rubber."
 "Yes, sir. That's why we call it spring chicken."

"Do you always keep a smiling about your daily duties?" "Naw; I look grouchy all the time. Then I ain't asked to do no extra work."

Bobby: "This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat."
 Mama: "Why, dear?"

Bobby: "Because the book says, 'Having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest.'"



THE ROMANCE OF A TRAPEZE PERFORMER.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Maud: "Miss Odum thinks that hotel clerk just lovely."
 Ethel: "Why so?"
 Maud: "He wrote opposite her name on the hotel register: 'Suite 16.'"



Future Mail Carrier: "Why, here's a letter from that Mrs Thompson to Mrs Jones. I must read that!"



TWENTY MINUTES TO TRAIN TIME.