

# THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

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## The Week in Review.

### Problem of Native Land Rates.

IN every district where Native land exists, the difficulty of collecting rates is so acute as to call for prompt attention. So long as the rates are not collectable it gives an unfair advantage to the Native owners, and places an inequitable burden on European owners, who have shown some persistency of late in securing an alteration of present conditions. The clerk of the Rangitikei County Council has offered the following suggestions:—(a) That the individualisation of native lands should be carried out as expeditiously as possible; (b) that individualised native lands should be placed upon the same footing as European native lands in regard to rating; (c) that the Valuation Department should be supplied with the fullest information obtainable in regard to all native lands, and that individualised lands should be entered under a distinct heading upon the valuation roll; (d) that some system should be devised whereby the rates on all native, other than individualised lands, may be secured to the local body in the same way that survey charges are secured, and without the need of any Court proceedings. The Minister for Native Lands has indicated that the suggestions will receive due consideration. The suggestion was offered by the Rangitikei County Council some years ago, and has since been made by other county councils, that no transaction in any native land should be approved by any Native Land Board, Land Court, or other authority dealing with native lands, unless all rates have first been paid on the land or secured on behalf of the local body. This very troublesome question was brought before the Prime Minister at Hawera, and mention was made of the case of a farmer in the district who was holding 2,000 acres, and cultivating and grassing it; but not one penny by way of rates did the country get from it. Mr Massey said that legislation would be introduced next session, and that matters would be placed in a much more satisfactory condition, so far as county councils were concerned.

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### The Teaching Profession.

It is unfortunately a fact that the teaching profession is not attracting a sufficient number of capable men and women to fill the positions created by the growth of population and the spread of schools to distant and isolated districts. The profession is not popular, because the reward for efficient service is not equal to the work involved, and quite unsatisfactory compared with other channels of employment. The inevitable result is a scarcity of qualified teachers, and the employment of uncertificated and inexperienced teachers. This appears to be the position throughout the Dominion. In Auckland it has been suggested that the evil can be partly remedied by setting up "observation schools" where the unqualified may receive instruction. The inspectors, in reporting on the matter, point out that a considerable number of uncertificated teachers now engaged are incapable of discharging efficiently their important duties. Many of them are without knowledge of the standard of attainment and effort reached by the best schools, and so are unable to realise their own limitations. Most of them, moreover, are so far removed from centres where the more efficient schools are in operation that it would be both costly and inconvenient to require them to

make use of such schools for purposes of observation. It is from a visit to the small sole-charge school that they would derive most benefit; but this type of school, owing to its isolation and the small salary it carries, does not, as a rule, attract the kind of teacher likely to act as a model and an inspiration to the inexperienced. A few small schools scattered about the district in convenient centres and staffed by specially selected and highly efficient teachers would afford the facilities required. Of course the inspectors recommend good salaries.

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### Earnest Workers.

Necessarily the Inspectors, who have had practical experience of teaching, have a sympathetic word for the enthusiastic band of teachers who against difficulties and discouragements are doing effective work. In their annual report the inspectors admit:—

"We have been obliged, during the course of our report, to speak somewhat freely and disapprovingly of certain matters connected with work in the schools, to express disappointment at conditions we found obtaining during the course of some of our visits, to find fault with methods, and to complain of inattention to needed details. Though all this has become necessary in our review of the year's work and in our efforts to point out the better way, we are fully alive to the fine spirit of earnest enthusiasm which permeates the service and finds expression in the resolute effort and splendid work so frequently met with. We feel more strongly as each year passes how much we all owe to those men and women in our service who labour so cheerfully, so persistently, so earnestly, so successfully—often in the face of difficulty, disappointment, discouragement, opposition—to train and educate our young people, and so prepare them for the responsible duties of citizenship by developing that sense of service on which the welfare of the community ultimately depends."

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### An Irremediable Wrong.

It is an old grievance that children in dairying districts are required to do such heavy labour at home that their school studies suffer lamentably, and that their mental and physical equipment are unequal to the strain. Just as often as the complaint is voiced by school teachers and others in a position to judge, it is so often challenged by those interested directly and indirectly. The subject has been reviewed by the Auckland Education Board's inspectors, who ought to be cognizant of the general conditions and sufficiently careful in criticism as not to overstate any existing evil. The inspectors speak very emphatically in condemnation of the tasks imposed on children concerned in dairying. "It not infrequently happens," report the inspectors, "that such children are obliged to work so hard, both before and after school, that they are quite unfitted to undertake profitably the work demanded in the school, with the result that their physical, as well as their intellectual, development is grievously retarded. It is to be regretted that parents, and the community generally, do not recognise these facts, and are not more fully alive to their duties and responsibilities. To exact from children labour so continuous that the bloom and vivacity of childhood linger but a few short years, and leaves behind it prematurely tired little men and women—a sight unpleasant to be

hold in so young and promising a country—is an irremediable wrong to the children and a menace to the welfare of the State."

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### Organised Terrorism.

So far the Asquith Cabinet has failed ingloriously to stem the tide of fanatical militarism. Organised lawlessness is still a menace to property, to certain services, and to peaceful citizenship. Just what the end of it all is going to be is the question that seriously confronts the Home folk. These women are dangerously irresponsible in their aggressiveness and maniacal in their defiance of the law. While drastic action is necessary, it is particularly puzzling to evolve an effective retaliation to such organised terrorism. The wholesale destruction of property, the deliberate firing of pillar boxes and residences of politicians, and perpetration of other outrages can not any longer be tolerated. But up to the present these violent suffragettes have triumphed in an inglorious campaign of destruction. It may be that the long-suffering public will turn and meet the militants with their own weapons. That would be lamentable, but would no doubt bring the militants to their senses in very quick time.

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### Out of Proportion.

Those in control of technical education in Auckland are naturally anxious to provide suitable accommodation and equipment for a rapidly-developing enterprise. For years a technical school at Auckland consisted of inadequate and inconvenient premises, located on different sites, but despite discouragement and disadvantages, the work made surprising headway. Population has been growing and industries expanding, and coincident a demand for skilled artisans and competent workers of both sexes. The Technical School in turning out the right material attracted attention, and the youth of the city clamoured for admission. But the accommodation available was lamentably insufficient. Many intending pupils could not be enrolled. Even now, with the fine up-to-date structure there is not enough room to meet all requirements. Another storey or two is necessary, as well as more equipment, and a further grant of £35,000 is imperative. The Department is to be asked to grant this big sum not only because it is urgently wanted for uninterrupted development of technical education, but because in comparison with other centres it is well merited. A table compiled shows that in the matter of grants, reckoned on a population basis, Auckland is lower on the

list than any of the other three cities, and lower than some of the smaller centres. The comparison is interesting:

Town	Popula- tion.	Total Grant.	Amount per Popula- tion.
Auckland	104,728	£5,071	0 11
Wellington	71,427	8,890	2 6
Dunedin	65,080	10,527	3 3
Christchurch	82,004	14,388	3 8
Invercargill	16,868	5,044	7 6
Napier	11,738	6,894	11 6
Feilding	3,620	2,626	16 2

When analysed, these figures clearly indicate that Auckland has been neglected, despite persistent application for assistance. If Auckland had been as favourably treated as Christchurch, for instance, a further £15,000 is due. That is on a population basis; on area terms with Napier, £59,000 is due, or the same as Feilding, £94,000 should be available. It is surely time Auckland got a fair share of grants for technical education.

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### A Liberal Leader.

Since the defeat of the Mackenzie Government the Liberal party, dismissed in opposition, has been without a leader. The position obviously is not easy to fill. Now that Sir William Hall-Jones is returning to the Dominion after his absence in England as High Commissioner, an unauthenticated statement is made to the effect that he will be selected to lead the present Opposition. This suggestion, emanating from a strongly partisan Reform paper, has been promptly and definitely repudiated. It is admitted that Sir William is a veteran politician, with years of Ministerial experience, and temporarily Prime Minister, but his advancing years is against vigorous leadership. In addition, it is urged that capable as he may be, he is not the most capable of the men associated in the Liberal party. Mr G. W. Russell, who has been regarded as an aspirant for the vacant position, declares emphatically that Sir Joseph Ward is the only possible man for the leadership, and that he will receive a unanimous request to accept the position.

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### Dissatisfied Policeman.

New regulations recently introduced have created a pronounced feeling of dissatisfaction amongst the stripped members of the police force, and they are almost in open rebellion. This is shown by the movement in Auckland towards the formation of an association, in defiance of the regulations, and the freely-

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expressed promises of support from other centres. Leading officials have declared surprise at the turn of events. They were not aware of any prevalent discontent, and consider that the men could easily have voiced their complaints through departmental channels, without filing against the regulations and exposing trouble publicly. If the statements made on behalf of the constables fairly set out the position, there is plainly room for modifications of the regulations. With an important public service such as the police, it is essential to establish reasonable conditions and remove all elements of dissatisfaction to ensure efficiency and stability. It appears difficult enough already to secure a sufficient number of the right kind of men to take up police duty, without accentuating the scarcity by making the service even more conspicuously unattractive.

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**The Tightness Easing.**

The high rate of discount imposed in October last when a crisis in the Balkan trouble was imminent has been reduced. The Bank of England has brought the rate down to 4½ per cent, which is still 1 per cent higher than prevailed at the same time last year. But the position is more satisfactory in that the acute tightness shows indications of easing. It is predicted, that there will shortly be a further reduction in the bank rate.

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**Railway Manager.**

By Act of Parliament passed on the initiative of the Massey Government last session, it was decided to appoint a fully-qualified railway man to fill the position of general manager of the New Zealand railways. An appointment has now been made. From a list of over 80 applicants the selection has fallen on Mr Ernest Havilland Hiley, divisional goods manager on the North-Eastern Railways, England. He is 43 years of age, and is the son of a clergyman. Educated at Rossall, he has had a wide experience in the service of the Great Northern railway, which operates over extensive parts of Scotland and north England, besides experience in his present employment. The Prime Minister states that the new general manager has had a particularly good record. Applications were received from England, Canada, and Australia, as well as a dozen from New Zealand. It may be a little while before Mr Hiley can arrange to get away from his present position to take up the new duties.

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**Good Training Ground.**

Mr Hiley has been associated with a railway service that is an excellent training ground. It is pointed out by a contemporary that the Northern Railway has an extensive territory extending through Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, with outposts in Westmoreland and Cumberland, and is fortunate in having the district to itself. With it is amalgamated the oldest public railway in the world, the famous Stockton and Darlington, incorporated in 1821, opened in 1825, and amalgamated with the North-eastern in 1863. The North-eastern was incorporated in 1854. It radiates from York as a centre, but Newcastle, where Mr Hiley has his headquarters, possesses the largest station on the railway. It has fifteen platforms, with a total length of 3,400 yards, and the covered area of the station measures 32,000 square yards. The North-eastern is not the largest and wealthiest railway company in the United Kingdom, but the traffic handled is much more extensive than the whole State railway system in New Zealand. The capital of the North-eastern Company is close on £80,000,000, or more than two and a-half times that invested in the New Zealand railways. The length of the New Zealand lines open is about 2,800 miles, while the mileage of the North-eastern Railway is 1,698 miles. The latter however, includes a much larger extent of double lines than New Zealand, and even some three-line and four-line lengths, so that the total mileage equivalent of single track is 4,682 miles. The North-eastern has a larger tonnage of mineral and coal traffic than any other railway in the Kingdom. It has also the distinction of the fastest run without a stop in the British Isles, namely the 1.8 p.m. train from Darlington to York, 44 miles 8 chains, in 43 minutes, equal to 81.53 miles per hour. In physical configuration the district served by the North-eastern Railway is

sufficiently like that of New Zealand to make the experience which Mr Hiley has gained at home valuable to him here. There are many steep gradients to be negotiated, there are many important bridges and viaducts, and the longest tunnel—the Bramhope, between Leeds and Harrogate—is two miles 225 yards in length. On the mineral lines in the county of Durham there are steep inclines like that at Westport, either self-acting or worked by stationary engines. The Engby line rises 500 feet in 1,000 yards. It is the width of activity and enterprise of the North-Eastern railway, however, which makes it an especially valuable training ground for a position like that of general manager of the New Zealand railways. It owns docks and hotels, it has large locomotive works and wagon works, and is interested in lines of steamers running between Hull and Holland, and elsewhere.

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**Resolute, Strong, and Hard.**

Some pointed utterances were given expression to by Bishop Julius in delivering an address accepting custody of the colours of the old Canterbury Yeomanry Cavalry at the Christchurch Cathedral last week. He declared it as his opinion that the system of compulsory military training adopted would be of infinite advantage to everyone. Obviously the first purpose of the system was the training of New Zealanders in the defence of their country, and the

understand that it is possible for a man to lie on a plank and sleep on it, and to sleep in wet clothes and enjoy them. It takes a man a while to discover that he is a much greater man than he thinks himself, and that he is a much stronger man because he can taste a little hardship without whining about it. The system will teach them obedience. It is a good thing for any man to obey—to enjoy the luxury of doing what he is told—instead of doing what he likes. It will teach men comradeship. They come out of an isolated life into the companionship of men of all classes and all kinds actively employed, and that is good for manhood. "I am looking forward to the time," he concluded, "when military training, in this country, so far from stirring us to strife and war, will make our men resolute, strong, and hard, and will raise up a manhood amongst us that will be greater than the manhood of the past."

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**Internal Troubles.**

Latest advices from Europe appear to indicate that the war is practically over, so far as the original contest between Bulgaria and Turkey is concerned; and for this much the world may well be thankful. But, unhappily, there is only too much reason to fear that the eternal "trouble in the Balkans" will not be settled by peace between Bulgaria and Turkey, no matter on what terms it may be concluded. Montenegro still persists in defying the Powers and is

the common foe, this difficulty could be kept in the background. But as peace is certain to be concluded shortly between Turkey and the Allies, Greece and Bulgaria have now time and energy to spend on their own private quarrels, and Salonika is the great prize for which both of them have been striving. A few days ago the Bulgarian Foreign Minister declared that Salonika is largely Bulgarian in origin and in population, and the Greeks have answered this challenge by concentrating 120,000 troops round the city and throwing up fortifications there. There is every probability of an armed conflict, in which Servia would almost certainly aid Greece, because of her old grudge against Bulgaria, and her resentment at what she considers the selfish and unscrupulous policy of Bulgaria. It will be a pitiable anti-climax to the "high adventure" of the Allies if, after overthrowing Turkey, they come to blows with one another; and the Powers, as usual, having played the jackal's part, will have no trouble in securing the lion's share of the spoil.

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**H.M.S. New Zealand.**

The public functions held at Wellington during the week to celebrate the visit of H.M.S. New Zealand were marked by great enthusiasm, and every effort was made by the Government and citizens to make the stay of both officers and crew as pleasant as possible. The battleship leaves Wellington on April 23, calls at Napier and Gisborne, and arrives at Auckland on April 29 at 2 p.m. She will remain at Auckland until May 10, and during that time will be at anchor. A second visit will be paid to this port on June 21, extending to June 28, and June 19 is set apart for a call at Russell. A very complete programme has been prepared for the welcome and entertainment of the ship's company in Auckland City, and to assist in making the event a memorable one the schools will be closed for two days and children given every opportunity of visiting the warship.

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**Hospitality and Ale.**

A large temperance deputation waited on the Mayor of Auckland last week and urged that the city's hospitality to the officers and crew of H.M.S. New Zealand should be free from the supply of intoxicants, also that the Mayor should publicly appeal to the citizens of Auckland to refrain from offering liquor to our naval visitors. The Mayor, in reply, remarked upon the good behaviour of the men belonging to the warship at Wellington, and generally expressed himself in opposition to the proposals. At a meeting of the entertainment committee held subsequently it was decided to adhere to the arrangement already made for the entertainment of the men, which provides that at the luncheon every sailor who desires it shall have a glass of ale.

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**Gain of Population.**

According to a return furnished by the Government statistician, the population gain by excess of arrivals over departures during the twelve months ended March 31 was 11,957, the arrivals numbering 46,892, and the departures 34,935. The population gain for the preceding year by excess of arrivals was 5,892. The gain from the United Kingdom in the year ended March is shown as 11,685, and the gain from Australia as six. Arrivals from the United Kingdom numbered 14,169 and departures 2,484. Arrivals from Australia numbered 29,567, and departures for the Commonwealth 29,570. Assisted immigrants during 1912-13 numbered 3,451, details being as follows:—Domestic servants, 1,008, farmers and farm labourers 929, wives coming out to join husbands already in New Zealand 534, and children 980.



THE MAKURA FIRE AND SMART POSTAL DELIVERY.

The illustration shows the remnant of a postcard damaged in the fire on the Makura, sent by Mr J. C. Spedding from Venice to Mr W. B. Pountney, of Auckland. Despite the almost complete obliteration of the address, the intelligent postal official, by deciphering the few letters remaining, succeeded in delivering the lettercard to its correct destination.

secondary purpose, though of primary advantage to the country, was the disciplining and training of our manhood. In the life of a young country like New Zealand he held that such training was an absolute necessity. From this point the Bishop proceeded to tabulate his reasons:—(1) We dwell in cities. Large numbers of young men are engaged in sedentary occupations, and thus lose no little of physical manhood. The growing physical weakness of our race in the Old Country appears to be due to this and other causes, such as poverty. (2) It is a soft age. Men do not cultivate hardness. They prefer seats with cushions, and to ride rather than to walk. (3) It is an undisciplined age. There is no discipline in the home, very little out of it, and self-discipline is not reckoned as a necessary element to the development of the man. (4) We want training in manners. There are many of the manhood of New Zealand who think it is the right thing to push their own way no matter who is pushed into the gutter and assert their independence by discourtesy and rudeness. They do not realise that man shows his own self-respect most certainly when he learns to respect other men, and gives to them that courtesy and civility which he firmly believes are due to himself. The system adopted, said the Bishop, was qualified to meet such needs as these. It was not a class movement. The whole country was brought under it. The time would come and would not be long in coming, when men will cease to complain about the quality of the food or about anything else. They will

pressing on alone with the siege of Scutari. But though complications may arise here, there is no likelihood that any serious international difficulty will grow out of Montenegro's obstinacy. It is likely that King Nicholas would draw back if he could, and make the best of what the Powers will give him, but his subjects are out of hand, and will not listen to reason. Still this is, after all, a minor phase of the Eastern problem, and it is not to be compared in magnitude or importance with the recent happenings described in the Balkan Peninsula. For the Bulgarians are almost at daggers drawn with the Serbians over the delimitation of the Albanian frontier. Bulgaria claims certain districts which Servia has already earmarked as her own; and without considering how far the settlement must depend upon the will of the Powers, the Bulgarians and Serbians are ready to fly at each other's throats. But, dangerous as this quarrel is, it is a small matter compared with the trouble which is now rapidly coming to a head between the Greeks and the Bulgarians in Southern Macedonia. The Greeks have always looked upon Salonika as part of their national heritage, and they strained every nerve to forestall the Bulgarians in the occupation of the city. When the two armies reached the city almost simultaneously, an actual outbreak of hostilities was barely prevented; and since then the bitter rivalry between them has brought them close to the brink of war. So long as the resistance of the Turks compelled them to co-operate against

There is a touch of the comic in the announcement that the telegraphic address of the Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief in India is "Repelem," seeing that the former holder once said that his principal duty was "to keep as many people away from the Commander-in-Chief as possible." The General Officer commanding in South China is in future to be addressed as "Fervour, Hong Kong." Very careful spelling will be necessary in the case of a telegram destined for the A.A.G. at Cairo, to whom the code word "Adulthood" has just been allotted.

# Sayings of the Week.

## Railway Facilities.

I THINK that during the financial year we have been giving great facilities to the people, especially in suburban services. I speak particularly of the North. I expect I shall get some deputations before I leave the South Island.—*Hon. W. H. Herries.*

## Co-operation Desired.

There is no co-operation between the labour unions and the educational authorities with regard to the work of the Technical College. If there were co-operation between the labour authorities and those in charge of the college, there would be much more useful industrial instruction carried out.—*Mr George George.*

## Exit the Truth.

I am sure that the declarations made by solicitors in issuing judgment summonses are too often made without regard to the truth. The declaration says that to the best of the applicant's know-

sons of the Motherland were determined to live up to the standard their forefathers had set up for them.—*Mr D. McLaren.*

## Local Control.

I am Minister in charge of local government. From that point of view, I want to support the control by local authorities of local concerns, and the management of services which run upon their own streets.—*Hon. W. Fraser.*

## To See at First Hand.

He intended during his term of office, whether it was short or long, to travel over all the railways of the Dominion once a year accompanied by railway officials in order to see at first hand, and to investigate the many problems which faced the Department at all times.—*Hon. W. H. Herries.*

## Prostituted.

He was Independent Labour in politics. He used the word labour in its broadest sense; so-called labour leaders had so prostituted the word that it left a

## Pioneers in a Great Movement.

The people of South Africa realised, as the people in England realised, that the New Zealanders, in coming forward as they did at such a time as they did, were pioneers of the great movement that had taken place since. This gift of a battleship had done much to preserve the peace of the world. At the time the gift was made he had read the comments made upon it in foreign newspapers, and from those comments he felt he was justified in saying that the gift had made the peace of the world a great deal more secure.—*Captain Halsey.*

## Women and Business.

These women going into business matters! It's a pity, in many cases, that they do not consult a solicitor before they rush into things.—*Mr C. C. Kettle, S.M.*

## Stop the Chinese Invasion.

The Chinese question would trouble them in the future. When the House met he would arrange a deputation to ask for legislation to block Chinese from the furniture trade. In Australia they had captured the trade. The cost of municipal laundries would not be large, and would return money. The day of the Chinese would be doomed then, and their invasion stopped.—*Mr D. Moriarty, Wellington.*

## Teaching Self-restraint.

I would like to express my sympathy with the scout movement, for it teaches the boys self-control and disciplines them. The boys of New Zealand and Australia are probably quicker and more self-reliant than the boys of the Old Country, and for this reason it is all the more necessary to teach them self-restraint. These boys now being trained as scouts will in the future form part of the strength of the Empire. We want every young lad to be able to defend his country in the future, and therefore I consider that the boys before me are doing their duty when they employ their idle moments as they are doing now.—*Mr A. M. Myers, M.P.*

## Every Button on Duty.

He felt that his was a great responsibility in commanding the New Zealand, because, apart from the fact that she was a great ship, he felt that she would never be away from the gaze of patriotic New Zealanders. Therefore, it behoved all who served on the ship to be "every button on duty" at all times.—*Captain Halsey.*

## A Virile Nationality.

The British people had the greatest mission of all races that ever existed—that of bringing under the folds of our flag peoples of many races, of many creeds, of many ideas, and that bringing in of races of many lands has built up, I believe, a strong virile nationality, and the great Empire to which we are all proud to belong.—*Mr D. McLaren.*

## State Paper Money.

State paper money must be resorted to because the world's supply of gold was inadequate to meet the world's expansion in trade, commerce, and agriculture, due to the ever-rising standard of living. In the past every failure and mishap with the use of paper money was deliberately brought about by enemies of the system.—*Mr W. B. Young, Wellington.*

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ledge and belief the defendant has had, since the date of the judgment, sufficient money to pay the debt. I have warned the legal profession on this point before, and unless something is done I shall endeavour to have an end put to the practice of bringing debtors into Court when there is no reasonable prospect that the money will be forthcoming.—*Mr C. C. Kettle, S.M.*

## Teachers and Officers.

He thought it was time that some change was made in the Defence Act, by which male teachers who were interesting themselves in military training could be exempt from camp. The position was that there were a large number of officers of the now-extinct junior cadets who were continuing their military work, but the Act said that they must not wear the King's uniform until they had served a period in camp. This was neither fair to the teachers themselves nor to the board which had the greatest difficulty in filling absentees' places.—*Mr G. J. Gordon.*

## The Ties of Empire.

The ties that bound the Empire were the ties of blood and freedom, and the visit of H.M.S. New Zealand was a sign of the growing unity of the British peoples the world over. The younger

nasty taste in the mouths of many people. Among reasons why he stood as an Independent was the fact that the Labour party defrayed the cost of candidates by union funds. The United Labour party, as proved by the preamble to the basis of the unity scheme, was pledged to Socialism, syndicalism, and I.W.W. principles.—*Mr D. Moriarty, Wellington.*

## No Fusion.

The electors of this country can rest assured that there will be no fusion between the Liberal party and the Conservative party as against the Labour party. The Liberal party will work on progressive lines, as it has done for years past. That it still has influence, and is capable of doing good work, is evidenced by the important amendments which it secured in Government legislation last year.—*Mr H. G. Ell, M.P.*

## One Imperial Ship.

The time would come—he believed it must come—when there would be at least one Imperial ship stationed in New Zealand waters, and he hoped that some of the officers of the ship now in Wellington would be officers of the ships to be stationed in New Zealand, perhaps in the not-far-distant future.—*Hon. W. P. Massey.*

## Leader of the Liberal Party.

He did not think that the suggestion that Sir W. Hall-Jones should lead the Liberal party would be seriously regarded by the party either in the House or in the country, and so far as the Liberal party in the House is concerned, there is only one possible leader, and that is Sir Joseph Ward. That position has been recognised throughout, and while Sir Joseph preferred to refrain from taking up the responsibility of leadership last session, it must be recognised that he is the only man in Parliament at present who can unite the Liberal party, and for this reason: that the Liberals now in the House were returned to support him as leader, and pledged their fealty at the elections of 1911.—*Mr G. W. Russell, M.P.*

## The Gore Floods.

I wish to express my admiration, and that of the people of New Zealand, for the noble way in which Gore has met this difficulty. The spirit of independence and self-reliance shown has made your town noteworthy. At the same time, if you want outside assistance, you will be supported by the Government concerned, and by the people of the Dominion.—*Hon. W. H. Herries.*

# A Conspicuous Statesman

*The Prime Minister of Greece, Eleutherios Venezelos, as famous a Figure Abroad as Any Statesman in Europe.*

IN sending to London, as her representative at the conference to decide the issue of peace or war in Europe, so conspicuous a statesman as Eleutherios Venezelos, Greece proved how desperate was the extremity confronting her. She had to have Crete. She had to have Ionia in the Aegean. She coveted the traditionally Greek portion of the dominion of the Turk on the European continent. The man who incarnates this policy, the most heroically Hellenic figure of his race, is today the Greek Prime Minister and her delegates at the most exciting conference of diplomats since the Congress of Berlin. Eleutherios Venezelos is hailed by the Paris Gaulois as a Cavour. To the London "World" he seems as great a genius as Disraeli. His mind conceived the exciting alliance of the Balkan powers and his statesmanship made it a reality. He remained, nevertheless, the irreconcilable figure of the hour, the one man whose aims jeopardised the cause of peace.

The explanation is found in the uncompromising Hellenism of the Prime Minister from Athens. His dream is a restored Hellas, a Greece using the tongue of Demosthenes in its purity, reigning over the arts in her traditional glory, and an Athens that shall be the intellectual capital of the world. So uncompromising is the spirit of the man—behind whom his country stands a solid block—that the war between Greece and Turkey still rages. He proclaims his country's purpose to fight it alone if the allies cannot uphold the hand he rules. There are daily clashes in the field of war between Turk and Hellenic.

Now and strange as is this name of Eleutherios Venezelos in our western world, the Prime Minister has been for years as famous a figure abroad as any statesman in Europe. He is a scion, we read in the London "Times" of one of the most ancient as well as one of the most glorious of the native families of Hellas. The Venezelos trace their origin directly to the Florentine Dukes of Athens far back in the middle ages. They can claim an authentic patron saint in that beautiful St. Philothea, Venezelos who was beaten to death by the Greeks in 1580. Another ancestor of the Greek Premier was one of those children for whose loss the mythical Niobe wept herself into a fountain. His progenitors were in charge of the great library of Alexandria when it was destroyed by the Caliph Omar. In a word, whoever says Venezelos in modern Greece uses a symbolical expression for the whole Hellenic spirit. The Prime Minister's family history is part and parcel of his country's most glorious annals. It seems odd that so renowned, so important, and so gifted a character should remain so unfamiliar to the western hemisphere. However, the deficiency is easily supplied, in view of the columns printed respecting Eleutherios Venezelos in the European Press.

From his earliest and most impressive years, Eleutherios—"the liberated one"—was fired with an enthusiasm for that ambitious revival of everything Hellenic to which his powers are now consecrated. Even his vocabulary, we read, is infected with the indomitable spirit of his patriotism and he never uses a word of which the classicality could be impeached. He talks the tongue of Demosthenes, of Isocrates and of Alcibiades. He sedulously banishes from even the columns of the newspaper he inspires any expression that could corrupt the purity of the traditional tongue of the race to which he belongs. The

long subjection of the Hellenes to Turkish despotism, the influx of a Slav element and the years that have elapsed since the death of his great ancestor who led the original revolt against the Osmanli combine to drift the most noble of all tongues from its moorings. Venezelos has changed all this. Even the

all over the isles through the prominence of the part he took in the revolt that shook the Mediterranean some sixteen years ago. Eleutherios helped to man the guns that then defied the warships of the powers. He remained for a whole day in the fortress of Cape Malaza after a rain of shells from the squadron in the harbour had made it a furnace. He bled so profusely from a wound in the shoulder that he seemed dead. The episode made him the hero of Crete.

Intense as he can become in his capacity as a Hellenic, Eleutherios Venezelos seems to the correspondent of the London "Chronicle" a mild, meek, silent person. He peers myopically out of blue eyes through gold-rimmed spectacles and talks French easily. He acquired English and Italian early, but he patriotically refused to learn a word of Turkish. He is described by the Paris "Gaulois" as curiously unlike a modern Greek in having no brooding pessimism

he rose to the post of Premier—he lived in three rooms with but one servant. He has, it seems, the sublimely Greek manner in gesture as well as in speech. One cause of his prodigious success as a political orator has been the purity and elegance of his diction. He held the deputies spellbound when he awayed his island home. Now that he has been transferred to the larger scene of Athens, he is heard by vast audiences, who literally gape at his classicities.

Whatever importance Greece has attained in the Balkan crisis, observes the London "World," is due to Venezelos. It deems him great as a statesman and great as a diplomatist, citing in proof the fact, confirmed by other testimony, that but for him the allies would never



THE GREATEST GREEK SINCE XENOPHON.

In this enthusiastic fashion do the newspapers of Europe refer to Eleutherios Venezelos, at present Prime Minister of the Kingdom of the Hellenes. He is mild-mannered, as this portrait denotes, but his spirit is fiercely patriotic—a Cavour and a Bismarck in one

signs over the barber shops at Athens would be perfectly intelligible now, we read in the Vienna "Zeit," to Plato himself.

The transformation wrought in the domain of linguistics through the genius of Venezelos is next to be effected in geography. The map must be Hellenised back to the great era of the glory of Athens when she reigned the queen of the Aegean. When Eleutherios Venezelos was a mere lad, we read in the Vienna daily, inhaling his classical culture and the law at the University of Athens, his spirit raged within to see so many isles of the Aegean still under the sway of the Muslims. He was born on an island that had not long been freed when he came into the world—Crete. Here his father had taken refuge after a futile rising against the Turk on his own isle of Crete. To Crete young Venezelos repaired upon the completion of his studies. His Hellenic spirit soon set the whole island in a blaze. His name spread

of temperament, no insinuating servility of manner, none of that "nearness" in financial transactions which makes so many of his countrymen the Shylocks of the Mediterranean. It is well known that Venezelos has sacrificed a comfortable patrimony to his patriotism. During his days of power in Crete—where

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## Personal Notes

have united against the Turk. "When the secret history of the past six months comes to be written, it will be found that to him, more than to any other statesman, belongs the credit of bringing the rival racial interests of the Balkan communities into harmony." The qualities that enabled him to achieve the feat are moral. They comprise perfect integrity, among other things. That was demonstrated when, as head of the ministry at Athens, he dismissed venal collectors of customs and contractors who starved the troops on decayed fruit. Then there was the efficiency of Venizelos. He found the navy on the brink of a private boating club, shooting birds on a preposterous pretext of target practice. Venizelos made the little squadron effective with the aid of a British officer. The army was put under French officers and equipped, like the Bulgarian, with French guns. Venizelos was for a time minister of war, minister of marine and Premier at Athens.

Venizelos had the ill luck to displease the royal family of Greece. He regards his own descent from a family of Florentine Dukes as equivalent to the genealogy of the oldest dynasty in Europe, according to the gossip, perhaps unreliable, in French prints. His pride was offended by the cavalier attitude of the court to native Greeks. The subjects of the King of the Hellenes are not supposed to be the sort of material out of which courtiers and nobles can be made. They lack polish and they lack the high tone—that "I don't know what" of which the Bourbons made so much. The King and the Queen welcomed distinguished foreigners and agreeable people to an intimacy denied the Greeks. Venizelos felt humiliated. From the hour of his first appearance at court he treated the sovereign with cold aloofness, returning scorn with scorn. His patriotism could never for an instant be in doubt. At one national election, Venizelos was returned at the head of the poll in over a hundred constituencies. He was Greece. The King had to acknowledge an obstinate fact and a feud which had arisen was assuaged. There were moments when Venizelos seemed about to become King himself.

Were the Greek Premier not pent up in the Balkans, suspects the Paris "Figaro," he might have a career like Bismarck's. He has the breadth of view, the iron will, the inspirational genius. He illustrates the truth that isles, when they do not happen to be big, stifle the initiative of their denizens who are mediocrities. The man who is born a genius bursts out of his island in a sort of fury, like Paoli, like Bonaparte, like Venizelos. Eleutherios Venizelos has the temperament of the genius escaped from a pent-up Utopia into a world he means to conquer. He is full of strange furies, of poetical dreams regarding the future of his country. He rages nobly at the thought that Greece is not to get far more of the inheritance of the Turk than Bulgaria or Servia or Montenegro. One should see him, declares our authority, howling, literally howling, before an assemblage of his countrymen at the mere suggestion that Greece is to be slighted in favour of another Balkan power. His arms are thrown to the sky, his eyes blaze, his chest heaves. The man is a fighter, an irreconcilable, brave, fanatical. Yet with these traits our contemporary sees blended their very opposite, subtlety, diplomacy, restraint, and a rare insight into the timeliness of a course of action. He has dominated the peace conference at London through his personality and that, concludes our student of Venizelos, is a blend of the Bismarck and the Cavour with the saint and the prophet. The Balkan crisis will not end until the world has recognised a great personality in Eleutherios Venizelos.

Never does this man strut with a conchoidal greatness. He exploits and cultivates virtues typically Hellenic, just as Horatio, Hamlet's friend, was antiques Roman. Venizelos is the genius. He thinks the thoughts of Plato in the porphyr, of Alcibiades before Syracuse. He is rapt, inspired, and in a noble way of the earth, as well. He comes out of France to address you but he wakes completely.

There exists, under the Labour Council of San Francisco, a series of women's clubs that might with advantage be inaugurated over the world, since the members are women who have banded themselves together for the services and practical study of social legislation quite apart from party politics. The welfare of children is a subject they specially set themselves to study.

THE resignation of Dr. Shand, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Otago University, was received at last week's meeting of the Otago University Council, the resignation to date from March 31, 1914. Reference was made by several members to the splendid work Dr. Shand has performed in the University since his appointment in 1876. A motion of appreciation of Dr. Shand's valuable services will be proposed at a subsequent meeting, and intimation of the resignation will be forwarded to the Otago Presbyterian Church Board of Property, with whom the appointment of a new professor lies, subject to the concurrence of the Presbyterian Synod of Otago and Southland.

Mr. D. A. Strachan, M.A., at present Inspector of Schools for the Marlborough district, has been appointed Assistant-Inspector under the Hawke's Bay Education Board.

Miss K. V. Edgerley, M.A., has been appointed by the Auckland Education Board as instructor in botany, at pupil teachers' Saturday classes.

Mr. F. C. Coombe, of the Public Trust Office, was last week presented by the Auckland staff with a silver-mounted handbag, suitably inscribed, the occasion being his transfer to the Napier office, for which he left by the Main Trunk train last night.

The Rev. Father Maloy, who has been associated with the Roman Catholic Church at New Plymouth for some time past, is leaving on a visit to his sister, Countess Musil von Mollenbruck, and her husband, who is the Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople.

One of the earliest settlers of the Paeroa district died in Auckland last week in the person of Mr Frederick Cook, who passed away at the ripe age of 85 years. Deceased had resided in the Paeroa district since 1868, and in 1885 was elected as the first chairman of the Ohinemuri County Council. He was also one of the first directors of the Thames Valley Co-operative Dairying Company, which position he continued to hold up to the time of his death, which took place while he was on a holiday visit to Auckland. He is survived by a grown-up family.

Mr Christian Helleman, the new conductor of the Royal Choral Society of Wellington, arrived from Sydney on Thursday by the Warrimoo.

A pleasing ceremony took place at the office of Wilsons Portland Cement Company, Limited, last week, when Mr George Elliot, chairman of the directors, made a presentation of an enlarged photograph of the staff of the company to Mr W. M. Commons, who is retiring from the management owing to ill-health. Mr Elliot referred to the happy relationship that had existed between Mr Commons and all the employees and to the prosperity of the company during his management. Mr Commons, in acknowledging the presentation, expressed his appreciation of the loyalty of the staff. He felt sure that under the management of Mr F. W. Wilson this spirit would continue to exist, and the company prosper. Mr Commons will spend a holiday in Australia.

Mrs E. M. Dunlop and Miss Iris Dunlop have returned from Gisborne.

### The Late Mr. T. Finlayson.

Mr. Thomas Finlayson, an old and highly-esteemed resident of Auckland, passed away at his residence, Tiro Tai, Remuera last week, at the age of 85 years. His health, which had been indifferent for some months, steadily became worse till about three weeks ago it was recognised that but little hope remained of his recovery. The late Mr. Finlayson was a native of Glasgow, and arrived in New Zealand at an early age with his parents, who settled in Dunedin. At the age of 1, he joined the firm of Sargood, Son and Ewen, in which he rose to be partner and managing director. When it was decided, over forty years ago, to extend the firm's operations, Mr. Finlayson was chosen for the pioneer work of establishing the business in the North Island, and his travelling experiences in opening up relations with the country districts of the province were varied and often hazardous. Later he became in turn departmental and warehouse manager at Auckland,

and about twelve years ago was admitted to partnership. When on the death of Sir Frederick Sargood, in 1907, the business was formed into a limited liability company, Mr. Finlayson became managing director, which position he held at the time of his death. The deceased gentleman at no time took a prominent part in political affairs, but was keenly interested in the progress of Auckland, and his assistance was always assured for any movement for the commercial or social betterment of the community. A retiring man by disposition, his kindly nature and sterling personal qualities made him popular with all classes, and the name of Mr. Thos. Finlayson was ever associated with the encouragement of all praiseworthy efforts connected with the progress of the city and the life of the citizens. He took an active interest in educational matters, and at the time of his death was chairman of the Remuera School Committee, while he was an enthusiastic patron of athletic sports, being an ex-president of the Remuera Bowling Club, and a patron of various athletic clubs. He was also ex-president of St. Andrew's Society, in which he always took a prominent part, was a leading member of the Masonic fraternity, and among many positions of public confidence which he held was that of trustee of the Auckland Savings Bank. When the American Fleet visited Auckland some five years ago, Mr. Finlayson was one of the executive formed to arrange for the entertainment of Admiral Speary and his officers and crews. General sympathy will be felt for his widow and four sons: Mr. T. Finlayson, of Vallett and Finlayson, Ponsonby; Mr. F. Finlayson, who is at present managing the Gisborne branch of the firm of Sargood, Son and Ewen; and Messrs. R. A. and C. Finlayson, who are now employed in the Dunedin branch of the business.

The deceased was buried at Purewa Cemetery. The obsequies, which were conducted by the Rev. W. Beatty, of St. Mark's Church, were attended by a very large and representative number of citizens, some seventy-five vehicles following the hearse with mourners. The chief mourners were the sons of the deceased, Messrs T. Finlayson, F. Finlayson, R. A. Finlayson, and C. Finlayson, and his brother, Mr. J. B. Finlayson, while among other mourners were his Worship the Mayor (Mr C. J. Farr), an ex-Mayor (Mr L. J. Bagnall), Messrs P. R. Sargood, C. H. Jones (warehouse manager), and most of the local staff of Messrs. Sargood, Son, and Ewen, Mr. J. S. Dickson (chairman) and members of the Remuera Road Board, Messrs Furness, Lusker, and Paterson (representing the Remuera School Committee), Messrs Munro (headmaster) and McInnes (first assistant), representing the teaching staff of the Remuera School. The Auckland Savings Bank was represented by Mr Rountree (manager) and a number of the trustees, while of other bodies with which deceased had been associated, St. Andrew's Society, the Dilworth Trust, the Remuera Bowling Club, and the Masonic Brotherhood were represented, in addition to which leading men representing all the soft goods houses of the city and a large number of other commercial houses were present to pay a final tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Finlayson, besides many prominent citizens and friends. The bearers were six of the oldest employees of the firm with which the deceased had been so long connected.

## NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

The Hon. H. C. Butler, of Wellington, called at the High Commissioner's offices last week. He intends going to Duinard for Easter, and then on to Paris to bring Miss Butler home. She is going to be presented at Court by Lady Plunket after Easter, and they will be in London until August, when they intend to pay visits in Scotland.

Mr. Barraud, the well-known artist of Wellington, who arrived recently with Mrs. and Miss Barraud, intends shortly to go over to Rome and Florence, where he will remain for some time.

The Rev. W. F. Grove, senior curate

at Walsall Parish Church, leaves there on April 25th, in order to go to New Zealand, where he is to be associated with the Colonial Church of England. He will go to Palmerston North, where he will work with the Rev. H. E. Roher, and his long experience in a parish like that of St. Matthew's, Walsall, will serve him in good stead. Mr. Grove, who was ordained in 1904, has spent all his active clerical life at Walsall. He married Miss D. Slater, a younger daughter of Mrs. Slater, of Bescot Hall, who, with her children, accompanies Mr. Grove to the Dominion.

Mr. and Mrs. Staples-Browne left for Rome yesterday, and expect to be away for some months.

Professor Bickerton, of Christchurch, has been asked to lecture before the Physical Society on May 30th. It will interest his many New Zealand friends to know that Professor Bickerton's portrait and biography appear in No. 37 of "Harmsworth's Popular Science," devoted to "Men of Forever."

Sir Walter Buchanan, of Wairarapa, left for Scotland this week.

The New Zealand Government Office Sports Club held a dinner last Monday in commemoration of winning a football challenge cup presented by Mr. William C. Dawes, when the losing team were the guests of the club. The High Commissioner proposed the toast of the visitors, to which Mr. O. F. Haycraft, of the New Zealand Shipping Co., replied. Mr. Palliser aptly proposed the toast of the chairman.

The High Commissioner, Mr. Wray Palliser, and Mr. T. E. Donne, on Wednesday last inspected a number of films of the Thermal districts in New Zealand, taken by Kinemacolor process. These pictures, which are considered very successful, are to be shown in London shortly.

Professor Bickerton, of Christchurch, who was to have been one of the speakers at a meeting of the Actresses' Franchise League this week, was, unfortunately, unwell, and unable to be present.

The Earl of Seafield (late of New Zealand), who is at present residing at Castle Grant, has become an ardent salmon angler, and spends all his spare time on the River Epey. The Countess of Seafield is at Monte Carlo.

Mrs H. M. MacDowell, of Wellington, who has been for the last year in England, leaves London for Paris on the 19th inst., accompanied by her niece, Mrs. Hazell, of London. Later they intend visiting Ireland, touring the Lakes of Killarney and the West Coast, etc.

St. Dunstan's Church, Chesham, Surrey, was the scene of an Anglo-New Zealand wedding on March 12th. The principals therein were Miss Eva Francis Champion, daughter of Mr C. J. Champion, of Kaipoi, and Mr John Philip Wilson, son of the late Mr J. P. Collis Wilson, of Hove, Sussex. The happy pair were united in the holy bonds by the bridegroom's uncle, the Rev. C. W. G. Wilson, M.A., Rector of Selsey, Sussex.

## DEATH OF MR SAMUEL VAILE

### PASSING OF AN INTERESTING PERSONALITY.

#### PIONEER DAYS RECALLED.

One of the interesting links with the pioneer life of Auckland, and a highly-esteemed citizen passed away last week in the person of Mr. Samuel Vaile, who died at his residence, Twyford, Arney Road, Remuera, at the ripe age of 85 years.

The deceased gentleman was a native of London, having been born at Kensington in 1828, the second son of the late Mr. George Vaile. In the year 1848 he arrived with his parents in Auckland, landing on Christmas Day from the barque Bangalore, fellow passengers being Captain Fitzroy, the second Governor of the colony; the late Judge Chapman, father of the present judge; and several others whose names are prominent with the infant life of New Zealand. In his early life Mr. Vaile was trained for the architectural profession, but he was destined to many of the changes in scene and occupation so often associated with the men of the pioneer days, neither was the spice of adventure lacking in his experience. In 1850, freed by the accounts arriving from the Californian goldfields, he joined a party to try his fortunes on the fields. The other members were Baron de Thierry, and Messrs. Hugh Carleton, Allan Kerr-Taylor (late of Mount Albert), and Walter Brodie, all now dead. They were destined, however, never to reach California on that voyage, for on March 23, at 10 p.m.,

they sighted Pitcairn Island, and as drinking water was short on the vessel, the captain bore up for the island to replenish his supply. Next day, Sunday, their vessel, the barque Noble, tacked towards the shore, standing on and off, while arrangements were made with the islanders for procuring fresh water. But the islanders refused to take off water on the Sabbath, so a party, including the captain and the four passengers, pulled ashore. Mr. Walter Brodie, in his book, "Pitcairn Island," which relates the incident of the marooning, states that after visiting the settlement and attending a wedding service which was at the time taking place in the church, the four voyagers were invited to his home by the minister, Mr. Nobbs. "About 3 p.m. one of the islanders reported that our vessel had carried away her foreward, which we thought strange, as there had been but little wind during the morning."

"After a short time, however, we saw the vessel under easy sail, showing no sign of any mishap. The captain then took his leave of us all, as they intended sleeping on board the barque Noble that night, but previous to going the captain gave us leave to remain ashore all night, bidding us to be ready to go on board the following morning."

Next morning there was a strong east wind with rain, and no sign of the Noble, but upon climbing to the top of the look-out range, about 1,000ft above sea level, the Noble was discerned, about 15 miles distant trying to gain the island. The five passengers who were ashore wished to get off to her, but the islanders dissuaded them from the attempt on account of the high sea running. The next day, March 27, the vessel was seen about 40 miles to the north-west of the island, standing to the eastward. The following day was fine and clear, and all the party on shore were highly delighted at the news, having feared the previous day that the vessel might be blown off. The next morning, however, the joy was damped by the sight of the Noble, still standing to the eastward, about 20 miles distant. Mr. Brodie goes on to relate: "At 10 a.m. she was a little to the eastward of the island. At 11 a.m. we all proposed going off to her in whaleboats belonging to the island. The islanders would have willingly pulled us out had she showed any inclination to wait for us. But no such inclination was displayed, and as the wind was by now increasing it would have been folly to think of catching her. About an hour after noon she was out of sight, leaving us totally unable to account for her proceedings. My own opinion is that she remained by the island until Tuesday night, when the weather appeared very unsettled, and the captain, thinking there was no chance of beating to windward in such a lull of a vessel, shaped his course for California. . . . Here we were, five of us, left upon an island, without a change of clothes or linen, and not a sixpence in our pockets; but, lucky for us, left perhaps with little doubt, upon the most moral and religious island in the world, and amongst the most kind-hearted, hospitable, and generous islanders ever met with."

On April 11 the barque Colonist, from Adelaide, via Auckland, and bound for America, put in short provisions, and the party, after much persuasion, for she was a crowded ship, were taken on board, along with some barrels of limejuice, which the kind-hearted islanders filled for them as a new start in life. Before embarking, the members of the marooned party had to embrace the entire population, including the last surviving Tahitian woman who had been connected with the Bounty mutineers. And Mr. Vaile took with him the sole coin on the island, a three-penny piece, which he wore on his watch-chain to the day of his death. He was carried to Honolulu, where he remained about a year, engaged in the timber trade.

Upon his return to Auckland in the following year, Mr. Vaile opened a general store on the corner of Queen and Swenson streets, and afterwards aEmpire business on the corner of Queen and Wyndham streets, in partnership with his brother, the late Mr. John Hippon Vaile. The two brothers also built a home for themselves in Welfesley Street, on the Freeman's Bay slope, the house, a well-built one of wood, still occupying the site. The site of their business premises was that now occupied by the National Bank, and as the firm prospered the building which at present stands on the corner was erected in English pavilion blocks, imported for the purpose. The premises were subsequently sold to the Bank, and the brothers opened new ones in Queen

Street. Mr. Vaile, among other enterprises, was a shareholder in the first steamer, the William Denny, to trade out of Auckland, and was on board when on her maiden voyage to Sydney the steamer came to grief near the North Cape. In 1861 he sailed for England to buy for his firm, and remained at Home till the end of 1869, devoting most of his spare time to working among the London poor. While in England he was elected a Member of the Society of Arts and Sciences, a Member of the Inventors' Institute, and a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society. While at Home he married a daughter of Mr. E. C. Earle, of Rochester. In 1876 Mr. Vaile's old business was wound up, and he established the existing business of Samuel Vaile and Sons, land and estate agents, starting business in Shortland Street. In 1882 he invented the stage system for railway administration, the advocacy of which he regarded as the work of his life. In 1886 a Parliamentary Committee, after exhaustive inquiries, recommended a trial of the system, but the Government, fearful of a loss in the then stressful state of the finances, took no action in the matter. In 1888 Mr. Vaile formed a syndicate, which offered to lease the Auckland railways in order to give the system a practical trial, but this was also declined by the Government. No later than in February last Mr. Vaile published a pamphlet on the subject, and almost his last expressed thoughts were a hope that he would be spared to see his system put in effect for the benefit of the public.

On three occasions he unsuccessfully contested an Auckland seat for Parliament, and was always keenly interested in the commercial progress of the city. He was a representative of the Auckland Chamber of Commerce at the Commonwealth celebrations, and was for long a member of the Chamber's Council. He was the first honorary life member of the Council, having been so elected last year. About a week ago Mr. Vaile returned from a visit to Rotorua, and was taken seriously ill last Saturday, gradually sinking and passing peacefully away yesterday afternoon. He is survived by his widow, two sons (Mr. E. Earle Vaile and Mr. H. E. Vaile, of Samuel Vaile and Sons) and two unmarried daughters, his eldest daughter, the late Mrs. R. W. de Montalk, having predeceased him.

## CAPTAIN HALSEY.

### IN BELEAGURED LADYSMITH. HOW HE KEPT THE BOERS AT BAY.

The following interesting account of Captain Halsey and his big guns while the Natal town was surrounded by the Boer commanders was specially written for the "Evening Post" by one who was attached—as the war correspondent of a London daily—to the Natal Field Force, and passed through the siege of Ladysmith:

It was about midday that Monday—the last Monday of October, 1899—that Captain Halsey and his big guns reached Ladysmith. The fighting had been continuous since five in the morning. The major portion of the Boer force, which we had defeated ten days before at Talana, had followed General Yule's retiring column, and had been reinforced by fresh commandoes, from the Free State and Transvaal. The united commandoes had attempted to cut off Yule's column, but had been met by General Sir George White and the main body of the Natal Field Force at Elandslaagte, and driven back with heavy losses. Two days after the Elandslaagte engagement the last of the column from Glenco reached Ladysmith. Sunday intervened, and at daybreak on the following morning the Boers were present in strength, forming a wide semi-circle north and north-east of Ladysmith. Their nearest position was about three miles outside the town. All morning, and right through a windless, sultry forenoon, the rifles crackled almost continuously, and our Field Artillery replied to the smaller guns of the enemy, but only at long intervals. General White that day was hopelessly outclassed. For, on Pepworth Hill, almost due north of Ladysmith, was mounted one of the Boers' finest quick-firing Creusot guns. It was more than four miles away, but its shells could reach every company under General White, strike and destroy any part of the town

and military camp, and there was no gun in that Natal Field Force that could reply, for the biggest guns we had were the 15-pounders of the Field Artillery. That was, until about midday. Then the scene was changed!

### Lambton and Halsey Arrive.

H.M.s. Powerful, commanded by the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, the Philomel, Captain Halsey's ship, and other men-of-war, were lying at Durban. Six big guns of the Powerful—in response to an earnest appeal, no doubt—were despatched by special train to the front, with them the gallant Lambton and the equally gallant Halsey, and a considerable force of bluejackets. The train reached Ladysmith before midday, and immediately one of the big guns was sent out to try conclusions with the Creusot, or "Long Tom," on Pepworth Hill. But the contest was over. The British regiments were slowly abandoning their positions and retiring. The big gun was taken about two miles out, but, being without adequate support, it returned. Somehow the Boers must have learned that theirs was now not the only big gun ready for the fray. They possessed wonderful ways of getting to know everything that transpired on the side of the British. The mere presence of the British bluejackets, the two commanders, and the six long-range guns, sufficed to keep the Boers at bay. Had it not been for the naval contingent Ladysmith, in all probability, would have been captured. Lambton and Halsey saved the situation. Great, heroic, and memorable as the services of the military were, it was the naval force from the British ships that enabled the flag to be kept flying.

### On Convent Hill.

The big guns from the Powerful were promptly established on Convent Hill, a rocky ridge west of, and overlooking, Ladysmith. These guns were two 4.7in 94-pounders and four 12-pounder long-range guns. Redoubts were constructed for the guns, and their position was such that the Boers' movements could be observed in all directions save a small space to the north-west. That part, however, was efficiently guarded by British trenches and field guns. Continuous watch was kept within the redoubts on Convent Hill. Captain Halsey was in command of one of the two principal redoubts, and, if the writer is not mistaken, he it was who effectually silenced, by partially destroying it, "Long Tom" on Pepworth Hill, and that well within a week after his arrival. The Boer gunners were not experts, and the precision with which the 4.7s dropped their shells must have caused said gunners much vexation and uneasiness. At all events, a 4.7in shell struck the Creusot "fair in the face," smashing the greater part of its muzzle, and rendering it unfit for action.

### The Boer Guns.

But very soon after the town and camp were surrounded, two more "Long Toms" put in an appearance. One of these was set up on Gun Hill, north-east, and another on Umbulwana, south-east of Ladysmith. A 4.7in howitzer was established on Surprise Hill, to the north-west; but this the Boers, dreading its destruction or capture, after a time, removed. The two "Long Toms" were more of a nuisance than a danger. Houses were damaged, and some horses and men killed, it is true; but when a shell proved dangerous it was never due to first-class training, only to merest accident. The explanation is that the Boers would not stand up to the British shells. They never took time—during the ordinary siege days—to train their guns on any specific object or objects. Both "Long Toms" had their homes in large, deep dug-outs, and were brought to the surface only to fire one shot and then retreat back into the dim recesses. Our 4.7s, when no other business was on hand, were laid on the "Long Toms." Smart work was requisite on either side. No sooner was the long black muzzle of a Creusot gun seen peering out of its hole in the earth than one of the 4.7s sent a shell thundering through the air in its direction. Owing to the distance which separated the Boer and British guns, the former had time and no more to discharge their shells and disappear when the British shell reached the mouth of the dug-out. There must have been many narrow escapes; but I'm not aware of any Boer gun at Ladysmith, save that on Pepworth Hill, having been actually struck by a shell. About New Year time a volunteer force, naval men included—probably Captain Halsey among them—climbed to the

summit of Gun Hill in the dark, frightened the Dutch gunners—who "ran like rabbits"—and captured the "Long Tom," putting it "out of action" for all time coming.

### Relief, and a Dismal Night.

Such as these were the combats that, for four months, went on almost daily. After the destruction of the "Long Tom" on Gun Hill, there was only the big gun on Umbulwana to contend against. And it Lambton and Halsey had completely under control, it might be said. Even at the great attack the Boers made on 6th January at Caesar's Camp and Wagon Hill, the Umbulwana gun was unable to render the attacking force any great service. Our Field Artillery poured shrapnel among the Boers, the different batteries being ranged quite in the open and in full view of the gunners on Umbulwana. One or two shells from a well-trained gun would have wrought havoc among our massed horses, guns and men; but the few shells that came from the "Long Tom" fell wide of the mark, and the gun was ignored. The reason was that our 4.7s devoted attention to the "Long Tom," making it almost impossible for it to leave its lair, far less to have it laid properly. Then came Lord Dundonald and his little company galloping across the flats that memorable evening at sunset, and Ladysmith was relieved. That afternoon the Boers attempted to remove the gun from Umbulwana. A huge tripod was erected over the mouth of the dug-out to lift the gun out; but, the moment it was in position, crash! a shell from the 4.7 sent it flying. This performance took place over and over again, and the present writer was a particularly interested spectator. That night set in rainy and gloomy. We knew that the Dutch, realising that the siege was over, would endeavour to carry away their "Long Tom." The 4.7s were laid on the dug-out, and in the darkness every five minutes, all through that long dismal night, a monster shell thundered overhead in its flight to Umbulwana. The present writer had duties to perform, and he sat up until daylight. It was a strange, weird experience. On the iron roof the light rain drummed continuously, outside was silence and blackness; the silence broken at the brief intervals by a resounding crash and at great swishing roar, as from a hundred locomotives tearing through the atmosphere. Yet, after all, when day broke, the Boers on Umbulwana had gone, and with them the "Long Tom." But the siege was over, and Ladysmith was saved—saved by the big guns commanded by the Hon. Hedworth Lambton and Captain Lionel Halsey.

## BATTLESHIP FUNCTION.

### GOVERNMENT LUNCHEON TO OFFICERS.

#### CAPTAIN HALSEY'S DOUBLE ROLE.

Captain Halsey and the officers of H.M.s. New Zealand were entertained by the Government at a luncheon at Wellington last week. The Prime Minister (Hon. W. F. Massey) presided, and amongst some 300 guests were several Cabinet Ministers, members of both branches of the legislature, heads of departments of the Civil Service, judges of the Supreme Court, and officers of the Territorials. The general tone of the function was one of patriotism and loyalty, the speeches of both the Premier, and Captain Halsey being punctuated by outbursts of enthusiasm. After the usual loyal toasts had been honoured, Mr. Massey proposed the toast of "The Governor" in the course of which he said that the Earl and Countess of Liverpool had been in New Zealand but a few months, yet it was already evident that when their time came to leave the Dominion they would rank with some of the most popular representatives of the King who had ever come to New Zealand.

"There may be some division of opinion as to the manner in which the people of New Zealand should take up the burdens of Empire; but there is no difference as to our feelings regarding the maintenance of the supremacy of the Imperial Navy, or as to any other Imperial matter," said the Prime Minister, in proposing the toast of "The Navy," coupled with the name of Capt. Halsey. "I am glad to be able to say," continued Mr. Massey, "that what has happened during recent years has had the effect of bringing the different countries of the British Empire more closely

together into a state of preparedness for any possible antagonist, whether that antagonist should appear in the North Sea or the South Pacific, and if we are to keep control of the sea, and our holding the empire of the sea depends to a very great extent—almost altogether—the existence of the great Empire of which we form a part, then, I say, there must be no holding back; there must be no halting between two opinions. Every part of the Empire and every individual must be prepared to do his duty. (Applause.)

**EVERY SHIP IMPERIAL.**

"It may suit some parts of the Empire to build and man their own warships, but if the time of trouble comes, at the first shot fired in anger or hostility, every British ship should become an Imperial ship under Imperial control. That is the only way to safety. Personally, I am one of those who believe that the British Empire will last till the end of time—(applause)—but, for all that, if the Empire is going to last it will only be by having in our waters a sufficient number of ships and officers and men to man them. I believe we have a sufficient number of fighting ships in the northern hemisphere to hold their own against possible enemies, but there are people who are doubtful—and I am one of them—whether we have sufficient to hold our own in the Pacific. That is a question to be faced. It will have to be faced in the very near future, but I am certain that British patriotism and pride of race will find a way to solve the problem." (Applause.)

**PULSING WITH IMPERIALISM.**

Upon the toast being called, the band struck up "Rule Britannia," the whole company singing the refrain. When it had been honoured a party of Maori chieftains and Mr. Parata, Maori member for the South Island, showed their hearty approval of Imperial sentiments with characteristic touch, a war dance, subdued, of course, with polite regard for the limitations to the surroundings. To Heuheu, of Taupo, dressed like his comrades in a beautiful Maori mat, led the dance, flourishing the handiest weapon, a tangle kōwie.

**THE SHIP AND HER DESTINY.**

Several hundred visitors, principally ladies, listened to the speaker from the gallery, and when Captain Halsey rose to reply they heartily joined in the ovation which greeted him. The gallant officer thought it necessary to apologise in case he could not be heard at the back of the large hall, but as he is one of the clearest speakers, New Zealanders have heard, and talks in just the tones he must adopt aboard ship in half a gale, there is no difficulty about the large audiences hearing. He said he had seen with a certain amount of regret something about the reception of the New Zealand. He had been in Wellington many times before, but he had never expected such a reception as the New Zealand had received. Something had been said about the firing of guns, and that the gunners were ready to return the salute. Under the King's regulations they could not fire guns on such occasions. He had seen the enthusiasm displayed by the public, and he unhesitatingly said on behalf of the officers and men on the ship that they were thoroughly pleased with that enthusiasm. The officers and men of the New Zealand would uphold the traditions of Empire so long as they held the trust that had been reposed in them, to enable the ship to fulfil her destiny.

**HONOUR AND SLAYER.**

He broke new ground in speaking of what he called his new and double role as captain of a battle cruiser. "She's a cruiser and she's a battleship." It is hard, perhaps, to think so, but both roles have to be carried through. We have to seek out the enemy and destroy it, and should the time come when we should have to be in the foreground of the battle, in every sense of the word, having sought out, and perhaps engaged the enemy, we could retire to our own battle fleet and fight, not as a cruiser, but as a battleship." The captain made it clear that his ship could not be stationed in the Pacific. "There's nothing good enough for her to fight out here," was his terse explanation.

**BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.**

It also reminded New Zealanders that simultaneously with all the round of pleasure visits the serious business of keeping the battle cruiser and her complement fit for fighting had to be kept going. "There must be efficiency first and foremost, therefore I am going to

ask the indulgence of the people of New Zealand to allow us occasionally, not often, when we leave our harbour and before we get to the next, to indulge in practice at a target, so that we shall keep ourselves in readiness to uphold the great traditions of the service and the Empire to which we all belong." He said amid long and enthusiastic applause.

**LIKE IN BLOOD AND INTERESTS.**

In concluding, Captain Halsey spoke of New Zealand as a country having exactly the same interests as the Mother Country. He knew from the time he had spent in New Zealand a few years back, that New Zealanders "inside" were exactly the same as their brethren in the Mother Country, "and why should they not be?" he asked. "You are all chips of the old block. (Hear, hear.) You have exactly the same inside you as the people of the Old Country from which has sprung a great Empire." (Long and continued applause.)

Three cheers for Captain Halsey were given by the company at the call of the Prime Minister.

The function concluded with the toasting of Mr Massey's health at the call of Captain Halsey. After the luncheon Te Heu Heu presented the captain with a much-prized piece of greenstone of great antiquity—a "kuru tangiawai."

**CRICKET.**

**AUCKLAND'S WICKETKEEPER.**

**WHAT "THE PIRATE" HAS DONE.**

William Robinson has, on and off, served the Auckland Interprovincial Eleven in the capacity of wicket-keeper for the past fifteen years. He started his cricket career in Napier, Hawke's Bay, somewhere about 1884, where he was one of the batsmen of the local Civil Service Club. After playing cricket for several seasons down below, he dropped out of the game for a year or two, and then re-appeared in 1890 in the ranks of the St. Mary's Club eleven at Ponsonby, of whom the chief supports then were Messrs J. Landon, Lynch and A. Roe. This time he came into business, and achieved success, as a wicket-keeper, and as such he has ever since been known in cricket circles. Afterwards he joined the ranks of the United Club's eleven, and battled for that team for about 13 years, during the days when the United Club was a power in the cricket land. When the district scheme came into operation he became associated with the Ponsonby Club, and the association has lasted to the present time. As already remarked, it is just on fifteen years ago since he first donned the gloves for Auckland, and in that time he has represented the province against the strongest interprovincial elevens of New Zealand, as well as against most of the Australian teams that have visited this city, and Warner's and Wynyard's English teams. Warner's team put up 340 runs against Auckland, and it is to Robinson's credit that not a single bye was included in the score. He has taken an honourable part in most of the province's big cricket successes, including the first winning of the Pinket Shield at Christchurch in 1907, and when his side went under he has always done his share in making a stubborn finish of it. In the memorable draw against Otago, though not considered a run-maker, he was sent in to fight against time in the fading light, and knocked up 20 runs, when both runs and time were badly needed. He also played a prominent part in the defeat of North Shore by Ponsonby at the end of the 1912 season, and finished up the season third in the batting averages. This season he has taken 25 catches behind the wickets. Robinson is not generally known as a bowler, but all the same he has a record in this department. For several years he was away from the city at Pakuranga, and there took regular part in the local cricket matches. The rough wickets did not appeal to him as a wicket-keeper, but he came into prominence as the dispenser of a medium-pace leg-break. Armed with this, he was considered one of the most dangerous bowlers of the district, and for several seasons he headed the bowling lists with an average of less than 3.

**A LUCKY NOT-OUT.**

In 1832 E. Winter, in cutting at a ball, hit the top of the wicket so hard that the balls were driven into the stumps, where they stuck, although the wickets were almost in a horizontal position.

**LAWN TENNIS.**

**DAVIS CUP DRAW.**

**PARKES' DEFEAT OF BROOKES.**

The entry for the Dwight-Davis Cup this year is easily a record for that competition. The draw for the eliminating tournament was made this week in the offices of the Lawn Tennis Association, and is as follows:—  
Australia v. U.S. of America.  
Germany v. France.  
South Africa v. Canada.  
Belgium, a bye.  
These ties have to be settled by July 21, those in the second round (in which Belgium meets South Africa or Canada) by July 14, and the final by July 21. The challenge round has to be played on July 23, 26, and 28.

A brief review of the draw, coupled with the dates on which the matches have to be played, suggests the possibility of more than one of the competing teams, other than that concerned in the challenge round, visiting England next summer. The most awkward of the ties, from a geographical point of view, is that between South Africa and Canada, and it is quite possible that these countries will come to an arrangement to meet "half-way" and play the tie in England, especially in view of the fact that the winners have to meet Belgium immediately after. Naturally, however, South Africans would like to see the match, and they are certainly to hold out strong inducements to the Canadians to visit them. The Franco-German tie presents no particular difficulties.

As, however, the final has to be played in the space of a fortnight between the second round and the challenge games, it seems probable that this at any rate will take place in England. Should the finalists be Australasia and South Africa, tremendous interest would be taken in the game in England. Whatever happens it seems certain that 1913 will be the most memorable season in the history of the game in England, if only Jupiter Pluvius will be content to be less in evidence than he was during the run of the triangular cricket tournament last year.

Americans are still puzzling over Parke's victory over Brookes in the last Cup contest. The editor of "American Lawn Tennis" discusses the question, and among other arguments asks whether Father Time is now a handicap for the Australian. But the defeat needs a wider explanation, and at the end of a long article on the subject the American writer seems just as far away from a satisfactory solution as at the beginning.

He writes: "Here we have introduced, if not a new, yet a different element. The unending battle of the volleyer against the base-liner is about to be renewed. We will not be so foolish as to say that Brookes does not know how to cope with an exponent of the base-line game. He does. Furthermore, all base-line players are 'pie' to him—all save one. This one is the unusual, the uncommon, the extraordinary base-liner—like the Parke of the winter 1912-13, for example. It has been contended from time immemorial (in lawn tennis history) that the base-liner who can make his stroke when his opponent is at the net can pass consistently, and eventually beat any player of equal ability. We believe this contention to be absolutely sound. A decade ago, when, like nearly everybody else at that time, the advent of the volleyer dazzled us, we acclaimed him the superior. But a more extended study of the subject, and close observation of the best players, has caused us to modify this opinion, and swing over to the opposite camp. We are fully aware of the fact that the volleyer continues to win—consistently and decisively. But this is because practically all the good players are consistent volleyers, and they rarely meet base-liners of anywhere near equal ability. Yet there have been times when some players have held the best of the volleyers at bay; and we all know that Johnson had McLoughlin tied up in a knot for a large part of the time required to play the final round of the championship last year. Abroad, not even H. L. Doherty could take the net successfully against the mighty driver Smith when the latter was going at his best on a hard court.

"There are, but two possible explanations of Brookes' collapse—or perhaps a combination of the two. One is that he was physically unfit; the other is that he was not able to meet Parke's driving attack. It was possible—perhaps probable—that it was the combination of the two; that Parke's ferocious

assault was unexpected, and that no effective defence had been prepared; and that Brookes wore himself out in endeavouring to cope with the attack. There is much to be said in this hypothesis. Brookes was his invincible self for three games. Up to that time his strokes and his tactics were supremely successful, and there is every reason to believe that they would have continued to be successful to the end of the chapter had not Parke developed an extraordinary attack. But he did just this, and contemporary testimony is to the effect that nothing like it had ever been seen in Australia. Yet we cannot bring ourselves to believe that had Brookes been quite himself he could not have gone on to probable victory after winning the third set. That should have been the turning point. That it should have been the end of the battle argues the permanent passing of Brookes."

**GOLF.**

**Auckland Club.**

There was only a moderate attendance at the links on Saturday, but the scoring in the Medal Handicap was good, six players returning net scores under 80, the hopes for the course. The winner was C. J. Nathan, and following are particulars of the best cards returned:—C. Nathan, 84-19-75; F. J. Sharland, 83-7-78; W. Ralph, 86-9-77; J. B. Lusk, 85-7-78; G. Poole, 82-14-78; D. McCormick, 82-13-79; T. Ball, 84-15-81; J. W. Hall, 95-14-81; H. D. Bamford, 87-7-82; M. Louison, 102-29-82; J. B. Macfarlane, 101-15-86.

**FOUR-BALL MATCH.**

The final of the four-ball best-ball handicap between Bamford and MacCormick and Sharland and Upton was played on Saturday, and was won by Bamford and MacCormick by 4 up to 2 to play. The winners get Mr. W. W. Bruce's trophies. At the tenth hole the players were all square, but in the next two holes the winners became two up, and at the end of the sixteenth hole they went up two more, and won the match with two holes to go.

**Manukakiekie Club.**

The second round of the Medal Handicap was played on the Manukakiekie links on Saturday afternoon, and following are the best cards returned:—N. Chambers, 94-18-70; J. Cochrane, 94-14-76; G. Gardner, 89-11-78; J. B. Morris, 85-7-75; G. D. Finckler, 96-17-81; G. Morris, 111-30-81; J. M. Somerville, 105-24-81; A. Fairbairn, 114-20-84; C. F. Gardner, 96-11-85; D. E. Reid, 103-18-85; E. G. Potter, 115-30-85; W. Hofer, 110-30-85; M. Morpeth, 96-12-87; G. E. Alderton, 112-25-87; E. George, 103-16-87; C. Hay, 113-25-88; J. M. Saunders, 106-18-88.

**Auckland Ladies' Golf Club.**

Golfers will be interested to know that Mrs. L. Harvey, better known as Miss Ethel Martin, who was such a popular member of the Auckland Club, has had the honour of being elected vice-captain of the Johannesburg Golf Club. Mrs. Harvey competed in last year's championship, and won some handicap prizes during the meeting, and now that she has got used to the different conditions under which golf is played in South Africa we hope to hear of her further successes.

The committee have decided that the cup presented by Mrs. L. A. Carr shall be competed for under match play conditions, the same as the Hope Lewis bowl, but the cup is to be won outright.

Mrs. W. R. Broadfield (captain) is presenting a trophy. The conditions of this competition are two rounds handicap medal. The prize presented by the president, Mrs. Richmond, is to be for a bogey match.

The Hope Lewis bowl competition starts on Tuesday, and the other matches follow, so it behooves members to bestir themselves and get some practice. The course is in fine condition.

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# The Chess Board.

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

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.

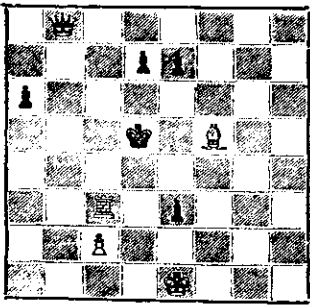
## Answers to Correspondents.

SCHACH.—No. 206 correctly solved.

### Problem No. 208.

By G. Chocholous.

Black—5 pieces.



White—5 pieces.

IQO, 3pp3, p7, 3k1B2, 8, 2R1p3, 2P3, 4K3. White to play and mate in three moves.

Played in the New York Tournament. Score and notes from "The Field." Queen's Pawn opening.

White.	Black.
1. P—Q4	Kt—KB3
2. Kt—KB3	P—Q3
3. P—B3	QKt—Q2
4. B—B4(a)	P—B3
5. Q—B2	Q—B2
6. P—Kt3	P—K4(b)
7. B—Kt3	B—K2
8. B—Q3(c)	Castles
9. QKt—Q2	R—K1
10. Castles (d)	Kt—R4
11. Kt—B4	B—B3
12. Kt—K3	Kt—B1
13. Pxp	Pxp
14. B—R4	Q—K2(e)
15. BxB	QxB
16. Kt—K1(f)	Kt—B5
17. P—Kt3	Kt—R6(h)
18. K—R1	P—KR4
19. QKt—Kt2	P—KKt4
20. P—Kt3	Kt—Kt3
21. Kt—K3	P—R5
22. P—Kt4(g)	Kt(R6)B5
23. R—B2	KtXb
24. KtXKt	B—K3
25. R—Q1	KR—Q1
26. P—Kt3	Kt—B5
27. Kt—KKt2	KtXKt(Q3)
28. RxB	RXR
29. QXR	R—Q1
30. Q—K2	P—R3
31. Kt—K3	P—R4
32. R—B1	P—R5
33. P—QB4	R—Q5
34. Kt—B2	R—Q2
35. Kt—K3	Q—Q1
36. R—Q1	RXR
37. KtXr(h)	Q—Q5
38. Kt—B2	P—Kt4
39. RXP	RXP
40. RXP	BXP
41. KtXP	B—Q8
42. Q—B1	PXP
43. K—Kt2	P—Kt5
44. Q—Kt5	P—Kt6
45. Q—K8ch	K—Kt2
46. Q—K7	P—Kt7
47. KtXP	B—Kt0
48. KtXP	BxKt
49. Q—Kt5ch	K—K1
50. Q—R8ch	K—K2
51. Q—Kt5ch	K—K1(i)

## Notes.

- (a) The B being liable to attack, and the diagonal open for its sortie at any time, Q—B2 might be substituted, and followed up with P—K4.
- (b) Black has now the Philidor de-

fence, with a move gained, owing to White's B—B4.

(c) B—K2, in view of Kt—R4, would be somewhat better.

(d) Even against Capablanca he might have ventured Castling QR.

(e) In anticipation of White's intended P—KKt3.

(f) If 18. P—KKt3, B—R6; 17. R—K1, QxKt; 18. B—K2, regaining the piece.

(g) We suggest 22. Kt—Kt4, threatening Q—Kt2. If 22... Q—R1, then 23. K—Kt2, Pxp; 24. Pxp, Kt(R6)—B5; 25. Pxt, KtXp; 26. K—B2, and the king should get into safe quarters. 25. Kt—B5 might also be considered.

(h) If 37. QXR, Q—Kt3; 38. Q—Q3, Q—Q5; and the Q could not be exchanged because of PxQ, a dangerous passed pawn, as Black could bring his K into play.

(i) The ending is a masterpiece on the part of Capablanca.

At the close of the American National Tournament at New York, Capablanca, Marshall, Janowski, Jaffe, Chajes, and Kupchik were invited to join two Havana players in a two-round tournament for which the Havana Club is providing a prize fund of £300, plus the expenses of the players. The contest was due to begin on February 17th.

## Auckland Chess Club.

The annual general meeting of members of the above club was held on Monday, 14th inst., at John Buchanan's Cafe, Queen Street, the Rev. H. Bernard Wingfield, president, occupying the chair. Over 30 members were present, and letters of apology were received from several others who were unable to attend.

The committee's report for the year ended 31st March, of which a copy is appended, showed that the club had had a very successful year, and that indications pointed to the forthcoming year being in all probability equally progressive. The treasurer's statement showed the finances to be in a sound condition. The receipts for the year had been £75, and the expenditure £72 15/6, the balance in hand being £27 17/1, as against £25 12/7 at the beginning of the year. The balance-sheet showed that the club was free from debt, the assets, after writing off depreciation, standing at £98 1/8. The report and balance-sheet were adopted amid applause.

The prizes won in the various tournaments held during the year were then presented by the chairman. These were as follows:—Level tournament, Mr E. J. Miles 1, Mr A. W. O. Davies 2. Handicap tournament: Mr T. Coulthard 1, Mr Jas. Moir, jun., 2, Mr A. W. O. Davies 3. Brilliance prize: Mr J. Sim. Summer tournament, Section A (for Classes II. and III.): Mr A. Wright; section B (for Classes IV. and V.): Mr C. E. Hayward.

It may be mentioned that throughout the proceedings the table was graced by the New Zealand championship Silver Rook and the "Gambit" Cup, both of which were much admired.

In presenting the first prize for the handicap tournament, the chairman took occasion to congratulate Mr Coulthard on his being the first to have his name engraved on the "Gambit" Cup.

Before proceeding to the election of officers for the year, the president said it was his pleasure and privilege, as chairman, to make a small presentation on behalf of the club to Mr J. C. Grierson in commemoration of his having won, for the second time, the championship of New Zealand. The club had determined to make some present to Mr Grierson to mark the occasion, but had been much exercised as to what form it should take. After lengthy consultation, they had chosen a life-size half-length photograph of Mr Grierson, and a full set of the Chess Year-books from 1907 to date. The books, he believed, were on their way out from England, and would be handed over on arrival. In the meantime, on behalf of the club, he presented and asked Mr Grierson's acceptance of the portrait as a token of their esteem and regard, and a mark of their pleasure and pride in his honourable chess record culminating in this fine achievement. [Prolonged applause.]

Mr Grierson, on rising to respond, was greeted with a further burst of applause. He said that he had now for many years fought for this coveted honour—the championship of New Zealand. Only once, previously to this occasion, had he been successful, and that was 10 years ago, at Dunedin. Twice since then victory had been snatched from him at the last moment—once at Auckland, and once at Napier. Some people thought there was no such thing as luck in chess, but he could assure those present of the contrary. There were various ways in which luck would creep in, such as feeling specially fit at one time, or finding one's opponent not quite up to the mark at another time, and so on. He attributed his win on this occasion to some extent to luck. He paid a graceful tribute to the efforts of Messrs Davies, Miles, Howe, and Jowitt, and the late Messrs Lelievre and Percy Smith (Glen Var) to bring the championship to Auckland, and remarked that though Mr Davies had twice been champion, he had had the bad luck on both occasions to represent some other place! In conclusion, he assured the members of the club that he valued and heartily appreciated their gift, and the kind feeling which prompted it. The books would be of the greatest assistance to him in his preparation for future contests. In regard to the handsome portrait of himself, he asked the chairman to accept it, together with a photo group of the competitors and officials at the Nelson Congress, on behalf of the Auckland Chess Club, as a token of his own goodwill towards the club, and as a lasting memento of the present happy occasion—one of the happiest in his life. Referring to the silver rook before him, on which 25 names were already engraved, he hoped that among the 175 yet to come would be found the names of many members of the club, including some of those present. [Loud and prolonged applause.] The president then, amidst renewed applause, formally accepted, on the club's behalf, Mr Grierson's gift, and expressed the gratification of the members. The portrait, he said, would adorn the walls of the clubroom for all time, and would be one of the club's most cherished possessions.

The President then moved a vote of thanks to the mysterious being known as "Gambit" for his generous gift to the club of the handsome cup bearing his ("Gambit's") name, which members saw before them. This was the first annual meeting held since the cup was given, and he considered he would be wanting in his duty if he allowed the occasion to pass without some expression of the club's gratitude and appreciation being placed on record. He could assure "Gambit"—whoever he might be—that the handsome gift had been of very great benefit to the club. It had attracted new members, had doubled the interest in their annual handicap tournament, and, in fact, had infused new life into the club. The motion was warmly seconded by Mr Grierson. Several other members endorsed the chairman's remarks, and the motion was carried by acclamation.

The election of officers then took place, and resulted as follows:—Patron, Mr Arthur M. Myers, M.P. (re-elected); President, Mr J. C. Grierson; Vice-Presidents, Messrs A. Ashton and C. Little; hon. treasurer, Mr P. N. Stewart; hon. secretary, Mr A. E. Layland (re-elected).

The chairman proposed a special vote of thanks to the hon. secretary (Mr Layland) and the retiring hon. treasurer (Mr Harvey) for their valuable services to the club.

This was also carried by acclamation. There being eleven nominations for committeemen, and only six vacancies, a ballot was taken, which resulted in Messrs Wingfield, Harvey, Miles, McNair, Wright, and Morgan being elected.

The usual votes of thanks to the Press and to the chairman were passed and duly acknowledged.

At the close of the formal proceedings the members partook of light refreshments.

The meeting was the most enthusiastic that the club has yet held, which augurs well for the prospects of the coming year.

Following is the annual report, above referred to—

**ANNUAL REPORT, 1912-1913.**  
The committee beg to present the following record of the doings of the club during the year which closed on 31st March, the present being the 29th annual report. They were able to state last year that very considerable interest had been

taken in the club and its affairs by the members, and this can now be re-stated regarding the year just past, and with additional emphasis.

A number of causes have contributed to this, among which may be mentioned the succession of tournaments, by which the attendance of a large number of members on club nights was secured, and the ladder games, of which there has been an unprecedented number during the year. Detailed reference to these events will be made a little later.

The annual meeting of the club was held on the 15th of April, and the session was formally inaugurated by the usual "open" evening, which took place on Saturday, May 11th. A "lightning" handicap tournament was held, for which there were 21 entrants. The final round was played between Messrs Davies and Wilson, the former winning. These gentlemen were recipients of the first and second prizes.

Apart from this, three tournaments have been held during the year—a level tournament, a handicap tournament (handicapping by pieces), and a summer tournament.

The level tournament, which naturally, only attracts the strongest players, was contested by six members, who each played two games with the other competitors. Mr Miles, who takes first prize, made the excellent score of 8 points out of a possible 10, being beaten only by Mr Grierson, while Mr Davies, with 7½ points, secured second prize, Mr Grierson being third with 7 points.

The handicap tournament obtained the record entry of 20 competitors, a fact doubtless largely due to the gift to the club of a silver challenge cup of the value of ten guineas to be played for in this competition. This valuable trophy, was presented anonymously, and while the club cannot thank the donor personally, this meeting will doubtless be glad at a later stage to pass "Gambit" a vote of thanks for his generous present.

It may not be out of place to recall to your minds and to record here the conditions attaching to the gift. These were: (1) The cup to be won twice, not necessarily in succession, by a member before it becomes his absolute property; (2) No member who has won the championship of New Zealand, or has entered for, or enters for, the championship of New Zealand, shall be eligible to win the cup. Should such a member win the handicap tournament in any year, then the one among the eligible players scoring the most points in the tournament shall be deemed to be the winner of the cup for that year. (3) At the expiration of ten years, should the cup not have been finally won, those winners of the cup who are still members of the club, shall play off for its absolute possession, at such time and on such conditions as the management of the club may direct. (4) The cup to be kept in the possession of the president of the club for the time being, and to be produced at each annual meeting of the club until it is finally won.

With so large a number of entrants the tourney had to be played in two sections, and it was decided that the occupants of the first three places in each section should play a final tournament among themselves to decide the winner of the trophy and of the other prizes offered. The players in the final were—Messrs Coulthard, Davies, and Sim, from Section A, and Messrs Myers, Moir, and Wilson from Section B. The final result was that Mr Coulthard became the first winner of the Gambit Cup—and his name has been engraved upon it, with the date of his victory—Mr Moir occupying second place, and Mr Davies third.

Mr Coulthard thoroughly deserved the honour of being the first member of the club to have his name inscribed on the Cup, as he was not defeated during the whole tournament, scoring 13½ points out of a possible 14 in the section play, and 4½ out of a possible 5 in the final rounds. The committee congratulate him on his excellent play throughout the competition, and not the less that he is only a year-old member of the club.

The brilliancy prize offered in connection with this tournament was won by Mr J. Sim, with his game played against Mr Myers. The games were adjudicated upon by Messrs Barnes, Mason, and Still, appointed as an adjudication board by the New Zealand Chess Association.

The Summer Tournament was played in two sections, formed from Handicap Classes 2 and 3, and 4 and 5, respectively. Each player was required to play not less than two, and not more than five games with each other competitor in his section, the player from each section with the highest percentage of wins to take the prize. Mr Wright, with a percentage



# Turf Gossip.

By WHALEBONE.

age of 73.21, wins the prize of the Class 2 and 3 section, and Mr Hayward, with a percentage of 72.72, the other.

In connection with the ladder competitions, no fewer than 62 challenges were issued during the year. Of this number three have not yet been completed from a variety of causes, four were withdrawn, and seven were won by default. Among the uncompleted games are those to be played in the challenge issued by Mr Miles to Mr Grierson for Rung 1. This challenge was delayed until very late in the year—it was really accepted during the close season—and upon the result of its games the title of club champion and the allocation of Mr Myers' gold medal for the holder of that title, depends. Mr Miles has successfully resisted challenges for Rung 2 from Mr Miller and Mr Davies. Mr Morgan has made the most progress during the year, having ascended from Rung 17 to Rung 12. Mr Moir has been the champion challenger, having issued no less than 9, being successful in 5 of this number.

By a rather singular coincidence, challenges were successful in 24 cases, and the challenged players maintained their right to their positions in an exactly similar number of instances.

While on the subject of competitions, it must not be omitted to mention a fact familiar to everybody present, and particularly gratifying to this club, viz., that it includes amongst its members the champion of New Zealand. Mr Grierson, for the second time, has honoured himself and his club by taking first place at the Annual Tournament of the New Zealand Chess Association, held this year at Nelson, and in commemoration of this a presentation will be made to him in the course of to-night's proceedings.

A Smokers' v. Non-smokers' match was played during the year, and fortunately for the Non-smokers—or the Smokers, according to the point of view—resulted in a tie.

The reading of the minutes of the final meeting of the club, held on March 20th, will remind you that shortly the club will enter into occupation of a new club-room. The committee regret that there was not a larger meeting to discuss and decide this step, but they hope that the larger, airier, and less noisy room, which it has been decided to occupy, will please the members and conduce to the increased success of the club.

The membership of the club at the end of the year was 60, 47 full, and 13 honorary members. The committee regret to record the loss to the club by death of Mr J. O. Barnard, and by resignation of Mr Vincent Rice, and Rev. A. Miller. Mr Rice was an old member and officer of the club, and Mr Miller an enthusiastic and skilful player.

Application has been made for the forthcoming congress to be held at Auckland during the Exhibition period, and there is little doubt but that this request will be acceded to. It is hoped that entrants will be attracted from Australia, and that the tournament will be a memorable one.

Your committee has met on 12 occasions, the following being the attendance of members:—

Rev. H. B. Wingfield, 7; Mr Grierson, 7; Mr Harland, 1; Mr Harvey, 12; Mr Miles, 7; Mr Wilson, 7; Mr Morgan, 11; Mr Wright, 10; Mr Sachs, 3; Mr Freeman, 5; Mr Layland, 12.

The prospects of the club for the session entered upon are excellent—the treasurer will present a satisfactory balance-sheet presently—and the committee hope that all the members will work together for the good of the club, and that its flourishing condition may be maintained.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,  
H. BARNARD WINGFIELD,  
President.

A. E. LAYLAND,  
Hon. Secretary.

April 14th, 1913.

**Solution of Problem No. 206.**  
By Arthur Mosely, Brisbane.

Position: 2Q5, 5p2, 3K2b1, 1pP5, pP5R, g8K12p1, 2S3Rp, rBaaB1b1.  
Key move: 1. Q—Kt4.

Thousands and thousands of families in all parts of the world always keep Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. They rely on it for coughs, colds, weak throats, weak lungs. Sold in three sizes.

The stewards of the Wellington Racing Club have decided to increase the stakes for the winter meeting by £400 over last winter, and have also resolved to restore the St. Leger Stakes on the autumn programme.

The Rover has been purchased by G. Delaney, who is now in Australia, and who was presumably acting for an owner on the other side. The Advance gelding will shortly be shipped across to Sydney.

Mr G. G. Stead won the first New Zealand St. Leger with the not very celebrated colt Altair in 1899. In subsequent years he scored with Cruciform (a top-notcher) and Isolt.

The Monoform gelding Monotone was in the paddock at Avondale on Wednesday, but had to be withdrawn from his engagement in the Maiden Plate because no rider was available at the weight.

The Spaarpeen gelding Plymont is earning an unenviable reputation, and at present two riders, C. Percival and R. Conway, are receiving attention at the hospital through his failing to negotiate the obstacles safely.

The Soult colt Marshal McDonald is improving with every race, and when next season rolls round may be found winning a decent race for his popular owner, Mr Donald McKinnon.

Two Auckland horsemen, in B. Deeley and J. Deerer, were successful at the recent Hawke's Bay meeting, the former piloting Zeus and Historiette to victory, and the latter having the mount on Flingot when he won the Mangatarara Hurdle Race.

The Maoriland-bred pacer Ribbonwood, though not eligible for the class prizes at the Royal Agricultural Show in Sydney, won the championship for trotting stallions. He has now won more championships at Sydney shows than any other light harness horse.

On appearances, Kaween was the last of the field that one would have selected to win the Avondale Handicap on Wednesday, but, nevertheless, the daughter of Spaarpeen ran a great race, battling it right out to the finish, and securing the 20sovs. attaching to third position.

After a long absence from the racing track, Master Theory made his reappearance under silk at Avondale on Wednesday, when he was saddled up to contest the Handicap Hurdles. The son of Soult made a creditable showing, and should not be long before he adds something to his winning account.

The Soult gelding Admiral Soult made his first appearance over hurdles at Avondale on Wednesday, when he contested the Handicap Hurdle Race. The hitherto disappointing son of Soult made a very good showing for a maiden, but banged the fences a lot, and his legs suffered in consequence.

After her efforts at the Manawatu meeting, the Wellington-owned mare Aema was thought to hold a mortgage on the hurdle race at Avondale on Wednesday, but the best daughter of Stepiak could do so to run third. Aema was showing symptoms of soreness when she returned to the paddock after the race.

Candoua, the winner of the Sydney Cup, is related to several well-known performers in this country. His third dam is Aurelia, who was got by Muskiet from L'Orient, the dam of Aida, Mans, Francotte, Orientale, and others. Aida produced Impulse, a New Zealand Cup winner, and Ublan, an Auckland Cup winner.

The St. Ambrose gelding Virtue did not make a very promising showing in his first attempt over hurdles, and at Avondale on Wednesday he was last throughout the journey. Virtue jumped carefully throughout, and when he gains experience through racing, may pick up a stake or two at the illegitimate game.

In declaring his weights for the Mount Roskill Handicap, on the second day of the Avondale meeting, Mr. Morse put Topic in the pride of position with 9st. After the weights were issued, it transpired that Topic was not eligible for the race, and, as a consequence, a 2lb rise all round was necessary in order to conform with the rules.

The Birkenhead gelding Presently, which has been off the scene for about twelve months, is to rejoin P. Jones' team at Ellerslie next week. Mr. L. B. Harris, the owner of the gelding, is contemplating a trip to Sydney in the spring, in which case both Presently and Torador will be taken across to the other side, and given an opportunity to measure strides with the Australian cracks.

Labour Day gave another disappointing display in the Hawke's Bay Cup, finishing out of a place, while, on the second day of the Hawke's Bay meeting she came to grief through falling over Canute while contesting the Burke Memorial Handicap. The daughter of Soult may yet repay Mr. Lowry for the money he has expended on her, but at present she can safely be written down as the best-sold mare that has raced in the Dominion for some time.

The support accorded the Invercargill non-trotting meeting, says a Southland paper, is not as good as might have been expected, seeing the large number of trotters in work in Southland, but officials of the club are to a great extent responsible for more entries not being forthcoming. A leading local owner informed the writer that no programme had come to Gore, and further, that he had made personal application to the secretary for a programme, which had not come to hand.

A unique proposal is under the consideration of the Christchurch trotting clubs at the present time. The idea is to hold an exhibition trotting race in connection with a public demonstration which is to take place during the visit of H.M.S. New Zealand to the port of the Cathedral City. The suggestion is that the race should be a handicap one of one mile and a-half, and that the only prizes should be three trophies, while the field would include seven or eight of the best harness horses in training.

Bluestone showed greatly improved form in his races at Avondale, and the son of Bluelight won both his races in convincing style. In the Oakley Handicap his win appeared to have something of the fluke about it, for he got a lucky run through on the rails, but in the Railway Handicap, the concluding event of the day, he dispelled this idea, for he never gave the rest of the field a look in, and simply made a one-horse race of it.

Mark Ryan, who recently handed in his jockey's license, in order to set up as a public trainer, has had a three-year-old gelding by Extractor, and a three-year-old gelding by Monoform, placed in his charge, and the pair are to arrive at headquarters next week. The one-time prominent horseman has secured stables at Ellerslie, and, now that he has made a start, should be long in getting his boxes full.

A horse that sadly disappointed his party at Avondale on Wednesday was Decorate, which was a good second favourite in the Maiden Plate. The half-brother to Watch-chain never really got going, and was a long way back at the finish. Too much notice, however, should not be taken of the form of several of the competitors in the Maiden Plate, however, for the bulk of them had their chances spoiled before a furlong was covered, by the bumping and jostling that took place just after the start.

The president of the Auckland Racing Club, the Hon. B. Mitchelson, has sufficiently recovered from his recent serious accident to take a motor drive, and on Thursday afternoon paid a visit to the Ellerslie Racecourse, and inspected the various works in progress. The president takes a very keen interest in the beautifying of the Ellerslie course, and his many friends will be pleased to learn that he is able once more to keep in touch with what is going on at headquarters.

The Soult filly Brieriot has won all the three races she has contested at Avondale this season. In the spring she accounted for the Avondale Cup and Avondale Guineas, and on Wednesday the Avondale Handicap fell to her share, these events being the three principal events on the club's programme. On Wednesday Brieriot was sent out a very warm favourite, and returned the shortest price returned in a handicap event in Auckland this season.

So far Antiphone has not proved to be a worthy descendant of the successful racing family he springs from, and, although he has not raced very often, his essays have been very disappointing. In the Maiden Plate at Avondale on Wednesday he carried the confidence of his party, and was sent out a good favourite, but not once through the race did he appear to have a winning chance, and eventually finished out of a place. Time may do a lot for Antiphone, but at present he is a good many removes from first class.

It is again stated that it has been definitely decided to retire Lady Medallist, and that she will go to St. Savin. As Lady Medallist's sire, St. Alwyn, is a grandson of St. Simon, and St. Savin is by St. Simon, that sounds fairly close breeding; but it is only natural Mr. "B. J. Craven" should be inclined to experiment to some extent with his very fine stallion, which has already been represented by two winners in England, Horstena accounting for two races and Durbar one last season. Lady Medallist proved a profitable purchase on "Mr Craven's" part, as she won him well on towards £6,700 in prize-money in her various races, and it is understood he scored heavily in the way of bets when she won the Caulfield Cup.

Backers never seem tired of making Tri-poli favourite for the races she contests, and in two-thirds of the events she has started in this season she has been at the head of the quotations, but has yet to make good. In the Chevalier Handicap, at Avondale, on Wednesday, she carried a lot of money, but was never seen. Her rider, however, struck trouble in the race, for, in addition to getting bumped on to the rails, was hit in the eye by a sod thrown back by one of the other horses, and consequently was unable to do his mount justice.

The recent showings of Mr. J. R. Reid's colt Rinaldo adds further to the puzzle as to which is the champion two-year-old of the season, and it is a thousand pities that Soliano, Mowbray, Rinaldo, and Nightwatch all fit and well could not be brought together over six furlongs. It is a long time since four such good colts have been seen out in the one season, and their meeting would create universal interest. Probably the quartet will have their first meeting as three-year-olds in the next Great Northern Derby, which is the first classical race of importance in which all are engaged.

The latest improvement at Avondale, that of providing a separate enclosure to enable trainers to saddle their horses for their engagements without any outside interference, is one that could be copied with advantage by other clubs, and more especially the Auckland Racing Club. On all the courses previously, and Ellerslie in particular, trainers, especially those who had to get the favourite ready, have been subjected to all sorts of annoyance by people crowding round and, in numbers of cases, actually filling the box while the horses were being saddled. All this sort of thing the enclosure at Avondale prevents, and it is, without doubt, one of the most advanced improvements effected on any course in recent years.

The Works Committee of the Auckland Racing Club visited the Ellerslie racecourse on Thursday, and looked over the various works in progress. The forming of the new entrances is being pushed on with all possible haste, and, though there is an enormous amount of blasting to be done, in order to remove the large quantity of solid rock that has to be shifted, very satisfactory progress is being made. The long spell of fine weather has greatly assisted operations, and the completion of the big job in time for the summer meeting is now practically assured. When finished, the entrances will be easily the best in the Dominion.

Mr. W. Casey, the contractor for the erection of the new stairway to the top of the main stand at Ellerslie, has made a start with the work, and a large staff of men will be put on in order to have everything in readiness for the A.B.C. Winter Meeting. The stairway, which is an outside one, begins about the middle of the old publican's booth, and goes to the corner of the building, then turns at right angles, and runs along the end of the stand to the top. The grade is a very easy one from top to bottom, and, as the stairway will be 6ft wide, there should be no complaint as to the means of access provided for those who wish to view the racing from that point.

A number of brood mares, unbroken horses, and horses in training were submitted at auction at Palmerston North on account of Mr D. Bulck, M.P., and other owners. There was a large attendance at the ring side, but buyers were conspicuous by their absence, and a number

of the most desirable lots elicited no competition. Nineteen mares and unbroken thoroughbreds were disposed of for 260 guineas, and Papakura, the sire of at least one good one in Aberbrothock, also of Vibration and Rangitua, went for a modest tenner. The twenty-year-old son of St. Leger was carrying his years well, and his present owners may be congratulated upon having been made a handsome presentation. Mr. Buick placed reserves upon the promising three-year-olds Portraiture and Papality, but he kept faith with the public in every respect, and as neither Rangitua, Papader, nor Aberbrothock was sold it may be taken for granted that the popular dark blue filly will again be fluttering in the breeze next season.

The progress that trotting is making in public favour in Auckland is simply phenomenal. Alexandra Park, recently acquired as a trotting course, is fast being transformed into one of the prettiest and best equipped trotting tracks in the Dominion. The management of the Auckland and Otahuhu Clubs is developing on wise and progressive lines, with the result that the sport is being lifted right into the forefront of racing pastimes. At the recent autumn meeting of the Auckland Club there was not the slightest indication of anything but absolutely clean sport. The stewards were quick to seize on any questionable point, and twice riders and owners were summoned before the officials to make explanation as to the why and the wherefore of certain suspected anomalies. In each case, however, the reply was perfectly satisfactory. Perhaps the best criterion of the increasing popularity of trotting in Auckland is gained in the fact that the attendances are almost double what they were, and in the further fact that it is not an infrequent thing to find the crowd cheering the winners as they return to the paddock.

The Soult filly Self is the eighth or ninth of the local two-year-olds to get her name on the winning list this season, and although she may not prove to be in the same class as her illustrious sister, Bleriot, may be a useful stake earner for her owner-trainer next season. In winning the Juvenile Handicap at Avondale on Wednesday, Self showed a lot of pace, and though there are many that hold the idea that Loloma would have defeated her but for the interference a short distance from the post, still Self ran a good race. The occurrence that did take place was the subject of much comment, and the finding of the stewards in connection with the matter has been in some quarters rather adversely discussed. That there was interference there seemed to be no doubt, but the stewards gave it as their opinion that it did not affect the result, and that ends the matter. It is interesting at times to compare the rulings of stewards, and in the present case the finding is directly opposite to that given by the A.R.C. stewards in the Percy Memorial case. In the latter the Auckland stewards decided that accidental interference over seven furlongs from home affected the result; but in the present case the accidental interference which took place at the critical stage was held not to have had any bearing on the judge's decision. Although it was considered necessary to administer a severe caution to Chaplin, the ride of Self far exceeded riding. Cases of this sort are most unsatisfactory to all parties concerned, for, when it comes to a point being decided on a question of opinion, so many different views are expressed that whatever decision is given it will, in the majority of cases, give dissatisfaction. A straight-out rule to govern every case would be much preferable.

A big programme of improvements is contemplated by the Auckland Trotting Club for next season. Details have not yet been discussed by the executive, but a progressive policy for Exhibition thus is mooted, and is likely to be endorsed by every member of the committee. With a view to attracting trotting horses from every part of the Dominion, it is probable that the next Summer Cup will be worth not less than 450s, and it is further proposed that the total prize-money for the ensuing season should be increased from 28,000 to 310,000. The club is actuated by a desire to popularise trotting, and, encouraged by the splendid results of the season just over, will essay a big programme for 1913-14. In addition to improving the prize-money, the club has a big scheme in hand for the improvement of the course and its appointments. Already the track itself, well banked and of a wonderfully even grade throughout, is an ideal one. Last week, however, as a result of the long continued dry weather, there was considerable dust during the progress of each event, and the club means to cope with this effectually next season. To do so it is proposed that a four-inch main should be laid all round the course, with hydrants at a distance of

every 150ft. The improvement scheme also provides for the enlargement of the stewards' stand, and the alteration of the totalisator houses. The outside "tote" will probably be rebuilt entirely, and the inside machine much altered. At present considerable inconvenience is caused to spectators because of the indicators not being sufficiently high to be seen over the heads of those in front. Next season it is intended that this shall be remedied, and other desired improvements will also be carried out. Altogether the club has a big programme in hand, and although, as stated, details have yet to be discussed by the committee, it is likely that the points above enumerated will be readily approved.

#### A LUCKY OWNER.

In having three two-year-olds of the calibre of Mowbray, Salzburg, and Rinaldo in his stable in the one season, the Canterbury sportsman, Mr. J. B. Reid, must be classed as a lucky owner, and, provided nothing unforeseen occurs, it will be strange if his colours are not carried to victory in the majority of the big three-year-old events next season. Mr. Reid has raced a number of horses in New Zealand at various times, and will be best known as the owner of that great mare, Gladstone, while a New Zealand Cup is also to his credit by the aid of Wolverine. Mr. Reid's three colts are engaged in all the Auckland classical events, and perhaps one of them will be found contesting the Great Northern Guineas next spring.

#### FOUL RIDING.

Before the stipendiary stewards were appointed complaints of foul riding were very frequent, but for a time after the paid official made his appearance there was less talk of bumping and jostling than previously. Matters, however, have taken another turn, and the old order again prevailed, and it is safe to say that at Avondale on Wednesday there was more interference in the various races than has been the case for some time. In the opening event, the Maiden Plate, several of the starters hardly touched the ground for fully half a furlong, owing to being chopped out at the start. Why there should be so much rushing for the rails from this post is hard to understand, for there is a good run of nearly three furlongs before a turn is reached. Only ten started in the Hurdle Race, and there was tons of room for all, yet when the field passed the stand, after half the journey was covered, one rider, whose voice could be easily distinguished, could be plainly heard, in language that was not altogether parliamentary, shouting out for room. Some horsemen certainly want all the course to themselves, but it was something of a surprise that no questions were asked as to the cause of all the row. In several of the other races the same state of affairs prevailed, and, while it is to be regretted that such has to be chronicled, surely the bulk of it could be easily put down.

It has at once to be admitted that the position of stipendiary steward is anything but an enviable one, for the task is beset with many difficulties. When first Messrs. McMahon, Gibson, and Gordon were appointed there were found plenty of people unreasonable enough to imagine that all the corrupt practices of the turf would be cleaned up in a day, but the majority of those conversant with the question were quite prepared to admit that a herculean task was before the gentlemen named, and therefore it would take some little time before matters would adjust themselves. It is now close on five months since the stipendiary stewards took office, and in the writer's opinion they have justified their existence to a large extent, but, unfortunately, do not seem to have got at the principal root of the whole trouble, foul riding. Of Mr. Gibson's work I know nothing, but I have had numerous opportunities of observing the methods employed by Messrs. McMahon and Gordon, and must candidly confess that I cannot agree with them. At all the gatherings I have attended both gentlemen named have for the most part taken up their position on the stewards' stand, an excellent place, no doubt, to view a race from, as far as the actual running is concerned, but hardly suitable to note certain happenings which are usually practised where there is the least possible chance of detection. Unless one is in a direct line with the start, no matter how experienced he is, it is next door to impossible to form a correct idea as to what takes place after the field jump off, except as to the positions taken up in running. Let anyone view a start directly opposite them on the far side of the course, and then get the opinions of the boys riding in the race, or the starter who watches them as they leave him, and it will then be found how difficult it is to judge what did actually occur, as regards the chopping out, etc. However, different people have different

opinions, and the officials may have every confidence in their ability to detect offences from the point of vantage they at present occupy, but of this I am convinced, the majority of racing men will agree with me, that until closer view is obtained of what occurs at the start, and also across the top stretch to the turn for home, so long will there be trouble and foul riding.

#### THE HAWKE'S BAY CUP.

If the Press Association's report of the running of the Hawke's Bay Cup is to be relied upon, then that event was, to a large extent, spoilt by Lady Moutoa getting out with a four-lengths' break before the barrier rose. The statement on the surface hardly appears correct, for a starter could hardly declare a start with a horse four lengths in front of the post before he pulled the lever, and the probabilities are that Lady Moutoa was on the move when the barrier lifted, and thus gained her advantage. However, she seems to have made the best use of the luck that came her way, and was never headed, running the mile and a-half in 2.34, an exceptionally fast gallop. Bronze, which was sent out favourite, appears to have run a decent race under her weight, for, with such a pace set, she would have to do her best all through to keep anything within striking distance of the field, and her third under the circumstances was not by any means a disappointing performance. Labour Day, Cheldar, and Merrivonia, which had a lot of friends in Auckland, were apparently never dangerous, and were probably taken off their feet in the early part of it.

#### WAIRARAPA NOTES.

Sir Solo is suffering from mouth trouble, and will be laid up some time. The Mr. Laddo horse has placed a good sum to his credit in the season, and has earned a rest. His chief victories were the Wellington and Manawatu Cups, while he ran second in the Feilding and Woodville Cups. Sir Solo will probably be given a special preparation for the New Zealand Cup. Sir Knox, who has been eased off in work lately, will next make his appearance at the Masterton meeting. He has been given 8.11 in the Waipipi Cup, of 14 miles; the horses now him being Underwood 9.9 and Byron 8.13.

Imagination, who has been going well lately, has been allotted 7.11 in the Waipipi Cup, while Cydon, another good performer, has 7.9, Obligate 7.10, and Mangara 7.3. Ladoga, who has been shaping nicely of late, has the light weight of 6.7, and Vi at 6.12 has also been well treated by the handicapper.

A special fund for the jockey, Pritchard, who broke his leg at the Feilding meeting last year, and who has had to have the limb broken again and re-set, has been opened at Masterton. About £20 has already been subscribed.

Tyrannic is now trained by W. Garrett, at Opaki. The gelding was given a run in the Karere Hurdles, at the Manawatu Meeting, finishing sixth out of a field of nine.

By the time the steeply-rising season comes round the bay gelding should be in good form. He is improving daily in his jumping.

Hopes are still held out of making Full Rate a hurdler. He is to be given a run at the Pahiatua meeting.

Sweet Zimba, a nice-looking filly by Sweet Simon—Lalla, which showed good promise at the Feilding meeting, landed the Maiden Plate (second) at the Manawatu Meeting, carrying second top weight, 8.7. Down the straight she smothered the two-year-old Gerbera, which was a hot favourite, for pace, and won by a good two lengths.

Prize (third) at the Manawatu Meeting, the only ones to show anything approaching form at the Manawatu meeting were Royal Simon (second in Tairāora Welter) and Lord Handicap (third in Autumn Handicap).

Silver Rose (Sylvia Park—Pretty Polly), which landed the Flying at Awapuni in the easiest possible manner, will sport silk in the Dash Handicap at Masterton. She is weighted at 8.6, against 7.9 at the Manawatu meeting, but she is in great form just now, and will probably be little troubled with her extra burden.

Jewel Chimes, which won the Hobson Handicap at the Auckland Trotting Meeting, is owned by Mr. J. D. Piper, of Blakelore, Wairarapa.

The Masterton Racing Club has decided to strongly protest against the action of the New Zealand Racing Conference in holding Easter Saturday from the Racing Calendar, inasmuch as it seriously imperilled the existence of the club, and for the reason that it unwarrantably interferes with the rights and liberties of the sporting association.

#### TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

It has become customary for several years for some of the West Coast trainers to make a trip over here at the conclusion of the racing season on the other side of the ranges with a view of picking up a race or two with their charges at the meetings held in Canterbury and Otago during the months of May and June, and the ensuing their support for the close season. These annual visits of our West Coast friends are welcome in giving foreign support to our suburban fixtures, and although their reputation generally speaking is not high as high-class, they have included several useful performers, of whom during recent years Rowan and Rodin have been notable examples. C. Stratford, in charge of Corrie and The Nut, was the first of the visitors to put in an appearance. He is quartered

in the city, but may make New Brighton his headquarters. Stratford, who has had Corrie on lease from M. Hobbs, has handed the daughter of Cora Lynn back to her owner, as the lease has expired. Corrie won several races on the Coast, and I should say that Stratford will regret parting with such a useful performer. Another familiar West Coast name, W. Donnellan, put forth an appearance during the week, bringing with him North Pole, Irish Gift, and Walpki.

Mr. Duncan Rutherford seldom visits the local training ground, but on Thursday he was present at the scratch horses Daylight Bill and Andrea doing some schooling work. The former, which had Gold Pin for a companion over the hurdles, performed pleasantly, and Andrea and Gnome together gave a creditable display for novices over the pony hurdles. Another local aspirant for jumping honours, Lass Ashore, which is trained by W. Fuller, has also been giving creditable displays, but this diminutive daughter of Cassinrose sorely looks the sort to develop into a successful hurdler.

E. Curtis, in charge of Autumns, Night-watch, Briar Patch, Glenham, and Scottish Star, R. D. O'Donnell, in charge of Ron Reve, and Mr. J. B. Reid's horses Salzburg and Zimba returned to the West Coast on Monday. North, M. Hobbs journeyed on from Manawatu to Hastings with Rinaldo to claim an engagement in the Hawke's Bay Stakes, and on his showing at Awapuni the son of Champagne II. should take a power of beating.

Coroniform was brought back from Palmerston North on Sunday, but it is now understood that the son of Helen Faunt has been sold to a North Island sportsman, so that he will probably be shipped North again during the week.

Recently J. A. Bridges made a trip to Mr. J. A. Holmes' Bangor Estate for the purpose of breaking a filly by Terapiu from a mare by Royal Artillery—Crown Jewel. Bridges brought her back from Bangor, and will put her into training immediately.

With the conclusion of the Manawatu meeting the majority of the Chokeholes Lodge team have finished their hard tasks for the present season, and will now go into winter quarters. Those who are to be kept in commission during the winter months will be Winning Way, Scottish Star, and probably Glenham, while Glenamich will be given a run at the Ashburton meeting, to be held next month.

#### AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

##### OPENING DAY.

The Avondale Jockey Club commenced its autumn meeting under most favourable circumstances. There was a large attendance, the racing was of the best, and the course looked a picture. Over £3,000 has been spent by the club during the last six months in improvements, with the result that it is now one of the most picturesque and one of the most up-to-date suburban courses in the Dominion. A particularly useful innovation is that carried out in connection with the new stalls. Accommodation for another twenty horses is provided, and an artistically-finished pallisading, running the full length of the structure, keeps the crowd back, and, at the same time, affords an excellent view of the horses while being got ready for each race. The secretary (Mr. H. Hays) had all arrangements well in hand, and the judge (Mr. R. B. Lusk) and the starter (Mr. F. W. Edwards) carried through their duties with customary satisfaction.

##### A GOOD DIVIDEND.

In the opening event Chere (which was injured in the trip up from Thames, Vic, and Monotone were withdrawn, leaving nineteen to go to the post. Antelope was sorted out as the most worthy of support, but there was plenty of money for The Celt and Decorate, and a little went on Fluenciar and Nimrod. Outside these, good prices were going. The favourites were never really dangerous, and an outsider in Toff, beginning quickly when the barrier lifted, was never headed, winning by a length, with Barb Wire and Prince Merriwee (both of which would also have returned good prices) in the places. The winner, which is owned and trained at Tauranga, paid close on a half-century dividend.

##### THE FAVOURITE WINS.

Ten of the eleven acceptors came out for the Handicap Hurdles, Mupuna being the defection. When the machine clouted The Chef was a few pounds the better favourite than Aema, while good support was also accorded Tiri. The early running was made by Tiri and Surplus, but when the business end of the journey came to be entered on the Chef ran to the front, and eventually won by a length and a-quarter from Tiri, with Aema third, the betting indicating the places, Pymont and Admiral Soult fell. Aema was showing symptoms of lameness when she returned to the paddock.

##### ANOTHER TWO-FIGURE DIVIDEND.

Thirteen saddled up for the Oakley Handicap, which was a good betting race. Monoline was installed favourite, with the bracketed pair, Hohongahata and Mighty Atom, next in request, while of the others Lady Thorn and Naamal met with most

support. The pace was set by Mighty Atom, Naumai, and Huhungatahi, and they were almost in line when they turned for home. Entering the straight the leading division ran out very wide, and Bluestone, getting a lucky run through next the rails, pushed strongly and won by a length and a-half from Huhungatahi, with the unlucky Monoline a neck away, third.

AN INQUIRY.

Queenie Soult declined her engagement in the Juvenile Handicap, and of the half-dozen left, Loloma was a shade better favourite than Tinopal, but, with the exception of Gildeway, the others all had friends. Self began very quickly, and looked like making a one-horse race of it, but Loloma and Marshal McDonald looked like catching her at the distance. When danger threatened, Chaplin, the rider of Self, drew his whip, and the filly ran away from the rails and came over on Loloma till straightened up again, when she drew out and won by a length from the favourite, with Marshal McDonald third. After the race Mr Angus Gordon called a meeting of the stewards, and, after hearing the statements of the jockeys Chaplin, Brown, and Conquest, the riders of the placed horses, decided to administer a severe caution to Chaplin for careless riding. The winner, which is owned by her trainer, is a full-sister to Bleat, the crack three-year-old.

A RED HOT FAVOURITE.

Montiform, Tragedy King, Monoral, and Devastation dropped out of the Avondale Handicap, leaving half-a-dozen to oppose the crack filly, Bleriot, which was made a red hot favourite, carrying nearly half the investments on the machine. Tiresome was second fancy, the order of the others in the betting being Jolie Fille, Kaween, Cloudy Dawn, and Monocle, with Master Jack the outsider. Jolie Fille went out, and set a solid pace, and crossing the top was two lengths in front of the favourite, which looked to be doing her best. At the distance Jolie Fille still had charge, but when Buchanan asked the favourite to go up and win her race, she responded generously, and, putting in a strong run, won cleverly by half-a-length, with Kaween a similar distance away, third. The winner got a good reception on returning to stable.

WEE OLGA AT LAST.

Thirteen came out for the Titrangi Handicap, and Tanatwai was made a good favourite. Tragedy King was second choice, while Wee Olga and Montiform both had friends, but the others did not meet with any spirited support. Tangiwal badly disappointed her supporters, and Wee Olga, getting to the front early in the race, was never headed, breaking the long list of failures registered against her, winning by two lengths from Tragedy King, which was badly placed in the early stages, and did well to run second. The favourite finished absolutely last.

A BIG FIELD.

The Chevalier Handicap, a four furlong scramble for hacks, brought out 22, the biggest field of the day. Tripoli was favourite, and others to meet with support were Prince Merriwee, Salvia and Hinerewa. The favourite failed to make any sort of a showing, and was never sighted, the winner turning up in Rajah, which won, after an interesting finish with Hinerewa.

BLUESTONE'S SECOND WIN.

As usual Kakama played up at the barrier, and Lucille also gave some trouble, with the result that the start was considerably delayed, and the race was eventually run in semi-darkness. Bluestone immediately hopped into the lead, and thereafter there was never any doubt regarding the issue, the grey son of Blueflight winning his second race of the day much more easily than he did the first, although he was racing in anything better company.

MAIDEN PLATE HANDICAP OF 100SOVS.

T. Floyd's br m Topie, 4yrs, by Camp Nee-Tottle, 8.2 (8. Brown) 1
P. Bolton's br g Barb Wire, 3yrs, 8.4 (H. E. Brown) 2
J. D. Kemp's br c Prince Merriwee, 3yrs, 8.0 (Flannigan) 3
Also started: Troublesome 8.10, Sir Stroud 8.2, The Celt 8.0, Kalkawa 8.4, Hamlet 8.2, Master Hilda 8.2, Nisport 8.1, Antiphone 8.1, Rouge Dragon 8.0, Peria 7.13, Laveria 7.12, Decorate 7.12, Pinaure 7.12, Parapara 7.12, Rukuhia 7.12, Watiki Rose 7.12.
Time, 1:10 2-3. Antiphone was favourite.

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE OF 100SOVS.

C. Hennessy's b g The Chief, 4yrs, by Ken Reno-1.0, 9.9 (T. Fisher) 1
H. Barr's ch g Tiri, aged, 10.0 (J. F. Brady) 2
H. Whitney's b m Aena, 4yrs, 9.0 (Thompson) 3
Also started: Te Wabara 10.7, Surplus 9.12, Master Theory 9.12, Aphix 9.7, Admiral Route 9.0, Victoria 8.9, Percival, the rider of Admiral Route, sustained a broken collar bone, and was conveyed to the public hospital.
Time, 3.48. The Chief was favourite.

OAKLEY HANDICAP OF 100SOVS. Five furlongs.

A. B. Carley's gr g Bluestone, 4yrs, by Blueflight-Flirt, 6.12 (Trigger) 1
W. C. King's b g Huhungatahi, aged, 8.1 (Warner) 2
W. L. Thompson's ch f Monoline, 3yrs, 7.5 (E. R. Brown) 3
Also started: Naumai 8.5, Mighty Atom 7.12, Bow Bells 7.12, Overtime 7.0, Miss Livia 7.8, Positive 7.7, Maragata 7.5, Lady Thorn 6.13, Sir Walter 6.10, and Merry Christmas 6.7.
Time, 1:24. Monoline was favourite.

JUVENILE HANDICAP OF 100SOVS. Five furlongs.

E. J. Rae's b f Self, 2yrs, by Soult-Eff, 6.9 (Chaplin) 1
Goldwater's ch f Loloma, 2yrs, 7.4 (E. R. Brown) 2
D. McKinnon's b c Marshall McDonald, 2yrs, 8.1 (Conquest) 3
Also started: Tinopal 8.11, Obdurate 7.1, Gildeway 6.9.
After the race for the Juvenile Handicap the stipendiary steward, Mr. Gordon, reported Chaplin, the rider of Self, to the stewards for careless riding in the concluding stages of the race. It being his opinion that Chaplin's mount had interfered with Loloma. After hearing statements of the riders concerned the stewards considered that Chaplin had been guilty of careless riding, but asking into consideration the fact that it was a two-year-old race decided to administer a severe caution.
Time, 1:3. Loloma was favourite.

AVONDALE HANDICAP OF 300SOVS. One mile and a-quarter.

F. Hall's b f Bleriot, 3yrs, by Soult-Eff, 8.9 (Buchanan) 1
J. D. Kemp's b m Jolie Fille, 3yrs, 7.5 (Conquest) 2
N. Dickey's b m Kaween, 4yrs, 7.5 (Trigger) 3
Also started: Tiresome 7.8, Master Jack 6.11, Cloudy Dawn 6.7, Monocle 6.7.
Time, 2:8. Bleriot was favourite.

TITRANGI HANDICAP OF 100SOVS. Seven furlongs.

T. J. B. Stewart's br m Wee Olga, 5yrs, by Merriwee-St. Olga, 7.5 (O'Shea) 1
D. P. Morgan's br g Tragedy King, 3yrs, 8.3 (Morris) 2
J. B. Tamm's ch g Sir Rupert, aged, 6.13 (Greenwood) 3

the top stretch, and lost a lot of ground, which she was never able to quite make, the Soult filly finishing just outside the placed horses.

TORREADOR WINS EASILY.

Lady Thorn and Sir Walter were the only withdrawals from the Flying Handicap, a four furlong scramble, leaving ten to breast the tapes. When the machine closed Torreador was a good favourite, but Glad Tidings and the bracketed pair, Huhungatahi and Mighty Atom, had a lot of friends, while there was plenty of support for Naumai, Monoline, and Lucille. The start was not a good one, Naumai, which gave a lot of trouble at the post, getting the best of it, and he made the early running. When it came to racing, however, there was only one in it, for Torreador, putting in a great run on the outside, won comfortably from Tripoli, which came through a beaten field and finished second. Lucille, which was very unlucky, finished fast, and gained third honours.

At the instigation of the stipendiary steward (Mr A. Gordon) an inquiry was held concerning the closing in on Lucille during the race, as the field turned to cross the top. B. Deely, the rider of Lucille, in the course of his evidence, said that he was crushed in by Monoline (ridden by R. E. Brown), and lost six lengths. His boot bore evidence of the crushing. In his opinion, however, the incident was the result of an accident, as other horses had crushed in on Monoline. R. E. Brown stated that the occurrence had been quite an accident, and with this statement Mr Gordon said he concurred. Brown was accordingly exonerated.

A NARROW VICTORY.

A good field of fifteen came out for the Maiden Hurdles, Admiral Soult being the only withdrawal. Tiri, which had the services of McElinn, was made a fairly warm

dangerous. Jollie Filie was not well served by the start, and did not look like a winner at any stage. Phosphorus returned his supporters a double-figure dividend.

THE FAVOURITE BEATEN.

Walorewa carried more money than Monoline in the Dominion Handicap, the pair having the bulk of the investments on their chance. Bow Bells had friends, and some money went on Topic and Overtime. Maragata, which was the biggest outsider of the field, was given every chance to win, for he got out with a couple of lengths break, but a couple of furlongs settled his chance, and Monoline and Walorewa heading him, the pair fought out an interesting finish, Monoline getting the verdict by a head.

THE JUMPERS.

The seven acceptors went to the post for the Handicap Steeplechase, and Te Wabara was made a slightly better favourite than Icel, Webfoot being the only other to be backed with any spirit. Icel early disappointed his supporters, stopping at the third fence, and the race eventually resolved itself into a duel between Te Wabara and Webfoot, the former staying the longest, and getting the verdict by a couple of lengths.

PRINCE MERRIWEA A WINNER.

Irish Maid and Golden Grain were the only ones to drop out of the Mt. Roskill Handicap, the hack event, the big field of 21 going to the tapes. Prince Merriwee was entrusted with the most money; Antiphone being second favourite, with Barb Wire, Kathere, and Hinerewa all well backed. Kathere made the early running, but faded out of it at the business end, where Hinerewa, and Prince Merriwee came on the scene, the latter scoring his maiden victory by a neck from Hinerewa, with Haku, which finished fast, third.

When doing her preliminary before the start Salvia gave a display of buckjumping, twice unseating her rider, A. J. McFlan, who, however, escaped unhurt.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

The concluding event, the Waitaker Handicap, saw ten go to the post, and backers made Wee Olga a very pronounced favourite. Blue Garment carried about half the investments on the favourite, and the only other to get anything like decent support was Almada. Blue Garment hopped out quickly when the barrier lifted, and never gave anything else a chance, winning easily at the finish, with Almada and Lady Thorn in the places.

THE TOTALISATORS.

Speculation during the afternoon was very brisk, the sum of £22,143 10/ passing through the machines, as against £17,482 last year. This makes a total of £39,133 10/ for the gathering, as compared with £28,503 last season, the substantial increase of £10,630 10/.

The following are the results:—

NURSERY HANDICAP, OF 100SOVS, FOR TWO-YEAR-OLDS. Six furlongs.
B. Goldwater's ch f Loloma, 2yrs, by Mopiform-Seabird, 7.9 (E. R. Brown) 1
R. Hanson's br f Tinopal, 2yrs, 8.0 (Brady) 2
Messdames Foss and Stewart's br c Soult-Koff, 2yrs, 7.8 (C. Brown) 3
Also started: Marshall McDonald 8.3 and Self 7.6.
Time, 1:15 4-5. Self was favourite.

FLYING HANDICAP, OF 100SOVS. Four furlongs.
L. Harris' b g Torreador, Spalpeen—1
Lorna, 4yrs, 8.0 (Conquest) 2
D. J. Brown's ch m Tripoli, 3yrs, 7.0 (Trigger) 3
— Cunningham's br m Lucille, 5yrs, 7.2 (Deely) 4
Also started: Naumai 8.0, Huhungatahi 8.0, Glad Tidings 8.4, Overtime 7.8, Monoline 7.7, Positive 7.7, Mighty Atom 7.2.
Time, 49 3-8. Torreador was favourite.

MAIDEN HANDICAP HURDLES OF 100 SOVS. One mile and three-quarters.
J. T. Brown's b g Pip, aged, by Merrie England—Lady Sarah, 9.10 (Anderson) 1
W. Ryan's br g Merrilman, 5yrs, 9.0 (H. Wells) 2
Henry Barr's ch g Tiri, aged, 10.0 (McElinn) 3
Also started: Heyboy 9.13, Bro C 9.1, Virtue 9.1, Pat 9.0, Poletiers 9.0, Aibabae 9.0, Excalibur 9.0, Rouge Dragon 9.0, Adherer 9.0, Hukuhia 9.9, Ruffy 9.0, Lenora 9.0.
Time, 3:18 3-5. Tiri was favourite. Heyboy, Virtue, Poletiers, and Excalibur fell during the race.

AUTUMN HANDICAP OF 200SOVS. One mile and one furlong.
J. R. Keen's br g Phosphorus, 4yrs, by Watiki-Bright Spark, 6.13 (Emmer-son) 1
D. P. Morgan's br g Tragedy King, 3yrs, 7.5 (H. Brown) 2
N. Dickey's b m Kaween, 4yrs, 7.6 (E. R. Brown) 3
Also started: Jolie Fille 7.12, Kakama 7.9, Montiform 7.6, Bluestone 7.5, Tangiwal 6.13, Flying Soult 6.0, Monocle 6.0, First Watiki 6.9, Troublesome 6.8, Explosive 6.8, Cloudy Dawn 6.8.
Time, 1:35 4-5. Kakama was favourite.

DOMINION HANDICAP OF 100SOVS. Five furlongs.
W. L. Thompson's ch f Monoline, 3yrs, by Mopiform-Delma, 7.5 (E. R. Brown) 1
F. Hall's b m Walorewa, 4yrs, 9.5 (Buchanan) 2
J. R. Keen's b m Bow Bells, 4yrs, 7.8 (Emmer-son) 3



Sportsman (from town): "What silly beggars farmers are! Always seem to put gates in the very uniddest part of a field."

Also started: Montiform 8.8, Goldsize 8.3, Phosphorus 8.0, St. Annans 7.11, Almada 7.9, Tangiwal 7.7, Flying Soult 7.5, First Watiki 7.2, Explosive 7.0, Devastation 6.13.
Time, 1:29. Tangiwal was favourite.

CHEVALIER HANDICAP OF 100SOVS. Four furlongs.

A. Mitchell's b g Rajah, 5yrs, by St. Phocas-Richmond, aged, 7.10 1
W. C. King's b m Hinerewa, 5yrs, 7.10 2
J. D. Kemp's br c Prince Merriwee, 3yrs, 8.0 3
Also started: Salvia 8.0, Sir Walter 8.4, Haku 8.2, Viven 8.0, Tohara 7.8, Tripoli 7.13, Kathere 7.5, Ruffy 7.5, Reno 7.5, Kaleato 7.5, Boukoff 7.5, Lady Elgiva 7.5, Gladys Jack 7.5, Succession 7.5, Chalmers 7.5, Parapara 7.5, Rukuhia 7.5, Golden Grain 7.5.
Time, 50 4-5. Tripoli was favourite.

RAILWAY HANDICAP OF 100SOVS. Six furlongs.

A. B. Carley's gr g Bluestone, 4yrs, by Blueflight-Flirt, 6.10 (Trigger) 1
E. Hall's br m Walorewa, 4yrs, 6.10 2
E. Kelly's blk g Blue Garment, aged, 7.9 3
Also started: Kakama 8.9, Maragata 7.2, Lucille 6.12, Lavrasa 6.7.

SECOND DAY.

Superb weather prevailed for the second day of the Avondale Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting. The attendance was very large, and the racing excellent.

THE OPENING EVENT.

In the opening event, the Nursery Handicap, the last two-year-old race of the season, the five acceptors went to the post, and backers evidently thought that Self's victory on the opening day was no fluke, for they sent her out a good favourite. Marshal McDonald was second in request, but there was plenty of money for Soultkoff, the two outsiders being Tinopal and Loloma. The last-named took charge after half a furlong was covered, and was never headed, winning comfortably by a length from Tinopal. Self met with some interference crossing

first fancy. Poletiers being a good second favourite, with Pat also well fancied, while a lot of money went on Pip, Heyboy, Lealora, and Rouge Dragon, but outside these some fancy prices were going. The favourite flattered his backers for about a mile, when he was beaten, and Pip took charge, and half a mile from home looked as if he would win easily, for his nearest attendants were in trouble, while the bulk of the field were strung out. Crossing the top, Merrimax could be seen coming with a great run, and with the last fence down he cut down the opposition one by one, and flashed past the post almost on terms with Pip, the judge declaring for the latter by a head. Merrimax was one of the outsiders of the field, and returned his supporters nearly a score for their investments.
Heyboy, Poletiers, Virtue, and Excalibur came to grief, Porter, the rider of the first-named, being badly bruised and cut about, the others escaping without injury.

A DOUBLE-FIGURE DIVIDEND.

Wee Olga was the only one to decline her engagement in the Autumn Handicap, the principal event of the day, leaving fourteen to go to the post. The race was a good betting one, Kakama whaling up favourite, with Tragedy King, Jolie Fille, Kaween, and Bluestone carrying a lot of money, the order of the others in the betting being Montiform, Phosphorus, Cloudy Dawn, Monocle, Tangiwal, First Watiki, Flying Soult, and Troublesome, with Explosive a big outsider. Bluestone went out to win his race from end to end, and when heads were turned the only one to give him any trouble, inside the distance Bluestone gave way to Tragedy King, but the latter failed to respond to a late run by Phosphorus, and suffered defeat by three parts of a length. Kaween ran another good race and finished up third, but the favourite was never really

Also started: Overtime 7.4, Miss Lyona 7.5, Maruaga 7.0, Topic 7.0, Sir Walter 6.8, Gladys Jack 6.8, Tohora 6.8, Kalkawa 6.8, Time 1.2. Waterwa was favourite. Spenser's rider was weighed out for the race, but when being saddled the mare was badly kicked in the shoulder by Kukama, and the services of a veterinary surgeon had to be procured. The mare was then withdrawn from the race.

HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 100sovs. H. Hanou's g b Te Waterwa, aged, by St. Paul—Secrey, 9.12 (Tutchen) 1 J. A. Quilman's ch g Webfoot, aged, 10.4 (Quilman) 2 H. Windson's ch g Red Reg, aged, 10.5 (McKinnon) 3 Also started: Icel 10.0, St. Wood 9.7, Sion 9.7, and Eglington 9.7. Time, 4.23 2-5. Te Waterwa was favourite.

MOUNT RONKIL HANDICAP of 100sovs. Six furlongs. J. D. Kemp's br c Prince Merriewe, 8.8 (Buchanan) 1 W. C. King's b m Hinerewa, 8.6 (Gibson) 2 A. B. Watkins's g haku, aged, 8.1 (Deeley) 3 Also started: Clare 9.0, Barb Wire 8.11, Salvia 8.10, Vic 8.8, Sir Stroud 8.7, Vivace 8.4, Hauler 8.1, Master Hilda 8.1, Antiphona 8.1, Nimrod 8.1, Monone 8.1, Fern 7.12, Renu 7.8, Decorate 7.8, Kaibera 7.8, Lone Moor 7.8, Othello 7.0, Parapara 7.0. Time, 1.16 4-5. Prince Merriewe was favourite.

WAIKAREKI HANDICAP of 100sovs. Six furlongs. E. Kallak's blk g Garment, aged, by Blue-light—Seamstress, 7.13 (G. H. Brown) 1 J. Williamson's b m Almeida, 8.8 (Gibson) 2 C. McStay's b m Lady Thorn, 8.8 (Conquest) 3 Also started: Wee Olga 8.4, St. Amias 7.10, Sir Rupert 7.8, Explosive 6.11, Devastation 6.11, The Colt 6.9, Laverona 6.9. Time, 1.15 5-6. Wee Olga was favourite.

HAWKE'S BAY JOCKEY CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING. FIRST DAY.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting commenced in beautiful weather. There was a large attendance. The totalisator handled £15,420, compared with £12,491 on the corresponding day last year. A protest against Player for interference with Huraka in the Longlands Hurdles was not sustained. Results are as follows:—

LONGLANDS HURDLES. One mile and three-quarters. Player, 9.3 1 Huraka, 9.0 2 Prince Eddie, 9.11 3 Scratched: Foud Memory, Impostor, and Waitoke. Time, 3.16.

MAIDEN HACK. Day Fly, 9.3 1 Melianos, 9.3 2 Scratched: Eoghan, Bannan, Hamilton, Manuwhiri, Gazelle, Free, Historiette. Time, 1.15.

NURSEY HANDICAP. For two-year-olds. Five furlongs. E. J. Watt's Favourite, by Bickenhead—Tatters, 9.1 (L. Wilson) 1 M. J. D. Ormond's Anguish, carried 11.7 (C. Emerson) 2 Mr Kirkdale's Lumer (A. Oliver) 3 Also started: Historiette 7.10, Laudral 7.7 (3rd allowed), Honora 7.2, Bessie Carrier 6.7, Sailor King 6.7 (carried 7.11), Lady Tezle 6.7. A great race home resulted in Tatterly gaining the verdict by a head, with half a length between the other placed horses. Time, 1.13.

FORANGAHU HANDICAP of 200sovs. Six furlongs. R. Allan's Postillon, by Advance—Brown Spee, 7.12 (L. Wilson) 1 Hon. J. D. Ormond's Altcar, 7.12 (W. Ryan) 2 W. Nield's Pegasus 7.12 (C. Emerson) 3 Also started: Gladie 6.9, Blue Lake 8.13, Heron's A.S., Makara 7.13, Lord Possible 7.2, Perceler 6.7. In the run home Postillon beat Altcar by a length, and Pegasus was about the same distance away, third. Time, 1.14 5-5.

HAWKE'S BAY CUP HANDICAP of 400sovs and cup, valued 50sovs, presented by Mr H. M. Campbell, M.P. One mile and a-half. Lady Mouton 1 Arion 2 Bronze 3 Also started: Labour Day 8.9, Chedac 8.4, Birkline 7.13, Haskayne 7.11, Merrivoula 7.7, Lady Mensechkoft 7.4, Mangara 6.7, Fair Average 6.7, Canute 6.7, Lord Heuon 6.7. Bronze was favourite. Lady Mouton, on the extreme outside, appeared to have a break of about four lengths when the barrier went up, and led the field by two-thirds of that distance the first time passing the stand, Canute, Arion, Chedac, and Haskayne running in that order. This order was maintained to the railway bend, where Chedac moved up, and Bronze also forged into fourth place. Lady Mouton was never headed, and won easily by two lengths. Arion held his position throughout, and beat Haskayne second place by a head. Lady Mensechkoft was fourth. Time, 2.34.

KARAMU HANDICAP HURDLES of 120sovs. One mile and three-quarters. F. G. Morris's Marton, 9.9 (W. Adams) 1 C. Tricklebank's Bravest, 10.3 (J. O'Connell) 2 H. M. Campbell's Flingot (J. Deeley), 3

Also started: Fashion Plate 11.8, Bolina 10.0, Corazon 10.0. Bravest was favourite. Won by a head, with a nose between second and third. Time, 3.14 3-5.

POUKAWA HACK HANDICAP of 100sovs. Six furlongs. F. W. Fitzpatrick's Mummer, by Gazeley—Minnie, 7.6 (H. Watson) 1 Sir W. R. Russell's Fair Rosamond, 8.5 (L. Wilson) 2 H. McKay's Achray, 8.6 (C. Emerson) 3 Also started: Merton 9.0, Te Huhuti 6.7, Bunkum 8.1, Peace-maker 7.13, Teviotdale 7.13, Settler 7.12, Misty 7.9, Redloh 7.1, Abakani 7.0, Arikaka 6.7, Microbe 6.7, Discussion 6.7, Olama 6.7. Achray was favourite. Mummer came up on the outside and won by a length. Time, 1.15.

AUTUMN HANDICAP of 120sovs. Once round. A. Atwood's Expect, 7.8 (W. Bell) 1 J. Patterson's Passadena, 7.7 (V. Lee) 2 N. M. White's Loch Mablin, 7.9 (H. Watson) 3 Also started: Merry Frank 6.7, Thrax 8.2, San Pile 7.7, Sir Daniel 7.7, Diavolo 7.5, M. 6.12, Monogote 6.7, Faisetto 6.7, Mystery 6.7. Sir Daniel was favourite. Won by a length. Time, 1.40.

SECOND DAY. The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting was concluded in fine weather, with a good attendance. The totalisator investments amounted to £16,224, compared with £13,300 on the corresponding day of last year, the total for the two days being £31,673, as against £28,800 last year. The results are as follows:—

OHITI HURDLES. One and three-quarters miles. Huraka, 9.7 1 Player, 10.5 2 Prince Eddie, 9.13 3 Scratched: Foud Memory, Impostor, and Waitoke. Won by a length and a-half.

OKAWA HACK HANDICAP. Once round. Settler, 7.10 1 Redloh, 7.5 2 Mummer, 8.5 3 Scratched: Faisetto, Hosamond and Misty. Won by half-a-length. Time, 1.50.

HAWKE'S BAY STAKES. Six furlongs. Rinaldo, 7.6 1 Emperor, 8.10 2 Tatterly, 7.3 3 Scratched: Sir Daniel, Prince Sonit, and Lyrius. Won by a bare length. Time, 1.20 2-5.

BURKE MEMORIAL STAKES of 300sovs. One mile and a-quarter. J. Patterson's Passadena, by San Fran—Ngalo, 7.3 (K. Lambess) 1 A. Atwood's Expect, 7.11 (W. Bell) 2 N. M. White's Loch Mablin, 7.1 (H. Watson) 3 Also started: Merton 9.0, Byron 8.3, Haskayne 7.9, Lady Mouton 7.9, Arion 7.7, Lady Mensechkoft 7.3, Merrivoula 7.3, San Pile 6.10, Canute 6.7, Mangara 6.7, Sea Plink 6.7, Lord Renown 6.7, Misty 6.7. Expect was favourite. Misty led the field for three furlongs, followed by Lady Mensechkoft, Sea Plink, Lady Mouton, and Arion. The rest were bunched. Canute fell at the back of the course and tumbled down Labour Day. J. Kemp (elder) (Canute) broke his reticence. Loch Mablin assumed the lead at the four-furlong post, and Passadena took up second berth. Passadena overhauled Loch Mablin a furlong from home, and won by half a length. Expect came up in a rush, and gained second money. Arion was fourth, San Pile being left baddy. Time, 2.8 2-5.

SCURRY HACK HANDICAP of 100sovs. Five furlongs. T. McEwan's Astral, 7.11 (H. Griffiths) 1 H. McKay's Achray, 8.10 (C. Emerson) 2 G. P. Donnelly's Formality, 8.7 (B. Deeley) 3 Also started: Teviotdale 7.13, Gazelle 7.7, Field Force 7.2, Heilouas 7.2, Park Hill 7.0, Quarante 6.12, New Guinea 6.10, Crocus 6.7, Bessie Carrier 6.7, Bonny Hamilton 6.7, Discussion 6.7, Microbe 6.7. Formality was favourite. Formally led for two furlongs, but was there supplanted by Quartette. A furlong from home Astral came through, and won by half a length, the same distance between second and third. Time, 1.13.

MANOATARATA HURDLE RACE of 120sovs. One mile and three-quarters. H. M. Campbell's Flingot, 9.9 (J. Deeley) 1 C. Tricklebank's Bravest, 10.8 (J. O'Connell) 2 H. Catherall's Whakaweta, 10.3 (W. Ryan) 3 Also started: Idealism 10.12, Eliza 9.0, The Spaniard 9.0. Bravest and Eliza were bracketed favourites. Eliza, with Bravest, Flingot, and Whakaweta, following in that order, led for six furlongs, when Bravest took up the lead. Eliza topped back. Flingot and Bravest jumped the last obstacle together, and a great finish resulted in favour of Flingot by half a length, with two lengths between second and third. The Spaniard was fourth, and Eliza fifth. Time, 3.15.

JUVENILE HANDICAP of 120sovs. Five furlongs. G. D. Greenwood's Historiette, 7.7 (B. Deeley) 1 Mr Kirkdale's Lumer, 8.7 (A. Oliver) 2 G. D. Greenwood's Astral, 7.0 (W. Bell) 3 Also started: The Tigress 8.9, Sir Moseley 7.7 (carried 7.10), Gladie 6.9, Bessie Carrier 6.7, The Summit 6.7 (carried 6.10), Whakakoki 6.7 (carried 6.0). Historiette led from end to end, and won by two lengths. There was half a length between second and third. Time, 1.2 2-4.

FAREWELL HANDICAP of 150sovs. Six furlongs. Hon. J. D. Ormond's Altcar, 8.1 (W. Ryan) 1 E. O'Neill's Gladie, 8.13 (W. Ryan) 2 T. Loneragan's Blue Lake, 8.10 (L. Wilson) 3 Also started: Postillon 8.9, Lord Possible 7.0, Moree 6.7, Lamsford 6.7, Fair Rosamond 6.7. Postillon was favourite. Altcar hopped off and was never headed, and won by two lengths, with half a length between second and third. Time, 1.14 2-5.

MARLBOROUGH RACES. THE HANDICAPS. Mr G. Morse has declared the following handicaps for the Marlborough Racing Club's Autumn Meeting, which takes place on April 24th and 25th:—

Marlborough R.C. Cup, one mile and a-quarter.—Undecided 9.4, Byron 8.6, Sea Queen 8.3, Slings 8.2, Arion 7.11, Merrivoula 7.7, Obligate 7.6, Ceylon 7.4, Peppercorn 7.4, Divorce 7.2, Sir Daniel 7.8, Brown Trout 6.13, Waiupuni 6.12, Portland Lady 6.11, Lockwood 6.10, St. Felix 6.10, Rustic 6.8.

Flying Handicap, six furlongs.—Merry Frank 9.0, Glenferrie 9.0, Killa 8.3, Beacon 7.8, Divorce 7.7, Leppuki 7.8, Lord Possible 7.4, Portland Lady 7.3, Sixx 7.2, Grand Jewel 7.0, Moree 6.9, Wild Bird 6.8.

Electra Handicap, five furlongs.—Heather 9.1, Lady Louise 8.12, Great Mogul 8.12, Merry Guy 8.3, Teviotdale 8.3, Arathia 8.0, Ruapara 7.13, Sir Mouton 7.12, Panthea 7.12, Kalulu 7.12, Elevated 7.8, Trilly 7.3, Courtney 7.2, Cadona 7.0, Royal Sweets 7.0, Hellinos 7.0, Epiter 7.0, Rosemary 7.0, Merry Breeze 7.0.

Ugbrook Welter Handicap, seven furlongs.—Killa 8.12, Curator 9.7, Semaphore 9.1, Beacon 8.9, Divorce 8.13, Sir Daniel 8.11, Waiupuni 8.9, Leppuki 8.7, Hula 8.4, Muleteer 8.3, Stepey 8.3, Big Blast 8.1, Lady Kilerhan 8.1, Wild Bird 8.0, Glenferrie 8.0, Moree 8.0.

Heather 9.0, Dirge 8.11, Portland Lady 8.10, Achilleas 8.2, Teviotdale 8.2, Black Lupin 8.0, Ruapara 7.12, Panthea 7.10, Nithsdale 7.10, Pleasure Bent 7.10, Glenferrie 7.8, Elevated 7.2, Plover 7.4, Floss 7.4, Rose 7.2, Courtney 7.0, Gaysome 6.13, Langard 6.13, Walatopu 6.13.

Opawa Welter Handicap, seven furlongs.—Compton 9.5, Waitoto 9.4, Teviotdale 9.1, Black Lupin 8.13, Ruapara 8.11, Astonishment 8.9, Glenferrie 8.8, Princess 8.8, Kurnalpi 8.4, Top Note 8.2, Indra 8.2, Trilly 8.1, Lamrose 8.0, Rosalys 8.0, Wainland 8.0, George 8.0.

MASTERTON ACCEPTANCES. The following acceptances have been received by the Masterton Racing Club for the first day of the autumn meeting, which will be on April 24th and 25th:—

April Handicap (open), six furlongs.—Blue Lake 9.5, Full Rate 9.0, Amber and White 9.4, Mon Ami 8.4, Leppuki 7.10, Aloha 6.13, Te Kahuangi 6.13, Boreana 6.10.

Masterton Hack Handicap, one mile.—Papanarua 9.0, Tiwari 8.11, Austin 8.7, Topnote 8.5, Lord Palmer 8.0, Redloh 7.13, Glenferrie 7.11, Elevated 7.11, Borali 7.10, Arikaka 7.7, Renowned May 7.3, Abercote 7.3, George 7.3.

Waiupui Cup, one mile and a-quarter.—Sir Knox 8.11, Imagination 7.11, Ceylon 7.6, V. 6.12, Lord Renown 6.12, Leonta 6.7, War Queen 6.7, Montreal 6.7.

Ruanahunga Hack Handicap, six furlongs.—Suratara 9.0, Bunkum 8.9, Black Lupin 8.8, Otter 8.0, Elevated 7.13, Miss Vera 7.12, No Idea 7.9, Floss 7.7, Field Force 7.5, Whapapa 7.5, Kaniki 7.5, Oratara 7.3, Piemont 7.3.

Ladies' Bracelet, one mile and a distance.—Hua 11.18, Marblehead 11.2, Miriam 11.2, Rangitapu 11.1, Redloh 11.1, Kurapunga 10.13, Mediterranean 10.13, Merrie Land 10.13, Musculine 10.13, Grandee 10.11, Supreme 10.7, Silver King 10.7, Master Malachi 10.7, Wairariki 10.7, Critic 10.7.

Opaki Welter Handicap (open), one mile.—Negus 8.9, Boreana 8.11, Mou Ami 8.10, Lady Volga 8.5, Mantua 8.2, Matlow 8.2, Muleteer 8.0, Big Blast 7.13, Cullinan 7.13, Eclogue 7.11, Glenferrie 7.7.

WINTER MEETING, 1913. NOMINATIONS FOR G.N. HURDLES. STEEPLECHASE. WINTER STEEPLECHASE. CORNWALL HANDICAP. PRINCE OF WALES' HANDICAP. YORK WELTER HANDICAP. Close with the Undersigned by 9 p.m. on FRIDAY, 25TH APRIL.

FEE (150s each) must accompany Nominations. J. F. HARTLAND, Secretary. 97, Shortland Street, Auckland.

Let politicians disagree, And pull each other's hair; It makes no difference to me, For little do I care. But what I do care much about You'll never guess, I'm sure. Unless your cold has been repaired With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Dash Hack Handicap, five furlongs.—The Great Mogul 9.0, Submerston 7.11, Lister 8.8, Runaway 6.11, Microbe 7.10, Chatall 7.10, Conziska 7.7, Cadona 7.7, Sylvan (Blade 7.7, Artificial 7.7, Popoporo 7.5, Operation 7.5. Maiden Hack Race, five furlongs.—W.F.A., Juliette, Chaisil, Cadona, Despatch, Carrier, Intention, Sailor King, Microbe, Astrologer, Merry Jack, Innalado, Silverstream, Amalgamate, Charlette, Berg, Master Lupin, Sartovna, Conziska, Sir Moseley, Whakapona, Muscadine.

HELPING THE IMMIGRANT. "Domestic educators" are American institutions of much sound sense, it would appear. They are 15 women experts who are placed at the service of immigrants to Buffalo, and show the newcomer how to cook American food, to get the best value for her money at the markets, how to sew, how to prevent sickness, etc.

DON'T MISS IT! A page in the "Weekly Graphic" is now devoted to "Hints on Photography." Interesting and practical information is given each week, together with an exposure table for the whole month. The articles are written by a man who knows his business. Amateurs should buy the "Graphic," and learn the essentials of success in photography.

SALE SALE MOKAU ESTATE SUBDIVISION of the famous MOKAU MAHAKATINO BLOCK on the MOKAU RIVER, TARANAKI 25,000 ACRES subdivided into 11 sections ranging in area from 863 acres to 2975 acres. The above will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION at the Rooms of ABRAHAM AND WILLIAMS, LTD., PALMERSTON NORTH, on WEDNESDAY, the 7th MAY, 1913, at 12 NOON. Plans and Particulars can be had from AGENTS at ALL CENTRES. Purchasers wishing to inspect the Block may do so by proceeding to Mokau Township (via New Plymouth or Waitara) where arrangements have been made for guides to take them over the property. For further particulars apply to J. M. JOHNSTON, Palmerston North.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB WINTER MEETING, 1913. PARTRIDGE'S FISHING TACKLE FOR SEA OR RIVER FISHING. "The Kind That Catches The Fish." WRITE FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE. HE PARTRIDGE CLUB SPORTS BRAND AUCKLAND.

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# Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

## BOOKINGS.

(Dates subject to alteration.)

H.M. THEATRE, AUCKLAND.  
May 22 to June 7—J. C. Williamson, Ltd.  
June 9 to June 26—Geo. Marlow, Ltd.  
June 26 to July 5—J. C. Williamson, Ltd.  
July 7 to 19—Allen Doone.  
August 4 to 16—J. C. Williamson, Ltd.  
August 23 to September 27—Brancombe Co.  
October 1 to 11—J. C. Williamson, Ltd.

AUCKLAND PICTURE SHOWS.  
Globe Theatre, Queen Street—Continuous.

## Unmarried Daughters—A French Dramatist's View.

HOW can a girl brought up to be merely ornamental and suddenly forced to fend for herself earn a living?

That is the theme of "La Femme Seule," M. Brieux's new play, says the Paris correspondent of the "Daily Mail," which is not only filling the theatre but continues to be one of the chief topics of conversation. Or perhaps the question which M. Brieux asks ought rather to be put like this: Can such a girl earn her living in France at all? He evidently thinks not. Let us consider the example he gives.

There is an orphan who has been lovingly cared for by her godfather and his wife. They have a comfortable income. She has been well educated, and develops into a clever modern young woman with views of her own which she puts into little articles, gladly accepted as unpaid-for contributions to a woman's paper. She is engaged to a pleasant young man (Rene), and altogether has a good time without any fears about the future.

Suddenly the clear sky above her is covered with threatening clouds. A rascally lawyer makes away with her godfather's capital. He and his wife must give up their home and live humbly in a provincial town, where a relative offers some small post in his business. They propose to take Therese with them, but if she goes she must behave as the relative thinks young ladies ought to. No more freedom. Even her reading must be "censored." She must be a "nice girl" of the old-fashioned pattern.

### Making a Career.

No, sooner than submit to that she will marry Rene against his parents' wishes, for they are, of course, opposed to the marriage now that she has no "dot." The young couple will have no private income, but they are young; they can work. It will be a great adventure. "You do not know what there is in me," she tells him. "Let us fashion our own life in our own way; we shall win through." But Rene is, like most young Frenchmen of the middle class, a moral coward. "Let me see if I cannot bring my father round," he urges; and Therese knows that he is afraid. Very well, she will make a career for herself, unaided. She will take a cheap lodging and live by her pen.

Unfortunately the articles which were accepted regularly from the amateur are not good enough to be paid for as professional work. She becomes a hanger-on of the woman's paper, but sees no prospect of making much out of it until one day the proprietor offers her a secure position if—well, the conditions may be guessed. She refuses with indignation. "Sooner will I kill myself than sell myself." Thus she receives painful proof of what another woman journalist has just been asserting—that in every direction the French working woman is liable to find her path blocked by a man who says to her, "Surrender or starve."

### The Men of France.

What can she do? Teaching is paid so badly. No use going on the stage without a wealthy "protector." For every vacant post in business hundreds apply. Nothing for it but to gulp down pride and take the employment offered by the relative in the provincial town. Here she does well until she takes it into her head to form her fellow women-workers into a trade union, separate from the men's. The men object and threaten to strike unless she is dismissed. Again she is face to face with

starvation. But now Rene (this is rather weak) turns up again. He has been "metamorphosed" by the example of her pluck and grit. Will she marry him, whatever his parents say? And that is what she does.

Naturally such an attack upon Frenchmen has stirred up anger. Naturally this flat assertion of woman's helplessness has made people think and talk. On the whole there is, I think, a pretty general agreement among those who know the conditions best that, so far as the untrained woman, the "young lady," is concerned, M. Brieux is right. There are a great many educated women earning their own living in France, but almost all of them were taught their "metier." The girl brought up at home and in the usual kind of school is just as helpless in France as she is in England, when faced by the necessity of supporting herself. She is even more so, for she has led a more sheltered life. And, according to M. Brieux and his supporters, the French girl has this hardship added—that a large proportion of employers are ready to take advantage of her plight.

### Miserable Wages.

Even when a woman has been trained, say, in teaching or in music, it is hard to find situations which are even reasonably well paid. To teach music, for example, from nine to six for twelve shillings a week and lunch is not attractive. A sales-girl in a good shop gets more than that to start with—fifteen shillings with her lunch, and "spiffs," as they are called in London—that is to say, small commissions on the articles she sells. There is often a vague idea in the minds of parents that languages would be useful "if anything happened." So they are, to the extent of securing employment at thirty-two and sixpence a week as an interpreter, ready to interpret cheerfully at all hours between eight in the morning and twelve at night!

Every cafe and every restaurant in France, you must have noticed, has a "dame du comptoir" or "caissiere," who sits in some dignity at a raised desk and keeps the accounts. Here is a wide field for women, but it is not the kind of employment a "young lady" would choose. I heard of one lately who, in despair, applied for such a post. Thirty shilling a week was the wage offered, with meals, beer "at discretion," coffee after lunch and dinner, and an "aperitif" before dinner "if desired"—all of which might mean a good deal to a Frenchwoman. The hours were from noon until two in the morning. The poor applicant could not face them or the horrid, stale smell of smoke and alcohol.

### The Fairy Prince.

M. Brieux, of course, exaggerates some aspects of the woman's hard case. That is necessary in a play. But he also, for theatrical effect, weakens the case of Therese by giving her both relatives upon whom she can fall back for assistance, and a lover who, like a fairy prince, rides in to rescue her at the moment of her despair. There are many girls who have to depend entirely upon their own exertions. How would Therese have fared had she been one of these? That is what M. Brieux would have us ask ourselves, in England as well as in France. The problem of "La Femme Seule" is, in truth, more pressing and pitiful with us than among our neighbours, for they do all they can to provide their daughters with "dots." How many middle-class fathers in England either give their girls marriage portions or have them trained to any occupation? Very few. The results are forced upon our notice every day.

Well, if it is useless asking fathers and mothers to cease imagining they will live for ever and to think of their girls' future, then the girls must themselves insist on being equipped for the struggle to live. If they marry, their training will help them to be more useful wives. If they are left with very small means or none at all, it will make all the difference to them between comfort and misery—possibly some fate worse even than that.

### Picture Palace Rubbish—A Friendly Criticism.

London, at four o'clock on a winter Saturday afternoon, is a No Man's Land.

If you are at "a loose end" there is no amusement for you. It is too late for the matinees, hours too early for the evening amusements—you are stranded in the ebb tide. The galleries, or museums, or your club may not appeal. The streets do not entice you to lounge, for they, too, are now at their dullest. The Londoner or the London visitor, with a modest amount to spend and the will to spend it, finds himself at a blank wall—in the capital that has dethroned Paris as the world's city of pleasure.

Stay—there is the cinema. You can scarcely walk a hundred yards down a main thoroughfare without seeing the commissionaire in the uniform of the crack corps of Ruritania, the thrilling posters of passion, the rollicking posters of farce, the alluring pay-box with its invitation to two hours' drama, comedy, and life for sixpence only—or a shilling to spendthrifts or the affianced, who want space to themselves in the seats of the mighty.

Surely there is here—or should be—a filling for your stranded time. The cinema palace seems to be the happy solvent of an old stigma upon London, that until it wakes up at night it is a desert for those who have no business or social engagements.

### A Wonderful Invention.

The cinema is a wonderful invention, still in the childhood of its freshness. As an entertainment it is catholic and elastic far beyond the theatre or music-hall. Its language is cosmopolitan—the lingua franca of the human eye. The largest theatre could not hold its scenery, the real scenery of the world. Its "flies" are the skies; its "backcloth" the hills; its "wings" the forests or the labyrinth of great cities. Its company are the living creation of all the earth. Its "properties" are real sunlight, real rain, and real snow; real rivers, lakes, and seas; real ships, trains, aeroplanes, motons, castles, and towns. The trammels and "technique" of stagecraft do not narrow it—for its stage is the open world. And sometimes it delights us with so showing us the world—as if we were flying on the magic carpet. But

more often it shows us the world that never was—the world of the "blood and thunder" of the nineteenth-century penny novelette, of the delirium of a "humour" that the stage discarded when it abolished the useless fun of the clown, the pantomime, and the red-hot poker.

### A Wearisome Groove.

Superior people can justly sneer at the cinema for its tricky mechanism, ineffable buffooneries, sloppy sentimentality, and messenger boy's melodrama; but if they sneer at its other aspect, its living records of real events, its occasional presentation of finely acted drama and comedy, the sneer is sheer snobbery. My only complaint is that too often the purveyors of films underrate the taste and intelligence of their public. An answer to the criticism is that the picture palaces are prospering. I suggest that they are so because we all go to the cinema—as people went to the music-halls of old before Charles Morton made the music-hall the peer of the theatre, for the grain of wheat in the bushel of chaff. And the picture palaces are still a novelty. Will they remain an attraction to the public, and a stable investment for deserving and enterprising people, unless they escape from this wearisome groove of crudities and inanities?

For who are the patrons of the cinema? They are the same people who are readers of bright newspapers and the best fiction, and supporters of the leading theatres. It is an error to assume that there is an intellectual gap between the cinema public and the theatre audience—for they are the same public. But they have been trained to demand a certain standard from the dramatists, and there is so far no serious criticism of the cinema. But some day they will be trained—or train themselves—to expect that standard.

### What We Don't Want.

Sometimes, indeed, one thinks—sharing that patience of the cinema "audience"—that there is something in the atmosphere of the picture palace that

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narcotises criticism. Is it the drowsing of the senses by the silence and lowered lights or the sheer mechanical hypnotism of the passing film that makes us so tolerant?

How else can one account for gatherings of adult and sophisticated people, apparently spellbound by drama whose pristine crudity is beneath that of the yokel's itinerant penny gaff; or of knock-about farces that make a Punch and Judy show Aristophanic in comparison? The only explanation is that the cinematograph public go again and again thinking that something must sooner or later turn up out of this wizardry of the camera that can bring the wide world into a darkened room.

One, of course, recognises the dramatic limitation of the cinematograph. It can never compete with the stage in depicting subtleties or the undercurrent of plots. It is without the greatest interpreter of all emotions—the human

**A Little Loss of the Cinema Eye.**

This is no attack on those honest and worthy enemies of the blue devils of idleness and boredom, the popular picture palaces. It is only a little gentle urging. There is a tremendous future before them and tremendous possibilities, educational as well as recreative.

There is so much the camera can do; there is so much happiness all day in real life that its films can record. It need not fear to be banal so long as it keeps to realities. There is nothing we like to see so much as ourselves and our familiar places. Augustus Harris knew this when he brought his real horses, and hansom, and everyday life on to the stage. The modern journalism knew it when it first talked to the ordinary man and woman of their eating and drinking and love-making and clothes.

And, lastly, there is so much in the wide world—even the jerky earlier

harpsicord, the psaltery, the clavichord, and the spinet (what slumberous dreams of lovely ladies with long fingers do the name evoke!) are coming back to us again (says the "Daily News" critic). Instead of the elephantine instruments and the loud, emphatic, monotonous music "full of sound and fury signifying nothing" to which we have become accustomed, we are to have rare harmonies sweet with subtlety and colour, drawn from instruments gay with all the outward beauty of curious carving and delicacy of line which characterised the lutes and viols of the sixteenth century.

So says Mr Arnold Dolmetsch, that intensely interesting musical genius and clever craftsman, who has devoted the past twenty-five years of his life solely to the study of old music, the collecting of old musical instruments (he has one of the most rare and wonderful collections in the world), and the making of

**Choir Boys**



AS THEY LOOK



AS THEY SING



AS THEY ACT

voice. The plot of a cinema play must be utterly simple, and every action instantly obvious. But if the cinema cannot give us half shades it can surely give us true shades? And, leaving drama alone, we are all sick of those everybody-running-and-falling-over-everybody-else "comics," whose epitaph should be that they never made the audience laugh.

I cannot think that these audiences of intelligent people of the world want to see far ever; as in a nightmare, those roughriders pursuing the gasping hero or villain through that bush that we so know by heart, or that devoted husband and wife who are for ever being parted by one of them reading only half through a letter, and for ever being reconciled (at a bed of sickness) by a self-conscious infant; or, worst of all, that foreign gentleman who, because he has got a new hat, goes out to bite policemen!

cinemas gave us much more of it than their smooth successors of to-day—Ningara leaping over its ledges—the wild life of the jungle—the glory of the Alps—the ring of the Atlantic on the cliffs of Valencia—the Fleet, half awash, curysing in the face of a sou'wester—the kaleidoscope peoples of an Empire at work and play—the pageant of the East, like a mosaic in motion! And tragedies and comedies, too, we want—nobly done—the cinema is worthy of it—with a little rush and restlessness and obvious mess of gesture—and—oh! my masters, I pray of you, a little less rolling of that terrific of babes, sucklings, and grown men—the cinema eye—'Twells Brix, in the "Daily Mail."

**An Interesting Revival.**

The graceful old instruments—the romantic lute, the "sprightly, generous, and heroic viol," the virginal, the

marvellous models of these. Mr Dolmetsch's home is now in Paris. He finds the artistic Parisian quick to respond to the exquisite beauty and dignity of these old instruments. One of the largest manufacturers in Paris has engaged Mr Dolmetsch to make copies of spinets, harpsichords, clavichords, virginals, viols, and flutes, and so great is the demand for these that to keep pace with the orders is impossible.

**The "Twelfth Night" Virginal.**

When I saw Mr Dolmetsch recently his room was lined with instruments of divers kinds—lutes lay on the floor, viols were propped up against the wall, an adorable little green spinet with ebony keys stood unobtrusively in one corner, while a clavichord stood in another. A handsome harpsichord filled the space between the two windows, and on the top of the harpsichord was a most engaging little virginal. Just such a one

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surely did Queen Elizabeth play upon when she asked Sir James Melville, the Scottish Ambassador, whether she played better than Queen Mary, and, said Sir James (the canny Scot), "I gair her the praise."

"Can you wonder when you look at these," asked Mr Dolmetsch, "that we are on the eve of a renaissance of old music and old instruments? Compare this little spinet, for instance, so dainty in shape and so melodious in sound, with the ordinary modern piano, and can you doubt which is the more suitable for a lady's drawing room? The spinet would make the most commonplace room charming, while the piano makes the most beautiful room hideous. That is why, in the homes of all really artistic people, you find the piano tucked into a corner or else heavily draped with silk or satin hangings."

Mr Dolmetsch touched the keys lovingly, and a soft low ripple of melody floated from his fingers. "None of the modern instruments are attuned as this is for the size of the ordinary room," he continued. "They are all made for use in big concert halls. The result is that music has gone out of our homes and practically out of our individual lives. It is no longer a personal and individual thing as it was in the days when each person played some instrument, and the only orchestra, was the orchestra composed of the members of one household as they gathered in the firelight in the evening."

**A Musical Curse.**

"Nowadays people forsake their homes and crowd to big concert-halls to listen to music which is usually loud and ear-splitting and very monotonous. You will see crowds of musical students at those concerts, watching intently this famous musician or that famous musician, taking innumerable notes, and trying to catch his mannerisms and find out how he does it. It is all so superficial and mechanical and far removed from the true spirit of music. These big orchestral concerts are the curse of the age."

"But you think there is a revival of interest in old music?"

The lute is, perhaps, one of the most romantic of instruments. Poets have been inspired to ecstatic verse on beholding their ladies playing this instrument. The 17th-century musician Thomas Mace called his lute his "beloved darling," and certainly if his bore any resemblance to the lovely lute of the time of Henry VIII, which Mr Dolmetsch tenderly unsnatched from its silken wrappings to show me, his language was all too weak.

"The lute is the ideal instrument for women," said Mr Dolmetsch; "it is so light and delicate and feminine. It is a difficult instrument to learn, but it is well worth the trouble, and for 16th-century music it is incomparable."

**The Age of Music.**

"The 16th century was the ideal age music, as it was for most other things. Music was then the same for all classes. There was no 'popular' or vulgar music then. I have never come across a single example of cheap or common music of that period."

Besides a tenor viol which formed part of the great Bardi collection, Mr Dolmetsch has recorders and flageolets. (did not Pepys' wife play the flageolet?). It is strange, by the way, that the modern woman does not find more pleasure in wind instruments. Not so long ago an American critic advised women to play the flute, not only because it was healthful, but also because the production of the passionate yet velvety tone of the flute needed great delicacy and flexibility of the lips.

**The Disturbing Piano.**

Mr Dolmetsch might also have heard another argument in favour of the soft-sounding old musical instruments if he had attended a lecture given at the Women Musicians' Society the other day, when it was demonstrated that the chief reason why women failed to "keep up" their music was the disturbance caused by the noise of the modern piano, both to the people of the house and the neighbours. No one could bring such an accusation against the silken sounds of the clavichord or the virginal or the viol or the lute, which never overlap the boundaries of the rooms in which the instruments are played; nor yet against the 16th-century music, which is all for "sobering the senses and settling the affections to goodness"

M.M.B.

**Saint-Saens' Great Festival.**

On October 9, 1835, there first saw the light of day, in the Rue de Jardinet in Paris, Charles Comille Saint-Saens. Early in 1838 the child took his first pianoforte lesson, that is seventy-five years ago. In celebration of his entry into the musical world, in praise of his numerous compositions that are almost universal household possessions, and in honour of his exalted position and of his worth as artist, a Jubilee Festival, chiefly of his music, is to be held in London next June. It is fit and proper that a musician who has been warmly welcomed here on the many occasions of his visits should so be honoured; he has added pleasure and delight to the lives of many concert-goers and opera-lovers, while vocalists and instrumentalists owe him a debt indeed.

It is a little early for complete details of the proposed festival, but so much has been settled that there will take place in Queen's Hall on June 2, the Monday in Derby week, an orchestral concert, when Mr. Thomas Beecham will conduct the orchestra which bears his name. The programme is intended to be confined entirely to the compositions of Saint-Saens, save only that the illustrious musician will himself play: one of Mozart's pianoforte concertos. Further, a symphony will be included, and it will be amusing, and probably instructive to hear a juvenile work that has been neither played in public nor printed, which also is intended to be included.

In the same week the festival will be advanced by a very special performance of Saint-Saens' opera, "Samson et Dalila," a work that has now become one of the composer's most popular compositions in London, where for so many years it had to be sung in the concert-room only, owing to the old prejudices against things sacred being even referred to on the operatic stage. The performance, it is needless to say, will take place at Covent Garden, in presence of the composer, whose age precludes the possibility of his conducting in person.

**A Delayed Oratorio.**

But this is not all that we are to hear of and from the French master during the year. It has been decided that an entirely new work, now verging on completion, shall have its first public performance at the Three Choirs Festival to be held at Gloucester, Dr. Herbert Brewer conducting, early in September next. Obviously, this work is sacred in character. It takes the form of a short oratorio, and is entitled "The Promised Land." The libretto is from the pen of Mr. Hermann Klein. Thereby hangs a tale. It was in the early 'eighties that Saint-Saens realised that in England oratorio was far more likely to succeed than opera. Thereupon he set Psalm xix, which setting was given at the Norwich Festival in 1887. On the occasion of the festival, or rather shortly after, Saint-Saens expressed to Mr. Klein his desire to write an oratorio, upon the subject of Moses, and asked for a libretto to be provided for him. Within a few weeks the libretto was prepared by Mr. Klein, and was sent to the composer in Paris. With the greater part of it he expressed himself satisfied, and after sundry alterations had been made by the author, the composer, in 1890 wrote to the effect that "I find now it is all right." Nothing more, however, was heard of the oratorio for some considerable time. But in October, 1897, Saint-Saens wrote to Mr. Klein: "Should the oratorio be arranged for Norwich I shall be very glad. . . . 'Moses' will probably be my last work. It must worthily crown my career!"

The Norwich powers, however, were unwilling to pludge themselves so far ahead. Negotiations were then entered into with the Leeds Festival authorities, and there also obstacles were raised. To crown all, news was received that Rubinstein had just completed a Biblical opera on the very self-same subject. That was sufficient for the French composer, who immediately renounced all idea of writing the oratorio.

**The Promised Land.**

Now time has brought its revenge. A generation has passed since those attempts were made. Saint-Saens is still—or, rather, is again—determined to crown his career with an oratorio on the subject of Moses. This time there seems to be no kind of hitch in the arrangements. Mr. Klein and Saint-Saens returned to the matter last year. From what the former describes as a shelf covered with the dust of ages, he took down the twenty-five-year-old libretto;

he polished it up a little—as a fact, the libretto is now substantially the same as in the final arrangement of years ago; he sent it to the composer, who in the early autumn completed the composition; in November and December he scored a great part of it in Algiers, and finished his score in Cairo in the following months, so that the full score has occupied the composer nearly a bare six months—surely a wonderful achievement for so aged a musician. Indeed, Saint-Saens himself has confessed that the composition of this oratorio has entirely rejuvenated him, so that he feels at least ten years younger for the work it has entailed.

At the present moment the music is not available for examination, though it is in the printer's hands. Incidentally, I may say that this is the first work Saint-Saens has ever composed to an English text. Though he steadily declines to speak English, his knowledge of the language is considerable. Nevertheless the original text he set of the 19th Psalm, referred to above, was French, not English. Further, it should be stated, that not one word of other than Biblical language has been used by Mr. Klein in his libretto for "The Promised Land." Indeed, the Book of Exodus and the Psalms provide, I think, the entire text set out in all its beauty of language, and, indeed, it is beautiful. The point of the drama, for it is a drama, lies in the disobedience of Moses to the command of God. "Take the rod . . . and speak ye to the rock." Those who read the Bible know that "Moses lifted up his hand and smote the rock." Therefore was the wrath of the Lord kindled against Moses." That is, Moses did not rely merely on God's word.

**Music of the Synagogue.**

The oratorio is subdivided into various parts, of which the titles are: The Promise; The Offence; The Punishment; The Death of Moses. A feature of the music is, I am told, that practically all the choral music in which the oratorio abounds is set for double chorus. But there are some intensely interesting phases, which are entrusted to the soloists. Thus, the beautiful "Song of Moses," "Give ear, O ye Heavens, and I will speak," is given to the baritone. The prayer, it should be noted, is uttered even unto this-day, and has been uttered (so Mr. Klein tells me) for 5,000 years by every devout Jew in his daily devotions, just as the final words of Moses's "confession," so to speak, "Well hast Thou dealt with Thy servant, O Lord, the words, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord,' are the last words uttered on earth by the pious Jew whose strength suffices when in extremis.

I have said that the music is not yet available for analysis, but it has come to my knowledge that there is none of the old-time "recitativo secco" in the score. All that is narrative is simple, descriptive or dramatic. There is an important orchestral prelude at the opening, and an impressive reflective quartet after "The Punishment" section. Further, Saint-Saens has imbued himself thoroughly with the music of the synagogue, without, however, using directly any of it purely and simply; and at the close of the second part he has introduced a very remarkable melody that, though entirely his own, is rather well described as a Semitic tune.

It is worthy of note by those who are a little scornful of the oratorio form that the new work is intended to last in performance only for a short half of a festival or concert programme. That is for not more than at most one hour and a quarter. Finally, it should be understood that the performance of the oratorio is in no other sense part of the Jubilee Festival, save only that by a coincidence the oratorio has been completed in the year of the Jubilee.—Robin H. Legge in the "Daily Telegraph."

**Mrs. Hamilton Hodges' Tour.**

Mrs. Jean Hamilton Hodges, so well known in musical circles, has returned from her lengthy trip to America, and, in spite of interesting experiences abroad, is glad to return to New Zealand. Mrs. Hodges left Auckland on July 8th last year, travelling first to Vancouver, where she met a large number of New Zealanders, as well as most of the leading teachers and musicians of the city. Musically, there was nothing of interest in the city, owing to the fact that it was the holiday season and too hot for concerts. From Vancouver Mrs. Hodges went to New York, spending several months with her mother and sister. Later on she returned to Vancouver, travelling via Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Paul, and

Seattle. In the last-named place she spent a few months singing at various concerts and doing some church work, as well as giving some private lessons.

"While on the Coast," said Mrs. Hodges to a "Graphic" representative, "I had the privilege of attending some lectures by Dr. Clement B. Shaw, one of the greatest authorities on vocal theory and singing. Also, I heard some truly wonderful concerts, the season being in full swing. I heard Sembrich; she is wonderful in dramatic work. Then there was Mme. Bernice de Pasquale, who has a most wonderful soprano voice; she did Thomas' mad scene from 'Hamlet' in a way which I can never forget. Best of all, I heard Nordica—Mme. Lillian Nordica—a really beautiful woman, who has done much for music in America. She did a lovely thing, 'Le Nil,' by Lerouz, and a lot of little songs. The concert season is not very long, as all the singers come through from the East. I heard a great deal of rag-time music in America, though the powers that be are trying to rule it out; but I am afraid their task is well nigh an impossible one."

In addition to attending the lectures given by Dr. Clement B. Shaw, Mrs. Hodges had the advantage of meeting him personally. She was naturally gratified to find as a result that her methods of teaching are in conformity with those in use at the very best and most modern institutions. Mrs. Hodges also sang for Dr. Shaw, and he, after hearing several selections, expressed the opinion that her voice was just in its prime.

For the last twenty years Mrs. Hodges has not lived in her native land, seventeen years of that time having been spent in New Zealand, a country to which she is much attached. She has reopened her studio in the Queen's Buildings, Wellesley Street West, opposite the old Y.M.C.A. buildings, where she will be prepared to receive pupils or to give information and advice on all matters relating to singing and voice production.

**Stray Notes.**

"Why have you never married?" The question was put to Miss Violet Loraine, principal boy in "Puss in Boots." It provoked a reflective mood. "Have you had any offers?" persisted the interviewer. Then Miss Loraine woke up. "Well," she laughed, "I cannot honestly say that I haven't. I think most girls on the stage get them. But it's this way. They are made either by people who are rich to the point of absurdity, and so impossible that you wouldn't touch 'em with a barge pole, or by quite delightful darlings who haven't a bob to bless themselves with. Now, can you tell me what is a girl to do?" The interviewer said he was disqualified under the second heading of her sweeping generalisation, and hoped she would find a happy medium. "He would be a very happy medium," he added, hopefully.

There is quite a remarkable similarity in names between various members of the J. C. Williamson companies at present appearing in Sydney and Melbourne. There are, for example, Blanche Browne in "Sanshine Girl" Company, and Irene Browne in "Milestone." In the same piece is Miss Olive Noble and Miss Grace Noble in the Asche-Brayton Company. Julius Knight and Maggio Knight are both in "Milestone," and in the Comic Opera Company at Her Majesty's, Melbourne, is the new artist Mr. Louis Victor, to appear in "The Count of Luxembourg," and in "Milestone" is Mr. Leslie Victor. It is therefore not surprising that at times the correspondence of these artists becomes somewhat mixed.

**Amusements.**

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**WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE.**

A list was published some little time ago of the capital work which had been accomplished by the small number of women who sit in the Finnish Parliament that ought to prove encouraging reading for other women who may be inclined to feel that the world is not moving round as brightly as it might.

The measures include the establishment of laws for child protection against ill-treatment; the complete freeing of the wife from the legal guardianship of her husband; the raising of the marriage age

from 15 to 18 years; the organisation of colonies for youthful criminals; the right of women to assist in the department of public medicine; and the abolition of police observation over unfortunates.

**Educational.**

**TUTORIAL POSTAL COLLEGE.**

Courses of Study are provided by Correspondence for  
**CIVIL SERVICE, UNIVERSITY, AND TEACHERS' CERTIFICATE EXAMINATIONS.**

Students are requested to write for the 1913 prospectus of the College to  
MR M. C. IRVINE (M.A., Cantab.),  
Woodside Road, Mount Eden,  
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**THE REMINGTON AND RONO COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.**

**SMEETON'S BUILDINGS, AUCKLAND.**  
The Most Up-to-date Institution in New Zealand for Commercial Training.

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Write for Prospectus.

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**CONRAD F. McWILLIAM**

Opt. D., G.S.O.I.  
(Late with F. Peacock and Son),  
**OPTICIAN AND SPECTACLE MAKER.**  
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Sight-testing, Frame-fitting, and all kinds of Repair Work.  
Oculists' Prescriptions Carefully Executed.  
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CORNER OF DUNHAM STREET EAST AND QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.

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IMPERIAL BUILDING, QUEEN STREET AUCKLAND  
(Opposite H. M. Smeeton, Ltd.).  
Telephone No 4201.

**Medical.**

**DR. BABER,**

Tel. 4320.  
TRAM TERMINUS, REMUERA ROAD.  
Hours for Consultation:  
AT HIS RESIDENCE—9 to 10 a.m. and 6 to 7 p.m. daily.  
AT ELKERSLIE—10 a.m. daily.  
AT HENDERSON AND BARCLAY'S, Queen Street—1 to 2 p.m. daily.  
AT ST. HELIER'S BAY—Every Wednesday at 3 p.m.

**Dental.**

**MR. A. W. CHATFIELD**

**Dental Surgeon,**  
VICTORIA BUILDINGS, VICTORIA ST. E. AUCKLAND.  
Phone 1762.

**MR ERIC C. CARTER**

**DENTIST**  
(Late of Forte and Carter).  
May be Consulted at MR A. M. CARTER'S ROOMS, TOP FLOOR OF SMEETON'S BUILDINGS, QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.  
Phone 498.

**E. L. RENTON**

**DENTIST**  
I.D.S., Royal College of Surgeons, Eng. D.D.S., University of Pennsylvania,  
Has REMOVED to  
33 STRAND ARCADE, AUCKLAND.

**A CARD.**

**MR. R. E. BRIDGMAN**

**DENTAL SURGEON,**  
BRIDGMAN BUILDINGS,  
Corner Dominion and Valley Rds., Mt. Eden  
Phones—082, 3212  
—Residence, 2937

**E. G. CURRIE,**

**N. COLDICUTT,**  
**Dental Surgeons,**  
WATSON'S BUILDINGS (Second Floor), CORNER OF QUEEN AND WELLESLEY STREETS. Phone 4181.

**[A CARD.]**

**DR. POPE, Dentist,**

Over Union Steam Ship Co.'s Office,  
QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.  
Phone 2035.

**MR. H. D. CRUMP,**

**DENTAL SURGEON,**  
200, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.  
Phone—Office 1210, Residence 3163.  
Visits Huntly every first and third Tuesday, Wednesday in the month.  
Address: DR. McDIARMID.

**THE LONDON DENTAL INSTITUTE.**

**FIRE NOTICE.**

**THE LONDON DENTAL INSTITUTE**  
Has Removed from Edeau's Buildings to

**TEMPORARY PREMISES**  
in  
**PALMERSTON BUILDINGS,**  
And will Resume Practice on April 7.  
MESSRS LYSNALL, BERR and WYKES,  
Dental Surgeons,  
PALMERSTON BUILDINGS,  
Over Union Steam Ship Company's Office,  
Corner Queen Street and Customs Street West.

**Dental.**

**PRIME AND BINSTED,**

**DENTISTS,**  
SMEETON'S BUILDINGS (First Floor).  
Phone 1412.

**J. FOORD WILSON,**

**Dentist,**  
Has Removed from Three Lamps to rooms in Ferry Buildings, Auckland, Second Floor, opposite Lift. Telephone 1985.

**[A CARD.]**

**MR. ALFRED J. FINCH**

**DENTIST**  
Tabernacle Buildings, Karangahape Road, Phone 2003. AUCKLAND.

**Legal.**

**MR E. JUSTIN MAHONEY, LL.B. BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.**  
(Formerly Managing Clerk to Mr. W. Fenton) Has commenced the Practice of His Profession at  
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS (Third Floor), opp. Smeeton's, QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.  
Telephone 4348.  
Money to Lend on Approved Freehold Securities.

**DOUGLAS R. C. MOWBRAY,**

**Solicitor,**  
22, SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND.  
Money to Lend on Approved Freehold Securities.

**Alan M. Hume,**  
Solicitor,  
Safe Deposit Buildings.  
Telephone No. 4345.

**A CARD.**

**MR. J. H. GREGORY,**

**BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR,**  
(For many years with Mr. T. Cotter, City Solicitor),  
32 SAFE DEPOSIT BUILDINGS, HIGH ST., AUCKLAND.  
Money to Lend on Approved Securities.

**REMOVAL NOTICE.**

**PORRITT AND MUELLER**  
Barristers and Solicitors,  
HAVE REMOVED to No. 8 (2nd Floor), SAFE DEPOSIT BUILDINGS, High-street, Auckland.

**MR. RALPH E. TAYLOR,**

**SOLICITOR.**  
17 SMEETON'S BUILDINGS, QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND.  
Money to Lend on Approved Security.  
Telephone No. 3903.

**MR. C. CLIVE CHALMERS,**

**Solicitor,**  
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS (THIRD FLOOR) Opposite Smeeton's,  
Phone 4129. Queen St., AUCKLAND.

**MR. FRANCIS STILLING,**

**Barrister and Solicitor,**  
HOBSON BUILDINGS,  
Telephone No. 3,008. SHORTLAND ST.  
Mortgages Negotiated on Landed Security.

**MR. W. R. TUCK, M.A.,**

**Barrister and Solicitor,**  
HAS COMMENCED THE PRACTICE OF HIS PROFESSION  
At 117 (First Floor), VICTORIA ARCADE, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.  
Telephone 4355.

**Legal.**

**W. A. CARTER,**

**SOLICITOR,**  
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Also at  
HAUPAPA STREET, ROTORUA.  
Mortgages Negotiated upon Approved Securities.

**MR W. HAROLD WOODWARD,**

**LL.B.,**  
**Barrister and Solicitor,**  
(Formerly managing clerk to Messrs Wynyard and Skelton).  
Has commenced the Practice of his Profession at  
SMEETON'S BUILDINGS, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND,  
Telephone, No. 4189.

**Business Notices.**

Cable and Telegraphic Address:  
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Code A.B.C. 5th Edition.  
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**M.I.C.E.**  
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Electric Light  
High-pressure Water  
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**NOTICE.**

I beg to notify my numerous friends, and the public of Auckland, that having severed my connection with the AUCKLAND CITY COUNCIL as assistant city engineer, which position I have held for over 29 years, six years of that time holding the position of chief engineer and building surveyor, I have now commenced business on my own account as a CONSULTING ENGINEER and ARCHITECT, and trust to be favoured with your kind support.

**ALFRED A. WRIGG, C.E.,**

No. 31, Auckland Safe Deposit Buildings,  
HIGH STREET,  
Auckland, August, 19, 1912.

Telephone No. 2903.

**EDWARD D. McLAREN**

Quantity Surveyor and Valuator  
221 Victoria Arcade, Auckland.

**HUGH C. GRIERSON,**

**ARCHITECT,**  
SECURITY BUILDINGS, QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.  
Telephone No. 2499.

**E. RUPERT MORTON**

**ARCHITECT**  
Has REMOVED from Premier Buildings to CITY CHAMBERS (Top Floor), AUCKLAND.  
Telephone 2714.

Telephone 3753.  
Telegraphic Address: "Abney."

**McFARLANE & CURNOW,**

**Civil Engineers and Surveyors**  
202 Victoria Arcade (2nd floor), AUCKLAND  
Water Supply, Drainage and Sewerage Disposal, Streets, Roads and Bridges, Mining and Railways,  
Land Surveying and Town Planning.

**MR. CHAS. TUCK,**

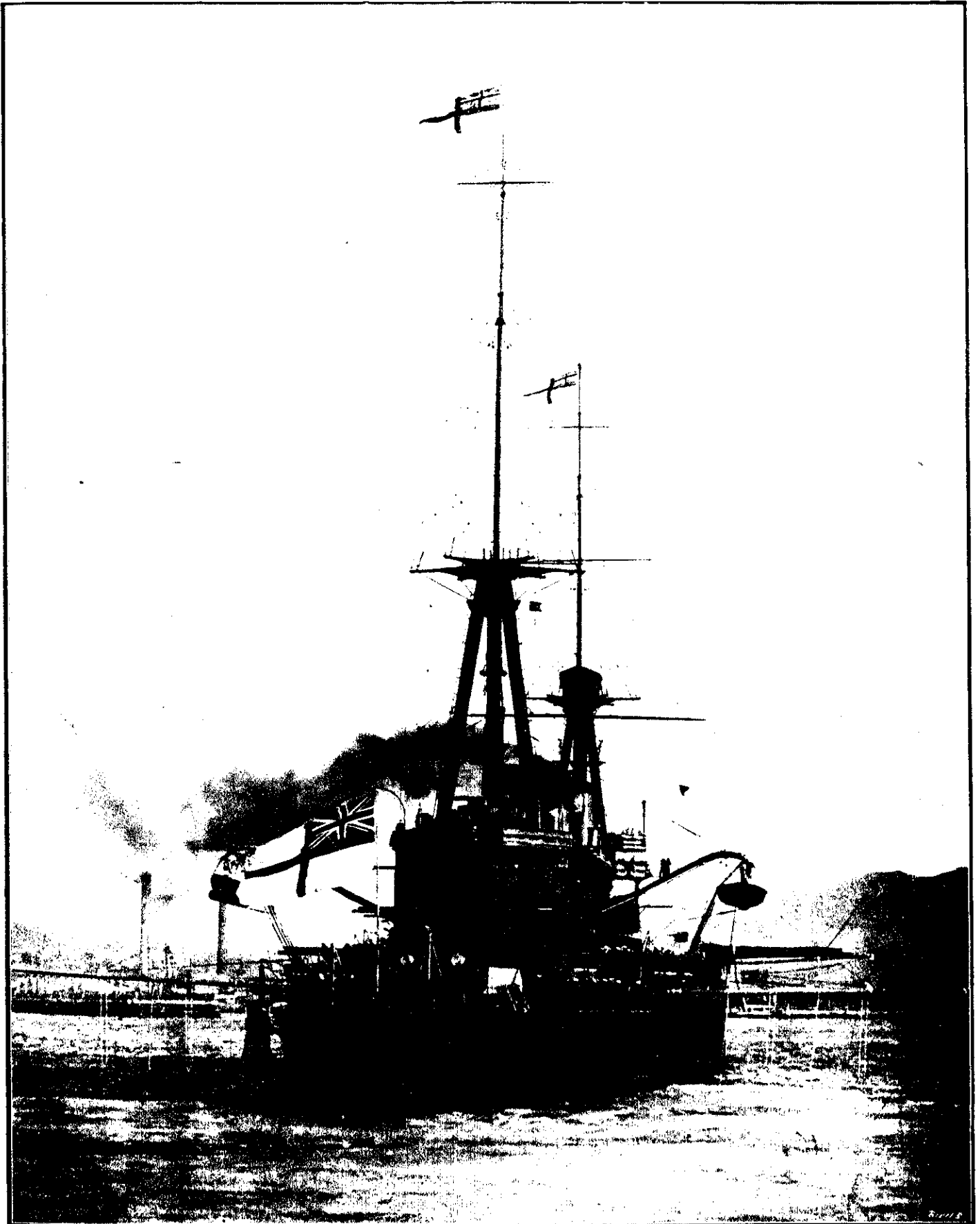
**F.P.A. (N.Z.),**  
**Accountant, Auditor, and Company Secretary,**  
118, VICTORIA ARCADE, QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.  
Telephone 3498.

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**Cocoa of the Day**  
and Night.

**FRY'S Pure Breakfast Cocoa**  
UNEQUALLED FOR PRICE  
UNEXCELLED FOR QUALITY

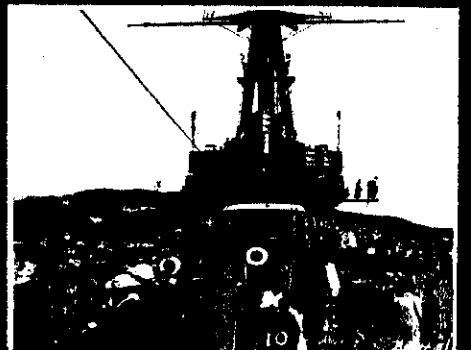
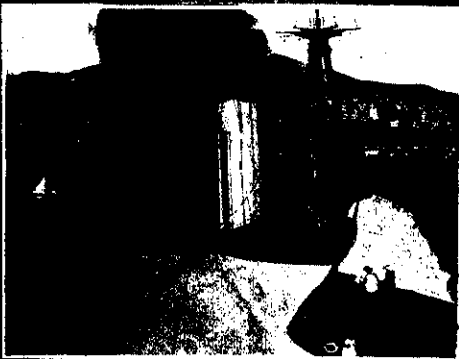
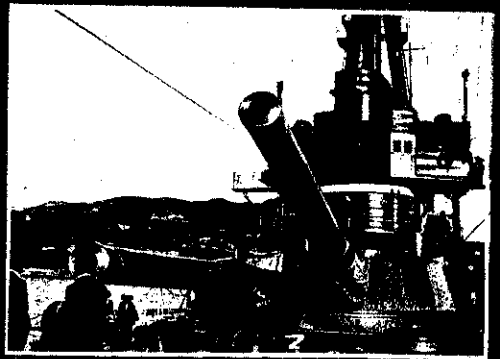
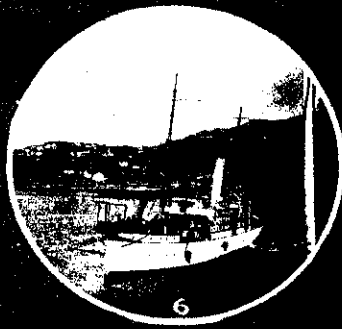
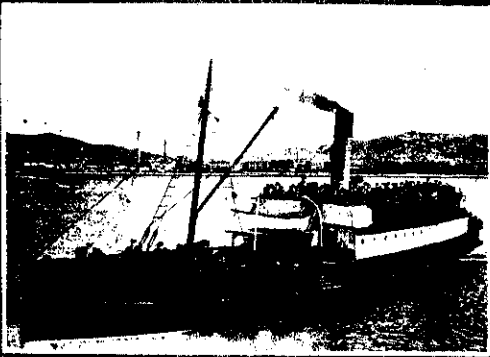
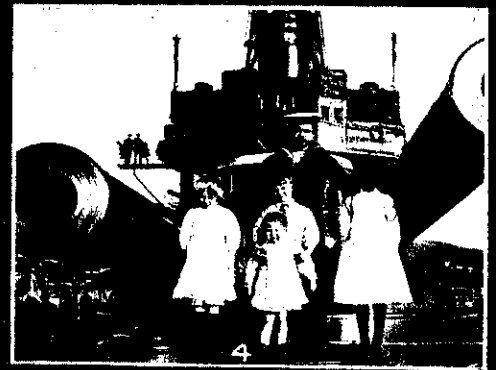
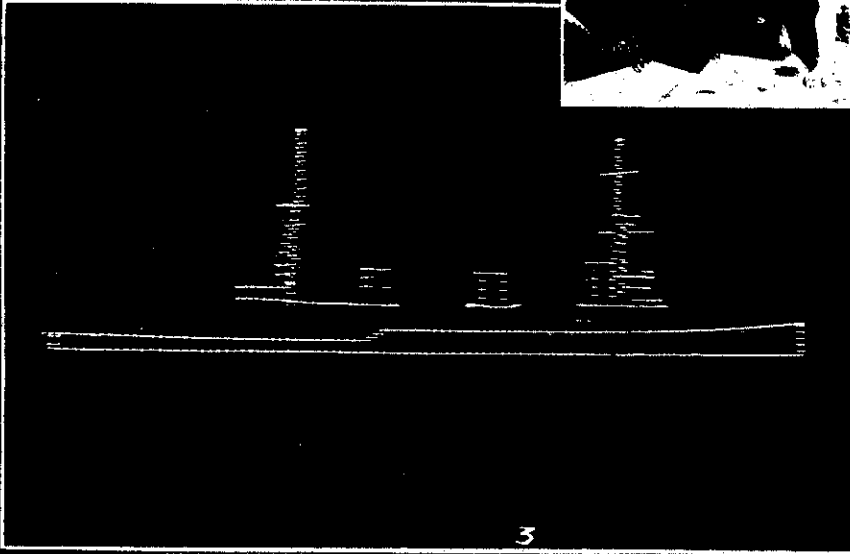


# The Weekly Graphic and N.Z. Mail.



Hinge, photo.

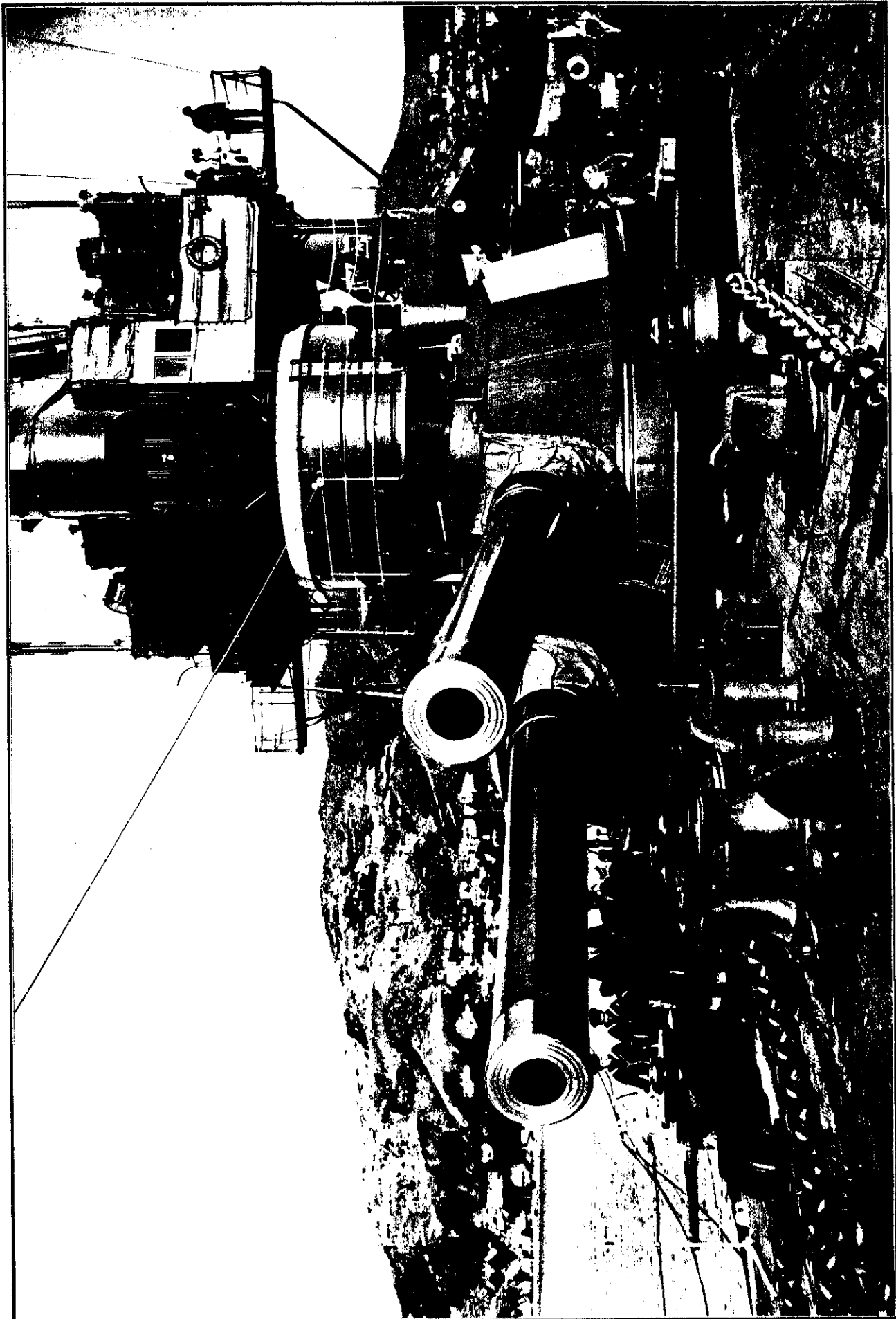
£1,800,000 WORTH OF STEEL—H.M.S. NEW ZEALAND AT ANCHOR IN WELLINGTON HARBOUR.



B. C. Smith, photo.

OPEN FOR INSPECTION—SCENES ON BOARD H.M.S. NEW ZEALAND AT WELLINGTON.

(1) A view showing visitors on deck inspecting the after turret, with its pair of 12in guns. (2) Some of the ship's pets; these include a kitten, a monkey, and a young Jackel (on the right), as well as Polaris Jack, the bulldog given to the ship's company in England. (3) The ship illuminated. (4) Some young visitors with their escorts. (5) Navy Lieutenants coming aboard. (6) The Yutaekal, with a load of school children. (7) The big guns. (8) Looking aft from the bridge. (9) General Godley and Captain Halsey. (10) A view on deck, showing the after turret and guns.



THE MIGHTY ARMAMENT OF H.M.S. NEW ZEALAND—A VIEW OF THE DECK, SHOWING TWO OF THE EIGHT 12-INCH GUNS.

S. C. Smith, photo.

Each of the eight 12-in guns is 47ft long, weighs 60 tons, and cost £13,000 to construct. Each time one of these huge weapons is fired with a full charge means an expenditure of £60. When a turret is fired the weight of the projectiles is something like 3 tons, and the cost of the discharge would be about £150.



Stevenson, photo.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO AUCKLAND HARBOUR—NORTH HEAD, LOOKING TOWARD CHELTENHAM BEACH.



Northwood, photo.

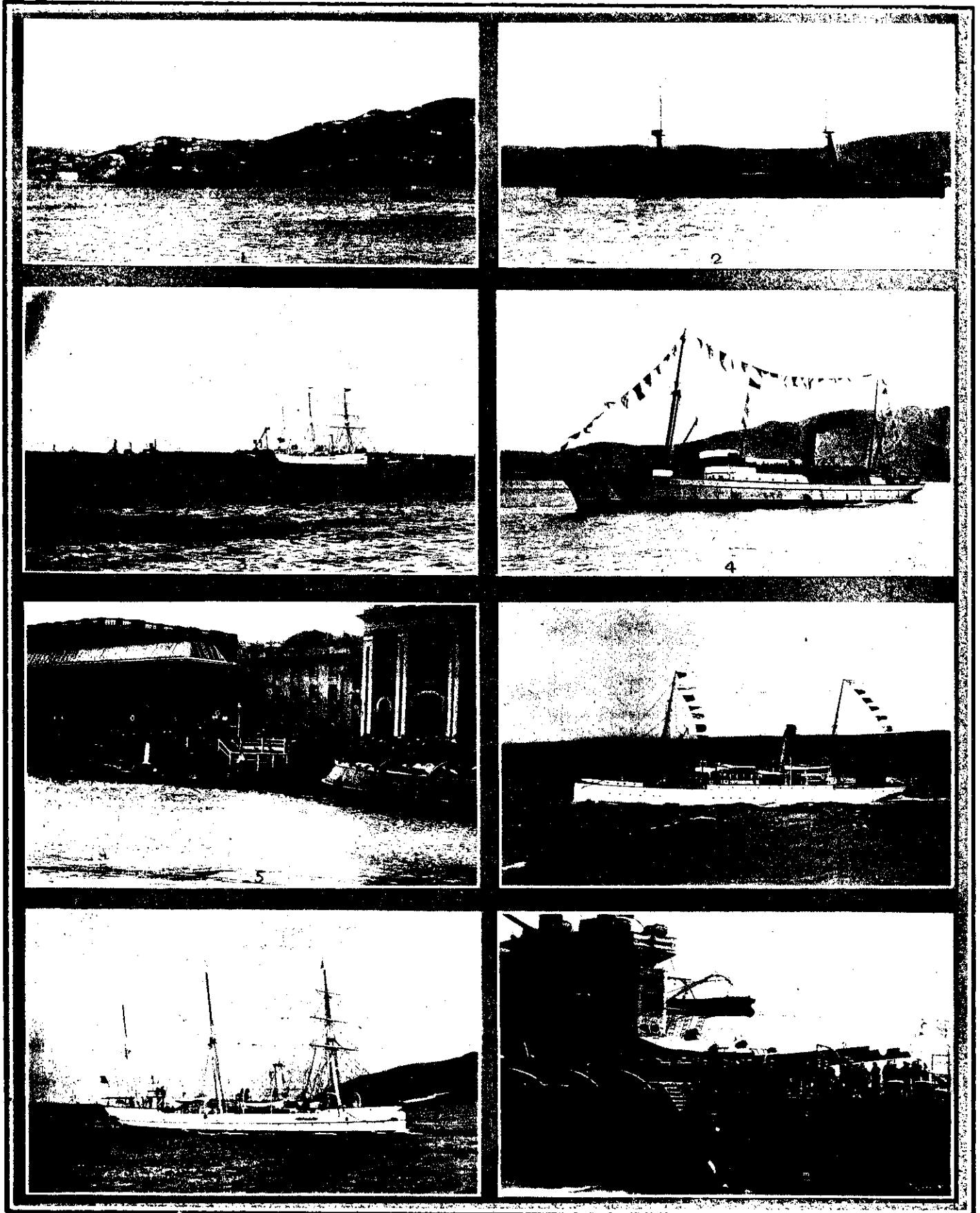
"THE GAP," A WELL-KNOWN SPOT ON THE KAEO-WHANGAROA ROAD, NORTH AUCKLAND.



Northwood, photo.

**AT THE HEAD OF THE WHANGAROA HARBOUR—A GENERAL VIEW OF KAERO.**

The photo, shows part of the township of Kaero, a rapidly growing North Auckland settlement at the extreme head of the Whangaroa Harbour. The town lies in a valley, admirably situated for the growth of oranges, lemons and grapes. It is an ideal spot for a holiday, much of the surrounding scenery being very beautiful. At present the chief activities of the district are drying and timber-milling.



B. C. Smith, photo.

### THE ARRIVAL OF NEW ZEALAND'S GIFT WARSHIP AT WELLINGTON.

(1) His Excellency the Governor going on board in the launch to pay his official visit. (2) The warship entering the harbour. (3) A view of the harbour procession. (4) The Government steamer Ihonemon. (5) His Excellency the Governor embarking on one of the naval launches. (6) The Tutaneke. (7) The Amokura. (8) At the landing stage.

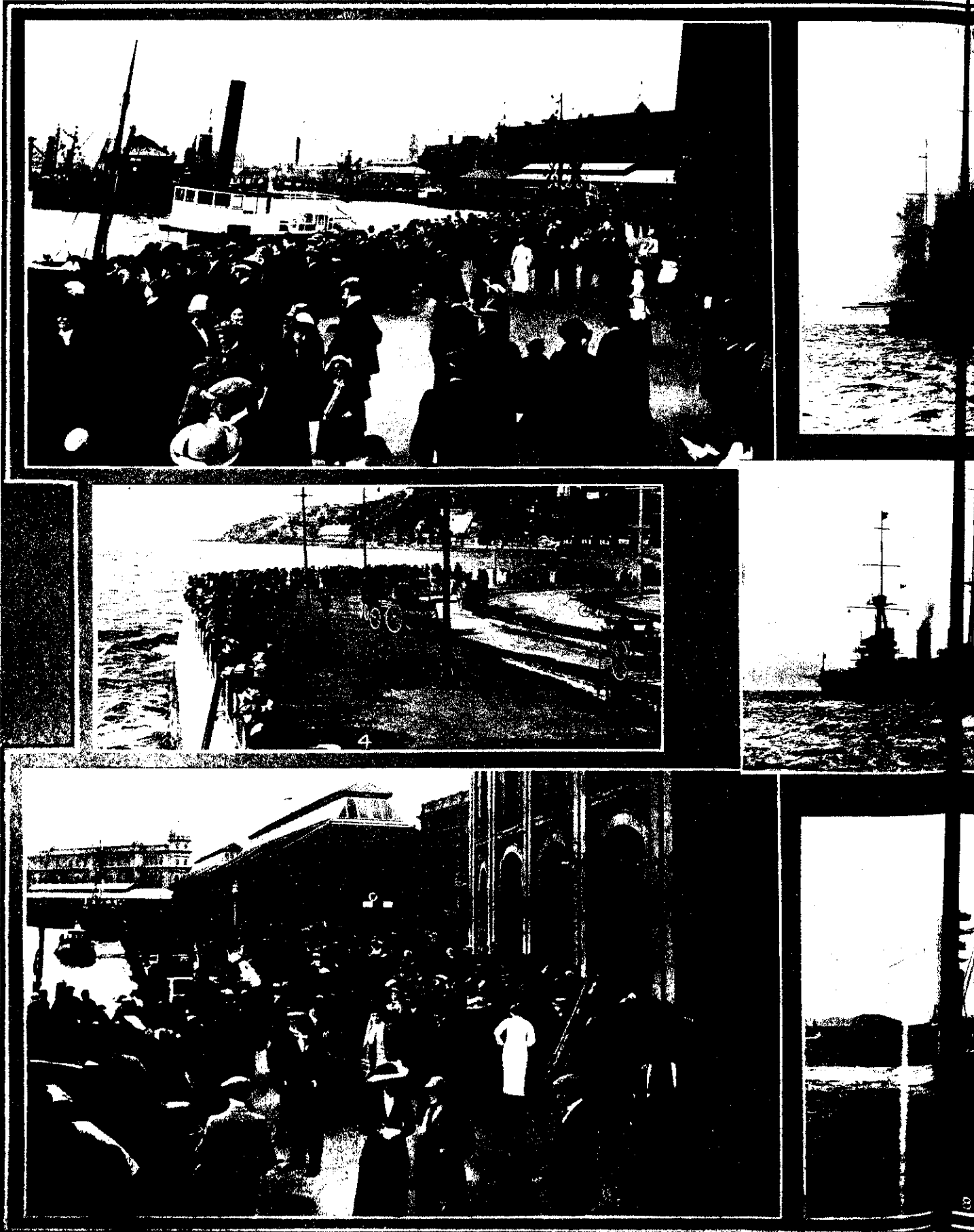


NAVAL SPORTS AT NEWTOWN PARK—ENTERTAINING THE SAILORS FROM H.M.S. NEW ZEALAND IN WELLINGTON.

(1) Bluejackets cheering the Maoris who received them on arrival at Newtown Park with a haka of welcome. (2, 3, and 5) Snapshots of the field football display by teams from the warship. (4) Maoris welcoming the bluejackets with a haka. (6) The men arriving at the Town Hall. (7) A panoramic view of Newtown Park during the sports.

S. C. Smith, photo.

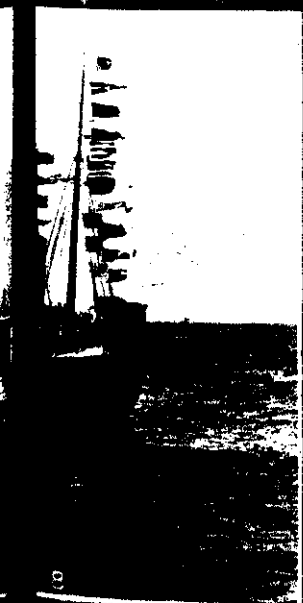
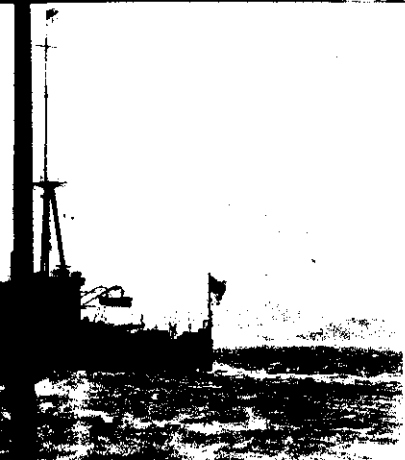
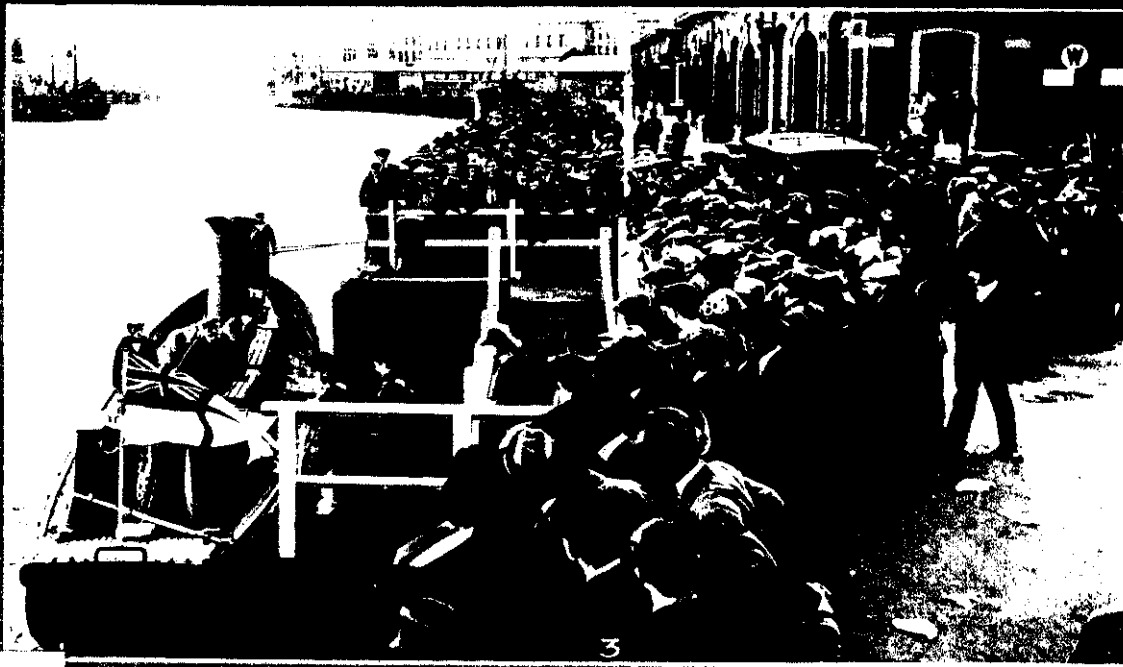
# WELLINGTON'S WELCOME



(1, 7, 9) The crowd watching the interchange of official visits. (2) The cruiser in Wellington Harbour. (3) His Excellency the Governor on board. (6) Some of the yachts in the procession.



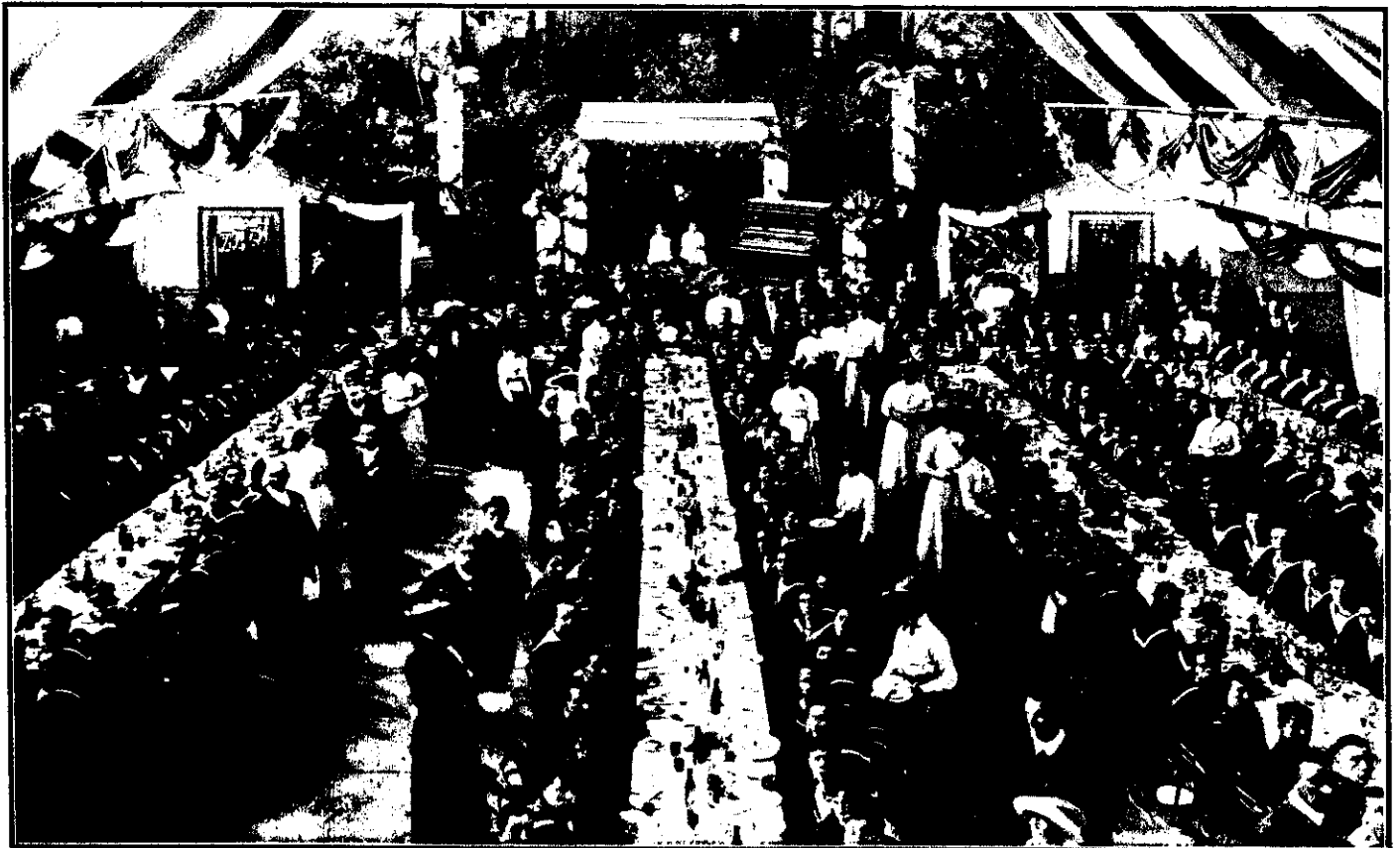
# E TO H.M.S. NEW ZEALAND



board the warship to return Captain Halsey's visit. (4) Part of the crowd watching the harbour procession. (5) The warship entering the harbour. One of the steamers which figured in the procession.



S. C. Smith, photo. A VIEW OF WELLINGTON HARBOUR, SHOWING H.M.S. NEW ZEALAND AT ANCHOR.



S. C. Smith, photo. WELLINGTON'S WELCOME TO THE CREW OF H.M.S. NEW ZEALAND—BLUEJACKETS AT LUNCHEON AT THE TOWN HALL.



**A GENERAL VIEW AT THE AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S AUTUMN SHOW.**

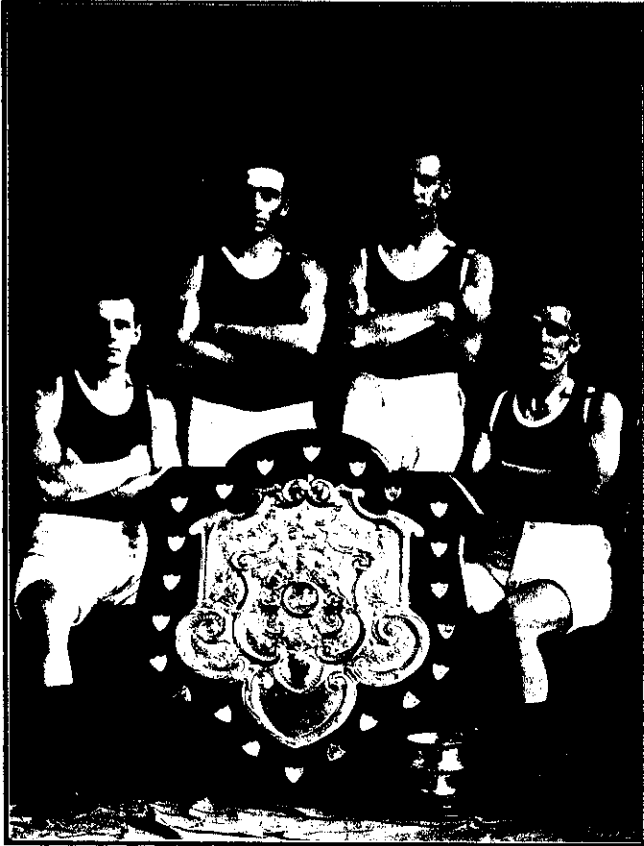
The annual autumn show of the Auckland Horticultural Society took place at the Town Hall last week. This is mainly a chrysanthemum show, and it is invariably one of the most picturesque of the annual series. This year the display of chrysanthemums particularly was magnificent. A detailed criticism of the show, with pictures of the leading exhibits, will appear in our next issue.



Muir, photo.

**HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR AT ROTORUA—WELCOMED BY THE MAORIS.**

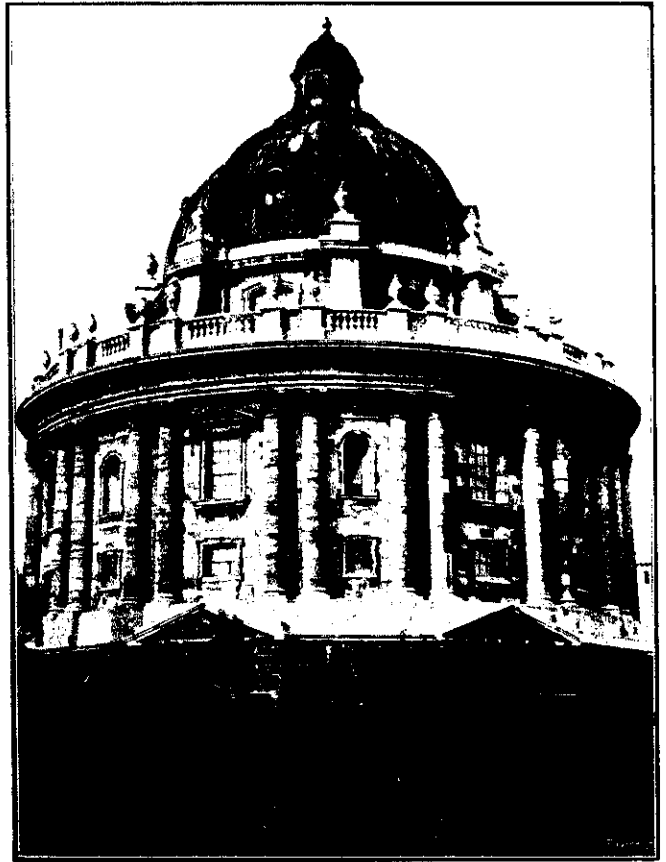
His Excellency the Governor and Lady Liverpool visited Rotorua last week, and on Thursday were welcomed with typical native ceremony at the pa in Ohinemutu. At the close of the speeches of welcome, a skilfully carved canoe and taiaha were presented to His Excellency.



Schmidt, photo.

## AN UNBEATEN CREW—NORTH SHORE HEAVY-WEIGHT MAIDENS.

The North Shore heavy maiden crew has had an undefeated record during the rowing season just ended, beginning at Russell, and continuing with unbroken success in open maiden events at Whangarei, Mercer, Napierwahia, and Rotorua. At Whangarei it carried off the Steadman Cup, and at Rotorua the Dewar Shield, which is valued at £100. At Russell and at Rotorua the crew was steered by P. Spraggon, and at the other regattas by A. Bailey. The names, reading from left to right, are:—P. C. Stephenson (stroke), E. E. Rowley (No. 2), K. Wallace (bow), A. D. Stephenson (No. 3).



## THE RADCLIFFE LIBRARY AT OXFORD.

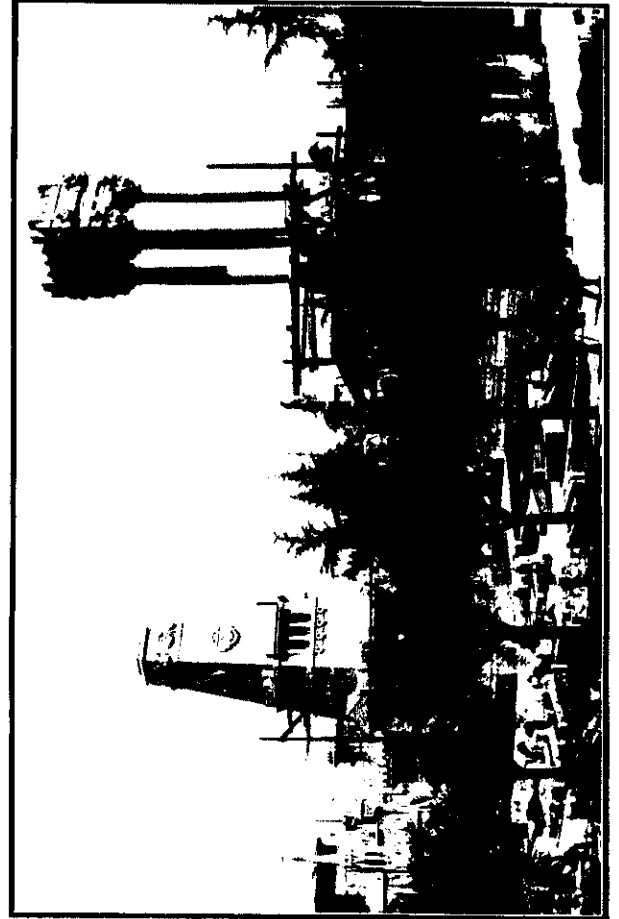
This fine building was erected from the money left to Oxford University by John Radcliffe, an English physician, who died in 1714. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, was also enlarged from funds bequeathed by him.



A SCENE AT MULLET POINT, A FAVOURITE SUMMER RESORT NEAR AUCKLAND.



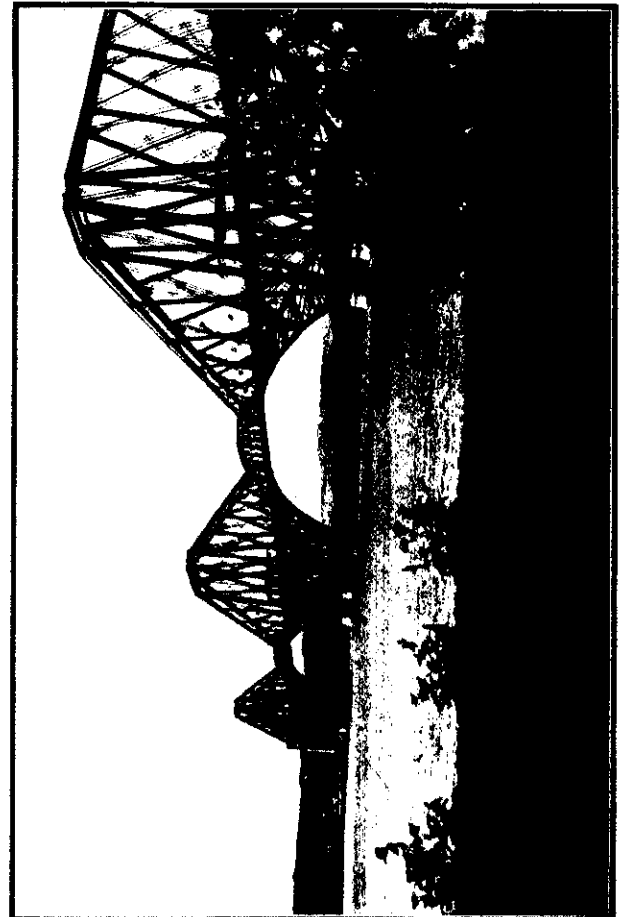
HAULING LOGS FROM A NORTH AUCKLAND KAURI FOREST.



IN THE CEMETERY AT GENOA, WHICH CONTAINS SOME OF THE FINEST MONUMENTS IN THE WORLD.



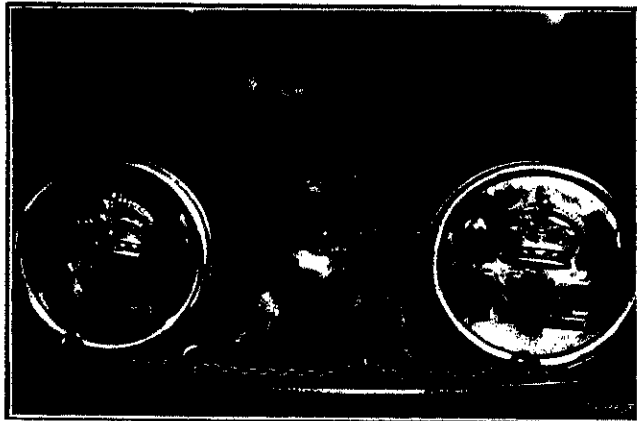
AT THE HEAD OF LAKE TE ANAU, OTAGO.



THE FAMOUS BRIDGE ACROSS THE FIRTH OF FORTH IN SCOTLAND.



PRINCE GEORGE OF BATTENBURG. Who is a sub-lieutenant on H.M.S. New Zealand.



S. C. Smith, photo. "TELORUS JACK," THE BULLDOG BELONGING TO H.M.S. NEW ZEALAND. The dog was presented to the ship's company in England by Mr Pomeroy, a former resident of Invercargill.



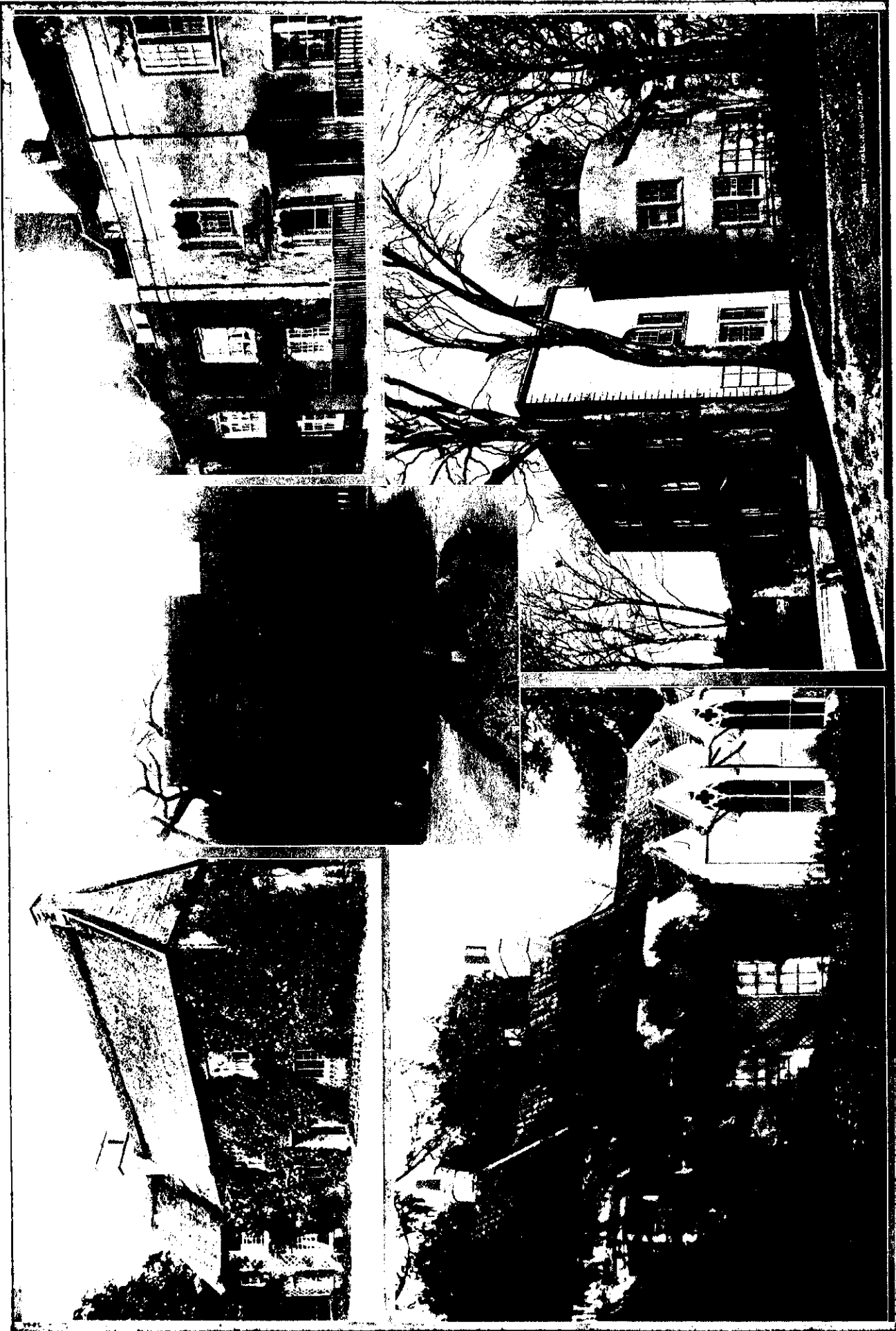
A VETERAN FIREMAN. Ex-Superintendent Hughes, who died last week in Auckland.



AN AVIATOR AT AUCKLAND—BIG CROWD WITNESSES SHORT FLIGHT.

Many thousands of people gathered in and around the Auckland Domain on Saturday to witness a flight by an American aviator. The aeroplane covered a distance of between 200 and 400 yards, at a height of about 500 ft, but owing to various technical difficulties the display was disappointing. (1) A snapshot of the machine in flight. (2) Police keeping the crowd back. (3) A section of the big crowd.





HAUNTS OF SOME OF ENGLAND'S MOST FAMOUS POETS.

The picture in the top left-hand corner shows Dryden's birthplace, and the building seen in the middle of the top of the page shows where Cowper wrote "The Story of John Gilpin." The top right-hand corner shows Shelley's house at Marlow, where he wrote "The Revolt of Islam." The lower left-hand photo shows Sowerby Rectory, where Tennyson was born, and the picture in the opposite corner is of the spot where Southey wrote "The Curse of Kehama."



# Hints on Photography.

## Various Printing Processes.

By S. H. PRYOR.

P.O.P. still holds its own amongst amateurs and busy workers, and always will, unless some new and wonderful invention crops up which lays by the heels all the old ideas concerning photography. The reasons are not far to seek. One can watch the whole process of printing without affecting the paper from beginning to end; work at one's ease in full daylight and control the print with greater facility than with any other process. The actual printing is simple enough, but a tremendously large percentage of prints are spoiled in the after-treatment. Toning and fixing is somewhat tedious, it is true, but surely the result is well worth a little trouble.

The chief troubles are stains; unequal toning; and a tendency to yellow in the parts that should be white. Stains are invariably due to careless handling of the paper when taking it out of its packet and placing it in the frame. Most fingers are sure to leave their traces wherever the surface is touched, though they may not be noticed until the prints are toned. Hypo, too, is fatal, the slightest trace reaching the paper before or after printing will result in a yellow stain. The modern so-called self-toning P.O.P. has simplified printing considerably, and some very beautiful results may be obtained; but none of them compare with a well-toned P.O.P. print from a good negative. There is a brilliancy about a print that has gone through the separate toning bath that can never be attained by any other method.

A really good negative will yield a good print in any process; but as a very large percentage of amateur negatives are anything but good, it is by far the best policy to choose a paper which will in a great measure remedy the defects. In P.O.P. we have such a paper, with either a glossy or a matt surface.

If the negative is a strong one—that is, if it has been fully exposed and nominally developed, giving strong gradation of light and shade—printing may be done in full sunshine, when it will print in about two minutes. If, on the other hand, the negative is inclined to thinness, through either under- or over-exposure, or possibly under-development, a dull light should be chosen. If it is very thin indeed, and intensification is inconvenient, it is a good plan to print under ground glass or a sheet of tissue paper in a weak light. Slow printing tends to pinky results. This remark applies to all other processes as also does its opposite.

There is no need to go into the formula of the toning solution, as the one recommended by the makers will always be found the most convenient and best suited to their paper. Half a pint of it can usually be made at a cost of fourpence, and be sufficient for 25 or 30 quarter-plate prints.

Wash the prints first. This is most important. Wash them in six changes of water in a large dish or bowl until all traces of milkiness disappear from the water. Keep them moving by constantly turning them over and over with the fingers so that they do not stick together, and change the water about every minute. If this preliminary washing is properly done, all difficulties are over—the toning will look after itself. Tone in batches of three or four, or some are sure to stick, and cause uneven colouring. Keep them moving—or rather turning—until the desired tone is obtained, remembering that they tend to go back in colour a little; I mean that when placed in the fixing bath, they change in colour to a warmer tone. If the print has only just turned to the purple in the toner it will be brown in the fixer; if dark brown in the toner, it will be light brown. If a good rich

purple-black is required, it is as well to carry the toning until the purple just begins to degrade. It will then recover itself in the fixing, and regain its strength on drying. If carried too far a yellowish colour will result, in the high lights known as double toning. This is a very common fault. Rinse the prints in water for a minute or so, and place in the fixer. Leave them there for ten minutes, and wash well for half an hour. If the prints are left in the fixing longer than half an hour, there is a tendency to bleaching, a tendency which is useful sometimes in case of overprinting. Don't destroy a print which is a little too dark. Put it back in the hypo for a time till its density is about right.

If a high glaze is desired the print may be enamelled. "I've tried that, and they all stuck," you will say. Of course, they did. Do you know why? How do you make glue? You buy some stiff gelatine, and put it into water, don't you? Precisely the same with your prints. P.O.P. is made with gelatine, and becomes quite soft during the process of toning, fixing, and the half hour's washing. You then squeeze it down on to a glass or ferrotype plate, and wonder that it sticks. It would be curious if it didn't, as it is a first-class glue. Try this way. Dry the print after the final wash, and just before glazing it see that the enameller is quite clean and free from dust. Dip the print in water for about ten seconds, then hold it over the enameller, making a little puddle of water on the centre. Now put the print face downwards in the puddle, cover with a duster or towel folded three or four layers thick, and squeeze the water out by rolling firmly with a squeezer. To make sticking absolutely impossible pour on to the enameller about ten drops of a solution made by dissolving a piece of white wax the size of a shilling in a 6d bottle of benzine. Rub this well over the glass or ferrotype with a soft rag till dry. Some of the wax may not dissolve. Never mind, there is enough for the purpose.

### Gaslight Printing.

This is a very handy process, as it enables prints to be made by ordinary lamp or gas or electric light, in an ordinary room, under ordinary conditions. It is quick and easy if done systematically, and gives beautiful black and white prints, or grey if preferred, from either soft or hard negatives at will, and the prints may be glossy or dull, as desired. It is a little tricky at first, but presents no difficulties if the following hints are observed:—

First of all, make the developer, or buy it ready-made. The formula is on the packet, but be careful with the bromide of potash. A trace too much means a greenish hue to the prints. The hypo bath is, of course, ready in a bottle close at hand. (See notes on blisters and filling in a previous issue.)

Let us suppose that ordinary incandescent gas is the illuminant. Turn it down half way, and open the packet of velox, S.C.P., nocton, or any of the other makes. Do this at least eight feet away from the light. It is much easier and quicker to put the paper in an old plate box instead of having to unwrap three or four pieces of paper each time. Cut one piece into six or eight for testing the exposure. Give the first 30 seconds one foot away from the gas. Turn the gas down again half way, and develop the test. It comes up quite quickly, but don't get alarmed; the action soon stops. What result? Too dark or too light? If the former, try another test at the same distance with half the exposure; if the latter, double it, and so on till you get a perfect print. Always print at the same distance from the light, and adopt the following plan:—Write on the negative with a lead pencil in one corner, 30 or 45 seconds, or, as the case may be, and sort out all the other negatives of equal density, marking

them likewise. There will then be no difficulty or waste of time and paper when next you print from these negatives. One test will do for all if the density is the same. If not, test and sort them in the same way. To compare densities hold the negative about six inches away from a piece of white paper, not in front of a strong light. A paraffin lamp requires about six times as much as an incandescent gas burner, and a 16 c.p. electric globe about four times as much. The only exception to this rule about distance from the light is with very thin negatives. It is then advisable to place the frame at least two feet away and give a correspondingly long exposure.

Another very good method of printing is to use a piece of magnesium ribbon instead of other illuminant, using the lamp or gas at half-cock for filling the frame and developing. Instead of counting seconds you must think in inches, and mark the negatives accordingly. Suppose, for instance, that a negative requires one inch at two feet to give a perfect print, write on the negative 1in. 2ft, and so on. Hold the magnesium in an old pair of scissors or pincers, or between two penknives, and light it with a candle flame. The candle may be kept alight all the while. Its light will do no damage during development. A coil of magnesium ribbon, of about 25 yards, costs about 6d.

Here again it is necessary to warn workers against hypo stains. Do not touch the fixing solution at all during printing and developing. There is no necessity. Dab the prints under the fixer face downwards, with a piece of rounded stick, or the foot of the glass measure, and leave them there till the whole lot are printed. An acid hypo bath is better than ordinary hypo. It cures as well as prevents possible developer stains.

### Bromide Printing.

This is a very similar process to gaslight printing, but differs in that it is still quicker, and has to be done in a dark room, or at least in a room where the light is either a deep yellow or orange. Bright red will do. It stands to reason that if a paper will yield a print in about five or ten seconds that it would fog very badly during the 30 or 40 seconds required for its development.

The advantages over gaslight are many. Speed is sometimes a consideration; then, again, the paper is made in so many grades that all sorts of effects are obtainable by slightly varying the manipulation. Besides those advantages the paper is so rapid that enlargements can be made direct from the negative

without going to the trouble and expense of making enlarged negatives.

Procedure is the same as with gaslight paper. Make a test at 3ft from the light, and mark the negative as before. It will be found that a good, clear negative will require about six seconds at that distance. Three feet is preferable to one as with gaslight, as an error of one in two or three is a serious matter; at 3ft a slight error will make but little difference.

*Amateurs are invited to send in their prints, which will be accepted for publication if considered suitable by the editor. They will be paid for at the rate of 2/6 each up to 4-plates, and 4/- for whole plates. All such prints should be of general interest, should be printed on glossy paper, unmounted, with title or description attached, and must be addressed to S. H. Pryor, c/o "The Weekly Graphic," Auckland. Readers may also have their negatives and prints criticised, and he will supply a report upon them, for a fee of 1/- each, which will include return postage.*

The night was cold, loud was his bark,  
For he'd been sleeping in the park;  
A friendly policeman heard him yell,  
And made him "comfy" in the cell.  
Next morn' before the hawk he stood;  
His Worship thought he looked no good.  
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# The Delicate Craft of Enamelling.

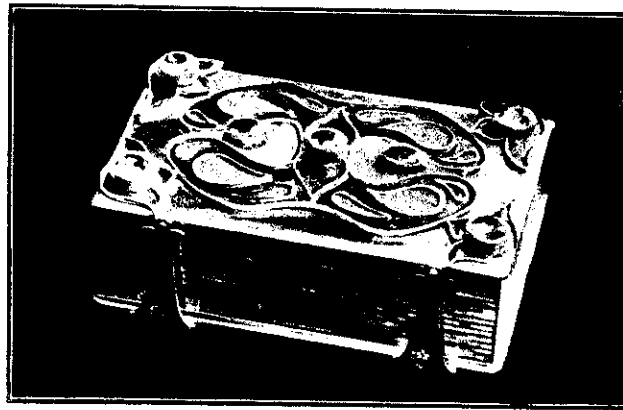
By G. M. D. LANE.

ONLY in very recent years have the various talents that women possess and employ been utilised in those very crafts which would seem pre-eminently to require the deftness of hand, lightness of touch and fancy, and appreciation of tone and colour in which their sex excels. Now, however, slowly perhaps, but very surely, women are making their influence felt and proving themselves dangerous rivals to their male competitors in the delicate-crafts of metal-work, gem-setting, and enamelling, work which, more than any other, demands a taste and delicacy which we rarely find combined with the solidity and heaviness of the productions of the English man-jeweller. It may further be claimed for women that, in the case of enamels, they possess a clearer and truer sense of the colours and designs which will most fitly harmonise with the general tone of the "subject." For the aim of the artistic jeweller is not to produce mere ornaments, but ornaments for the particular person who is to wear them. Such a task is easier, perhaps, for a French mind than for an English one; yet, strange to say, Rene Lalique, the great apostle, nay, almost the founder, of New Art in metal work, fails in this, and in this only. His compositions are, in many cases, perfect gems of workmanship and triumphs of design replete with originality, yet far fitter for the collector's table or a glass case in the gallery of a museum than for the purpose they were originally intended to serve. For none but an Eastern woman could carry off the grotesqueness, the barbarous whimsicality of some of the fantasies which this master designs for ornaments. Surely had the genius of Lalique been placed under the guidance of the innate taste of artistic womanhood, this fault might have been avoided in work which has everything else to command our admiration.

This being so, it is strange to find that in such a book as the "Englishwoman's Year Book" for 1901, a perfect storehouse of information as to the trades and professions open to women, there is no allusion whatever to enamelling, or, with the exception of a brief paragraph on silver repoussé work, to any sort of

deftness of hand required is no common gift; and it has to be accompanied by unwearied perseverance and vigilance, while the enameller, to be a true artist, requires a trained discernment of design and colour, little, if at all, inferior to that demanded of a painter, and must add the power of working not by what she sees, but by what she foresees, since the colour of the enamels before application is widely different from the tint they assume after exposure to the flame of the furnace. When we add to this the physical strength required to combat the uncomfortable conditions of which we shall speak later, it will be realised that the craft of an enameller is not one to be rashly adopted.

Attention has been drawn lately to the work of Mrs Edith A. Dick, in metals, gem-setting, and enamels, and the accompanying illustrations show a few specimens executed by her and her assistants in her studio at 77, Ladbrooke Road, W., some of which were on exhibition during last season at the rooms



SILVER AND ENAMEL BONBONNIERE SET WITH AMETHYSTS.

of the Fine Art Society. The studies of this artist under the leading French exponents of her craft and the length of her residence in France, her native land, have borne fruit in her work, but she was originally pupil of Mr D. Sandheim, whose keen artistic sense and thoroughness of workmanship made him an unrivalled teacher, and whose recent death is an irreparable loss to all who knew and appreciated him, whether as artist or as man.

There is nothing pretensions about her studio, which we visited. The apparatus of the craft consists of a furnace, a jeweller's bench, and a couple of deal tables crowded with tools and unfinished work.

The operations, likewise, in the description, sound simply itself. The enamel consists of "a pure crystal glass of frit, ground up with a fine calx of lead and tin prepared for the purpose, with the addition usually of white soft of tartar." These ingredients are the ground-work of all enamels, which are coloured by the addition of various substances, of which manganese and zaffer are most commonly employed. At the very least 20 different hues of enamel are required, and these are supplied in lumps about four inches in diameter. Formerly, these were chiefly obtained from Venice or Holland, but now the best enamels come from Switzerland, France, and Austria. The enamel is reduced from the solid lump to the consistency of the finest sand by persevering use of the pestle and mortar. This operation forms the prelude to each day's work; for the enamel, when pulverised, loses its colour rapidly, and consequently no more is treated each morning than will be used during the day.

Some enamellers keep their powdered enamel in air-tight bottles, but the results of using old enamel are never quite satisfactory. It is then repeatedly washed with fresh water to remove any impurities, or the smallest trace of dust. This prepares it for application to the metal; for this purpose it is slightly moistened and is applied with a spatula; then it has to be dried with no less care, to prepare it for the process of fusing for which the furnace is brought to a red heat. The furnace itself consists of an oven of fire brick. The invention of gas has greatly simplified this part of the process. For, at one time enamellers were dependent on the fire of a lamp supplied not with oil, but with horse-grease—candle oil, as it was termed in the trade, and in France coke is still used for heating. The success or failure of the work depends entirely upon the exercise of unlimited care and inexhaustible patience. The washing, the drying, and the fusing must all be conscientiously carried out to the minutest detail, while the delay of one second in removing the piece fired from the furnace would ruin it irremediably, for, as in fresco painting, a false step can never be retraced except by the lengthy process of removing the enamel with acid and coating the surface anew. Dust is perhaps the deadliest and most insidious enemy of the enameller. At every stage of the process it besets her, and the settling of a single mote, only observable through the lens, would be fatal, for the speck of dust, being inflammable, takes fire in the furnace, and an un-

stones of unmistakably early Victorian design, which seemed as out of place among the delicate productions of the



A HAND MIRROR IN BRONZE AND ENAMEL.

enameller's art as a suet pudding in the menu of a dinner party. However, I found that it had been sent for alteration, so I was curious to learn its ultimate fate. The design was displayed before me, and I was equally delighted and surprised to see the clumsy ornament transformed into the lightest and daintiest of pendants in gold cloisonne enamel with the stones and enamels and pearls subtly woven into a complete scheme of colour. Near it lay some finished original work—a pendant of rubies and diamonds in a setting as fragile as a cobweb, and a pair of long diamond and peridot earrings. Nothing pleased me more than a hand-glass, "Junio's Mirror,"—a peacock with spread tail and plumage of royal blue, in whose proudly raised crest sparkled tiny rubies. It was not surprising to hear that this bird had gained the first prize at a recent exhibition judged by Mr Philip Cunningham, author of "The Art of Enamelling," the only really practical book which has been written on the subject.

It is matter for profound regret that all the larger and more elaborate pieces of work had been undertaken for the sheer pleasure of production, as the English public makes little demand for the costlier kind of decorative work. A staunch and stubborn conservatism bars the way, and innovations and originality can gain no admittance. Yet, I am told by one of the leading firms, the demand for enamelled jewellery of the finest description is greatly on the increase, and some comfort may be gained from that fact, since it would indeed be deplorable if so delicate and ancient a craft were to lack any encouragement which the connoisseurs of the twentieth century can supply.



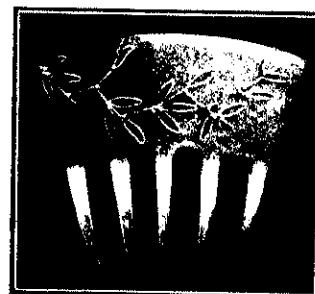
PENDANT OPALS, PEARLS AND ENAMEL.

jeweller's work. We may acquiesce in the fact that no woman plays the trombone professionally; but here is a field of work where feminine qualities are especially required, and yet as a profession for women the making of jewellery has hitherto had no recognition.

Not that it is a craft in which any woman can succeed; far from it, The

sightly hole is thus produced. Not even the breath of the operator can be suffered to impinge on the surface, and care must also be taken lest any injurious fumes should ascend from the furnace to spoil the colour of the work on hand. Besides this, the workpeople must wear special masks to protect their eyes and face from the intense heat and dazzling glow of the furnace. This glare, so injurious to the sight, is one of the physical discomforts of enamelling to which we have alluded. The other is the heat in which the work must be done; the worker can never be far from a furnace heated up to red heat, while the arrangement of any system of ventilation is difficult, if not impossible—since air-currents bring dust, and dust is fatal to the work.

While the operations were in progress, I was struck by observing on one of the tables a heavy gold brooch set with



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# Waimarino Forest.

**A Living Sea.—Home of the Graceful Rimu.—  
Ohakune and Rangataua.—Some Remarkable  
Timber Figures.**

**T**HE Waimarino Forest is one of the most impressive sights in the Dominion. The forests of the far north, with grey-boled kauri giants towering over everything else, are nobler, but they lack the symmetry and immensity of the almost uninterrupted living sea that sweeps 60 miles from Taumarunui to Karioi near Waiouru, and spreads from the banks of the Wanganui in waves that reach half-way up lofty Ruapehu—right up to the line where vegetation ends and the kingdom of the Snow King begins. For years, except on the Wanganui River side, this forest was practically terra incognita, owing to its inaccessibility, and its wonderful silences were only broken by the call of the tui, the shriek of the kaka, and the coo of the wild pigeon. The tangle and beauty of its dense undergrowth cannot be imagined by those who only know the more open bush of the north. From some high point of vantage round the slopes of

people—it is no use leaving these things to any government—should see that not a tree more than is necessary should be sacrificed. Many acres round the slopes of Ruapehu have been rightly reserved, but there are dozens of other spots here and there that should be kept sacred. It would be no deprivation to miller or settler, and posterity will rise up and call us blessed.

## Ruapehu to Taranaki.

One of the finest sights in the North Island is obtained when you stand on the Makatote viaduct and gaze out over this glorious sea of forest trees, dark green in the foreground, and shading away to purples and ending in faint blues on the skyline. Eastward from the viaduct runs the Makatote canyon, at the head of which rises towering Ruapehu, the eternal snows frosting his many peaks. By simply turning on your heel and looking across the living sea at your feet, a perfect cone, splashed with streaks of white, looms up due west. This is Taranaki, or, as it is known to pakehas, Mount Egmont. The Maori legend has it that at one time Taranaki stood in the middle of the Island, with the rest of his brethren, Ruapehu and the other giants, until there was a quarrel over a love affair. Taranaki tore himself away and went crashing down to the sea. Lake Rototira is the spot where he once stood, and the Wanganui River runs in the track of the irate lover, and just below Taumarunui there may be seen to this day two huge round boulders—"The Tears of Taranaki"—which he shed when he looked back. The legend is a quaint conceit, and as you stand on Makatote viaduct, gazing on the estranged brothers, you are forced to

admit that the Maori may have been a savage, but he was also an artist. Another good viewpoint where Ruapehu and Taranaki are both in sight in fine weather is on the Karioi Plains, just before the train pulls into Waiouru station.

## "Half-way House."

One of the most interesting places on the line that runs through the Waimarino is Ohakune. All travellers by the Main Trunk know Ohakune as the "half-way house" between Auckland and Wellington. As such it has an important and imposing railway station, with a large staff to deal with the heavy traffic. The station also has the distinction of having last year handled the largest amount of timber shipped from any railway station in the Dominion, the total reaching the enormous amount of over 19,000,000ft. Gannan and Co., the well-known sawmillers, have a large up-to-date mill close to the station, and there are mills practically from Ohakune to Raetihi—all the produce of which passes through the Ohakune station.

Ohakune township proper is a mile and a half from the station to the west, but a second township, called Ohakune East, is springing up close to the railway, and recent building has tended to close up the gap. Along the fine new road from the township to the station a number of well-built villas and cottages have sprung up during the past eighteen months on the Government sections. There are still a number of vacant sections, and it is said that for some reason

figure. In connection with the matter of Ohakune and a dairying future, it has been mentioned more than once that the district has a long winter, but there is no reason why, with scientific methods and growing winter feed, Ohakune should not take its proper place among the agricultural districts of the Dominion. It has one great asset, accessibility, which counts for a lot in these days of keen competition.

## Civic Enterprise.

Those who have had the guidance of the public affairs of Ohakune which has been a borough for two years now—have brought confidence and enthusiasm to their task, so that it is not surprising that the town has sanctioned a loan of £31,000—for installation of electric light and power £7,826, street improvements £10,000, municipal buildings £650, drainage £5,455, and water supply £7,840—a fairly comprehensive scheme for a borough with a population of about 1,400. It is proposed to generate electricity by using the Mangawhero Stream, and Mr. H. W. Climie, the Council's consulting engineer, has figured out that the electric light and power proposition would show a profit even on the first year's working. In Mr. T. H. Kiely (the mayor) the borough has the right stamp of man to keep Ohakune's claims to the front, and the Chamber of Commerce—another body full of enthusiasm for the district's future—is presided over by another public-spirited citizen, Mr. P. J. Dunn, the proprietor of the local journal.



A DOMINATING SCENE OF THE WAIMARINO-RUAPEHU PRESENTS A MAGNIFICENT SIGHT FROM THE RAILWAY.

Ruapehu the forest spreads like an immense green carpet, closely-woven. The preponderance of rimu trees with their weeping foliage, gives to Waimarino a softness and delicacy of contour that is not found anywhere else in the Dominion. It is only a few years since the co-operative gangs tore a way for the Main Trunk line—a long, sinuous gash, with here and there a gaping void, where axe and fire-stick had been given free license to prepare a place for a station or one of the many townships that have sprung up right in the heart of the forest—but already tremendous inroads have been made on the glory that was Waimarino. Of course, these things must be, but before it is too late the

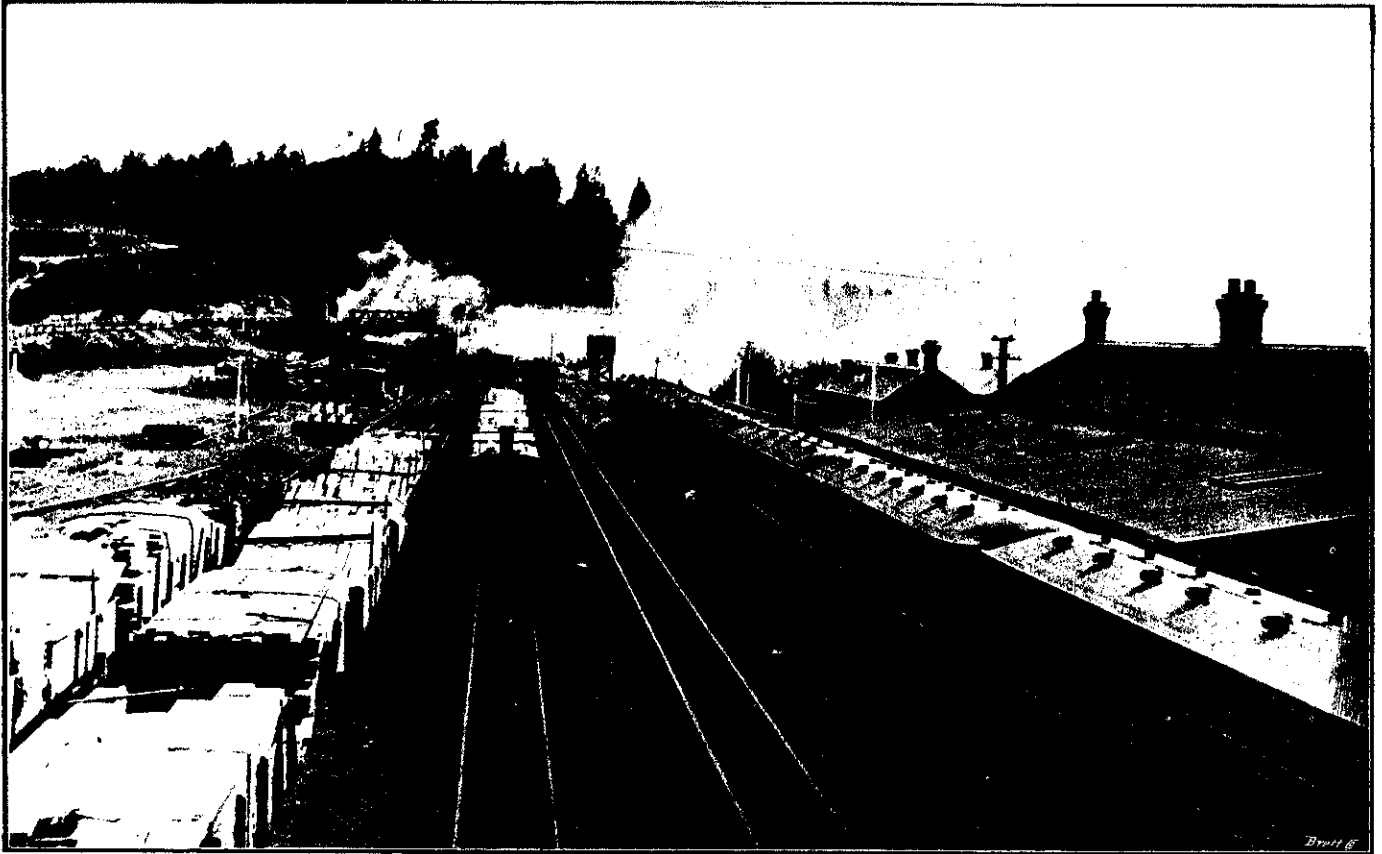
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or other the Government is not prepared to dispose of any more just at present. At least, this was the answer given when a site was sought on this road for a Methodist church. Like so many of the Main Trunk townships, Ohakune's present prosperity is bound up with the timber. The figures quoted above show to what extent milling is carried on in the vicinity.

Ohakune looks forward to an agricultural and pastoral career when the timber is exhausted, and has already made a modest start, the Ruapehu Cheese Factory, of which Mr. Hugh Trevor is manager, turning out about 25 tons of excellent cheese, some of which is placed on the London market at a satisfactory

## The Roof of the Island.

Most people know Ohakune as one of the starting points for the ascent of Ruapehu, the other points on the western side being Horopito and Rangataua. The tracks are fairly good, and by approaching the Monarch of the North Island (9,175ft) from this side the ascent can be accomplished with comfort, in a day and a half, though it has frequently been done in the day. That, however, is rushing it, and there is too much to see for such hasty scrambling. There is no doubt that this mountain will become the playground for thousands of North Islanders when it gets better known. The air up there is magnificently bracing, even in the height of summer, and what



A BUSY RAILWAY SCENE ON THE MAIN TRUNK LINE—TRUCK LOADS OF TIMBER FROM THE WAIMARINO FOREST.

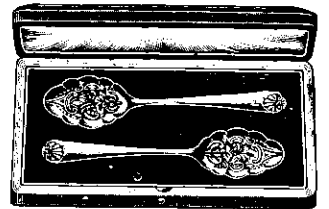
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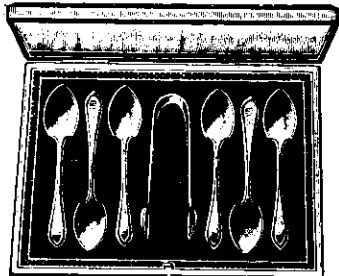
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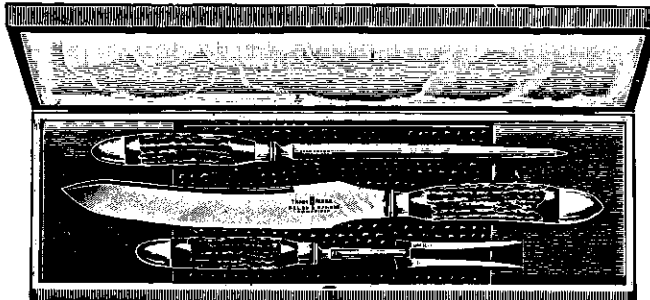
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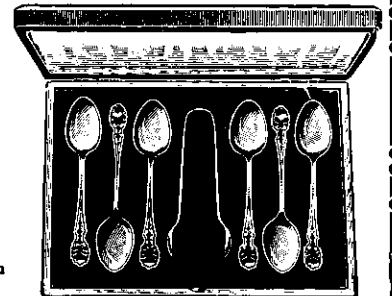
F 6637.—Case with 2 Best Silver-plated Jam Spoons, 13/6.



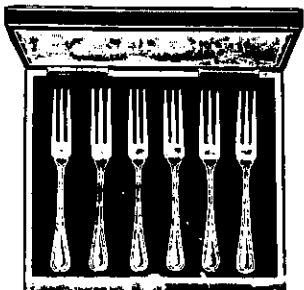
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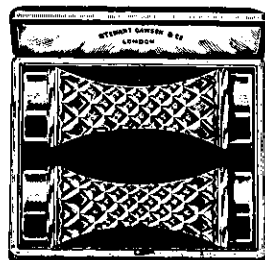
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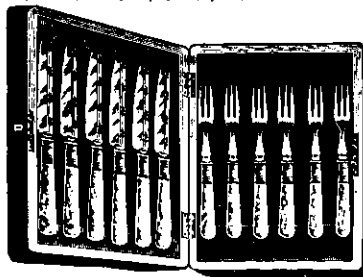
F 2728.—Case with 6 Best Silver-plated Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, 17/6.  
Others at 8/6, 10/6, 14/6 upwards.



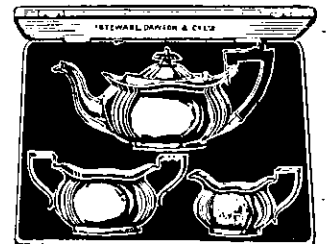
J 3076.—Case with 6 Best Silver-plated Cake Forks, 10/6.  
Others 12/6, 15/6 upwards.



321.—Case with Pair Fine Cut Glass Knife Rests, Solid Silver Mounts, £1/1/.



J 3294.—Handsome Oak Case containing 6 pairs Best Quality Silver-plated Dessert or Fish Knives and Forks, Finest Pearl Handles, £2/15/.



H 1708.—Case with Solid Silver Teapot, Sugar Basin and Cream Jug, Afternoon Size, £9/10/.

Others at 27/6, 35/, 45/, 50/.

with Ruapehu, and the neighbouring active volcano, Ngauruhoe (7,515ft), and Tongariro (6,488ft), there is variety enough to fill in the longest holiday for botanist, geologist, or the lover of Nature in her majestic moods. So far Ruapehu has been given a wide berth in the chill of winter, when he is clothed from peak to base in a shining white mantle; but as soon as New Zealanders

kune, where a hollow had to be filled in at enormous expense, and even now trains have to leave the station on an upgrade whichever way they leave. Rangataua lives on timber, and, in addition to the extensive mill and yards of the Rangataua Timber Company right in the township, it has the works of the Powell Process Company there also. The Powell Company treats timber with a saccharine

used in work where durability is essential. The plant alone cost £17,000.

**Enormous Timber Output.**

Every few miles along the line, and wherever there is a road good enough to cart on, sawmills have sprung up like mushrooms. If you cannot see the engine-stack belching blue smoke, or the white spurt of the exhaust steam show-

ing up against the green trees, you generally hear the vindictive saws shrieking their way ruthlessly through log after log. The mills vary from the primitive concern sheltered under a few sheets of corrugated iron, its automatic engine slowing down and coughing ominously when the saws strike a specially tough trunk, to the up-to-date outfit where the log is hardly touched by hand after it has been felled, everything being done by machinery, which has now reached a state of perfection that would strike the old pit sawyer as being little short of magic.

Most of the milling is done between Taihape and, say, Waimarimo railway station, and in this area the output reaches the enormous total of 55,000,000 feet a year—a shade over four and a-half million feet every month. To mill this quantity means the distribution of something like £125,000 a year, and the

Continued on page 56



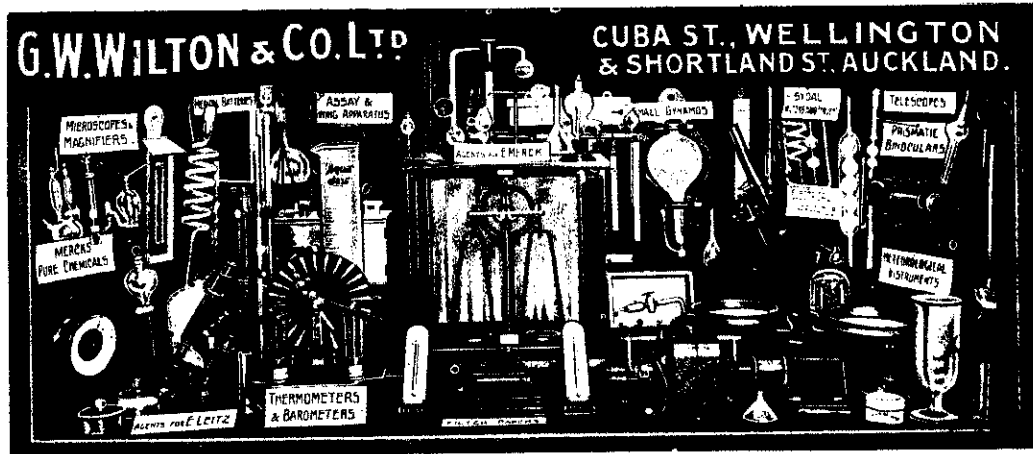
Collie photo. THE CENTRE OF OHAKUNE, SHOWING BAND ROTUNDA ON LEFT, POST OFFICE AND COURTHOUSE ON RIGHT.

realise the delights of skiing and luge, his western slopes will be even more popular in winter than in summer. These slopes are ideally suited for these winter sports, for which thousands flock to Switzerland every year.

In the meantime there should be no delay in improving the tracks to the mountain, and erecting proper huts to take the place of the tents put up by the generosity of Ohakune citizens. Considering what the Government has done for other mountains, including Mt. Egmont, it would surely be good policy to do something for Ruapehu. In connection with the Ohakune Chamber of Commerce, there is a sub-committee to deal with matters affecting the mountain, and it is to be hoped the members will not rest until something is done. Ruapehu will be one of the finest assets this part of the Main Trunk line possesses. There is also no doubt that many northern people will come up to this extensive plateau, roughly 3,000ft above sea level, of which Ohakune is about the centre, during the hot summer months. A finer recuperating ground could not be found.

**Rangataua.**

Much that could be said about Ohakune might also be said of Rangataua, two miles further south. As a matter of fact, the railway buildings should have been placed at Rangataua, which is on a splendid level stretch, instead of at Oha-



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substance, which materially adds to the life of a timber and enables what were formerly considered inferior sorts to be

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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.

Gardening has brought happiness to many of the greatest and wisest in the land. Statesmen have found recreation in it, philosophers have commended it, doctors have prescribed it, lawyers have advocated it, and poets have sung its praises. It is the most unselfish of pleasures, for it is enjoyed the most in the largest company, and, unlike some other amusements to which the race is prone, inspires no evil passions, inflicts no pain, and causes injury to no man, either in character, in his health, or in his estate.—J. CHAMBERLAIN.

### COMING SHOWS.

- WONGOTEA AND DISTRICT HORTICULTURAL AND GENERAL PRODUCE SOCIETY.—Autumn Show, April 23 and 24. Secretary, Mr. F. G. Seddon.
- HAMILTON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Autumn Show, April, 1913.—Wm. H. Paul, secretary and treasurer.
- HUTT VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Autumn Show, April, 1913.—T. E. Barker, Wellington, secretary.
- CAMBRIDGE DAFFODIL SOCIETY.—Annual Spring Show, September 5 and 6, 1913. A. Norman Macky, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

### HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

#### Poinsettias.

Complaints are sometimes made that when Poinsettias are used in a cut state they quickly flag after being placed in water. This is owing to the amount of milk-like sap which exudes from the cut portion, and it can to a great extent be obviated by plunging about two inches of the lower portion of the newly-cut stem into very hot water. This serves to seal up the pores, and so prevents any discharge.

### NOTICE TO SECRETARIES

We would urge upon secretaries of all Horticultural Societies the importance of sending us the dates of their shows. Neglect to do so means loss to their Society in the end.

All schedules forwarded to the Garden Editor of "The Weekly Graphic" will be acknowledged, and a sketch of same published in these columns.



THE CRIMSON RAY—A NEW VARIETY OF COSMOS.

This variety was imported by Mr C. Calliban, of Pruner Street, Auckland, and grown at Mt. Eden. The blooms are deep crimson in colour, and about 2 1/2 inches in diameter. The plant is of vigorous growth, and flowers the first year from seed. It is described by the grower as hardier than the other varieties, and stands well against the winds.



Belcher, photo.

A FINE LADY GAY ROSE IN BLOOM IN THE DOMAIN GARDENS, TE AROHA.

#### Rhododendrons.

It is a popular fallacy that Rhododendrons require peat in the soil; yet peat is by no means essential, provided that lime is absent. They never thrive in lime soil, but almost any other staple will grow them. A light sandy loam suits them splendidly, and they often succeed fairly well in a heavy loam; but in dealing with the latter it is an advantage to cultivate it deeply, and to incorporate peat or leaf-soil.

#### THE POPULARITY OF SWEET PEAS.

The experience of another season has enhanced the popularity of the sweet pea; there is nothing like it, and it is quite right to say that no flower of the garden has succeeded in capturing the hearts and affections of so many people. The sweet pea is cosmopolitan to a degree; go into any aristocratic garden you like, and you will be sure to find a selection of up-to-date varieties of sweet peas, and you may pass on from there to the garden of some enthusiastic cottager, and you will find flourishing therein the same varieties, grown just as well, flowering just as freely, and looking equally effective and in place. What other annual have we which adorns all sorts and conditions of gardens alike, which lends itself to varying circumstances so well, and fascinates the public to the same extent?

Have you ever noticed how the man who grows and loves sweet peas, and who doesn't in these days?—likes to go abroad with a few of his favourite flowers in his coat? Men who never wear a buttonhole at any other time of the year break the rule when their sweet peas begin to bloom, and if two men meet, each having a button hole of sweet peas, the characteristic reserve of the average Briton vanishes at once, there is no need for formal introduction, and they become chummy without the slightest hesitation or reserve.

Let me just give you an instance. A short time ago I stepped into a railway carriage, having a couple of blooms of

#### PERENNIAL PHLOXES.

Every third year Phloxes should be taken up, divided and transplanted, otherwise they are apt to degenerate. Phloxes are not very particular as to soil, but they like it fairly rich. Good drainage is essential, but plenty of moisture must be given to the roots. Plant, if possible, in partial shade, otherwise some varieties will fade in colour. In hot weather they should be copiously watered, and a good mulching of well-decayed manure will be of great assistance to them. Seven or eight shoots is sufficient for the plant to carry if you want fine heads. Cuttings should be taken in early autumn and inserted in specially prepared sandy beds under hand-glasses or in a frame, and they must be protected from the sun. Phloxes may also be grown from seed sown in the autumn. Early in the spring, when large enough to handle, take them out of the greenhouse and plant in good rich soil in the open.

Evelyn Hemus in my coat; in the corner on one side was a man with a nice buttonhole of Countess Spencer, and before the train started a third traveller took his seat, and he boasted some four-flowered stalks of John Ingman. There was no need for any introduction, though we were all three total strangers to each other, everything else was taken for granted, for we met on common ground, as we were all sweet pea growers without being experts, cranks, exhibitors, or anything of the kind. Newspapers lay unheeded on the seat, for there was something else to talk about. Before the train started conversation began in comparing the merits of the several buttonholes, and from that we went on describing our various methods of culture, offering mutual sympathy in cases of difficulty, and chatting over the good or bad qualities of this or that variety, speaking of them as sweet pea growers do, in a personal sense, as we might have done if we had been talking about absent friends and acquaintances. It was with genuine regret that we parted, and possibly I shall never meet either of the two travellers again, but if I do the mention of sweet peas will be quite sufficient to renew the acquaintanceship.

Have you ever noticed that sweet peas have an influence in making gardeners of men? I do not mean professional gardeners, of course, but men who grow fond of their gardens, hured to the love by the fascinations of the sweet pea. Let me give you a case in point. I know a man, a townsman to his finger ends, who never had an inch of garden in his life until last year, and when he got it he looked upon his strip of border as a burden and a responsibility. Having some sweet pea seeds left over in the spring, I asked the man if he would like to have them, but he wasn't particularly keen about it, and took them because he had to put something in his border, and thought he might as well grow sweet peas as anything else. That man is a different individual to-day, and the change came when his sweet peas began to bloom. The members of our local bowling club complain that they see so little of the man, and the fact is that he spends most of his time in his garden, tending his sweet peas, and when not thus engaged he is out and about inspecting the flowers of his friends and neighbours. This is no instance of fiction, but a true fact, and it goes to show what may be done by giving away a few spare seeds rather than leaving them to shrivel up in the bottom of the packets.

The sweet pea is the flower in the garden which above all others teaches the virtue of unselfishness, and men who were positively stingy before become suddenly generous when they commence growing sweet peas. Perhaps one cannot attribute so much credit to them for



Belcher, photo.

A BRILLIANT MASS OF HIAWATHIA ROSE ON A RUSTIC FENCE IN THE DOMAIN GARDENS, TE AROHA.

this change of character as to the sweet pea itself, the cutting of which is an essential item in its culture. I know men who specialise in roses, carnations, and other flowers, and are always pleased to see their friends, and show them round, but the privilege of the latter is to look, and not handle, as the flowers are not intended to be cut and carried away. There is a different feeling altogether with sweet peas, for the grower knows that if he allows the flowers to fade on the plants and form seed pods the display will soon be over, so it becomes the most natural thing in the world for him to cut you a bunch of flowers to bring away with you, after they have undergone a critical inspection on the plants. The grower may affect an air of generosity as he hands you the bouquet, which would lead you to think that the gift comes from the fullness of his heart, but you can come to what conclusion you like about this, and give credit to the flower itself, which makes a law of its own that it should be cut. There are people about, who are more than a little selfish in respect of their

gardens, and would never dream of giving away a bunch of flowers, but let us hope that all such may become sweet pea growers, and learn the lesson of unselfishness which the flower teaches.

As an exhibition flower the sweet pea is justly popular, and it is doing a good deal to improve the method of staging flowers at exhibitions. I am speaking here more particularly of village shows than big exhibitions, and am thankful to say that, so far as I know, no one has ever yet insulted the sweet pea by exhibiting it on an ugly green show board. In respect of this point I was very much struck the other day by the contrasts at a village flower show. The exhibitors bound and fettered by the law of habit and custom, had shown their asters, stocks, zinnias, and carnations on the bare flat surfaces of ugly boards, thus which nothing could look more unnatural, but they had learnt better things in respect of the sweet peas. It is true one exhibitor showed his flowers in disused Day and Martin's blacking bottles, and another cottager had commandeered

every glass and china vase that his wife possessed, but what mattered that, the blooms were standing upright; they were set out in an artistic and tasteful manner, such as is characteristic of sweet peas at shows, and it is hoped that this departure from the beaten track of custom will lead to better things in the methods of exhibiting other flowers at shows.

It is very much to be regretted that so many new sweet peas are sent out before they are fixed, and if this sort of thing continues I am afraid it will affect the popularity of the flower; but I wonder how many people there are who in a quiet way aspire to the raising of a new sweet pea. The world knows a great deal more of Mendel's laws than it would ever have done if the sweet pea had remained the commonplace flower that it once was, and several of my friends have told me in confidence that they have effected some crosses, founded on the principles of the above law, and they hope to get a good thing or two as the result of the same.

In conclusion, the queenly rose may be still our national flower; I don't argue to the contrary, and comparisons are odious, but how far is the sweet pea behind in the affections of the people? This thought occurred to me the other day when I visited an old-established show at which classes for sweet peas were introduced a few years ago. There was no overlooking the fact that in point of number the sweet peas overshadowed the roses, and it would be difficult to say which flower came in for the greater share of attention from the visitors. But there, I have said enough in support of the popularity of sweet peas, and my excuse for writing this article at all is the desire to call attention to phases of sweet peas growing other than those which are strictly practical. G.H.H. in "The Gardener's Magazine."

**THE THIRTY-SIX MOST POPULAR SWEET PEAS.**

Mr Robert Sydenham, the President of the National Sweet Pea Society, London, has been examining the various lists compiled by experts of the most popular sweet peas, and also comparing the voting for the various varieties. He has come to the conclusion that the following are the most popular in the opinion of the majority of growers. After each of the thirty-six Mr Sydenham has enumerated what others consider a good second, or substitute, or even what some prefer to the first one named. Mr Sydenham is one of the leading authorities on sweet peas in the world, and his views will be



Belcher, photo.

A FINE SHOW OF PEGGED-DOWN CRIMSON RAMBLER AT TE AROHA.

This bush, grown in the Hot Springs Domain at Te Aroha by Mr Dalton, was 50ft in diameter and had fully 30000 blooms.

read with interest by New Zealand growers.

**AFTERGLOW.**—This is unique in itself, and there is nothing that can well be put as a substitute; but it must be well grown to be seen at its best.

**AGRICOLA.**—Ditto.

**ANDREW AITKEN.**—Ditto.

**BARBARA.**—Some prefer **Melba**, **James Box**, or **Earl Spencer**, and others **Stirling Stent**. **Melba** is no doubt a good pea; **James Box** is said to be a stronger grower; **Earl Spencer** scalds too much in the sun, and so does **Stirling Stent** in very warm climates like New Zealand, Africa, and other places; and as so many are now being asked for from these colonies,

anybody else ever produces it as he does. Its nearest rivals are **Mrs. R. Hallam** and **Lancashire**.

**EDITH TAYLOR.**—This stands out by itself. The nearest that I know, or its greatest rival, would be **Aggie Elder**. **Decorator** may also be mentioned, but it is of a darker shade.

**EDROM BEAUTY.**—This substitute for the original **Helen Lewis**, which seems to have very much gone back from what it was when originally shown, proves to me that this and other varieties must be selected and carefully selected from year to year for stock seed purposes, otherwise they get mixed and lose their original character entirely. **Anglian Orange** is no doubt

and the American **Martha Washington**.

**ETTA DYKE.**—As a white self, it is still in my opinion the best we have seen, but there are such various stocks and such mixed stocks of this variety that the original has somewhat lost favour. Some prefer **White Queen**, but this one throws both types so bad that it is no good except as a market flower. **King White** is said to be the coming pea, larger in size and better in substance; but it has yet to be proved, for so much will depend upon cultivation.

**FLORA NORTON SPENCER.**—This is always a favourite, for its pretty shade of colour. The new **Princess Mary** is a strong

thought when shown in a bunch there is a good deal of difference in shade of colour, but not much in size or quality. **Paradise Carmine**, from the first, I looked upon as nothing more than a true stock of **John Ingman**.

**KING MANOEL.**—As a dark pea this variety has received a great deal of favour the last season, and it is said to be larger than **Nubian**, which as a pea is one of the most popular, although personally I look upon **Othello Spencer** or **Black Knight Spencer**, when well done, to be very strong rivals.

**LILIAN.**—Here we have a new pea, quite distinct, although in the eyes of many it is too near some of the others. We generally



A VEGETABLE GROWER AND SALESMAN'S PITCH IN COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

it must be taken into consideration.

**BERTRAND DEAL.**—Some rather fancy, **Dorothy**, but they are greatly in the minority.

**BRUNETTE.**—Although not voted for by many, it is, in my opinion, a very unique colour, and somewhat larger and better than its rival, **Red Chief**.

**CLARA CURTIS.**—The greatest rivals of this variety are **Dobbie's Cream** and **Isobel Malcolm**, but when you get the right stock of **Clara Curtis** you have as good a stock of this colour as is yet produced. **Dobbie's Cream** may be very good, so is **Isobel Malcolm**.

**CHARLES FOSTER.**—This is unique of itself, but it requires well doing to be seen at its best, otherwise it is disappointing.

**DORIS USHER.**—As Mr. Usher grows this, it is one of the most lovely Peas in existence, but hardly

a strong rival and a really good thing; if another is selected I should say **Helen Grosvenor**.

**ELFRIDA PEARSON.**—This takes the place of the original **Mrs Harcastle Sykes**. **Lady Evelyn Eyre** may be mentioned as the next best in this section, and I think grows to rather a larger size.

**ELSIE HERBERT.**—In the general voting **Elsie Herbert** received as many votes as any variety in this list, but the American variety **Dainty Spencer** may be well substituted, and there is little to choose between them. If a third substitute is wanted I should advocate **Winifred Deal**.

**ERIC HARVEY.**—This is still a popular variety with many, and is worthy of a place in collections of thirty-six distinct varieties. Its greatest rivals are **Marchioness of Tweedale**

rival, and I should say the better flower of the two; but it is not known much yet, and does not come very strong in the voting list of the experts. The other variety may be **Anglian Blue**.

**HERCULES.**—This is now looked upon as the best of this colour, the old original **Countess Spencer** having gone back very materially, although in my opinion **Hercules** is little more than a selection from **Countess Spencer** or **Enchantress**.

**JOHN INGMAN.**—This still holds its own as the best of this type, but is a variety that to have justice done it must be well grown, and be kept select from season to season, for I have seen wretchedly poor stocks of it—nothing more than the old **Grandiflora** when badly cultivated. **George Herbert** is said to be very similar, but I have always

describe it as a pale pink flush with buff, and may perhaps be derived as a somewhat paler **Doris Usher**.

**LORD NELSON SPENCER.**—This is a dark Blue Spencer, and is one of the best yet brought forward.

**LOYALTY.**—For those who like a striped variety, this seems to be one of the most popular.

**MAY CAMPBELL.**—I was much struck with this variety when I first saw it, and I still look upon it as one of the prettiest fancy peas yet upon the market. It may be best described as **Jessie Cuthbertson** in good Spencer form.

**MAUD HOLMES.**—As a rich red crimson, **Maud Holmes** is the best of the class, although many say **Sunproof Crimson** or **King Edward Spencer** is almost the same thing; but I



think if the three are grown together, *Maud Holmes* will prove the largest and best of the three.

**MRS. BREADMORE.**—For its unique picotee edge this is a charming variety, its only rival being *Evelyn Homas*, which is a much weaker grower.

**MRS. CUTEBERTSON.**—This as a bicolor seems now to be the most popular, and it is rather remarkable to think that its rival, *Mrs. Andrew Ireland*, was raised by the same firm. The other one for this section may be *Arthur Unwin*.

**MRS. ROUTZAHN.**—Here a great deal of difference exists with many as to whether this, *Mrs. Hugh Dickson*, *Glady's Burt* or *Queen Mary* is the best; but it has as many synonyms as any pea yet introduced, and it is really a matter of cultivation as to which is the best of the lot.

**MRS. TOWNSEND.**—This is a pea peculiarly its own, a sort of a bluish lavender or bluish lilac on a dull white ground and called a picotee edge; but it is somewhat spoiled, in my opinion, by too much colour on the back of the standard.

**MRS. W. J. UNWIN.**—This as a bright flaked variety has no rivals, for it has a peculiar charm to me that I see in no others of this colour. Its greatest rivals would perhaps be *Aurora Spencer* or *America Spencer*, but the latter is somewhat coarse.

**PRINCE GEORGE.**—Here we have a variety of the original *After-glow* or *Charles Foster* type. It is somewhat between the two, and, well done, is really a lovely variety.

**QUEEN OF NORWAY.**—This variety during the last season has come well to the front. When it was first shown some years ago it drew very little attention. The others in this class, I should say, are *The Marquis* and *Tennant Spencer*, and really, with good cultivation, there is not much to choose between them.

**ROSABELLE.**—This is now looked upon as a very great advance of *Marie Corelli* or *Marjorie Willis*, and I am of the same opinion.

**R. F. FELTON.**—This has made a very great impression upon most people. I certainly think it has improved to what it was when it first came out, for then the standards fell back and the wings stood out, and the flowers were not well placed on the stem. I know the majority do not look upon it in the same light I do, they thinking it is the best of this type; but in my opinion a good *Lavender George Herbert* or a well-grown *Florence Nightingale* are preferred by many.

**SCARLET EMPEROR.**—Here we have a variety that many claim to have raised, and it has a large number of synonyms, but the greatest rivals, I think, are *Red Star* and *Scarlet Empress*; but many say, although good in colour, they are short in stem.

**THOMAS STEVENSON.**—Here again in the eyes of many it is a question as to which is the best of the three, *Danzler*, *Edna Unwin*, or *Thomas Stevenson*; but if we may judge from the number of votes *Thomas Stevenson* stands first.

**W. P. WRIGHT.**—A unique shade of colour, very much in the way of the American variety, *Margaret Madison*, or the English *Moonstone*. *Bettie Jenkins* may by some be considered a good substitute, but it was never a great favourite of mine.

certainly cannot perform tasks that are contrary to Nature's laws, but rather has to assist Nature materially. A close study of plant life, and the way Nature deals with it, is most desirable, for without a knowledge thereof he cannot possibly obtain results that would otherwise be within his reach. The requirements of plants differ so largely as regards position, soil, and general treatment that much information on their respective requirements is essential in assisting them to attain their perfect development.

Observation is a faculty to be cultivated by all who would achieve success, and unless it is fully exercised the cultivator will not be able to give the plants under his care so much assistance as he could wish. Left to herself, Nature is capable of creating very charming scenes and features in field and woodland, and it is only by a knowledge of her methods that artistic and otherwise satisfactory effects can be produced in the garden. Plants and flowers, growing naturally in the fields and hedgerows, often produce effects that in their simplicity and beauty are equal to the most highly-considered examples of the gardener's art. The semi-wild garden is, perhaps, the department where Nature, assisted by one who is fully acquainted with her moods, produces the most delightful effects.

In such a garden Nature should be allowed a certain degree of freedom, or, in other words, plants should be permitted to grow away in much the same manner as they would in the wild state, a check only being placed on the rampant growers that have been included in the scheme of planting and upon undesirable invaders of the domain. The arrangement of the various subjects should be such as to suggest that they had sprung up naturally, instead of being located in a stereotyped manner, as natural

grouping is one of the great charms of the semi-wild garden.

An intermingling of species can often be permitted, but breadths of distinct kinds are generally preferable; their form and blending, however, must be studied from a natural point of view. How often it happens that a group of some diminutive plant in an odd corner gives a sense of completeness. Many forms of plant life would produce but poor effects if it were not for man's assistance; they would frequently be but one wild, tangled mass of worthless growths.

How vast is the number of Nature's products that are turned to account and rendered serviceable, knowledge and skillful manipulation being brought to bear upon them; products that would in many instances be of little or no benefit to mankind without expert assistance.

—J. Garduer.

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# Condemned Unheard.

By F. A. STEEL.  
Author of "Prince of Dreamers," etc.

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THE poinsettias in the church garden were in full glory. Their scarlet leaf-bands stretched themselves hungrily over the thickets of orange and lemon that edged the wide curving road leading—so aimlessly in set curves—to the little church.

Such an aimless little church as it was too! Right away in the heart of a jungle-station in Northern India, yet complete even to varying frontals for the different seasons of the calendar, and sternly correct as to brass lecterns and carved faldstools. Rather too complete, too complex maybe, for the five or six of a congregation which was all it could gather together even on the rare occasions when it could produce an officiating parson from some distant station. On other Sundays, Harry Graham, the newly-appointed Deputy Commissioner, did duty, and very well he did it; for he was the son of a High Anglican dignitary. Besides, for the present, he had his sister Isobel to help him; and Isobel Graham was a woman of strong views.

They were stronger and more clear-cut than ever this winter by reason of the fact that she was very unhappy; or as she preferred to call it, very indignant.

To be brief, she was thirty years of age, and having had a very strenuous time as a nurse in a Children's Hospital during an epidemic of diphtheria, had been ordered rest and change. On the way out for a six months' visit to her brother, she had fallen in love, for the first time in her life, with a man of whom, naturally, she had known nothing, save that he was the only person she had ever met whom she felt she could marry.

And he had turned out not only to be unworthy, but, to one of her views, impossible; for he had been divorced by his wife. Fresh as she was from that marvel of confidence on board ship, the friend with whom she had stopped the night in Bombay, had answered her tentative mention of his name by words which seemed burnt in on her brain—

"John Forde! Oh, yes! That's the man who was divorced from his wife—a pretty little thing who married again—this time happily. It was a bad case, I believe, though I forget most of it except that he didn't even defend himself."

She had asked no further questions. That was enough for her; she only felt thankful that the knowledge had come to her before she had committed herself with her family.

"Then you condemn me unheard?" John Forde had said, his red brown eyes looking fierce under his shaggy brows.

"Yes!" she interrupted, "I condemn you unheard. I do not wish ever to hear you, or see you again."

She said the same thing to herself once more as she sat in her brother's verandah sewing. But her fingers fell idle over and over again, and she sat listless, staring out past the greenery of the garden to the wide stretch of desert sand that carried her eye away to the faintly curved horizon, which showed—even in this early dawn-time—dusty, vague, desolate.

So her life showed. Yet she never wanted to see him again. Nor was it likely, here out in the wilds. Then in a few months her face would be set homewards and there would be no more chance—

So suddenly, on those desert ways, she saw a man. She recognised him instantly. It was John Forde walking swiftly; but he stumbled as he walked.

She stood up appalled by the sudden fear lest he should be drunk. A man who could do one thing might well do another. So, as he approached, she stood back from him; he stopped instantly, and seemed for the first time to realise who she was.

"Oh! It's you, is it?" he said dully. "I beg your pardon, but I wanted the Deputy-Commissioner, and this used to be his house—"

"My brother is the Deputy-Commissioner here now," she replied as he paused, "but he will not return from the district till this evening."

"Not till this evening," echoed John Forde, a sudden discouragement showing in face and even in limb. He seemed to collapse utterly for a second; then he gathered himself together snarlingly. "I wonder if I might ask you to let your servant give me a cup of tea or something," he said almost appealingly. "I have a lot to do still, and if your brother can't help—you must excuse me, but I've been up all night—for several nights."

Her own early tea lay on the table beside her and she poured out a cup. "If you wouldn't mind sending it here," he continued, "I would rather not come closer, if you don't mind." One never can tell, and I've been nursing the worst form of typhus I ever saw—"

He spoke half-dreamily as one might when just awakened from some absorbing nightmare, and Isobel Graham felt a pulse of pity. He looked terribly forlorn, standing like an outcast in the sunshine, gulping down the tea in long draughts and looking at her gratefully the while.

"Take the doctor-salib out a chair and the bread-and-butter, and more tea," she ordered quickly—"that is if you won't come—"

He shook his head. "I hadn't time to change before I left, and Vansittart was just saturated with the poison, poor chap, and I've been doing artificial respiration and all that sort of thing."

"Did you say Vansittart?" she asked curiously, "that is the doctor out at the convict canal-works, isn't it?"

He nodded. "Yes. They've had typhus there for the last month, but the powers wouldn't have it so—said it was epidemic pneumonia—so Vansittart had to go on making post-mortems, he was always a gentle chap—but they'll have to acknowledge it now, I bet." John Forde's red-brown eyes flashed; the bread-and-butter and the tea were restoring his self-confidence. "Now I must go and get the grave dug," he said, rising more alertly.

Isobel Graham turned pale. "The grave—" she faltered, "I—I don't understand."

As she looked at him almost appealingly in her turn, she recognised him as the strong square man who, from the beginning, had seemed to explain to her so many of the world's puzzles; and the softer look which had always come to his face when he spoke to her came to it again.

"Not how should you? There is no velvet glove in India, you see. Poor Vansittart died last night—and he has to be buried. And his wife—he hesitated slightly over the word—"moaned for consecrated ground. So, after I'd got them to make a coffin, I brought him in here—it's only twenty miles across the desert, straight. But I missed my way a bit, and the coolies were in such a blind funk, they could scarcely carry. However, it's done—or nearly done."

The haggardness returned to his face and Isobel Graham felt another pulse of pity, which made her say—"Can't I do anything to help?"

"No," he replied—"at least—yes! You might send your servant to fetch me a prayer-book from the church. I shall have to read the service you see—"

"I'll lend you mine," she began, but he stopped her.

"Please not. Typhus is terribly infectious—and as I say, I hadn't time to change."

"Then I will come and give you one myself."

The words were half-rebellion at his peremptory manner.

"Then you must stay at the other side of the road."

She acquiesced with a bow. So, each on their own side of the path, they made their way through the shady walk, and

the poinsettia fingers amid the greenery seemed to point at them and mock at them.

She was silent, but he talked defiantly, as it were. It was quite a chance he was in that part of the country; but having been given an appointment on the frontier, he had been going across by tongha to save the round by train to Multan, when he had met a messenger who had been sent for a doctor when Vansittart laid up. He had gone, of course, and he must go back again. The canal officer—he had a wife and family, poor chap! had camped out—small blains to him—and the widow—again he hesitated, over the word—was alone and ill. It might be the fever. It might not. He had sent for a nurse, but it might be difficult to get one, at once.

They were at the church by the time, and Isobel, in obedience to his request, got the book, and laid it on the steps. She then went slowly back to her sewing.

But she could not settle to it. The vision of John Forde wrestling with Death alone—for the widow had sounded to her a fearless sort of creature—of his helping to make his friend's coffin—his bringing the corpse across the desert—filled her with vague determination to help. She went down to the little cemetery. She was the only other mourner as she stood at a respectful distance. A dreary little scene it was; but John Forde's strong voice as it read the words of hope thrilled her.

"Thank you. I'll let the—widow know of your kind thought," he said calmly from a distance. "Perhaps you won't mind telling your brother that I'll write about details when I have time."

That was all.

Towards evening her brother returned. "Vansittart!" he echoed, "poor chap! He was a good sort. And did you say John Forde? Well, that is the most extraordinary co-incidence! I wonder—good Lord! it must have been awkward."

"Why?" asked Isobel coldly; she did not want to be interested in John Forde.

"Why? Because Vansittart married John Forde's wife when she divorced him."

It came home to her in a blinding flash then. She saw it all in one swift apprehension. Three nights ceaseless watch doing artificial respiration—and John Forde was sensitive—she knew that. And now, outwearied, outworn, he might have even a harder task before him. Her decision was taken in a moment.

"Harry," she said quietly, "I have only been waiting for your return to tell you that I think I ought, being a trained nurse, to go out and help Dr. Forde if I can. Mrs. Vansittart is ill, and he is quite alone."

It was all cut and dried, as Isobel Graham's plans were wont to be, and day was just darkening over the desert when the orderly whom her brother had sent on with her from the second stage—he having ridden the first with her himself—rose in his stirrups and said, "Yonder is Binawal, Huzoor."

Outlined against the low bar of ruddy light on the horizon she saw a mound and beside her, cavernous in the fading light, yet still showing the mark of the spade was the huge ditch that in time was to be a waterway and bring life and growth to the desert. Perhaps she also might bring new life to those two. If the woman lived, she and the man—

Isobel set her lip; she was not going to be outmatched in generosity.

"Don't tell the doctor-salib," she said peremptorily to the servant at the low bungalow which formed part of the jail wall—"I will go in when I am ready. I suppose you were expecting me?"

The man showed her submissively into a room where she donned her nurse's uniform.

Five minutes afterwards she stood beside John Forde. He had his coat off and was hard at work trying to keep breath in the body of a frail figure that lay on the bed. Heart collapse, she saw in an instant as she passed swiftly to do her part at the off side.

John Forde's red-brown eyes flashed fiercely as he recognised her. "Go away!" he said. "You had no business to come!"

"I had every business," she replied slowly, "I am a trained nurse, and you cannot manage alone. You know you can't."

He gave a sort of grunt and her heart thrilled as she recognised his innate justice; he had admitted her claim at

once; and after that he spoke no more save to give sharp orders, which had to be sharply obeyed.

"She will do now," he said at last, as he felt the pulse rally under his fingers. "It's over for the time, but it was the same with him. I pulled him through three times and then—he lifted his hands in a dispirited gesture. They shook visibly."

"You must go and rest," said Isobel looking at them. "You may require every bit of yourself, you know."

"Yes!" he replied cheerfully. "I do need rest. Good-night—nurse; you'll call if I'm wanted."

When he had left the room Isobel looked round it for the first time, seeking some key to the character of the occupant; for the figure on the bed was too near death, to count for life. The dressing table was set thick with bibblots and brushes, pomatum pots and scented bottles; the table of a woman who, even in the desert, cared for her looks. But beside it was an equally elaborate prie-dieu with a shelf full of devotional books set below a cross that hung on the wall. So Mrs. Vansittart was devotee also; a curious trait in a woman who had done as she had done.

Isobel sat down to watch her patient, and cipher out the situation as best she could. Those two—the she hoped sleeping—doctor, and the woman who as yet had not made up her mind for Life or Death, belonged to each other. The tie between them was indissoluble—except by death.

A vague temptation swept through Isobel Graham as she watched while the gong sounded the slow hours. It would need so little—but she thrust the thought aside until just before dawn—the time when so many sick folk weary in the fight, it seized on her with the perception that danger was once more at hand. A few minutes delay would settle—much!

But the next instant she was in John Forde's room shaking his shoulder insistently.

"You're wanted—come at once, please." What followed was the toughest fight for life Isobel had ever seen. It was stupendous even to witness the grim determination of the man.

"I must try transfusion," he said between his teeth. "I can, now you're here. Just keep up the movement, please. I'll be back with the apparatus in a second."

"But whose?" began Isobel. He interrupted with a bitter laugh.

"Mine, of course! Aren't we one flesh?"

She knew then that he had guessed the reason of her coming, that he knew she knew, and—despite the imminent presence of death she flushed crimson-red.

There was no time, however, for emotion. All was action. Ten minutes afterwards John Forde, looking white and spent, was letting her bandage up his arm; but the awful look of strain had passed from the face on the bed. "I think she will do now," said the doctor reflectively. "Yes! I am almost sure she will live. Thanks for your help—nurse; I couldn't manage it—for him!"

But for her?—

A sudden flood of sheer jealousy made Isobel Graham catch in her breath in horror of herself.

During the long days that followed she had ample time for thought. Providence had sent her to save this woman for this man. The past would be forgotten; they would make atonement—he must be really devoted to her or he would not have done what he had done—she was still very pretty, so what else was to be expected? And it was right; that was the great point.

The self-abnegation of this almost satisfied her until the pretty pale blue eyes began to watch her narrowly from the bed as they soon did; then, somehow, she began to feel uncomfortable. They were very clear, complement-wide-awake eyes, despite the tears which so frequently dimmed them. They saw everything and pigeon-holed what they saw.

"I am so glad he is going," said the patient at last in a weak plaintive voice after John Forde had announced that, being no longer urgently required, he must soon be re-joining his journey frontwards. "He reminds me so terribly of my poor last darling; and then—of course he is a dear, good, kind creature—but he always got on my nerves somehow."

Isobel's sudden indignation was so great that for the life of her she could not resist saying—

"So I believe." Helen Vansittart smiled rather malignly. "Ah! so you do know! I thought

you did, and I wanted to find out. It is such a very awkward position, isn't it?"

"Awkward! What an epithet for sheer tragedy; but the hearer felt silenced from overt criticism by those hard blue eyes. It would be useless she felt to say anything."

"Rather awkward," assented Isobel coldly, hoping to check the conversation.

But Mrs. Vansittart was, like most convalescents, garrulous.

"I think it is very hard on me," she continued plaintively. "It puts me under such an obligation and he has no business to do that. It is on a par with his not marrying again—" she moved restlessly, and Isobel settled her pillows, her lips set with anger. "You see," went on the pretty plaintive voice, "it was really very unkind of him, for there was no real reason why he shouldn't; and men generally do. It would have made me so much happier—happy as I was with my lost one"—here the tears began to roll down the pretty cheeks that were fast recovering their roundness, their pinkness. "And it isn't as if we were ever fond of one another. He married me just to take care of me, I'm sure, and I was so young and I wanted a protector. It was very wrong, of course; but I didn't understand what love was then. Besides I wasn't the sort of wife for him at all. He requires someone not so good-looking and more reliable—a girl more like you—what is the matter, nurse, you've upset the eau-de-cologne?"

More than that was upset, and those clear complacent eyes took in the fact with a certain amusement; having lived on simulated emotion all her life, she was quick to recognise the real thing.

"You came out with John in the same ship," said Mrs. Vansittart the next day. "He told me." And then suddenly, without warning, she remarked coolly. "Why don't you marry him, Miss Graham? I'm sure he wants you to—now doesn't he?"

"Really! Mrs Vansittart!" began Isobel hotly, then paused, feeling frankly that it was useless to try and get inside that armour of unconscious selfishness. "I don't suppose you will understand," she continued laughingly, "but I hold it wrong for divorced persons to marry; and no matter how I loved a man—"

"Then you do love him," interrupted the sweet womanly voice. "I am so glad. And I quite understand—quite! I wouldn't do it myself—I—I wouldn't indeed, for I think just as you do—and of course real love is divine in its origin, only—" there was a pause and a distinct air of virtue crept over the pretty face—"Miss Graham! I'm going to tell you something in the strictest confidence, that I've never told to anyone before—not even to John himself; but you have been so kind to me, and he says you saved my life. So I want you to be happy—and oh! don't I know it!" (the tears rose easily) "love is happiness. The fact is—I can hardly bear even to say it—I—I never was married to John at all."

The very walls of the room seemed to rock and close in on Isobel Graham's amazement.

"Not married?"

"No! I thought I was of course. Surely I need hardly say that! But when I met Dr. Forde I was a widow—such a young widow, and quite forlorn. The man I had married was perfect wretch and had deserted me, and I'd seen his death in the papers. But he wasn't really dead then. After I had been married three years, he wrote me a letter, and you can't think Miss Graham how awful it was! I didn't know what to do. I couldn't face my friends; and I was the centre of such a charming society; everyone admired me! So I sent him money; and then he really did die. It was such a relief. But still I couldn't be happy. I know I was not really married, and I couldn't tell John. And then my darling—he was John's best friend which made it so hard, you know—came into my life and it all seemed so dreadful, so truly dreadful. And then this story about that other woman turned up. I don't know if it was true; perhaps it wasn't but in India it is so common you know fact quite unmoved.

—And John was miserable—I saw I was ruining his life—and you see, I hadn't any right to do that—no right at all—"

"But by this time Isobel Graham had recovered herself.

"So you divorced him knowing he was not guilty?"

"How could he be guilty when we weren't married?" asked Mrs. Vansittart

pettishly. "You don't understand. He didn't really mind; besides if he had, he wouldn't really have had the right either. It was all so confused—and any how I did it for the best—I did indeed."

Isobel Graham stood speechless, her hands pressed to her forehead. Confused! The word did not express the utter obfuscation of thought which was hers. John Forde was undoubtedly free; but on the other hand he had not known he was free. All his actions stood in the same light as they had done before—or did they not? She could not decide, she could not think. She could only say with what purpose was left to her—

"Thank you, that is enough. If you say any more, I will go out of the room."

Only one thing seemed clear to her on reflection. John Forde, whatever his faults, had been shamefully betrayed by the woman he believed to be his wife. To save her own petty self-esteem she had accused him of a crime—at least of something—of which, possibly, he was not guilty; and she had certainly branded him as a divorced man. He had acquiesced—more shame to him; but for all that she, Isobel Graham, had misjudged him as the rest of the world misjudged him and now, knowing the truth, she owed him an apology. So much seemed clear.

He was booted and spurred for his ride across the desert when she began her stammering ambiguous words. He cut them short with a tightened clasp of the hand he held in good-bye greeting.

"So Helen has told you the truth," he said swiftly, his face lighting up, his quick genius for diagnosis coming to his aid unerringly. "Hasn't she?"

"She told me," began Isobel cautiously, remembering the confidential character of her knowledge, but again he was too alert for her, and his face softened.

"Poor soul," he said gently. "I hardly expected she ever would. It isn't in her, you see. And it was desperately hard and rough on her—"

"Then you know?" faltered Isobel, "you knew all the time—"

"Of course I knew. The man wrote to me also; and I was just going to speak to Helen when the beast—he was a beast—died. And then—then it was for her to decide—you see, my dear, I—I am not very orthodox I'm afraid—marriage or no marriage didn't trouble me much. She wasn't happy, I wasn't happy—our so-called marriage was a mistake; but I felt bound to her, so I left it to her. I was a bit flabbergasted at her method of shunting me, I own. But it didn't seem to matter really; you see I never expected you would come along, my dear—take care, child!"

For Isobel Graham had collapsed hopelessly at the very feet of the strong square man, and was weeping silently as she looked up in his kindly face.

"Poor little woman," he said as he stooped to raise her and hold her fast—"You see I couldn't tell you, could I—besides—" a slight sadness came to his voice, "you condemned me unheard! However! That's over, I suppose?"

"Yes! it's over," said Isobel Graham in a muffled voice—her lips were pressed on the lapel of John Forde's white drill coat, just above his heart—"but I wish you hadn't—no!—John! you are the best, the kindest—"

The doctor pushed her from him in alarm, and looked anxiously in her face. "You don't feel ill do you? No! that's all right. I thought you were talking a bit wild, that's all."

SUBTRACTION.

Aunt Dorothy: How many commandments are there. Johnny?

Johnny (glubly): Ten.

Aunt Dorothy: And now suppose you were to break one of them?

Johnny (tentatively): Then there'd be nine.

NOTICE

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that in 1912 only one man was executed for murder, and he was a negro. There seems to be no common cause for these murders, except that human life is lightly considered and that the law is despised. The frontier settlements in the West were once supposed to hold the record for bloodshed, but any description of a frontier community that tolerated a murder every day would be laughed at as fantastic. And yet this very state of things exists in Alabama and without any of the excuses that existed in pioneer days, and before the law of the land could effectively assert itself.



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# Connors at Shungopovi.

B) LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN.

**S**HUNGOPOVI village hangs high in air on a round rock-turret of the Second Mesa. The clouds and the crows fly very near its flat roofs. As the cavalry crawled over the last red shale they saw it close before them, hard white, with a giddy wheel of black wings above it. Lieutenant Farrar peered at it under his hand and frowned. Then his eyes moved to the lubberly back of the trooper riding flank, and the frown increased. Farrar didn't like the idea of Shungopovi, but still less he liked the fact of Trooper Connors.

All around him the men were riding wiry and light, chins high and impassive faces, and the sight of Connors, bobbing up and down in his saddle like a cork on a line, screwing his long neck from side to side, rolling his eyes on every fitting change of landscape, exasperated Lieutenant Farrar. Even with growth of stubble on chins and hair unregulation long, the troop preserved its shorn military air, but from under a thatch of fire-coloured locks Connors' face peered with pre-historic suggestion of man before laws were made. The very colour of that hair of his—the reddest hair in Arizona, the troop averred—was irritating to the officer's eye.

It was hard, thought Farrar sourly, in this business, where was most need of quick, handy men, to be saddled with this "slob"—dolt at drill, clod in the saddle, butt of the column on field service—here Trooper Connors' eye caught his superior's scowl, and Connors smiled, a slow, long-dawning smile that curled gently around the corners of his mouth, and twinkled up in his eyes, and seemed to disjoint the back-bone of resistance.

"Tention! Cover in file!" snarled Lieutenant Farrar.

The troop shut into itself like a concertina, and trotted hard for Shungopovi. From the mesa the rock rose like a chimney. All eyes were lifted to the white walls at the summit, and their crown of carrion birds. The circling wings broke, fluttering, as if they sensed

the sharp approach of men. The troopers leaped to their horses' ears. Towards the summit the trail became steep steps. "Halt! Dismount!" was the order. Up they went, hands helping knees. On the crest of the cliff a white wall met them, with one slim, arched opening, and down an alley a man might walk through sideways, following Farrar, 19 troopers and Trooper Connors scrambled into Shungopovi.

"Woosh!" went up a thousand wings, a palpable shadow rising from the village. From all the roofs rose a dreary ululation of dogs. The men stared around a plaza empty, white, and filthy; then sullenly back at Farrar. They did not like Shungopovi. Report of a small-pox outbreak had come down from the "Three Mesas," and headquarters had designated a detail to police the infected village, "Moqui" reservation, and to Troop K the lot had fallen. But it was far from their idea of soldiering, and it had an evil smell. For a little, that faint stench of death seemed all that was left to inhabit Shungopovi. Then a thin, brown man slid out of the tangle of walls, and regarded them, through his wild forelock, with glittering eyes. His blanket swathed him fast. Under it his feet showed fleshless and terrible. He came forward a hesitating step or two, smiled, and began to speak to Farrar with a lisping language that whispered on the indrawn breath.

"Can any one understand this Jingo?" said Farrar helplessly.

"I could be by way of speakin' to him, sir," rose the bland drawl of Connors in the rear.

"You!" said Farrar explosively. "He can't speak English!"

"I know it, sir," said Connors confidentially. "What will I be askin' him, if ye please?"

The troopers grinned with delight. "Ask him where his people are," said Farrar, short and incredulous.

Connors strolled forth, and thrust out his hand to the Indian. His tobacco-pouch was in it. "Quatsi" (friend), he said. Was there something threatening

in the Indian's fixed and breathless smile?

"Quatsi!" The Indian reached from his blanket a hand whose every bone bit through the flesh. The troopers lung forward as if in vain endeavour to understand the soft, hesitating words that fell grotesquely from Connors' Galway tongue.

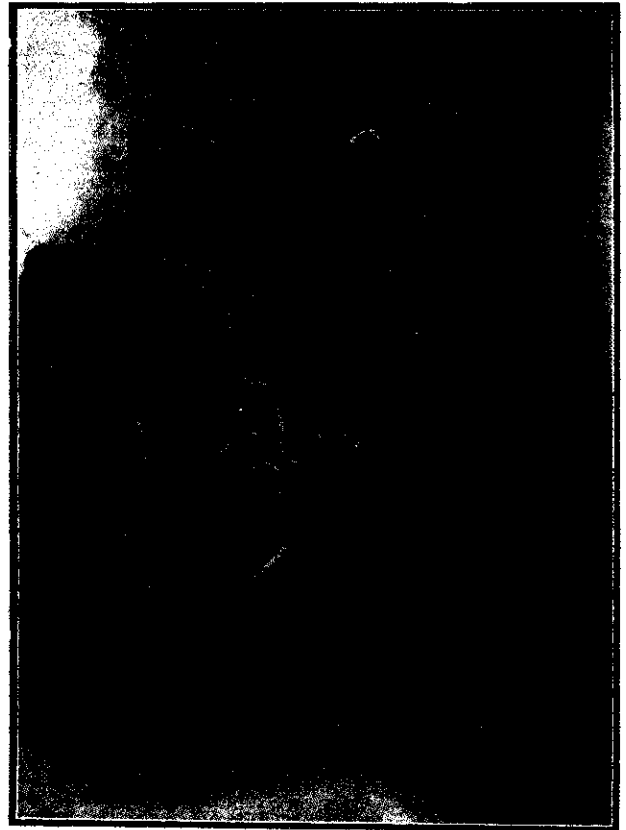
"He says," interpreted Connors, "that the crows have taken the livers of his

"Who? Oh!—hell!" grunted Cassidy, "We ain't tryin' to please 'em!" He laid his hand on a door-latch.

"It's like walkin' into your grave!" whispered Connors, grinning, half serious.

"You fool," the other growled, "it's empty!" and struck the door open. He winced back; Connors turned pale and crossed himself.

The dull, low light from the window of



The wild Nimbus of Connors' locks flamed forth with veritable light.



"Let the chief who says 'Friend,' lead his people away through there!"

father and mother, and he wants tobacco."

"Ask him where the dead are," said Farrar.

"He says he doesn't know," translated Connors apologetically.

The officer snuffed and grunted. He had not yet recovered from the surprise of finding Connors useful. "Connors, you've been here before?"

"No, sir, only generally all about the country," said Connors with a vague wave of his hand at the surrounding buttes.

The officer frowned. He hated vagueness either of time or locality, yet in this desert of deceptive distances and dazzling atmosphere vagueness encompassed him. "The bodies are here, somewhere," he determined; "and we've got to find 'em before sunset if we overhaul the whole town."

The ringing spurs of the cavalry pervaded the village; and in their wake, mysteriously appearing from the web of wall and street as if the sound of sabre and spur drew them like a warning tocsin; went the soft-footed, muffled, whispering villagers. They struck like shadows to the troopers' heels, stopping when the men stopped, and at a little distance, swathed in their forlorn blankets, watched breathless, alert. In times before that cavalry troop had seen bad places, but Shungopovi was the worst. Thoroughly, doggedly they set at it, ripping open silent houses, sifting out filthy alleys, matter-of-factly cursing with increasing wonder, as emptiness succeeded emptiness. But Connors, hanging on the heel of the long-striding squad, shirked the ghostly doorways, and oftentime his flickering glance reverted uneasily to the silent, quick-eyed following. There was something strangely stoic about this remnant surviving in the midst of death, as if they took for granted disease, misery, even starvation—everything but the presence of the cavalry troop. "They don't like it, Cassidy," Connors muttered to the trooper at his elbow.

born lay over a mass of vague undulations like windrows a scythe leaves behind it. The men looked. Out of the gloom an arm, bone, and translucent flesh, lifted, twisted, torturing, and dropped back. There was a sigh, like escaping breath. The sergeant thrust through the door with the growl of a dog who finds a bone. "Got 'em!" Then from within: "Lively, now, get at 'em. Connors, report headquarters." The men came reluctantly. It was a gruesome business. Farrar had his teeth set for the task before him, but peering through that dreadful doorway, he was aware it was even worse than he had expected. He wanted to put through the job as quickly and thoroughly as possible, fumigate the place, and get on, leaving the rest to the doctor and the missionary.

"Get the dead out as fast as you can, and—look out," he warned sharply, for Connors, lifting the feet of a body, had caught sight of the face but half concealed, and let his end of the burden fall.

"Ass!" thought Farrar disgustedly. "Such men ought to be shot!"

Outside the door had gathered the Indian following, alert and silent, unmoved by what they saw within. But when the soldiers began to carry shrouded bodies out into the light, the impassive faces developed animation. Excitedly gesticulating, one began to speak, his eyes darting, rapid as a snake's between Connors and the lieutenant.

"He says," Connors explained apologetically, "that they have these places where they come all together to die, because it's warmer. He says if we take these away, he'll cut off our heads."

"I guess not," the officer muttered absently, scribbling on a scrap of paper.

"Connors!"

"Sir!"

"See that this order is filled out, and the stuff up here in an hour. Don't wait for it. Understand!"

Connors, studying the scrap of paper, had a mingling. He didn't like the idea

one of the articles on the list had given him. His snub nose wrinkled with doubt. He looked anxiously at his superior. "Would ye mind, sir," he tentatively suggested, "if I asked one question?"

The officer's voice sounded cold and far away: "Trooper Conners, you've got your orders."

Conners sighed, and turned, reluctant. The lieutenant glared after him. "Was the man impertinent, or only simple?"

It was a question which had perplexed the service ever since a large Irishman with the reddest hair Arizona had ever seen, had sidled up to the recruiting sergeant at the Phoenix station and suggested that the recruiting sergeant step over to "Hennessy's" with him and have a drop of something, and a chat over it. This was Conner's way of saying he wanted to enlist. The recruiting sergeant had prophesied that the service would change that way of his, but Conner's way had come nearer to upsetting the service. No drill could square those quivering shoulders, or brisk that deliberate step. No function, however military solemn, could quite wipe out the scorable flicker from his pale, deep-set eye. It was impossible to put finger on that faculty that not only eroded, but seemed unconsciously to undermine discipline. There was contagion in the man that subtly affected his associates. It was impossible not to unbend when that amiable, conniving blue eye rolled upon you; impossible not to laugh when that deep, musical chuckle bubbled up out of Conner's throat. For his superiors he had neither contempt nor insubordination, only obviousness of rank—a mere inability to grasp the idea of military government—and when, as in the case of Lieutenant Farrar, there was added keen personal admiration, the officer was apt to find the situation difficult. Conners had an exasperating way of communicating official messages—as a confidential whisper, of adding comments as to what he thought the officer meant, of improving on his instructions. Brought to book for this offence he was ready to explain why his performance was superior to the original order. Sometimes it was; and this was not to be borne! Yet Conners could seem to make no logical connection between his eccentricities and extra guard duty. He went through his punishment with a vague, wondering smile at the inexplicableness of an order of life that rounded on a man for communicating ideas.

So now as he went, with his supple, unmilitary swagger, along the streets of Shungopovi, and down the tortuous trail that doubled around the rock turret, his look was clouded with doubt, and his under-lip thrust forth in judicial meditation. He delivered his order to the trader in the store, huddled at the foot of the pinnacle. Then, with what money he had, he filled his pockets with sticks of peppermint candy and little bags of tobacco.

He knew the two besetting weaknesses of the Hopi Indians, and it occurred to Conners that such gifts might not be inconvenient.

While he waited, lounging on the counter, he took off his heavy campaign hat, and two Indian children, brown, shivering waifs, who had drawn near, fascinated at the sight of so much candy, precipitately retreated.

"Hey, quatsi," said Conners, coming toward them, holding out a piece of peppermint. The littler, wailing, clung to her sister, who backed hastily against the wall. Her voice, dominating the sobs of the younger, imperturbed the trader, who slapped his knees with shouts of delight.

"Eh?" demanded the bewildered Conners; "an' what's got the kids?"

"Well, if you want to know, it's yer hair," said the trader, with much enjoyment.

"What the devil d'ye mane?" growled Conners.

"Well, you would set the Colorado afire!" said the trader, grinning at Conner's fiery bush. "Don't know as I ever see anything like it myself, but they"—turned his thumb in the direction of the round-eyed sisters cuddled against the wall—"ain't never seen no kind of a red-headed man in their lives. There ain't but one thing in this country that's such a colour." He pointed with a chuckle at the glowing bed of coals. "They think it's somethin' to warm yer hands at."

Conners clapped his hand to his head as if he expected to find it hot.

"Well, I'm damned!" he brought out at last. "Did ye ever hear the like o' that?" The idea appeared to amuse him, for he chuckled.

"Well, did ye ever hear the like o' that!" he repeated, as he closed the

trader's door behind him. He walked a little way. Then a new idea seemed to strike him. He looked up at Shungopovi, with his slow-dawning smile. He pulled out his bandana handkerchief, and, as a man might look up precious metals for future profit, Conners bound the handkerchief over his hair carefully till the last stubborn lock was concealed. Then, putting on his hat, he took his deliberate way upward again, toiling, peering up at the roofs above him. "They don't like it," he muttered. He stepped through the hole in the wall that led into Shungopovi, and from the far end of the passage looked back at the narrow aperture through which flashed a glitter of turquoise sky, and shook his head. "I don't like it meself," he concluded. He turned; he started. Behind him, close as his own shadow and as black, stood a villager. The dark folds of his blanket almost met his inky forelock. The glitter of the eyes through the slit somehow made Conners feel the cliff edge was very near his back. The Hopi pointed toward the archway.

"Go away through there!" The sentence fell softly from his tongue.

"Eh?" Conners hesitated, perplexed—then a reminiscent grin lighted his face. "Oho! I give you tobacco out there in the plaza! Friend!" He thrust out his

sickness; and that the power that sends me is greater than Washington, I give you a sign." He sprang back and snatched off his campaign hat. His wild hair, red as a blood orange, coruscating in the noon sun, flared forth. The light, electric atmosphere of the mesa seemed to set every lock on end.

The Hopi leaned forward with a soft exclamation rising to a laugh. "Hi-y-i-i!" His white teeth gleamed delight. His hand reached toward the fiery bush.

Conners stepped back, raising his hand with a platform gesture. "Tewa!" (fire) he said sternly, "owiwuhta!" (flame).

The man hesitated, poised, incredulous, while Conner's brain rocked with the fear of failure; then timidly, still half unbelieving, the Hopi extended his hands, and spread his fingers toward Conner's hair, as toward a burning fire.

"Where's that man Conners?" the lieutenant demanded of the sergeant.

"Where's that dam' red-headed Irishman?" the sergeant shouted to a trooper.

"He's come up," the man declared. "I saw him half-an-hour past goin' through the plaza wid an Injun."

"An Indian!" the exasperated officer growled an order in his throat, and a curious squad of corporal and two troopers set out for the plaza.



"Come to-night to the house where the soldiers are and I will give you candy—red candy."

hand. A stick of peppermint was in it, but the Hopi stood immovable, his arms tight folded in his black blanket. "Let the chief who says 'friend,' lead his people away through there!" he repeated.

The dual significance flashed on Conners.

"He thinks I'm the boss of the gang," he chuckled, but while he smiled he looked into the eyes of revolt. He had but the space of his smile to consider in, but inspiration, that flourished for him under pressure, was already budding in his fertile brain. Involuntarily he raised his hand and drew his hat harder down over the bandana handkerchief.

"Not my people," he smiled slowly, significantly wagging his head—"none of mine! They came with me. They are my servants, but they are men of Washington. I am nearer kin to you."

The Hopi's eyes ran over Conner's khaki with a half-satirical flicker; and faintly appreciatively, Conner's face reflected it. But he sidled closer.

"I wear these clothes because if they know, they would not come with me, and I need their strength. But do they talk your tongue? Do they take your hand?"

The Indian stood like a bronze, but his smile abated, and his eyes were fixed on his interlocutor.

"I come," said Conner, leaning forward impressively, "to take away the

To these men, who laboured all day between the cliffs and the houses of death, Shungopovi had seemed a city of the dead, but Conners had reanimated it. The white plaza was spotted with black and orange—muffled figures, light and silent, all drawing from the fringing houses toward the centre of the square, where a tight-packed ring leaned and looked up; and in their midst on the platform of the high kiva hatchway, in the broad wash of the desert sun, flamed the hair of Conners; and it was Conner's voice that sounded, rolling beathen words under his tongue. There was a full minute before the corporal remembered his duty.

Remonstrating, expostulating, with curses behind his teeth, they brought Conners before the lieutenant. That officer was already sufficiently harassed by the inexplicable disappearance of three carbines. It was a bad moment to bring any more irregularities before him.

"I was only explainin' to thim," Conners explained to the angry Farrar. "They don't like us bein' here, an' I was only tellin' thim that what ye were goin' to do wasn't anny bar-ram at all."

"Who told you what I was going to do?" demanded Farrar.

"Ye gave me the list," said Conners, aggrieved, "an' there was on'y one guess I could make."

"When you get orders, don't make guesses," said the officer sternly. "You'd

get yer throats cut with this wigwag." "We'll a date more likely get 'em cut without it," broke in Conners eagerly. "Report to the sergeant for duty until the town is clean. Then you can go under arrest." The officer's eye looked through Conners, and his voice was far away. From that tone, Conners decided there was no appeal. But his expression of profound perturbation did not seem to revert to the sentence of arrest.

"If on'y I'd had a minute more—just a minute—I'd 'iv had thim," he muttered regretfully, as he followed the detail out across the sea of rock that sloped away to the south of the village. "He's a fine boy, the lieutenant, no doubt of it, but he knows less about people than I do about swaddlin'-bands."

The ledge of the aerie on which Shungopovi hung was split, as if some mighty knife had plunged and pried it into narrow clefts, whose ends ran down to oblivion. Thither the bodies had been brought and gathered into heaps on the lip of the precipice. And thither followed native women, leading naked children, large-headed and lean, like change-lings, furtive as foxes. They seemed unagitated, merely curious, reassured possibly by the place to which the bodies had been brought. Conners knew that in such clefts as these, covered with stones, the Hopis were wont to bury their dead, but he knew also this was not the method of interment the lieutenant intended.

"It's the devil's own service!" he sighed. "Now, why couldn't he leave me be? Just as I would be tellin' 'em how it would be! They was comin' to me hand like a bird to a bush!" He looked down to where the tents of the new camp showed white. "Now, how will I ever get hold of thim again?" he muttered.

A light touch on his hand brought his eyes back again. A child, a boy of six, bronze and naked, a red feather braided in his hair, pulled him gently by the sleeve. He was pointing at one of the Hopi bodies, covered with a blanket.

"What are you doing with my father?" he asked in the native tongue.

"Who was your father?" questioned Conners in the same language.

"Lolama, the very big chief," said the child sombrely.

"Oho!" said Conners, and a twinkle re-kindled in his brooding eye. "I am sending your father to the Maho-ki. You are the very big chief now."

"Give me candy," said the child, edging closer. He used the single English word with staccato effect.

Conners looked all around, spying the horizon, like a thief who fears to be seen, then down at the child, and laughed with his deep-throated chuckle.

"Come to-night to the house where the soldiers are, the house of the three ladders at the end of the street, and I will give you candy—red candy." He pulled out a piece and held it aloft. The child clutched covetously; and Conners returned the sweet to his pocket.

"No, Yonder, to-night," he said, pointing toward Shungopovi.

A woman came softly and took the boy's hand. Conners watched the red feather glinting away among the rocks, with a half-smile that wrinkled into a frown.

"It's all such takin' chances," he muttered.

Out of Shungopovi, across whose roofs the western sun lay level and golden, down the trail worn in the solid granite, he watched a procession of two burros prodded on by a trooper in their rear. They crawled under a load of great tin cans that clattered and creaked, and flashed like a burning-glass when the sun caught them. And with that fiery glint came the suggestion that sent a shiver over Conner's imaginative skin.

Into the deep rock-clefts the men were lowering blanket-wrapped shapes. Sleeves stripped to shoulder, perspiration dripping off their faces, with cracking muscles and bending backs, they laboured in a desperate race with day. The "after-glow" was an aurora in the west, and the land a slate-coloured silhouette on the heavens before the work was complete.

"Powers above," muttered Conners, wiping his forehead with his bare forearm: "if we're associatin' wid this disease much longer we won't need our throats cut to kill us."

Beneath his campaign hat he had kept his handkerchief over his hair, and his face under it showed flushed and dubious. Slowly he unscrewed the cover from a great square tin can.

Into the lovely, purple twilight rose

\*Skeleton house—home of the dead in Grand Canyon.

the rank, penetrating odour of kerosene. The men's clothes were splashed with it. The drenched rock sucked it in. The astonished stars rose up to see dark figures with flaring torches, running along the edges of the cliff, leaping from rock to rock, stooping, dipping the light, and up again, and away. Spurts of fire sprang behind them, flames that peered and hesitated and leaped together with a roar, plying heavenward. Shungopovi stood in a ring of fire. On the black sky, its walls and roofs sprang clear in the broad light. An odour as of hell's kitchen sickened the air. The men gasped, paralysed.

"My Gawd! can't we turn it off?" growled a trooper at Couner's elbow. "Woosh-a-roo!" murmured Couner, half apprehension, half appreciation of

the tremendous theatric effect. "Hark to him up there!"

It was the voice of Shungopovi. They heard with pricking skins. Neither the roar of street riot, nor the yelling of the Apache charge; but as if a jungle of beasts had given tongue, chatterings, snarlings, yelpings, and the sibilant tongues of snakes.

Above the clamour spoke the clear voice of the bugle, and the detail trotted back through the horrid glare its hands had kindled, into the howling village. There it was bayonet and butt and double quick for a few minutes, while the villagers fled before the charge into the houses, up to the roofs, down into the kivas, rallying from the sheltering shadows, like creatures from a lair, hanging from the housetops, snarling at the white men, tossing their arms at the

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fire. There was a fierceness of anguish in their lamentation, as if on their own bodies they felt the devouring fire.

For an hour the circle of flame shook around Shungopovi. At intervals the lieutenant watched it through a glass. He felt annoyed that his pro-aim orders should have produced such a dramatic result. The agitation of Shungopovi was meaningless to him, and it ceased as unreasonably as it had begun. The fire subsided slowly, but long before it had sunk the voices ceased, as at a preconcerted signal. All around him the village grew still with a deep, disquieting silence, a silence of suspense, as if Shungopovi were taking breath; as if, like a stalking beast, it had come too near the spring to make outcry.

The lieutenant was disconcerted by the uncanny cessation of sounds. Apparently order was preserved, but he wanted to be certain. For an hour the troops patrolled Shungopovi, and saw all streets empty, all doors fast; not so much as a blanket flutter.

"These people are rabbits," said Farrar contemptuously, remembering Conners' fears, and told off seven men for the guard, the rest to return to camp.

Conners' jaw dropped. Forgetful of regulations, he craned from his place on the flank of the patrol.

"You're not after leavin' seven men alone in this place, sir?" he stammered.

"Trooper Burke, take Conners' place." The men grinned. Conners' face flamed a shade redder than his hair, and he stood fast.

"I'll stay wid you, sir," he said. This was what Farrar wanted. In spite of everything Conners seemed now and then to be able to elucidate uncertainties.

The troop clattered joyously down the corkscrew trail that lets out of Shungopovi. The ringing of their spurred heels departing was a melancholy sound to Trooper Conners' ears. He wrinkled his little snub nose dubiously.

He hated taking chances after dark. He hated being solitary, and the beat assigned him was on the southern skirt of the town, farthest from the deserted adobe where Lieutenant Farrar had taken up quarters. Silence was full of alarms for Trooper Conners. Looking sharply left and right, he paced the glimmering light and shadow of the alley, whose shapes shifted and shortened as the moon climbed higher.

Presently into the profound stillness dropped a sound, and Conners breathed a sigh of relief. There was something doing at last! A voice extended itself—a vast vibration above the roofs—rising, prolonging in resonant recitative, fitting, piercing, on that highest note tenuously dying back into the silence. Conners bent his head listening.

"The crier," he muttered, "he's calling them to the kivas." He glanced up across the retreating tier of roofs. From where he stood the floor of Shungopovi sloped sharply upward. He could see the upper story of "headquarters," the point of light in the window. He could see the glint of a carbine as one of the patrol crossed the plaza. Then the door of the guard-house opened, and the sergeant came out. Conners watched him step from the ladder into swallowing gloom. A moment later came the challenge at the first sentry-post. Then long silence. Conners waited, expectantly first—then uneasily, while he might have heard three challenges.

"I could hear him at ivy one of them," he thought, but the air seemed fairly to ring with his emptiness. What darkness was this, that could stifle sound? A wind seemed to stir in his hair. Half-way down his beat he halted short. He hesitated, then with an impulse too rapid for thought, without one quaver of conscience, he deserted his post, and struck up the street leading to the plaza. His revolver was on his hip, his carbine in his arm. His eyes travelled incessantly. He listened for a whisper, a movement, a drawn breath, but not the softest, stealing sound touched his ears. Every cast shadow stood stark. The covers were down over the kiva hatches, but a faint glow filtered through them. He stepped out into the plaza, and stopped dead at what was at his feet. It was a man sprawled on his face. There was a dark stain between his shoulders, from under his breast a dark stream creeping. His hands were clutched into the rocky pavement. On one of the outlying arms Conners caught the gleam of a chevron.

He felt the hair lift along his scalp. The sweat stood out on his body. He stooped and felt. The sergeant was dead, stabbed, and without a sound, without even a clatter as he fell. And his carbine was gone!

Conners seemed to feel the muzzle of the vanished gun in the middle of his back. He had a furious impulse to run; and on the heels of it another, wild as the first. Blindly, precipitately, he followed it.

It was less thought than instinct that took his feet not up towards headquarters, but on across the plaza into the street that led to the edge of Shungopovi, and the loophole in the wall of rock. Cautiously he halted in the wall angle, and peered down the black throat of the alley. In the heart of it the moon found three streaks of steel. Three! Conners saw, with a sudden suspension of breath! Those three rifles that had vanished that morning! Keeping carefully on the shadowed side of the street, he retreated. His heart was stifling as he turned the next corner lest he find another dead man, but the second sentry was pacing down his beat, carbine on shoulder.

Conners collected the guards. His look was as of something so portentous that they unhesitatingly took his word for the lieutenant's orders, without the lie that was ready on Conners' tongue. He marched them to the temporary guard-house.

Inside the low, upper room, Lieutenant Farrar listened to Conners. "But those people are no fighters," he objected.

"That's just it, sir. They don't fight at all. When they're blind mad they kill, and they've the honour of a Chinaman."

"Well, have some men up from camp and cool 'em down," said the lieutenant carelessly.

"If ye please, sir, there are three devils squatted at the end of the trail wid our carbines, that 'ud pick off the boys before they knew it." Conners wiped his damp forehead.

The lieutenant frowned, and drummed the floor. It was a ticklish thing to be shut up in a town of people who could unobtrusively knife sentries on their beats. But six white men with a wall at their backs would do, he thought, for a village of these Indians.

"Three carbines missing this morning," he mused, "and one to-night. Three at the trail—one in the mob." He laughed uneasily.

"If ye please, sir, wouldn't it better try an' placate them?" said Conners anxiously.

"Yes—with a carbine-butt." The lieutenant stepped out of the door. It stood open on his figure silhouetted on the wall opposite. He looked down the long street running south, and up the narrow alley at the bag-end of which the house stood. "There's one of 'em now," he said.

A little shadow was hopping along the blank-white house-front. Conners' eye caught the glint of a red feather.

His face lighted. "Oho, me little big chief," he murmured, "I had forgotten ye!"

"Candee," said the child, pressing against the ladder-foot.

"Candee, for the very big chief," said Conners, grinning ungratingly down from the roof. He took a piece of peppermint-stick from his pocket, and held it toward the child. "Come, pass quang" (very sweet), he coaxed.

Cautiously, one foot at a time, the little chief ascended, his covetous eyes aloft. Conners, breathing heavily with excitement, reached down an impatient arm, and lifted him over the last rungs. He tucked the candy into the mouth that gaped for it, and set the child down in the room, where he hunched himself up like a rabbit, and solemnly sucked.

"Conners—" And Conners turned a tentative eye on Farrar. "I think he's better in there, sir," he murmured. But the lieutenant seemed not to hear—perhaps to have forgotten! His eyes were ranging the level roof-lines. "Conners, do you hear anything?"

There was no audible sound, yet Conners' sensitive ears seemed to sense a stir. It pulled him up, alert as a drawn bow.

"See anything?" the officer muttered. Conners blinked, then suddenly his eyes narrowed and danced. He grasped Farrar's arm. "Over there!"

The moon had fallen far south, and shone up the streets in broad silver, but where Conners' long arm pointed was an inexplicable blackness, a shadow that defied the moon, that seemed to breathe, to flicker, to move up upon them, a great, sinuous beast of darkness. They saw it, it seemed, at a distance and then, mysteriously, magically, as if by a spring, it was close upon them. The streets were choked up with it. The moon caught silvery on naked bodies, shapes that

moved like cats, or on their bellies, as if the earth had spewed them up, crawled, lifting terrible scarred faces out of the mass that came on with the movement of a single creature, with something deadly in its soundless approach.

Farrar took a step toward the ladder. Conners' grip was on his arm. "Now for God's sake, don't go down! Leave me talk to them!"

Farrar shook him off. "Fall in," rang the order.

The men came jumping over the high threshold on to the roof. Conners made one stride back into the room, whipped a bunch of matches out of his pocket, ground them between his hands with a single gesture, swept his fingers furiously through his hair, again—and again. Then, crumpling on his hat, he snatched up the little chief and was out again. As he came through the door, the lieutenant sprang to the ladder. As Farrar's foot touched the second rung, out of that black, swaying mass in front, came a single shot. Like a thrown missile he pitched forward to the street. With a yell the men swung after him. At sight of them, the mob gave tongue. The lieutenant struggled to his knees, and lapsed back against the wall, his arm doubled under him.

"Go on," he choked out. "Fire!"

The corporal opened his lips, but Conners great hand silenced him.

"Recover ar-r-ms!" said Conners. His voice knocked back from the narrow walls. Obedience was instinctive.

The carbine came down slowly. The lieutenant swore, struggling to rise. Conners stepped out two paces to the front. He raised the little chief on his shoulder, and held the point of his drawn sabre against the child's body.

"If a man shoots or moves," said Conners softly to the mob, "I will stick this child like a goat!"

There was a pause. The little chief wailed, and Conners muttered, "Whist, I'll give you candy," and then, aloud, "Let Lomanatiwa, the brother of Lolama, speak to me."

The use of the names had an effect, made a suspense; for a moment the crowd stood fast, then let through a slit-eyed, cat-footed man in a black blanket. This thin, palpable shadow stood forth like a visible death; and Conners, dandling the child on his arm, and the sabre in his hand, walked forward to meet it. A door-stone had rolled from the threshold of a house into the middle of the street. Conners stepped upon it, adding more height to a figure that already seemed taller. His voice reached into the muttering mass at Lomanatiwa's back.

"Why have you howled at the fire? Why have you killed my man, and taken away his gun? And now, why do you come yelling to shoot another?"

The Hopi folded his long arms: "You have burned our fathers and mothers in a bad fire. You carried them out of the place of the dead. I said I would cut off your heads. I will do that now." He looked, not at Conners, but at the child upon his shoulder.

"And I told you this morning, when I talked in the square, Lomanatiwa, I come to drive away the sickness. If you cut off our heads, the crows will eat Shungopovi clean."

"That is a lie!" The Hopi's long arms tossed abroad. "You bring evil magic. You put it upon our fathers and mothers and they became pigs. The smell of their burning was as the flesh of pigs. Now they will burn forever in the mouths of the rock, and they will pray the Katinas to send no rain on our corn. There will be no food. We will die. Before we die we will cut off your heads. But give me the child, who is too little to kill."

"Great and strong brother of the chief, Lolama," said Conners, "of the snow and the sun and the growing corn, of the horse-races and the foot-races, you know much, but of the sickness and the fire you know nothing, for that is the knowledge of gods. And the words I bring you are not mine, but they come yonder from the place of science, up the ladder of turquoise."

His sabre flashed eastward, and all the furive eyes followed the flashing arc.

"This sickness is a great evil sent upon you by an evil spirit. If the dead lie in the streets and houses, he will make a second magic, and the ones who escape the sickness of sores will die of a very great pain in the stomach. Too many have died to be buried with stones in the rocks, therefore the word is given me that they be buried with fire that you may live. Therefore I bring fire and water that are sacred, and the smell of pigs' flesh was the burning of the evil

magic, and the souls of the dead are free."

The soldiers hung forward, breathless. The language was unintelligible, but the tone, the pantomime, the great body supple with argument, the spare body stiff with resistance, were full of significance. They watched a parley of nations.

"Have the spirits of the upper world told the white man what they have not told the Hopi? How do you know these things?" Lomanatiwa's eyes were slits.

"Oh, you of narrow ears, I know many things the white man does not know, as I told you in the plaza, where we said 'friend,'" said Conners, grinning engagingly. "I know your speech, I know your chief. He came to my house in the night asking gifts, and I gave. I carry him on my shoulder in the sight of his people. I know that three men sit at the top of the trail with guns they have stolen." Conners waited for a moment to watch the sensation. "If I know these things," he proclaimed, "is it the white men, is it the Hopis who have taught me?"

"If you know," said Lomanatiwa softly, "why do you hide the sign? Where is the sign you showed in the morning?"

"Ho, the sign!" Conners' long figure drew up, his little eyes maddly dancing. "I showed it when the sun was strong, but now the night is black, do you fear? You saw tin sacred first. You saw it in a circle around Shungopovi. The spark that kindled it—behold, the spark!" He snatched off his hat and sent it sailing into the mob. There was a shudder back, a strangled murmur in the black press of bodies. The wild nimbus of Conners' locks flamed forth with more than colour, with veritable light. Around his face, broad like a ruddy moon, the nimbus burned pale, purplish, phosphorescent, like fresh-kindled fire. "Behold," said Conners, "the flame of the Great Spirit!"—and flung up a hand, luminous to the fingertips—"but beware you wait too long, lest the fire that can save shall burr you into sand!"

The sabre-point, that had been describing glittering circles, like a hypnotist's waving wand, fell with a dash to the stones; even that sharp concussion knew its effect. Conners waited, motionless.

Lomanatiwa glided back into his following, and from the mass came a sharp, sibilant whispering, as of conferring snakes.

Farrar, in the wall-angle, groaned. He had dragged himself to his knees, down one of which a thin thread of blood trickled. His dizzy eyes were wide on the sight before him—the craning backs of the soldiers, the flash of the moon on Indian eyeballs, and in the midst, the focus of the two, a luminous mass—a fiery moon flickering in the dark throat of the street.

Lomanatiwa turned again to Conners. "First give me the baby," he said.

Conners grinned. "Does Lomanatiwa think the man with the flame is a goat?" he inquired.

The Hopi's white teeth flashed. "What first?" he said.

"First bring hither the three men at the trail."

"The man with the flame," Lomanatiwa suggested, "knows everything."

"It has been told me," said Conners oracularly. "Bring them quickly."

There was a word spoken, and a long arm waved eastward where a sickly light was crawling up the violent sky. A runner darted off down a side-street. The guard came swinging up through the paling shadows. The faint moon glittering on the rifle-barrels.

Conners kept his eyes upon those.

"Let the guns be put down at my feet as a sign of your friendship," he said. The three looked to their chief, and he was motionless.

"Otherwise," said Conners, with a significant gesture, "I will put my knife through the body of this boy."

The child put his arm around Conners' head and smiled.

The guns lay on the ground. Conners put his foot on them.

"Now send away your people," he said, "and let them sleep, for at sunrise my will help me fill the village with the magic the Great Spirit has sent, that the sick may be fat again."

The Hopi turned, and with waving arms and monotonous voice addressed the village at his back. The soldiers stared, slack-jawed, at the gesticulating Indian, at Conners, erect, magnetic, almost statuesque, the child on his shoulder, the sabre in his hand.

The mob began melting to right and

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left down the alleys into the houses, dispersing with the shadows of night.

"And the child?" said Lomanatiwa, lingering.

"The child remains with me until Shungopovi is clean," said Conners.

"Uncha" (all right), Lomanatiwa grinned and thrust forth his hand. "Peeva" (tobacco), he said ingratiatingly.

Conners laughed, and gave a pinch. He turned to the line of four behind him. His sword shot back in its sheath. "Take me little flag o' truce," he said, handing the child to a private.

His great figure looked shrunken, his joints unknitted. Anxiously, apologetically, he turned toward his superior officer who had struggled to his knees. He saluted.

"Under arrest, sir," said Private Conners.

The officer grinned at him.

"Conners, you, you—politician!"

"Yes, sir," said Conners meekly.

### German Aristocracy.

There are complaints that Prussian aristocracy is socially exclusive, is given office both in the Army and in civil life too readily; but what an aristocracy it is! These are the men whose families gave, often their all, to make Prussia, and then to make Germany. Service of King and country is in their blood. They get small remuneration for their service. There is no luxury. They spurn the temptations of money. Hundreds and hundreds of them have never been inside the house of a rich parvenu, nor have their women. They work as no other work, they live on little, they and their women and children; and you may count yourself happily privileged if they permit you the intimacy of their home life.

Officers and gentlemen there are, living on £500 a year, and most of them much less, and their wives, as well-born as themselves, darning their socks and counting the pennings with scrupulous care. These are the women whose ancestors flung themselves against the Roman foe, beside their husbands and brothers; these are the women who gave their jewels to save Prussia; these are the women with the glint of steel and the light of summer skies braided in their eyes, who have taken their hard, self-denying part in making Prussia and the German Empire. No wonder they despise the mere money-maker, no wonder they will have none of his softness for themselves, and hate what Milton calls "Jewdly pampered luxury," as a danger to their children. They know well the moral weapon that won for this starved and tormented and poverty-stricken land its present place in the world as a great Power.

Perhaps no feature of German life is so little known, so little understood, as this simple-living, proud, and exclusive caste, who have made and still protect and guard, Prussia and Germany. They say:—"We made Prussia and Germany, and we intend to guard them, both from enemies at home and from enemies abroad!" My admiration for these men and women is so unbounded that I would no more carry criticism with me into their homes than I would carry mud into a sanctuary. They have done much for Germany, but the best perhaps of all is that they have made economy and simple living feasible and even fashionable; they have insisted that social life shall be founded on service and breeding and ability.

They will have no dealings with Herr Muller, the rich shopkeeper, but whatever name the distinguished artist, or public servant, or man of science, or young giant in any field of intellectual prowess may bear, he is welcomed. In general, this welcome given by German society to talent holds good. There is, however, a society composed of the great landed proprietors, who live in the country, who come to Berlin rarely, and whose horizon is limited severely to their own small interests, their restricted circle, and by their provincial pride. They recognise nobody but themselves, for the reason that they know nobody and nothing else. There is an exclusiveness born of stupidity, just as there is an exclusiveness born of a sense of duty to one's position and traditions in the world. One must recognise that this side of social life exists in Germany just as it exists in England, and France, and Austria, but it is that losing its importance and its power.—"Scribner's Magazine."



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# The Bookshelf.

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## FEUILLETON.

### Mr Eden Phillpotts and His Dartmoor Stories.

**M**R. PHILLPOTTS' numerous readers will be concerned to hear that "Widecombe Fair," which was noticed in last week's "Feuilleton" columns, is the last of the famous Dartmoor series of novels upon which this popular author has been engaged for so many years. Two volumes of short stories whose scenes are laid in Dartmoor, and concern Dartmoor life and custom, have yet to come, but "Widecombe Fair" is the last long novel of this series, which has in turn angered, harrowed, fascinated, and delighted Mr. Phillpotts' public. I for one shall say good-bye to these Dartmoor dramas with exceeding regret, since many of the "moor" types, by reason of their constant depiction, have become familiar and endeared to me, though many a time I have both deplored and publicly expressed my dissatisfaction with the deeply pessimistic note of the majority of the Dartmoor chronicles. But the note of happiness and humour struck throughout "Widecombe Fair" would almost seem to proclaim that Mr. Phillpotts has done with doubt and despair, and has entered upon a more genial stage of his literary career. Mr. John Murray, as in the case of "Widecombe Fair," is, it is understood, to issue the two volumes of short stories aforementioned.

### Eastern Lore.

Another Murray publication of interest to students of Eastern lore is "The Way of Contentment," which is a selection from the works of the famous Japanese philosopher Kaibara Ekken. Mr. Ken Holino, the translator, has well interpreted the happy spirit of the original, largely the philosophy of pleasure, which to a Japanese means above all things flowers and moonlight and the changing seasons. "The Way of Contentment" is a book full of fragrance and the joy of living, and as fresh to-day as it was in the Seventeenth century, when Ekken wrote.

### "Woman as Man Sees Her."

Mr. W. L. George, who wrote that powerful novel "A Bed of Roses," has in a new novel of his entitled "Woman and To-morrow" (H. Jenkins and Co.), joined the ranks of writers on the exceedingly argumentative subject of feminism. A "Literary World" writer thinks that although it is avowed of the work that it is "the book for which women have been waiting," few women indeed will acknowledge either the truth of Mr. George's forecast or of his picture of woman as she is now. For, though Mr. George has advanced far enough in his psychological studies to perceive that feminism is both serious and important, he does not realise the basic facts of the situation, which are that (1) Feminism is a movement to establish the individuality of woman as woman, and (2) to overthrow her dependence on man for a livelihood, and so to open to her all the possibilities of strength that come from work. Woman, according to Mr. George, exists solely for the good of man, especially to give him delight. Apart from man, she has no value; she is no end in herself.

### Has Work an Effect on Looks?

Thus, says the "Literary World" scribe: Mr. George believes that many forms of work have a bad effect on looks; he therefore condemns work, other than the instructive occupations of art and nursing. In short, he can only regard woman as an animal. Of her soul he takes no heed. He would have her try other tasks—only to prove that she is a failure at them. At bottom, Mr. George, feminist as he calls himself, is a man as other men, and therefore unwilling to see women sharing the supreme glory of fine achievement. He would, for instance, give her a vote, although she is unfit for it, because by responsibility she will learn political sense." Nevertheless, the book has its value, because it shows the palpable errors many so-called feminists fall into. From time immemorial, a type of woman has existed, unfit to undertake the duties of either wife or mother, or to act as

man's mere plaything, and it is for this class chiefly that economic independence is needed, though it would make for the improvement of the race if all women were made economically independent. And it is scarcely in the nature of things that the purely maternal, or the purely domestic woman shall be highly intellectual. Indeed, though not unknown, such a combination is rare. Which is easily conceivable. The true feminist merely asks for recognition of the fact that in individual cases woman's intellect is equal to man's, in any field of labour, provided that her training has been equal. Some forms of work will affect looks, though this would largely depend upon the character of the worker. Any work, domestic or otherwise, that over-taxes, must affect looks, since real beauty is always a matter of health. Mr. George's book, I think, is well worth reading, for though it is not purely feminist, he is obviously a sincere friend of woman.

### A Delectable Novel.

Mr. Harold Bell Wright is so well known in the world of fiction that the mere announcement of a new novel by him is sufficient guarantee that a treat is in store for its readers. Once in the lifetime of every novelist, it is said, a book is written to please that author's self. "Their Yesterdays" (Chicago: Book Supply Company, per Wildman and Arey) is one of this kind. It depicts the life, from early childhood to old age, of the hero and heroine. How, as children, they played together, and how in their adolescence they each went their separate ways, and, though they never saw one another, or communicated with one another, they came together at the right psychological moment of their lives, neither having forgotten the other, each inwardly conscious that somewhere the other was "waiting." Mr. Wright's method of presentment is as unusual as it is effective. His story is divided into thirteen sections. Life, he avers, is made up of thirteen truly great things. A chapter is devoted to an exhaustive description of each of these truly great things, chapters that have been penned with the graceful sentiment, the deep pathos, and the reality to life that always characterises Mr. Bell Wright's work. Anything more wholesome could not be imagined than "Their Yesterdays," which should be found on the bookshelf of every girl and boy wherever English is spoken.

### A Meeting Point for East and West.

Among some Methuen spring fiction I notice a novel with the unusual title, "A Change of Climate." Mr. A. A. Methley, writer of "A Key of Life," is its author, and the book's scenes are laid in Egypt. "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" was once sung by one of England's greatest Imperialists. Mr. Methley's story shows East and West at a meeting point. The twelve stories which comprise "A Change of Climate" deal entirely with the life of the tourists and English residents in that alluring country, and illustrate some of the curious influences which change of climate and of surroundings may have on different characters and temperaments. The stories also draw attention to the strange possibilities, mysteries, and dangers which, in an Eastern country—and, perhaps, especially in Egypt—lie beneath the surface of the gay social life of its alien population. This book should prove of singular interest since Egypt cannot be said to have been over-exploited for fictional purposes. Unusual titles would seem to be a feature of the Methuen spring issue, for there is a volume by Richard Marsh, which bears the novel title, "If It Please You." This book is a collection of short stories and fantasies, and, in a foreword, the author explains his title in the following:—"If it please you!—if, sirs and ladies, you will do yourselves the service to glance within—here's all sorts for you. A collection as odd, as whimsical, as wonderful—may I say as humorous!—as you may be pleased to want. Here's a bishop goes a-riding with a strange lady in a stranger's car, and the tragic sequel. Here's the cat that brought the pair together. Here's the man who, having

by a misadventure killed his friend, turned him into gold—a wondrous narrative. Here's the girl who, in the most perfect innocence, came on a kiss through a hedge, and did not know the giver. Here's something to each special taste; for all Honourable People, a perfect feast." If the author's afterword is as sprightly as his foreword, this is a book that might with confidence be added to the next order list.

### Mrs Belloc Lowndes.

"Studies in Love and in Terror" is a volume of new, short stories from the pen of that superlative writer, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. This author is deservedly famous for her stories long and short, and this volume which contains much matter of an exciting nature should interest all her readers. The publishers are Messrs. Methuen and Co.

### Louis Becke, Novelist of the Pacific.

Australasia is the poorer by the death of Louis Becke, whose "By Reef and Palm" I read with peculiar interest, it being recommended to me by Lord Pembroke, who wrote the introduction to the book. "Mr. Becke," wrote Lord Pembroke, "knows the Pacific as few men alive or dead have ever known it. He is one of the rare men who have led a very wild life, and have the culture and talent necessary to give some account of it. As a rule the men who know don't write, and the men who write don't know." Louis Becke is not so well known to readers in this Dominion as the quality and unusual interest of his work entitles him to be. Some particulars regarding Mr. Becke, gleaned from "M.A.B. are worthy of reproduction:— "Mr. Becke was a remarkable and original personality. Born at Port Macquarie, New South Wales, in 1848, he began at the age of fourteen a career of adventure such as has fallen to the lot of few men. He was sent by an uncle to a merchant's office in California, but not finding the routine life at all to his taste he got a berth as clerk in a steamship company, and traded to the South-eastern ports. In a year's time he had enough to take passage in a schooner bound on a shark-catching cruise to Christmas and Palmyra Islands, in the North Pacific. The life was a very rough one, and full of incident and adventure. In Honolulu he fell in with an old man, who had bought a schooner for a trading venture among the Western Carolines. Becke put in 1,000 dollars, and sailed with him as supercargo, he and the skipper being the only white men on board. He soon discovered that, though a good seaman, the old man knew nothing of navigation. In a few weeks they were among the Marshall Islands, and the captain went mad from delirium tremens. Becke and the three native sailors ran the vessel into a little uninhabited atoll, and for a week had to keep the captain tied up to prevent him killing himself. After other adventures, Becke determined to become a trader and to learn to know the people of every group of the Pacific. Shipwreck, hurricane, and all the possible adventures which meant so much to a writer of Becke's calibre, followed, and he lived on various islands in both the North and South Pacific, leading what he called 'a wandering and lonely but not unhappy existence, 'Lui,' as they called him, being a man both liked and trusted by the natives, from lonely Easter Island to the far-away Pelicans." "By Reef and Palm," a slim book, bound in grey linen I remember, was published in 1894 by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, who issued it in his Autonym Library.

### Two "Best" Sellers.

It is interesting to note that Miss Ethel M. Dell's novel, "The Knave of Diamonds," comes out at the top of a list of "best-selling books" recently published by the "Daily Graphic," and based on reports from the principal towns of the United Kingdom. At Oxford, it is a remarkable fact, the two best-selling novels are "The Knave of Diamonds" and Miss Dell's first book, "The Way of an Eagle." At Manchester, while "The Knave of Diamonds" figured as the best-selling novel, the favourite book in the class of general literature was Mr. Robert W. Service's "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone." Generally speaking, the popularity of a novel is no criterion as to its real merit. But in the case both of "The Knave of Diamonds" and Mr. Service's book of rhymes the popularity is well deserved. And while the firm of Fisher Unwin is not noted for the quantity of its output of fiction, it is notable for its quality.

### M.A.B. for March.

Among the principal contents of "M.A.B." for March is "Ragusa: A Dream City," by Douglas Goldring. This is an extract from "Dream Cities," by Douglas Goldring, which gives a vivid and delightful account of a tour in Italy and Dalmat. "The Horrors of Foot-binding in China," by J. Macgowan, is pointed by an admirable illustration showing the relative size of the female foot as ordained by Nature, and the Chinese lady's foot as ordained by fashion. An extract from the late Richard Middleton's "Children and the Sea" is delectable reading. Those readers interested in a new era of religion for France will be interested in the extract given from Professor A. J. Guerard's work, "French Prophets of Yesterday," (T. Fisher Unwin) which is a notable study of religious thought under the Second Empire, with some reference to present-day problems. "Drink in Modern England," by Canon Horsley, being an extract from "How Criminals Are Made and Prevented," should be found worthy of perusal by advocates of total abstinence.

### A New Poet.

In the "English Review" for March the Editor claims to have discovered a new poet in Mr. John Helston. Mr. Helston was, we are told, for ten years a working mechanic in electrical, motor-car and other work shops. His first essays in poetry were made through the medium of the racing Press and in a financial newspaper, and it appears that it is due largely to the encouragement of Lady Margaret Sackville that Mr. Helston makes his bow to the literary public in the pages of Mr. Austin Harrison's review. His poem, entitled "Aphrodite at the Goddess," narrates a vision of the goddess vouchsafed to her worshipper by the four streams "whose burden is of things insoluble," as they rush through their fourteen arches down the valley. The poet's tone is grave, with a touch sometimes of Milton or of Gray.

All things, it seemed, to her were ministers:  
Thrushes, flute-throated, shook the shades  
with songs,  
In amorous, rich, and lovely echoes long.  
So, nightingales in sunlight would rehearse  
Their moonlike music; and a fairy throng  
Of hine-winged butterflies would oft repair  
To visit the broad blossom of her hair,  
That like some golden-banking creeper,  
clung  
Round the wild rosebuds of her bosom  
there.

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**M. A. SINCLAIR.**

Or thus:

All white she was, but as the foam of May  
Is white on apple-orchards under stars,  
Her like I have not seen by mortal day,  
By sunny night, when dreams were  
arrars  
Of Love's delight, I have not seen it,  
Nay!  
Not since youth died, and love has passed  
away.  
It may be few are tempted so as are  
Poets; for whom is woman's loveliness  
Made lovelier than morning may express  
With all those hues wherewith her melting  
star.  
Is tender witness, Through the evening  
woods  
Song floating on the sunset's ardent floods  
Is very lovely; and there is a moon,  
So tense with Summer's passionate dis-  
tress  
Of extreme silent Beauty's breathlessness  
That all things seem to swoon  
Down the large luxury of languor's  
dreams—  
So proud as if teens  
With passion's trance, mid-rapture craves  
for boon.

As the poet bids Aphrodite farewell at  
the close of his rapture, he acquires  
another note—reminiscent, perhaps, of  
Tennyson:

She shivered in a blast  
That sounded like a summons from the  
foam  
She might not disobey . . . And then I  
heard  
Far out upon the sea-line, near the sun,  
A murmur of waves falling grow to one  
Clear word, that shone like sea-birds, seen  
afar  
Silent when they leave the water suddenly,  
And silent as the foam fades, or a star  
Among wide waste sea-waters was that  
word  
The sea-line spoke to me,  
And, as it came, the trees around were  
stirred  
Strangely, as of some Sorrow passing  
through;  
And the wind rose three sudden times and  
stilled,  
And at the sound the shadow of the sea  
Dressed over eyes that had been heaven's  
line;  
And thrice her hair was shaken as it filled  
And thrice her hair was shaken as it filled,  
With sharp, small sounds she stilled ere  
they grew  
Larger and tore my ears, while passion  
thrilled  
Her tightened arms.

Altogether a very interesting piece of  
work, from which one may augur great  
things.

BITS FROM NEW BOOKS.

"Pujolism."  
"If I were King of England I should  
decapitate your Mrs Grundy, and make  
it compulsory for bishops to dance once  
a week in Trafalgar Square. I would

have it a capital offence for any Eng-  
lish cook to prepare hashed mutton  
without a license, and I would banish  
all the bakers of the kingdom to Siberia—  
ah! your English bread, which you have  
to eat stale so as to avoid a horrible  
death—and I would open two hundred  
thousand cafes—mon Dieu! how thirsty  
I have been there! and I would make  
every English work-girl do her hair pro-  
perly, and I would ordain that every-  
body should laugh three times a day,  
under pain of imprisonment for life."

"You see, a Frenchman and an Eng-  
lishman view marriage from entirely  
different angles. The Anglo-Saxon of  
honest instincts, attracted towards a  
pretty girl, at once thinks of the possi-  
bilities of marriage; if he finds them in-  
finitely remote, he makes romantic love  
to her in the solitude of his walks abroad  
or of his sleepless nights, and, in her  
presence, is as dumb and dismal as a  
freshly-hooked trout. The equally honest  
Gaul does nothing of the kind. The  
attraction in itself is a stimulus to ad-  
venture. He makes love to her, just be-  
cause it is the nature of a lusty son of  
Adam to make love to a pretty daughter  
of Eve. He lives in the present. The  
rest does not matter. He leaves it to  
chance." — "The Joyous Adventures of  
Aristide Pujol," by William J. Locke.

**When Friends Fall Out.**  
"One may be angry with an enemy; it  
is the friend become foe that drives us  
to frenzied rage."—"Between Two  
Thieves," by Richard Dehan.

**London's Whistles.**  
"I wish I had a cab whistle," said the  
barmaid. "You know it's one for a  
taxi, two for a hansom, and three for a  
growler—and about five hundred for a  
policeman!"—"The Hussy," by James  
Lancaster.

**Those Goo-goo Eyes.**  
"A pretty face is a standing recom-  
mendation to mercy."—"The Five of  
Spades," by Mrs P. Champion de Cres-  
pigny.

**In Life's School.**  
"No one can astonish a man so com-  
pletely as his own wife."  
"In the education life gives us we are  
all pupils; life will keep us at school  
till in death we go up for our examina-  
tion."  
"It is always a man who holds the  
key of a woman's life."—"In the World  
of Bewilderment," by John Travers.

**Behind Doors.**  
"Houses are quite intolerable unless  
people are making love in them."—  
"Round the Corner," by Gilbert Cannan.

**Her Speaking Silence.**  
"It is in the things she leaves undone,  
the words she leaves unsaid, that a wo-  
man says more a thousand times than  
ever is asked of her."—"The Antago-  
nists," by E. Temple Thurston.

**Woman's Way.**  
"If I thought I were going to  
spend the rest of my life in a sub-  
urb I think I should do some-  
thing desperate. Something desperate  
necessarily implies a man. All the  
roads in life belong to the men. A wo-  
man goes only a little way up any of  
them before she sees written up some-  
where 'No thoroughfare.' It is only  
through a man she can obtain a right-  
of-way, that is why she puts up with  
him."—"The Naked Soul," by Louise  
Heilgers.

**Novel Reasons.**  
"Some men write novels because they  
have got into a mess with a woman and  
want to see how it looks on paper, or to  
explain their real motives, or to find a  
way out. Other novels are really int-  
imate letters intended for one reader only.  
Others—and these are largely those writ-  
ten by women—create the kind of life  
which the writer would have lived had  
she ever had the chance; exercises in  
what may be called the Consolation  
School of Fiction. But the greater  
number are written because someone else  
wrote better, and the imitative faculty is  
so strong in us."—"London Lavender,"  
by E. V. Lucas.

**Heroism Without Risk.**  
"I remember," she said, "when I went  
in after a boy at Hastings, one man laid  
down and rolled about in six inches of  
water before he threw me a rope—and  
then he forgot to hang on to his end of  
it."

"What on earth did he do that for?  
Roll in the water, I mean."  
"To get the society's medal as well,  
of course. Haven't you ever heard of  
that trick? They had a two-column  
interview with him in the local paper. I  
remember he said he could never have  
done it without my assistance. Rather  
nice of him, I thought. The paper  
called it 'characteristic modesty.'"  
—"Business Rivals," by F. Harris Deans.

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

A Chicago man who was jilted by the  
young woman he courted decided on a  
terrible revenge. He married her mother  
and became her stepfather.—"Morning  
Telegraph," New York.

Though reckoned as a "man of parts,"  
The fact was not revealed  
Until at football he was gleamed  
In fractions from the field.  
—Boston Transcript.

War Correspondent in Sofia: Hullo,  
Brown! Any news of the war?  
Second Ditto: Dunno. Haven't had the  
London papers yet.—"Bystander."

Twinkle, twinkle, lovely star!  
How I wonder if you are  
When at home the tender age  
You appear when on the stage.  
—"Lippincott's."

In these days of uncertain waist-line,  
it is as difficult for a woman to tell how  
high up on her back to pin her skirt  
as for a bald-headed man to know where  
to stop washing his face.—"Judge," New  
York.

Women's faults are many,  
Men have only two—  
Everything they say,  
And everything they do.  
—"Yale Record."

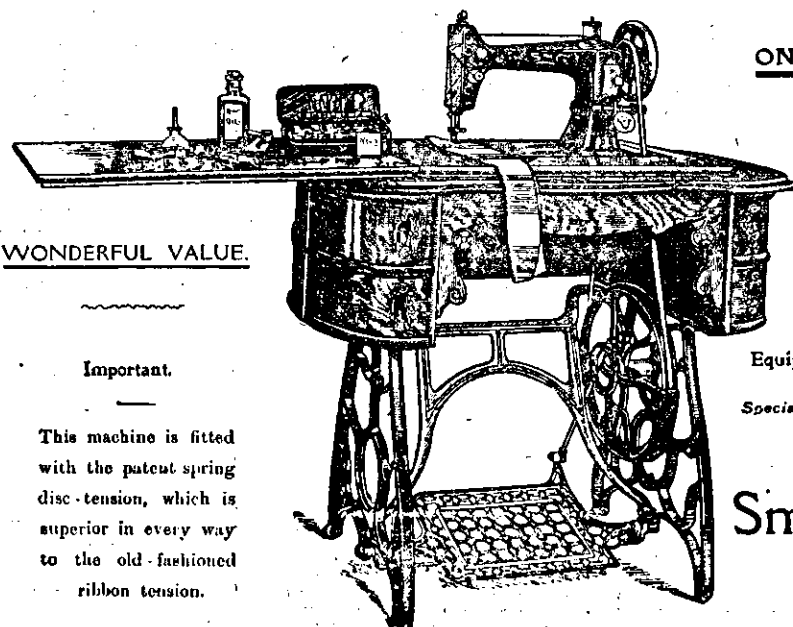
The man who builds castles in the air  
is not so clever as he who constructs com-  
panies out of water.—"Washington  
Star."

That motor car is only in its infancy,  
so there is hope that it may eventually  
become less noisy.—"Louisville Courier-  
Journal."

James Oliver Curwood, a novelist, tells  
of a recent encounter with the law. The  
value of a short story he was writing  
depended upon a certain legal situation  
which he found difficult to manage. Going  
to a lawyer of his acquaintance, he told  
him the plot and was shown a way to  
the desired end. "You've saved me just  
100 dollars," he exclaimed, "for that's  
what I am going to get for this story."  
A week later he received a bill from the  
lawyer as follows:—"For literary advice,  
100 dollars." He says he paid.—"Times-  
Star," Cincinnati.

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# The Duel.

By EARL DERR BIGGERS.

THE skipper of the John Henry stood on the deck and gazed wonderingly at the distant quay, where he beheld the newly-hired member of his crew indulging in unusual and picturesque contortions.

"Wot's the matter with 'im," he inquired of the cook, "why don't 'e come on board? We sails in 'arf an hour."

"'E's tryin' to make known 'is awful state," returned the cook, solemnly, "Joe started ashore to fetch 'im, but 'e 'olored not to come a-near 'im. 'E sez 'ow 'e's been exposed to the smallpox."

"Why, that's all right," said the captain, heartily, "tell 'im not to let that worry 'im. I'm not one to 'old anything like that ag'in a man."

There was an eloquent pause. "The smallpox, I said," ventured the cook.

"Well, I'm not deaf—I 'eard you," responded the skipper, testily, "wot of it? 'E ain't likely to get it, an' if 'e does, 'oo's afraid? I've 'ad it, an' so 'as the mate. Joe, row in an' fetch 'im at once."

Another pause ensued, during which the cook shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. His plans for spending that evening with a lady friend in Plymouth had been wrecked by the captain's decision to leave a day early, and in the new hand which the master of the John Henry had engaged there he saw his only salvation. By a vivid recital of the cruelties practised by the skipper, together with a liberal purchase

"Providence nothink," rejoined the skipper, who was no novice in dealing with such situations. "Joe, if you prefers a trial fer mutiny to obeyin' my orders, I'll go ashore fer the new 'and myself."

He started for the ship's boat, but the cook planted himself in his path.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but if that feller comes aboard, me an' the other lads will 'ave to leave. It ain't human to arsk us to stay."

One glance at the faces of the crew told the skipper he need expect no sympathy there.

"Well," he said shortly, "mebbe you're right. Mebbe your lives are worth something, though it's foolish of you never to prove it to me." He walked to the rail and addressed the smallpox victim, who was sitting dejectedly on the edge of the pier. "Go away, pore feller," he shouted, "go away to some quiet spot an' die." Then he turned to the crew, watch in hand. "We sails in ten minutes," he remarked.

This announcement came as a distinct shock, especially to the cook, who heard it at a time of inward rejoicing over his apparent victory.

"Ow about the new 'and?" he inquired timidly.

"It's unfort'nit an' un'appy," the captain returned, "but as I said before, I 'ave't time now to look up a new man. We'll 'ave to sail without. It's come at a very bad time, an' it's 'ard on all of us. But it can't be 'elped. It's Providence, that's wot it is."

"Yes, it'll be pretty 'ard on us all, I guess," he went on, after a pause, "cause the boy'll 'ave to do the cookin', an' 'is repertory ain't large. Soup an' coffee's the extent o' Johnny's pore ability, an' sometimes it's 'ard to tell which 'e means fer which."

"An' why will Johnny 'ave to do the cookin'?" inquired the cook haughtily, but with no little anxiety in his tone.

"Why," answered the skipper sweetly, "because you're goin' to take the place of the pore feller wot was exposed to the smallpox. You can be ready to take your turn at the wheel to-night along with the rest."

The cook drew himself up loftily.

"I'll take no turn at no wheel," he announced, in a dignified tone, "I'll 'ave you know, sir, 'ow I shipped with this vessel as cook, an' 'ow I intend to stay cook to the end o' this v'y'ge. I ain't ben no common sailor before, an' I ain't goin' to begin now."

"You'll do as I say, my lad," returned the captain warmly; "dooty is dooty, an' when I tell you to do anything, I ain't goin' to 'ave any back talk. You'll do your turn at the wheel, or you'll do twelve months fer mutiny."

"Not ben' used to the work o' a ordinary A.B.," said the cook, with equal warmth, "ow do you expect me to keep awake? I arsk you that."

"Tain't none o' my business 'ow you do it," was the skipper's short reply, "only you gotter to do it, that's all." And he walked away.

A sulky crew sailed the John Henry out of Plymouth harbour. During the remainder of that day the cook went about with an ugly look on his face. He avoided friendly conversation. Speculation as to his future course ran high, but nothing could be discovered, for when Joe Martin daringly inquired what his plan of action might be, he answered sharply:

"Do my dooty, an' keep my mouth shet, the same as you ought to be doin'."

That night, a little past midnight, the entire ship, from cabin to fore-castle, was aroused by a sharp, piercing whistle. The men leaped from their bunks and started up the companionway. At the top they met the captain and mate, clad in the garments of sleep, and forming with them a cautious procession, moved noiselessly forward. In a moment they came in sight of the cook, standing peacefully at the wheel, and whistling "God Save the King" in tones calculated to wake the dead resting in the church-yards of London.

"Wot's the meanin' o' this, cook?" inquired the skipper, very red in the face.

"Wot's the meanin' o' wot, sir," asked the cook, innocently.



For some moments cook studied it, all the time holding it upside down.

"Wot's your idee in wakin' up the 'old ship in the middle o' the night by such a ungodly noise?" said the captain, even redder.

"I'm sorry if I 'ave disturbed you, cap'n," said the cook, calmly, "but bein' now at this kind o' work, I 'ave a 'ard time 'oldin' my eyes open. An' so I whistles. It keeps me awake."

"I 'ave no doubt it does," said the skipper, sarcastically, and then starting in enthusiastically, he called the cook all the names he knew. The list exhausted, he tried his hand at invention, with no little success. Finished at last, he turned sheepishly to the crew, for it was plain, as the cook, intimated, that hard names were not the equivalent of sticks and stones. At a loss for a plan of further action, he ordered all below in a terrible voice.

No one slept that night during the cook's watch. What was worse, the next night the same piercing whistle roused crew and officers, and the recording angel's oath account must have been in a sad muddle by morning. For some time the unaccustomed watcher's nightly concerts continued. The captain was roaring mad, and the crew, while naturally delighted to see their chief getting the worst of something had begun to regret the cost at which this pleasure was bought.

It was at this point that old Daniel, master of plots and plans, took the case in hand. For several hours he sat thinking in a corner of the fore-castle, repelling in surly tones the advances of the interested and anxious. At length he announced to the waiting ones the perfection of his scheme, and carried it to the skipper for approval.

"Anythink," said that harassed gentleman, sourly, "anythink at all jest so it shets 'im up."

Early that evening the entire crew, together with the cook, sat smoking in the fore-castle, when Daniel suddenly arose and, going over to his chest, took out an old newspaper.

"I was jest thinkin'," he soliloquised, softly, "as 'ow I forgot to look over that paper wot I bought when I was in London." And sitting close to the smoky lamp, he began to read.

"Wot's the news?" the others inquired, but with little show of interest. Five years before Daniel had bought that paper, and all save the cook had read the date beneath the name.

"Nothin' much," responded Daniel, in an offhand manner, "nothin' but a few murders an' 'angin's an' the like." Then suddenly he sat up very straight, an excited look on his face.

"Wot's this?" he said, so loudly they all started. "Ow lucky," he went on, "ow very lucky fer me to come across this at such a time."

"Wot is it? Read it," they chorused, and Daniel began in a roaring voice:

"Wot is a very strange case 'as appened in the St. George hospital. A night policeman named John Davis 'as been took there sufferin' great pain from insanity. Them wot lives on 'is beat say as 'ow 'e was accustomed to whistle a well-known tune all durin' the night, an' when them as couldn't sleep hollered at 'im, 'e 'only awere fer answer. 'Is punishment for this cruelty 'as come. The doctors give out as 'ow whittin' the same tune fer so long 'as turned

'is brain. 'E can't never recover. 'Is leaves one wife and eight children."

Here Daniel glared fiercely at the cook.

"Well," said that gentleman uneasily, "it seems to me as 'ow that's very pore langwidge fer a newspaper."

Daniel turned yellow, which was his way of blushing.

"It's not a very good newspaper," he said, "an' besides, I 'ad to change the langwidge a bit so as to be understood by them wot's not well eddicated."

"Indeed," returned the cook, shortly, "will ye be so kind as to 'and me the paper, may I arsk?"

Reading was not one of the cook's accomplishments, and knowing this, Daniel willingly handed over the sheet. For some moments the cook studied it, all the time holding it upside down, as Daniel afterwards explained to the delighted crew. Then he thoughtfully laid it down.

"Indeed," he said again, and departed. When the cook had gone to the galley, they all praised Daniel until he turned yellow again.

"Tain't nothin', mates," he modestly assured them, "but I think you'll find that cook is scared out o' 'is cruel 'abit. I arsked 'im this afternoon why 'e allus stuck to the same tune, an' 'e said 'e didn't know no other. In that case, I think as 'ow we'll get our rest to-night."

But in spite of Daniel's prediction, the cook did not see fit to discontinue his concerts that night. When the crew met him on deck the next day they spoke to him sadly concerning it.

"Wot are you thinkin' of, my lad?" Daniel inquired. "Ave you forgot your missis an' the eight little ones? Turn back, we begs you, before it is too late."

"Mebbe the insanity 'as already got a hold of 'im an' 'e can't turn back," said Bill, pityingly. "Insanity is a awful thing. I knowed a man once 'oo 'ad it; 'e thought 'e was a animal o' 'as kind an' used to roar ferfearl'."

"The only man I knowed 'oo 'ad it I thought 'e was the Prince o' Wales," put in Joe Martin, "an' 'e was allus mistakin' the fer'sible fer the throne room!"

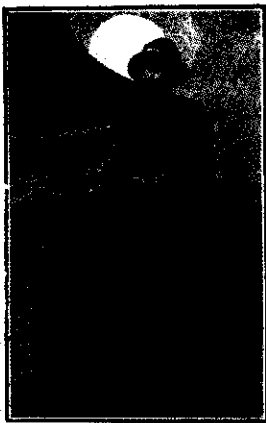
"Two insane men 'as come to my notice," said the mate, who was standing near by with the skipper; "one mistook himself for a hangel, an' the other kept insistin' the people around 'im was articles o' food, an' tried to chew 'em."

"Insanity is a terrible thing," said the captain, sorrowfully. "After the warnin' you 'ave 'ad, cook, I am surprised as you. Turn back, my lad, an' save yourself from such a awful fate."

But the cook was deaf to all entreaties.

That night, instead of being roused by the usual whistle, the crew were awakened by a roar that seemed to shake the entire ship. They rushed up the companionway to the deck, and there beheld the captain and mate backing slowly away from the cook, who had a frightened look on his face.

"I'm the British lion, that's wot I am," he shouted, copping between each word for a roar, "I'm a lion an' I'm goin' to



The cook standing peacefully at the wheel whistling "God Save the King" in tones calculated to wake the dead.

of beer, he had induced the new recruit to play false, seeing in the delay which the search for another seaman would occasion his chance for an evening of festivity. But the frivolous manner in which his smallpox story was being received took him unprepared.

"Wot ails you, Joe?" the captain belated. "Ave you quit takin' orders from me?"

Joe cleared his throat, but it was the cook who spoke.

"We're pore men," he said, "but there ain't no law to make us risk our lives for nothink. If that man comes aboard the John Henry, we'll 'ave to go."

"Wot nonsense," the skipper sneered, "you 'ave to die o' somethin', an' why not the smallpox? Wot's a few sailormen, more or less? Why, they's as plenty as flies."

"Of all the 'ard-'earted talk," murmured the cook.

"I 'ad some trouble gittin' this feller," went on the captain, savagely, "an' I ain't goin' to lose 'im now—no, not if 'e's been exposed to a 'ole dictionary o' diseases. To find another like 'im would take a day or more, an' I 'ave't even a minute to spare."

"It's unfort'nit an' un'appy," put in the cook; "it's come at a very bad time, an' it's 'ard on all of us. But it can't be 'elped. It's Providence, that's wot it is."



"Wot if he should mistake the ship for a suppany bun, and eat it?" said the mate.

eat you, cap'n. It'll be a tough meal, but I think as 'ow I can stand it."

"Wot's that?" said the skipper, roaring in his turn.

"I'm a hangel," continued the cook, suddenly very quiet, "see my wings. I'm goin' to fly."

"If you're a hangel, all I can say is you're out of place on this vessel," said the captain.

"I ain't no hangel," cook went on, haughtily, "I'm the Prince o' Wales—"

"Ain't you overdoin' it a bit, my lad?" put in the mate, but the cook made a leap for him.

"You're the King," he shouted, "an' I'm goin' to kill you so as I can 'ave the throne."

"Be careful!" said the skipper, "be careful there!"

"Look out, old 'am sandwich," shrieked the cook, turning on him, "if you was a piece o' pie, I'd eat you."

With that he fastened himself on the mate.

"You're buttered 'ardläck," he cried, "an' it's my meal time."

The captain pulled him off.

"Wot's the meanin' o' this nonsense?" he asked, angrily. "Go an' take your place at the wheel."

"Wot," shouted cook, "I've want a savin' maniac sterven' this ship? I'm

"Is this all I gets?" inquired the cook, anxiously.

"That's all," said the captain. "I read in a book that it's best not to overfeed insane people, an' I'm not one to do anythink wot's wrong."

Then he closed the hatch to shut off the awful noise coming up from below.

"Wot if he should mistake the ship fer a tupenny bun, an' eat it?" said the mate, smiling.

"Or wot if he should think the sea was a 'ot chocolate, an' drink it?" said the skipper, smiling back.

For two days the captain kept the cook in the hold, letting down his bread and water at each meal-time. At the end of the second day he came and took off the hatch.

"An' 'ow is the insane man to-night?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Much better, thankee," came a meek voice from below.

"Wot does 'e feel like now," asked the captain, "a lion, a hangel, or the Prince o' Wales?"

"'E feels like 'imself again," came an even meeker voice.

"That's good," said the skipper. "an' does 'e feel as though 'e would like to take a bite out o' 'is cap'n?"

"No, sir, the very sight o' 'is cap'n makes 'im sick."

"Wot?" roared the skipper.

"Viewed as provisions, I mean, o' course," said the cook, very hastily.

"Very well," said the skipper, "'e may come on deck."

ONE GREAT REASON.

"Opportunity really knocks at many a door."

"Then why don't more of us succeed better?"

"The trouble is that Opportunity wants us to go to work."



"Insanity is a terrible thing," said the captain sorrowfully.

insane, that's wot I am. Whistlin' one 'phone 'as turned my brains."

"You're a liar," roared the skipper.

"Hold on!" said the cook, flaring up, "I ain't no fool, an' I guess I know when I'm insane."

"You're as sane a mind as wot I 'ave," said the captain.

"Afebbe," returned the madman, sarcastically, "embebe. But that ain't sayin' much."

The skipper's face changed, and the crew waited for him to knock the cook down. But he suddenly controlled himself.

"We warned you that this would happen," he said sadly, "but you wouldn't heed us."

"I'm a hangel," said cook.

"George, went on the captain, turning to the mate, "I'm afraid we'll 'ave to put the pore creature in irons till the end o' the vy'ge, when we can 'and 'im over to a horsepittle to experiment on. I think the hold is the safest place to keep 'im."

The cook turned pale.

"I'm a lion," he said softly, "an' a hangel. I'm kinder damed like. Where du I? And then he added, a bit too hastily, "There, I feel much better."

"No, you don't, pore lad," said the captain, pityingly, "you only think you do. Them wot's insane never knows 'ow they feel."

"I ain't insane—any more," said the cook.

"You think you ain't," replied the skipper, helping the mate to lift the hatch over the hold, "them wot's insane allis say they ain't. Chuck 'im down, mate! Pore un'appy wretch! Pore feller! An' see that the hatch is well fastened, George."

The next morning the skipper opened the hatch a few inches and let down a bottle of water and some bardtack into the hold.

"Good mornin', pore lunatic," he said,

# The Lady and the Diamond

## How a Kindly Fraud was Exposed.

JOHN CLAYTON looked up with a half frown as the office boy came in again. It had been a morning of interruptions.

"You're wanted at the telephone, sir," said the boy apologetically.

"Nothing Hawford could answer, Masters," he inquired.

"No, sir. It's your girl, sir!"

"See here—"

"Yes, it is I—Oh, Alice, I was just thinking of you. No, of course there is nothing odd in that—the odd thing is that you should telephone just as I was going to. Nothing queer about that, either? Alice, what would you think was out of the common run? That I shouldn't be thinking of you. I believe you are right, but that is an impossibility. No, I didn't quite catch—Oh, yes, I'll be up to-night—No, couldn't possibly manage it this afternoon—Of course, I want to, but Heywood's to be here—Yes, the manager of our South Island branch. No—No—Wait a moment. I haven't told you what I wanted to. Father has given me that ring I spoke to you about of mother's. Yes, wants you to have it, and wear it—you captivated the old gentleman that night. You liked him? Of course, he is just like his son. Nicer? Not a bit of it—wait till I am his age!—Yes, it's a beauty. And the one you have? Oh, anything you like. Yes, I'll bring it to-night? Before? Why, yes, of course I can manage it. I'll send Hawford with it. Yes, oh, yes—till to-night then. Good-bye!"

Going back to his room he unlocked a drawer of his desk, and took out a package. Then from its many wrappings he drew forth a diamond ring. The setting was old-fashioned, but the diamond! He knew little about jewels, but he would have been a dullard indeed who could not have seen the beauty in its glowing depths. And Alice? She was right to want to see it before night—another day's pleasure for her. Then he sank into a reverie, which a young successful business man, flanked by a wealthy father, may at times permit himself.

The impish face of Joe Masters, the office boy, brought him rudely back to earth.

"Someone at the 'phone again, sir?"

Hastily picking up the diamond, he went to the telephone, and picked up the receiver.

"No," he said, "this is not Hawford. Clayton—John Clayton. That was the name you were to ask for. I thought you said Hawford—Oh, I see—And he's wanted at once—it's all right! Very good. I'll tell him at once."

He remembered now that Hawford had seemed ill at ease for a day or so, but he'd be all right now. And by Jove, he'd tell him to take a few days off and watch that baby grow. It must be strange and yet a pleasant thing, he reflected, to have an unknown little kid arrive and settle down with you.

"Hawford," he said, coming up behind him, as he sat writing at a desk strewn with papers.

The man started nervously, blotting the page.

"Excuse me, Mr. Clayton, I'm a bit upset."

"Yes, I know. I've just heard. It's all right. What's the matter with you man?"

It was didn't say. It's too bad. However, there'll be all the bigger surpris at home. I hope it's a fine boy!"

"What matter?" said Hawford, the light still on his face. It was only after he had gone that John Clayton remembered the diamond.

"And he might just as well have taken it," he thought. "But no, it would have been cruel to delay the poor fellow a minute. If Heywood comes early perhaps I can find time myself."

Heywood didn't come early, however. Instead a message arrived: "Will come at earliest possible moment. Be sure and wait."

With an ill-grace he waited, considering that it was the one thing to do, yet with stern inward rebellion at doing it.

"I have it," he thought joyfully, at last. "I'll send it by Masters when the little beggar goes to lunch!"

At a little before 12 he said to the boy: "Masters, I'd like you to take a package up to St. Stephen's Avenue, No. 32."

"Miss Payne's!" said the boy promptly.

"Yes. I see you do know the name. I'll write a note, and you're to be careful, very careful, for the—contents are valuable."

It would not have been easy to have said "a diamond ring" with the freckle-faced imp's knowing eyes fixed on his face.

"And I wish, as you go, you'd go to a restaurant and send me up a bite to eat. I can't leave with Hawford away!"

"Where from, sir?"

"The Cafe Cecil; they know me there."

"What'll I send, sir?"

"Oh, anything. I'm hungry. You needn't hurry back, Masters."

"All right, sir."

In the outer office, the boy stopped to enclose the package in a cover of newspaper, wrapping it again and again.

"There now," he said, securing it with a rubber-band, "that won't get dirty."

Full of importance at his two commissions, he entered the big restaurant. People eyed him askance—a queer little figure he seemed in the fashionable place. One of the waiters approached him.

"Are you looking for anyone, boy?"

"No; I want to give an order." He paused, enjoying the wonder on the other's face. "For Mr Clayton," he continued, "Mr John Clayton, 100 Queen Street."

"What will Mr Clayton have?" asked the waiter with respect.

"Let me see," said the boy importantly, "he's hungry. Never mind no bill of fare. I know what he wants." And he gave an order which later on caused Clayton to roar with laughter when it was sent up to his rooms.

At home he was no longer the freckle-faced imp of the office, but the only pride, joy, and hope of a worse than widowed mother.

"An' he trusts me all right," he said, as he concluded the tale of his morning's duties.

"Then do be careful, Joe, an' don't have no mishap," said his mother, thinking of someone else who had been "trusted."

It was after one when he left the house.

"No need to hurry," he assured his mother. "Taint often he says not to hurry, an' you bet he won't expect me early. If I get there at three, it'll be O.K."

"It's better to be early than late, Joe."

"Well, I'm off now, mother. He gave me car fare, but I'll walk an' save it."

"It's too long, Joe, in the hot sun. Best take a car."

He laughed, shook his head, and walked away.

It was perhaps an hour later, as he sat by the window sewing, that she saw Joe coming again toward the house.

"Now, ain't that nice?" was her first thought, "his boss has give him the whole afternoon."

But the next glance suggested another reason for his appearance.

"Lord, I do hope he ain't lost his job," she said aloud.

But Sarah Masters was not a stranger to misfortune or grief. She went for

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ward quite steadily and opened the door. She waited a moment for the boy to speak, as indeed he tried, but no word came. She put her arms around him and drew the freckled face to her breast.

"What's wrong, Joe? Don't be afraid to tell nothin' to yer mother, boy."

At last the words came.

"I've lost it."  
"The package?"  
"Yes."

"Well, that's better'n yer job. It'll likely be found, but jobs ain't picked up every day."

"If 'taint found the job's gone too. It must have cost a lot, the way he looked, an' the way he say, 'Them contents is valuable.'"

Joe had the gift of mimicry. She began to take the alarm.

"Think where ye had it last, Joe?"  
"I can't seem to remember. I'm purly sure I put it in my coat. You know I was goin' to show it to you, an' you said it weren't our business to even look at the outside."

"Yes, I remember."  
"Whether I had it then I don't know. If you only hadn't said that, mother."  
She accepted the implied, unjust rebuke stolidly.

"Yes, dear," she said, after a moment, "twere too bad, but we must do the best we can now. Do you, Joe, go right to Mr Clayton an' tell him."

It was not a pleasant task, but Joe went willingly enough, hoping against hope that the package might have been found and returned. The interview lasted only a few minutes.

"If that diamond ring doesn't come back," Mr Clayton said, significantly, "I'll have you prosecuted. I might have known better than to have trusted one of your blood."

"One o' my blood—what did he mean by that, mother?"

"Somethin' about you bein' too young, I expect."

Wearily Joe walked over the way that he had come at noon. He found no trace—indeed, one was scarcely to be expected, as hundreds had passed over the road since.

"There's only one thing to do," said his mother. "We'll go to see the young lady."

"From Mr Clayton?" inquired the servant. "Yes, Miss Payne is in. You're to go up at once. She's been waiting." But she looked surprised that a black-robed figure followed the boy.

"The messenger from Mr Clayton," she announced, and Mrs Masters found herself looking vacantly into a pair of very blue eyes, while their owner concealed her surprise and greeted her kindly and cordially.

"I'd like to speak to you alone, Miss," she said at last. "Kin Joe go in the hall?"

"Why, certainly."

But even with the impediment of the boy's inquiring eyes removed, his mother found it difficult to begin. At last she stumbled into the story—the lost ring, the suspicion that rested on the boy.

Miss Payne spoke quickly.  
"Oh, Mr Clayton will feel dreadfully about it—it was his brother's ring; but I don't think he would suspect the boy."

"He does—he has a right to—the boy's father stole. He's in gaol now, servin' time, an' Mr Clayton knows it. But my Joe—as sure as Christ lives—my boy never done it; an' he says he'll gaol him for it."

She broke down then, crying quietly, not with the ease that accompanies a passionate outbreak, but slowly, painfully, hopelessly.

Alice Payne put a hand on her shoulder. "I believe you, and I'll help you."

It was in the evening paper, a tersely worded advertisement, describing the package, where it was lost, and the suspicion under which the boy lay. Clayton had little to say about it when he duly arrived in the evening. Indeed, he had been a queer lover to cavil at anything that had flushed the cheeks, brightened the bright eyes, and made Alice more sweetly loving than he had ever seen her.

"And 't'is, off, so sure you'll find it, Jack! Women feel these things, you know. And as soon as it's in my hands I'll have it reset." Then for the dozenth time he must describe the diamond, the colour, and the size.

After a time he responded to her mood. "I believe," he said to himself, "I was hard on that boy—poor little friendless beggar! And to throw it up to him about his father—you, John Clayton, who always saw the injustice of sins descending as a legacy. Ten to one, Alice is right. I'll send a message as soon as I

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The Strand, AUCKLAND, N.Z.

leave here to tell him to be sure to show up in the morning."

And Alice, watching his face, knew just when the last shadow of suspicion vanished.

Joe was prompt in the morning, a little quieter, a little more forlorn-looking, and the sparkle had quite gone from his impish eyes.

"Did you hear anything, sir?" he asked. "No, not yet, but I expect we will before the day is over," answered Clayton, smiling his rare smile at the freckled, eager face.

Morning vanished; noon came. Joe left for his lunch, sighing at the remembrance of how proudly he had departed the day before. Clayton went out and found a messenger with a letter waiting for him upon his return. He opened the dainty missive. "Dear," the letter read, "I'll believe you the next time you say I'm a witch! You know how sure, sure, doubly sure, I was that the package would be found? I've just received such a queer letter—quite illiterate. I'll copy it down for you when I finish. And the ring, the ring! I've pried it out of its setting, and am taking it to the jeweller as soon as I finish this. It is a beautiful diamond; tell your father how pleased I am—and do, do, do let Joe Masters and his mother know at once."

"Now, how the deuce did she know he had a mother?" he reflected.

The lines at the bottom of the page read: "Dear Sir or Madam—I ben thinkin' sence I picked up that packej, 'Taint mine, but, says I, the world aint never too ezy on a pore man, an' I'll jest keep it. Then I seen the ad, an' says I, no don't ye never allow any blame to rest on a boy that don't belong there. Ye've been there yourself an' you know 'taint right to let the sins of the father be vizited on the children to the forth generashun. Yours respectful, One Who Knows."

Clayton read it over again and once again, utterly oblivious of the opening lines of the letter, which he usually learnt by heart. His keen eye detected many flaws in its composition. "World," "allow," "flame," "belong," "yourself"—all correctly spelled. And the reference to the "sins of the father," who would have known that? Who could have known but Joe Masters? Masters, frightened into giving up his ill-gotten gains and thinking to retain his position and confidence—but he shouldn't do it—not much!

"Any news, sir?" asked the boy upon his return.

"Some make-believe news." A moment later Joe came, with none of his superabundant exuberance, but stepping quietly, slowly, like an old man—a guilty one, his employer thought.

"The telephone again, sir?"

And into John Clayton's listening ear came the words: "Hallo! That you, Mr. Clayton? I'm glad to catch you. This is the Cecil—the restaurant, you know. Well, that boy of yours dropped a package here yesterday—wrapped in newspaper. One of the waiters picked it up, and supposing it belonged to the boy, attached no importance to it—intended to give it to him when he saw him again. I saw the ad. last night, so I took off the newspaper wrapping and there was the packet safe and sound. Send up, will you?"

"Thanks, I'll send right away," he answered vaguely. Then, in a moment he understood.

"The little fraud! God bless her!" he said, softly.

He walked back into the office and took a freckled, sad little face between his hands.

"Joe, go to the Cecil and get the diamond ring—"

"It's found, sir?"

"Yes. Then take it to Miss Payne and tell her I say her correspondent was a fraud—can you remember that?"

"Yes, sir. I won't forget nothin' soon again."

"And tell her I'll be sure to call on that correspondent of hers to-night."

"Yes, sir. I'll remember every word."

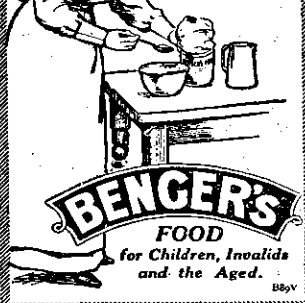
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# NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

## A Night of Terror.

By BERTA HILL, Auckland.

THE woman sat huddled up in a corner seat of the tram-car. She was small and insignificant, and had tilted her hat low over her eyes, as if to render herself less conspicuous. Perhaps she had a woman's innate dislike of being alone, and unescorted at night; the hour was nearing midnight, and with the exception of three men, she found herself the only occupant of the car.

The tram whirled along through the darkness; presently the steady rhythmic chud-chud of the wheels, combined with a sense of warmth and security, lulled two of the belated passengers into blissful forgetfulness. They dozed with their mouths open, a heavy porcine pair, and the woman from under the shade of her hat studied them disdainfully. Her pretty lips curved in scorn for a moment, and then drooped again, dragged down by a weight of inevitable depression. Turning her eyes, large and brown, towards the window, she became lost in reflection.

Roused by a clink from the warning bell, one of the sleepers awoke, and discovered, to his great disgust, that he had been carried several sections past his destination. The car was stopped; he alighted, and stumbled away into the darkness, muttering curses as he went. The conductor, a bright-faced boy, glanced at the woman.

"Half seas over!" he explained, with a laugh, and a wise little nod.

But the woman shivered, and drew further back into her corner. The boy returned to the platform, a little disappointed at her lack of response.

Presently the car slowed down, and a tall, burly man jumped aboard. He exchanged a cheery "Good evening" with the conductor, brushed into the aisle, glanced round, and was about to pass through into the smoking carriage, when his eyes met those of the quiet little woman. He halted, for a moment towered above her, and then with a quick movement slipped into the seat by her side.

"Anna?" he whispered, and she nodded, her eyes on his. That was all. They sat in silence for many minutes, yet neither uttered an exclamation of surprise, they exchanged no greetings—truly a strange pair! The woman evinced no astonishment or curiosity, simply because she felt none. "He has been with me always in spirit," she might have cried, if questioned; "and now he has slipped into his rightful place—by my side. Why should I be surprised?" And she might have given that quick, decisive little nod which had first drawn him to her.

So they sat, each content as yet with a mere sense of the other's nearness. It could not be explained, this unexpected meeting, but the fact remained that they sat side by side—her shoulder brushed his. It was good that it should be so. But at last the woman spoke—very naturally, as if she continued a conversation which had been broken off a moment or two before.

"Jack's worse than ever," she said. "He becomes more degraded every year!"

It did not seem strange to her that she should speak so of her husband.

Her companion frowned. "Poor wretch! And you, little woman?" Ah! how tenderly.

"It." She shrugged her shoulders. "Well, it is just the same. When I go home to-night. . . ." She turned upon him tragic eyes and paused.

"Don't!" he cried sharply.

The woman began to tremble. So he had not forgotten—neither had she. She blushed suddenly.

"You know he's not a responsible person at such times," she began apologetically. The words shook in her throat.

At that moment there came a hurried shock. The tram-car bumped across

something—a human shriek, hoarse with agony, rang out on the still night air. A man under the wheels! Then came the sickening thud, again and again, the strangled cry—ah, God!—it died away to a moan—to silence—and at last—O, Time! O, Eternity! the car slowed down and stopped.

Deathly white, the young conductor sprang from the platform, and ran forward. The male passengers, shaken and ill, made for the door. . . . They had some clinking instrument—they were all straining together—trying to lift the car.

The little woman had run until she could run no further. She stumbled upon a stone, fell in a heap in the dusty road, and lay motionless, unable to rise. Presently strong arms sought her, lifted her up, set her upon her feet. Gentle hands stroked her bruised face. No one would have supposed that the big burly man could have had so tender a touch. He soothed her, but he did not speak. What was there to say? And before long the woman began to cry.

The man had known her for many years, but he had only heard her cry like this once before. That was also in the night-time, and in a country lane much like this, and with the same passionless stars overhead. But she had known then that her heart was broken, and she had cried as young women will when that knowledge is brought home to them.

She grew calmer at last, but still trembled and shook in his arms. Her poor head drooped, and the round, childish chin trembled so that she could not speak. But he could not see that for the darkness, and his own pain confused him. He had been in hell so very recently;

was it two or twenty minutes since she began to sob? And so he must be forgiven—inasmuch that he had no comforting phrase ready upon his tongue, but could only give little broken, stilled sounds of sympathy, and held her closer.

"I can't go home," she cried at last. "Oh, Hal! Hal! I shall have that cry in my ears—all night—always—always!" and she began to sob again. One thought brought her fresh terror. Her husband was at home, awaiting her. She could not slip in as she usually did—very quietly—for fear of disturbing his drunken slumber. To-night she would scream, would go mad if he struck her—that so common occurrence—a blow! No! No! She would stay out here all night in this cool, quiet lane, and when daylight came she would find strength to creep home. She was never so afraid in the daytime. There was something so comforting and strength-giving in the sunlight. But to-night, in the darkness, that cry in her ears!

Hal understood. When had he not understood? He wrapped his overcoat about the trembling, frantic creature, and guiding her footsteps drew her towards a resting-place. They found a corner in the long grass by the hedge, and settled themselves, their backs against a log, to wait for the dawn. Anna's face glimmered white in the starlight, and it was long before she ceased to tremble, and cling to her companion. But at last she began to listen, to comment, and finally even to laugh slightly. For Hal talked of many things of his adventures during the last three years—of his travels, of the people he had met, the wonders he had seen.

He felt that he must talk—he must concentrate his mind and painstakingly

describe the Riviera, the view from Mt. Blanc, and try and forget that Anna's fingers clasped his, Anna's face was so near his in the dimness, Anna's heart beat against his side. . . . Before he had finished his descriptions Anna fell sound asleep. It must be remembered that she was utterly worn out, both mentally and physically; the night was nearly gone. She must be excused her lapse of good manners. For one should not go to sleep when a kindly friend is endeavouring to entertain one, even though the subject be geography, and the dawn draw near and the kindly friend talk incessantly, as if absorbed in his subject and its exposition.

Oh! what white faces the sunlight showed; what heavy eyes he flashed his rays into. Such cramped forms ached in every limb; such weary feet took to the road again! It was very early, the air was full of an indescribable scent of sun-warmed earth; in the trees and hedges along the highway birds carolled in welcome to the morn; a faint breeze blew from the harbour, and fanned their pallid faces. The road was quite deserted. Anna was glad of that; she would not care to be seen in this plight. She shrank from Hal's glance, conscious of the co-mingled dust and tear stains upon her face; the general wreckage of her appearance.

Presently they turned a corner, and Anna pointed to a small house near at hand. "That is where we live," she told him, with some shame.

It was a wretched cottage, sadly neglected and in need of a coat of paint. The whole exterior spoke of poverty. Hal regarded it.

"I could have given you a better home than that," he said.

"Yes, but you came too late," she replied simply.

As they drew nearer he noticed that the garden-patch, was brilliant with spring flowers, evidently the result of much tending and care. Alas, poor Anna! Closer inspection revealed a sad fact. Her labour of weeks had been destroyed in one night. Along the borders the flowers lay in crushed confusion—all their glory ruthlessly destroyed—trampled into the earth by cruel feet. She could have cried aloud in very bitterness. They were met at the gate—not by her husband, bloated, violently abusive, as she chiefly knew him, but by a neighbour, whose kindly face wore an air of real grief, intermingled with great excitement. She caught Anna's hands and

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## Ghosts that Pass in the Night.

threw a kindly arm about her, without so much as a glance for the dusty hat. "Oh, my dear!" she cried, "you mustn't go in there. Oh, my poor pet! How can I tell you. Such a dreadful, dreadful thing!"

Anna breathed quickly. "What is it? My husband?" she cried, upon her face a whiteness of premonition; a sickening fear of disaster. Hat's heart ached for her.

"It all happened last night," the old woman continued. "He was coming home very late, and he must have been—you know, my dear?" Yes, Anna knew. "And he must have fallen on the tram-line—and the tram—"

But how could she tell the dreadful thing—how break the shocking news to this pale young wife?

"They have him in there"—she indicated the house, with its closed blinds—"but he was—he died almost at once—dear—you have that to be thankful for!" She burst into tears.

But Anna's eyes were dry, and in her heart a singing bird awoke, with a singing faint but exultant. Try to stifle it as she would, ashamed of its too ready gladness, still the bird sang, heralding the wonder of a new day—the fulfilment of all that life had withheld.

## Anæmia



The mark is on the curd.

Anæmic girls, weak children and jaded mothers get new life and vigour by taking SCOTT'S Emulsion. Medicine and food, it fortifies the blood, promotes appetite, and brings back the roses and the joy of health. But be sure to get SCOTT'S—no other has the approval of the world's doctors.

## SCOTT'S Emulsion

has a 37 years' record in the curing of illness and disease. Insist on SCOTT'S and start to-day.



"And then," continued Major Connelly after lighting a cigar, "as the town clock finished its twelve strokes of midnight, the young fellow climbed over the wall of the cemetery and found himself alone in that city of eternal sleep. But, really, don't you know the story? As I've said, it is old—one of my grandmother's. You haven't heard it before?"

"No—no," exclaimed the women guests, forgetting that it was the proper thing for them to pass into the parlour when the men began to smoke. "Please tell it! What happened to him?"

So the major continued: "It was an exceedingly cold night. To make it more impressive, let us say that the moon shone, like to-night, throwing streaks of silvery light on the silent tombstones. The snow covered the ground, and the wind, blowing a sad complaint through the branches of the naked trees, made it altogether uneasy."

"How poetic you are, major," interrupted one of the women.

"The young fellow made straight for the stipulated place—found the grave—took a hammer out of his pocket, and rapidly nailed his visiting card to the cross. He had won his bet! As he was about to rise, suddenly he felt the grasp of a hand about his throat, holding him back, paralysing his efforts to escape. His blood grew cold, of course, says the story; he imagined the revengeful hand of the dead whose grave he had desecrated choking him with its five clammy fingers, and he fell unconscious. The next day they found him—dead—frozen. In his excitement he had driven the nail both through his visiting card and—his mauler."

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Miss Edith, the eldest daughter of Major Connelly. "It served him right for not believing in ghosts in the first place. I think they are adorable old things. I dote on them!"

"It's too horribly gruesome," objected Mrs. Connelly. "Dad should not tell such stories before Mazie. I am sure the child won't be able to sleep to-night."

"Why not, mamma?" said Mazie, a child of twelve years, proud of not having been sent to bed at the usual hour. "If I had been the man I would not have taken any mauler, so's not to nail it to the cross."

"That's right, dear; don't believe in ghosts," intervened Robert Sandingham, while the other guests were moving toward the drawing room.

May it be said at once that Robert was the fiancee of Miss Edith, and, though the two were exceedingly in love with each other, they never missed an opportunity of being of different opinions about everything and anything.

"What I do not understand," he continued, "is how the people were ever able to find out what the impressions of the man were—if he were found dead the next morning? Did he come back in the shape of a nice little ghost to tell about his blood growing cold?"

"Go and ask my grandmother. She is responsible for the story—not I," replied the major.

"Robert, how aggravating you are. Why must you always spoil the fun?" said Miss Edith.

"Pardon me if I have. But I honestly don't believe in 'em. I am a materialist to the bottom of my heart."

"Neither do I, exactly believe in ghosts. I am an old soldier. Still, Robert, I must confess that there are certain things, even certain occurrences in my own life, which it would be difficult to explain. And it is such a pretty theory—to believe oneself surrounded by the spirits of those whom you have known and loved—to believe that those spirits protect you from harm and watch over you."

"It is like superstitions," added Edith; "you may not believe, but just the same it is lots of fun and it breaks the monotony of life, especially when you live in the country."

"I am not convinced. To be thirteenth at table will never spoil my appetite. I consider spiritualism a fake, and I'll never believe in ghosts till I see one."

"Oh!" burst out Edith, "how I wish that some ghost would come to you some dark night and scare you good and proper!"

"I wish him joy if he should. I think I would cure him from any desire he might have of visiting me again."

"What would you do?"

"Shoot him. There is always a little gun within reach of my hand at night."

"The admission, my dear boy, that you would shoot seems to me to indicate that you are not wholly disinclined to believe in the possibility of ghosts."

"Not at all, major, not at all—"

But here he grew a little flushed and angry.

Miss Edith clapped her hands. "Oh, good, good!" she cried. "He does believe in ghosts, after all. He's afraid of them!"

The major and the others joined in the laugh.

Robert began to defend himself. "I keep the gun in my bureau more from habit than anything else. I began to put it under my pillow several years ago when we had that burglar scare."

"But if you keep it for burglars, why would you shoot a ghost if you saw one?" demanded Miss Edith.

"Don't be mean, Edith. You know that was only a joke. In the first place, I would see a ghost because there's no such thing, and supposing I did, I'd get up and shake hands with it and ask it how Captain Cook was when it left the other place."

Everybody laughed, but Miss Edith was merciless. "I know you'd shoot," she jibed—"you'd be so scared. And you'd be more frightened, too, when you'd fired, to see the bullets go right through the ghost and hear them strike somewhere harmless, while the ghost came straight on."

"If it's to be a case like that," volunteered the major, "blank cartridges would do as well as any others. I've got a box of them somewhere, Robert, if you can use them."

Soon after Miss Edith made her excuses, saying she was sleepy and would go up at once. "At the door she paused with the laughing hope that a ghost would visit Robert that very night and frighten him into a proper respect for all shades and bogies."

When the others followed in half an hour Robert paused before her room to call out, "Good night, sweetheart," but received no response, though he knew she was not asleep, for under the crack of the door he saw a light creeping out into the hall.

Half an hour later through Robert's opened window the moon was peering upon his black head as it rested snoringly upon the white pillow.

The moonbeams had moved well across the room when Robert awoke with a start. How long he had slept he did not know, and at first he did not understand the vague feeling of alarm that filled him. He glanced about and was on the point of lying down again when, suddenly, his eyes caught the flash of something white in a dusky corner.

His eyes go wide with sudden excitement. The white blur moves. Slowly and silently it seems to glide from the corner. The moonlight falls upon it. "Is it—is it a ghost?" he breathes.

The ghost is in the middle of the room moaning.

Robert feels a cold moisture upon his forehead. He is disgusted to find himself hot and then cold. It is with ludicrous firmness of voice that he declares:

"Get out of here! Do you hear? Get out or PR shoot."

In short, staccato steps the figure in white resumes its progress toward him, and he, with his heart banging like a drum, has only enough presence of mind to realise that fear is overpowering him. His voice sounds far away to his buzzing ears.

"I'll shoot, if you don't go at once!" And suddenly it is in panic that has seized him—the kind of panic that makes a coward of even a brave man, the kind that catches man in a theatre at home or on a sinking boat, when one thought is self-preservation.

He no longer reasons; he only knows that the white, creeping, whispering thing has glided wittily to the bedside. In the aftermath of the moon he knows rather than sees that a hand of naked bone is

lowering upon his head—and bang! He has pulled the trigger. Half a second, and then distinctly he hears the bullet drop upon the floor right beside the bed.

A sickening horror races through his whole body as he sees that the thing is still there, close beside him, vague, swaying, whispering.

With deliberate aim he fires—twice—and twice he hears the bullets drop beside the bed.

One uncontrolled, back to nature yell escaped his parched throat as he leaped over the footboard of the bed, and, kicking chairs and tables to left and right, made straight for the light switch.

But someone else has reached it just before him, and a full glare from a dozen electric bulbs all smiling at once revealed to his staring eyes the major, Mrs. Connelly, half a dozen guests, and several servants—all more or less undressed and more or less armed as for combat, one with a boot tree, another with a walking stick, another with the water jug. The major held a six-shooter.

"Well, what's up?" demanded the major.

"Oh, Robert, what is it?" Mrs. Connelly stammered through set teeth. "You're as white as a ghost—what is it, Robert? There were shots."

"Yes, there were shots—three of them," said Robert, and then becoming conscious that he still gripped his revolver he turned the nose of it toward him to reassure himself that it had not been a nightmare. "Three—there were THREE—"

and he stared again into the gun-barrel. "But—all six chambers are empty! What! Blank cartridges!"

A faint voice from the curtain beside the bed made every one start—until it resolved itself into the familiar tones of Miss Edith.

"If you will promise not to shoot any more, and to forgive me, Robert dear, I'll come and join your party."

## Waimarino Forest.

Continued from page 37.

Railway Department receives in freight alone probably £70,000. It is figures like these that bring home to one what the Main Trunk really represents, and why Auckland went ahead so much after this important line of communication was opened up. The timber milled in the Waimarino is rimu, matai, and white pine, the rimu preponderating. At Horopiro recently a sawmill has been erected by Athy and Co. to deal with a large area of silver pine timber which has been unexpectedly discovered on the slopes of Ruapehu.

When it is known that the output of the mills from Waimarino station to Mangapehi in the month is equal to, if not greater, than the quantity quoted above, it will be seen what an important part the timber industry plays in the prosperity of this big stretch of country.

## REGULAR HABITS ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH.

"NATURE'S PLEASANT LAXATIVE."

The importance of regularity in bodily habits can scarcely be over-estimated. Functional irregularity—induced by carelessness or by internal weakness—is responsible for a considerable amount of suffering. Constipation should not be treated lightly. It causes headache, lassitude, indigestion, loss of appetite, drowsiness, and, what is more serious, it impairs the general health by retaining in the system the poisons arising from the waste matter in food.

Constipation always tends to become chronic; strong purgatives do not remedy the evil, and they weaken the system. The only effective method of keeping constipation away is to preserve perfect regularity in bodily habits.

To correct constipation, nothing is better than California Syrup of Figs. Doctors know its composition, and approve of its gentle and soothing action. They recommend it for adults and children in cases of functional irregularity. California Syrup of Figs is agreeable in taste (it has been described as "Nature's Pleasant Laxative"), and mild and agreeable in its action. It completely cleanses the system without the slightest pain or discomfort, and leaves it permanently benefited. California Syrup of Figs is the ideal medicine for those whose organs require assistance; it facilitates a return to the regular habits upon which health depends.

Be sure you get California Syrup of Figs. Ask clearly for "California Syrup of Figs," and identify it by the blue-ring trade-mark of the California Fig Syrup Co.



# 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.

Ocean Bay, Blenheim.

**D**EAR COUSIN KATE,—I hope you are quite well. I have just been reading the cousins' letters, and I think Cousin William has written a very nice one. I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic" lately. I go to school, and I am in the fourth standard. It is raining hard to-day, so I thought I would write to you. I am going to ask my little brother to write to you; he is only seven, so you must excuse his writing. I took my lunch out with my brother last Saturday, and did not return for dinner. Now must close.—From Cousin MEMMIE. P.S. My little brother does not want to write just yet; he might write some time.

[Dear Cousin Meme,—I am well, but have a very bad cold, which makes me feel horrid. I shall be very glad to have your brother join us, but it is always fun having lunch in the open air. I am afraid all days of picnics are nearly over. We are having it quite cold here, but beautifully fine.—Cousin KATE.]

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Fendling.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I got the badge on Wednesday. Thank you very much for it. Auntie milks ten cows night and morning, and she is always grumbling about having tired. She says she will have to get rid of some of them, but she never does. One day a lot of girls, as well as myself, were throwing bits of biscuit into the office at school. One bit hit a teacher. He asked us whose nonsense it was. Then we all laughed. Please excuse the writing, but I have to keep dipping the nib into the ink, as it will not hold the ink.—Cousin DULCIE.

[Dear Cousin Dulcie,—I was pleased to hear you were all so happy. I am writing you a letter so you will know how I am getting on. I am living near my uncle's place, but I am going to the Kopua school, and I am living away about a mile and a half. In the morning we have to get up early, and milk our cows before we go to school. There are about twenty-seven children altogether going to the Kopua school. I am about eleven years of age, and in Standard I. Please send me a blue badge.—Cousin BEN.]

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To Kopua.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing you a letter so you will know how I am getting on. I am living near my uncle's place, but I am going to the Kopua school, and I am living away about a mile and a half. In the morning we have to get up early, and milk our cows before we go to school. There are about twenty-seven children altogether going to the Kopua school. I am about eleven years of age, and in Standard I. Please send me a blue badge.—Cousin BEN.]

[Dear Cousin Ben,—I am always pleased to enrol boy cousins, though most of them are very lazy. Of course, you won't be. I know. I think you will be a very good writer and beautifully neat. I suppose you will be starting football now the weather is getting colder.—Cousin KATE.]

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To Kopua.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was happy when I read what was in your letter and when I saw the badge in it, too. And in the morning, when I went to school, I showed my teacher your letter and the badge. He read what was in it, too, and he saw the badge in it. He also read the words on the badge. Several days after I read my own letter in the "New Zealand Graphic" newspaper. The "Graphic" belonged to our teacher. I did not only read my own letter in the "Graphic," but I read the other letters as well. I have been going to school about three years. I have only four cows and one bullock, and I have not got any other pet animals. This is the conclusion of my letter.—Cousin WILLIAM.

[Dear Cousin William,—I am glad you liked the badge and the letter; all the cousins love seeing their letters in print. I will send you some "Graphics," and you can pass them on. Cows and bullocks are very useful things, but not much fun as pets. Now, horses are useful and you can make great pets of them. What are I suppose you have some land, and will you going to do when you leave school? work that.—Cousin KATE.]

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Wanganui.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I expect you have forgotten me by now. I have not had much time to write to you, as I have a great deal of home work to do. We had our school swimming sports last week. I won a first, three seconds, and a third. I went to stay in the country for a week, and I enjoyed it very much, especially going for a ride on the pony. I passed into standard VI, and find it rather easy. The wind has been blowing all day, and it has been very cold. The eclipse of the moon was to take place last night at 9.43 p.m., but it did not take place until somewhere near 11 p.m. There was a severe earthquake here this afternoon, and we were all very frightened. There were two fires here last Sunday, 16th. The bridge which is being built is advancing rapidly, and it will be finished next March

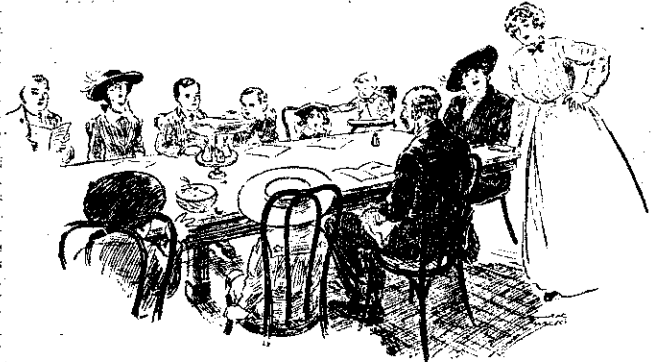
Uuku.  
Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? I am nine years old, and in the second standard. My sister Marjorie is in the same standard as I am, and she is eight years old. I have two other sisters, Gwen and Beryl. Gwen is six, and in primer III. Beryl is twenty-three months old. Beryl has a pet lamb, and its name is Nancy. My Cousin Lurline and I can have gone away from Uuku, and are living up between Ohakune and Raetihi. My auntie and two little cousins are staying with us. My father has a farm, and he has four dogs. Will you please kindly send me a blue badge. It was Gwen's birthday the day that daddy's bridge was smashed. It will be a year on July 16th since it happened. Mr Hopwood is not found yet. I like going to school. There are three lady teachers and one man teaching at school. I went down to Rongotea to my uncle's place. He has a farm, and we had a lovely time. Uncle has twenty-three cows to milk, and to take the milk to the factory.—Cousin MARY.

[Dear Cousin Mary,—I am very pleased to have you join our society. I enjoyed your nice little letter. I should have been most interested to hear about the bridge. Was it washed away in a flood, or what happened? Tell me in your next letter.—Cousin KATE.]

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Wellington.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry I did not write to you before, but I was taken down to the Children's Hospital in Wellington, and that was why I was delayed. My mate and I suggested writing to you. Her name is Vera Lawton. To-day is Good Friday, and we have just had hot cross buns for



Waitress: "What's yours, sir?"  
Paterfamilias (wearily): "All of 'em mine. Fill 'em up."

If things go well. In one of the "Graphics" we received, it had the children's page missed out, as well as some others. We went for a picnic to Castleridge, and it was very pleasant. We went in for a butte, and it was quite a change. We have a number of flowers out, and some of them are covered with bees. I am not going away for my Easter holidays, though I have been asked. We are going to uncle's for a day. He lives about three miles out of the town. He is going to take us out in his motor car. There are plenty of mushrooms out there. We went out mushrooming last Thursday, and got a good deal. Have you had any mushrooms this year, Cousin Kate? I hope you enjoy your Easter holidays.—Cousin MAVIS.

[Dear Cousin Mavis,—I am very pleased to hear from you again. You must be quite a strong swimmer to do so well. The country, I think, is ideal for a holiday, but I like towns to live in. I had a bad head, so did not sit up to see the eclipse of the moon. I saw a beauty about four years ago. I read about the earthquake; they are very frightening things. Do you mean there were pages left out of the "Graphic" sent from the office? Easter was very enjoyable here, and on the whole the weather was good.—Cousin KATE.]

lunch. There are a good many in here. The other day one of the sisters of the hospital gave us children some lot of toys. We all like the nurses and sisters; they are so nice. To-day has been such a nice, warm, calm day. I see now that all the cousins say in their letters that they are having hot weather, so I suppose we will all be singing out for rain now. I have been down here nearly three months, and nearly every day has been windy. I am fond of reading Cousin Lena's letters; they are so interesting. I think I will write to you twice a month, if I can remember to. Before I close I will give you a riddle: A riddle, a riddle, a farmer's riddle, alive at both ends, and dead in the middle?—I remain, Cousin JEAN.

[Dear Cousin Jean,—I am so very sorry to know that you are in a hospital, but as your letter is so cheerful, I hope it is not anything very serious, and I do hope you don't suffer much pain. I hate to think of one of my cousins suffering. We have no children's hospital in Auckland, of course, there are wards in the general hospital for them, but of course that is not nearly so nice. We are having cold but very bright weather. I am glad we can't have as much wind as Wellington. I can't guess the riddle.—Cousin KATE.]

## Pulpit Misquotations.

Nothing vexes anyone who takes authorship seriously more than a misquotation, and what writer has not suffered torture in this way? Pulpiters and lecturers and popular journalists, and young men in a hurry are here sad offenders. To sit in church, as a member of a large congregation, and hear famous passages from famous poets or prophets like Carlyle and Wordsworth and Ruskin paraphrased and parodied becomes a very real and involuntary penance to a literary listener. Shakespeare must almost have turned in his grave, so to speak, when a glib popular extempore preacher came out with this appalling travesty of his words:—

"There is a Providence that shapes our steps,  
Rough hew them how we will,"  
when he really wrote, of course, something far better:—  
"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."

"Hamlet," above all plays, when we consider how often it has been represented in public, and remember Irving's impersonation and the amount that has been written about it in England and Germany, not to mention other countries, should be at any rate well and widely known. But the slovenly parson, who will probably make a slovenly parish, does not always seem acquainted with the play. Even a doctor of divinity tripped gaily and confidently over these fatal "steps" not very long ago. And there is another celebrated verse in "Hamlet" which frequently also undergoes a slight eclipse:—

"There's a Divinity doth hedge a King,"  
Shakespeare, as a matter of fact, wrote:  
"There's such Divinity doth hedge a King  
That treason can but peep to what it would."

We have heard "fence," a far more otiose metaphor, employed as a substitute for "hedge"—a "fence" that was an "offence" in every way. The worst transgressors, and a very common class, appear to be the men and women with a conspicuously accurate manner, but with most inaccurate minds and memories.—F. W. Orde Ward, in "Westminster Review."

## The Biggest Waterfall.

Which is "the world's greatest waterfall"? Dr. Percy Rendell, in London last month claimed the title for the Kaieteur Fall, in British Guiana, which has a drop of 822 feet—five times the height of Niagara and twice that of Victoria Falls. Sir Henry Barclay, however, claims the primacy for the New Zealand outcrop, which descends 1,200 feet, although it has a break in the middle. Then there are the falls in the Yosemite Valley, with drops varying from 1,700 to 2,200 feet. But simple height is perhaps an obsolete standard, now that the industrial value of water-power is coming so prominently into notice. Niagara produces 1,200,000 horsepower, and Kaieteur 1,264,864. But Mr Beckles Wilson's new book on Quebec tells us that the Grand Falls of Hamilton River, in the northern territory of that Province, are estimated to produce no less than 9,000,000 horse-power! We must evidently have a code of rules for deciding the Waterfall Championship.

### The Royal Commission

in their final report on Tuberculosis, recently issued, clearly showed that the chief danger to child life resulted from the use of infected cow's milk. To quote one extract: "The Evidence we have accumulated goes to demonstrate that a considerable amount of the tuberculosis of childhood is to be ascribed to infection transmitted to children in meals consisting largely of the milk of the cow."

When the mother's milk is not available, the "Allenburys" Foods form the best substitute, as they are practically identical with healthy human milk in composition, nutritive value and digestibility, and are absolutely free from all harmful germs.

Milk Food No. 1. From birth to 3 months  
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The "Allenburys" Foods. A valuable addition to baby's dietary when ten months old and after. These Foods are especially useful during the troublesome time of weaning. When added to the mother's milk they aid the mothering of both.

# The Allenburys' Foods

promote sound sleep, ensure vigorous health and development, and represent the most successful method of infant feeding ever devised.

Pamphlet on "Infant Feeding and Management" sent free.

**Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, Eng., and Market St., Sydney**

# How to Bring Up Baby.

(By **HYGEIA**.)

Published under the auspices of the Society for the Health of Women and Children.

"It is wiser to put up a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom."

## THE ONLY COMMON-SENSE WAY OF FEEDING BABIES.

**D**UTSESS find it difficult to get women to use their reasoning faculties with regard to the rearing of children. For instance, one of the commonest remarks made by mothers in respect to their bottle-fed infants, when advised to change to Humanised Milk, is:—"I shall make no change so long as what he is getting continues to agree with him." No matter how demonstrably wrong in its nature and components the food in use may be; no matter how inevitable the imperfection of structure and development that may result in the long run from its continued use; and how grave the risks of debility and disease, the mother tends to hold stubbornly to her first decision; "I shall make no change as long as baby remains healthy." She thinks this is unanswerable common sense, though a moment's reflection shows the absurdity of such an attitude. It means nothing more or less than this—until the mother has damaged her baby so greatly that it begins to obviously break down, she will continue to use a wrong food even after it has been shown to be wrong.

There is only one common-sense way of feeding a baby, and that is the way of Nature—the Almighty's way. Failing this, the baby should be given milk conforming as closely as possible to human milk—viz., Humanised Milk.

### Seductive Temptations.

There are undoubtedly strong temptations in other directions. A seductive characteristic of most patent baby foods and of condensed milk is the fact that they tend to be well borne at first, and the baby seems to thrive on them, for a time at least. Too late mothers come to realise, in a large proportion of cases, that it is not firm, healthy bone and flesh they have been forming, but weak flabby tissues which cannot hold out against disease. Their infants may take prizes at baby shows, but they will not prove winners in the race of life. For the long distance contest good muscle, sound teeth, perfect digestion, and healthy, active heart, lungs, brain, and nerves are of the first importance, and these things are not to be expected in babies fed contrary to the laws, and provisions of Nature.

Mothers give the digestive organs of the baby credit for being able to transmute almost anything—the milk of any animal, condensed milk, patent vegetable foods, etc.—into sound flesh and blood.

Indeed, there is much to support the fallacy. You can keep a baby alive, and even get it to grow and seem well, on an infinite variety of improper foods—foods that will not make perfect tissue—foods that will result in weak digestion, and tend to debility of body, mind, and spirit in the long run.

### Babies Hard to Kill.

Mr Broadbent, Mayor of Huddersfield, said at a lecture given in Edinburgh some years ago:—

"It is a well-known fact that some babies you cannot kill. You can rob them of their mother's milk, feed them with unsatisfactory milk through a long tube out of a dirty feeding-bottle, give them all kinds of odds and ends, bread, chipped potatoes, fried fish, and even pickles and patent foods, yet they persist in living. But this regimen will effectually dispose of most babies, and the few that survive are rickety, poor creatures that will probably be of no use in the world to themselves or to anybody else, and will supply goals and lunatic asylums and workhouses with inmates. Had the splendid persistence of the little mortal been backed up by proper food and treatment, the child would have stood a good chance of being a centenarian; with such an initial vitality, and such power of resisting adverse conditions, there is nothing that such a child could not have done. The case is an extreme one, but it illustrates the connection that I want to establish between the life and health of children. Under the extremely bad conditions that I have hinted at, probably 99 out of every 100 would die. Improve the conditions and you would soon reduce the rate to 30 or 40 per cent; but this would indicate that the 60 or 70 survivors had passed through a severe struggle to maintain existence, and would be each more or less subject to fall by subsequent attacks, on their vitality. Improve the conditions again, and you would reduce the death-rate to, say, 10 per cent, and the 90 survivors would all be far better than any of the 60 or 70 survivors who have pulled through the adverse conditions to which the 30 or 40 had succumbed. There is no question that the death-rate of children indicates most clearly and definitely the health conditions of child-life. . . . I take it that every life lost points to many lives injured, and I will for the present state as my assumption that every infant life lost is wastage of life in itself, and indicates further wastage of health amongst the survivors."

## Dictating the Fashions.

Paris is still the supreme dictator in what women shall wear, but in the matter of men's clothes the tailors of the West End of London claim to set the standard for the rest of the world. The boast is not fully justified, for in Continental countries the men do not take any interest in the latest London fashions, but conform to the fashions set by the tailors of their own countries. Even the American style of men's clothes is so different from the London standards that there is little difficulty in picking out American visitors. But the fashionable young American, when visiting London, pays an early visit to a fashionable West End tailor, and when he goes back home he takes a supply of English-made clothes with him, and is regarded by his fellows as in the front rank of fashion. But the West End tailors do set the fashions for the British Dominions generally. There are, among the fashionable young bloods of London, some who actually have sufficient intelligence to design a new waistcoat, and are not afraid to pit their sartorial knowledge against the masters of the tailoring trade, but, broadly speaking, the people who wear clothes of the latest fashion have no say whatever in fixing the fashion. The tweed manufacturers, the tailors, and the trade newspapers devoted to the tailoring trade, all have a say in what the new fashion shall be, and yet they do not actually conspire together so as to arrive at a unanimous decision. If the change from the old fashion to the new is of a somewhat startling kind, which is liable to deter timid people from accepting it, the new fashion will make its first appearances on the stage of West End theatres, so as to get itself talked about. There are several prominent actors in London who take a pride in being first on the stage with a new style in trousers, or a coat of a new cut. The main object at the back of every introduction of a new fashion is the desire for change. This desire is not based on the necessity of making concessions to the mutability of fashionable young men, but on a business foundation. A change in fashion means work for the tweed manufacturers and the tailors.

## A Weird Story.

A weird story is told of Spion Kop for the first time by an ex-soldier of the Scottish Rifles, who was wounded and disabled on the slope. A sergeant of the regiment lay at full length shot through the brain, yet even in death the man looked like a fighting machine suddenly gone out of order. His rifle was pressed against his shoulder, his left hand grasped the barrel on the under side, the forefinger of the right hand pressed the trigger lightly, the barrel rested out upon a rock, and his death-dulled eye still glared along the sights, for dissolution had come to him with awful suddenness, just as he had bent his head to fire at those who shot him, and now his hands had stiffened in the unbreakable stiffness of eternal sleep. A Boer combatant saw the sergeant as he lay, and he grasped the rifle by the barrel and tried to jerk it from the dead man's grip, but as he pulled he brought the rifle in a line with his own breast, and the unyielding finger on the trigger did the rest—the rifle spoke from the dead soldier's hand, and the bullet passed through the Boer's heart, stretching him dead beside the Briton. The soldier who relates the story was lying a few yards distant from his non-commissioned officer wounded in the knee-joint, and was an eye-witness of the tragic occurrence.

## Heaviest American Brain.

Dr. Edward A. Spitzka, the brain specialist, credits the late Edward H. Knight with having the heaviest American brain on record. Mr. Knight was well known in Washington, and was a patent attorney of note. At the time of his death his brain weighed 1,814 grammes. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, hero of New Orleans, had a brain which weighed 1,758 grammes, the next heaviest recorded, according to Dr. Spitzka. The heaviest brain on record anywhere in the world is given as that of the Russian poet and novelist, Turgenev, which tipped the scales at 2,012 grammes.

## ITCHING ECZEMA ALMOST UNBEARABLE

Broke Out on Leg. Began by Small Pimples and Dry Scaling Skin. Leg Inflamed. No Rest Night or Day. Used Cuticura Remedies. In Ten Days Leg Quite Healed.

5 Lavidge St., Hawthorn, Vic.—"I had eczema break out on my leg; it began by small pimples and dry scaling skin. The itching was almost unbearable. I purchased ointment at the chemist's which he told me would cure it but my leg became a lot worse and the irritation was unbearable, the leg became very much inflamed and it spread so that I began to think I should have a very bad leg. I had no rest night or day for almost three months and then I happened to see the advertisement of Cuticura Remedies in the paper and wrote for a sample which I have pleasure to say gave me relief at once and in ten days my leg was quite healed.

"I cannot speak too highly of Cuticura Ointment and I would advise anyone suffering from any skin disease to try it and I am sure they will benefit by it. My husband tells me he was troubled with the same complaint some years ago and Cuticura Ointment completely cured him." (Signed) Mrs. M. Potts, May 17, 1912.

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Prevent dry, thin and falling hair, allay itching and irritation, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, frequent shampoos with Cuticura Soap, assisted by occasional dressings with Cuticura Ointment, afford a most effective and economical treatment. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.



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There is nothing better for delicate children than a course of Angier's Emulsion. Bland and pleasant, soothing alike to throat, lungs, stomach and intestines, an aid to appetite and digestion, and a splendid tonic and builder, it is the ideal remedy for children's ailments and no mother should be without a bottle in the house. The medical profession prescribe Angier's Emulsion not only for coughs, bronchitis, whooping cough and all lung affections, but also for scrofula, rickets and all wasting diseases. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/9 and 4/6.

# ANGIER'S EMULSION

**"THE CHANGE IN HER IS WONDERFUL."**

Dear Sirs,—My little girl has been a constant anxiety owing to loss of appetite and a very trying cough. I was so pleased to see her relish her food after she had had a sample bottle of Angier's that I got a large 14/6 bottle, which she has just finished. The change in her is wonderful; the cough is quite gone, she has put on firm flesh and has a good colour and appetite. To have accomplished this with a really palatable mixture is a great cause of thankfulness to me and you have my full consent to publish this letter in case it may persuade other mothers to try Angier's Emulsion. (Signed) Mrs. K. WILKINS.

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Fill in Coupon and send with 4d. for postage. Mention this number.  
**THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., 7 Barrack Street, SYDNEY.**

# Jack Devereux's Scoop.

The Story of a Young War Correspondent's Thrilling Experiences in Morocco.

By PERCY F. WESTERMAN.

"It's very unfortunate," remarked the editor of the "Intelligence" to his sub. "Arnold is in Tripoli in anticipation of a good 'story' when a real fight does take place. He may get it or he may not—time will prove. Baker is away in Panama, waiting for developments. Cole is down with some childish complaint or other, and the doctor won't let him do a stroke. But Cole always was a man to knuckle under easily. To cap it all, there's this Morocco business taking everybody by surprise, and the "Intelligence" hasn't a man on the staff fit to be sent. I'd go myself, by George, if I were twenty years younger."

"Why not give Devereux a chance?" "Devereux? Why, he's only a youngster."

"Not more than twenty years younger than you are," replied Wilcox, the sub-editor, slyly. "He's eighteen, fairly smart at his work—"

"We want men who are more than fairly smart."

"And trustworthy," continued Wilcox, ignoring his chief's interruption. "You remember he's done some very good specials for us in military matters."

"So he did; so he did. H'm, yes; he might do."

"I'll send for him," said the sub, eager to follow up his move, for he took a big and good natured interest in Jack Devereux.

Wilcox took up the telephone receiver. "That you, Evans? Good! Tell Devereux to come up here."

A minute later a tall, alert-looking youngster walked briskly into the chief's sanctum.

"Ah, Devereux! Wilcox has just suggested that you might represent us in Morocco. There's every likelihood of something important taking place there within the next few weeks. The attack on Fez has completely taken us all by surprise. We want a man who will be able to seize his chance if there is the remotest possibility of making a scoop. Are you willing?"

Devereux was; he had no home ties, and his ambition lay solely in his work. "I'll go, sir."

"Good. You must catch the Calais boat this evening. Wilcox will put you up to anything you feel shaky about. But, remember, the interests of the "Intelligence" are to be your chief consideration."

"So you are the "Intelligence" man? Say, we may as well chum together; only don't forget, sonny, we are rivals in the game, you know. All's fair in the news hunt, you'll find out."

It was in the city of Fez—after Devereux had successfully completed the five days' strenuous journey from Tangier. The speaker was Arnold B. Craddock, the veteran war correspondent of the "Moonshine," a tall gaunt individual of about forty years of age, whose leather-like features, tanned by exposure to all sorts and conditions of climate from the Arctic Circle to the Equator, were permanently puckered into "thousand wrinkles. He was a citizen of the U.S.A., but had been acquired by the "Moonshine" in order to introduce hustling methods into that journal, and its proprietors, knowing Craddock's reputation looked for great things from their "special."

Craddock was dressed in a serviceable suit of khaki, with double-breasted pockets. His legs were encased in untanned cowhide boots and leggings. Across his shoulders were slung his prismatic field-glasses, counterbalanced by a case containing an automatic pistol.

Devereux's outfit was almost identical, except that he wore putties in place of leggings, and a solar-tapee, or sun-helmet instead of the wide-awake affected by his American confrere.

"I won't forget," replied Devereux, extending his hand. "We are to try and do each other as much as we possibly can, but be good pals notwithstanding."

"Guess you've hit it," agreed Craddock,

who felt he could afford to be tolerant with the inexperienced youth whom the "Intelligence" had, in its mild form of insanity, sent out to represent itself. "But I reckon, sonny, that if you are going to do anything at all, you'd best make a move. There's more than a 'squito buzzing around over there." And he pointed towards the mountains whence a faint rattle of musketry was borne to the ears of the two journalists.

Without waiting for another word, Craddock flung himself into the high-peaked saddle of an Arab horse—a fine, full-spirited beast that he had purchased from one of the "reconciled" inhabitants of the captured city—and urged that animal at furious pace towards the scene of action.

"He knows that there's something to be picked up over there," muttered Devereux, nodding his head in the direction taken by the American. "So the best thing I can do is to keep at his heels—if I can."

The young Englishman's mount was but a sorry specimen of a donkey—the only animal he had been able to procure. Devereux literally stepped into the

seen foe. Beyond the short crack of the rifles, the peculiar screech of the bullets, and the occasional pop-pop-pop of the machine guns, there was little to indicate that the troops were engaged, for the slightest mist given out by the smokeless powder was quickly dispersed in the scorching atmosphere. Occasionally two men would stagger to the rear with a wounded comrade, place their motionless burden in a position of comparative safety, and resume their places in the firing-line, while members of the field ambulance party would cluster round the "case" like flies to a honey-pot.

Presently Devereux became aware of a sharp zip somewhere in the vicinity of his left ear. Instinctively he ducked, and at the same time was almost blinded by a shower of sand thrown up by a spent bullet that struck the ground barely ten paces in front of him.

In his excitement he grew angry. "What do the boudners mean by taking pot-shots at me!" he growled; but the next instant he realised that he was crossing the danger zone, in which the bullets of the Berbers—who frequently aimed too high—were coming to earth a good eight hundred yards in the rear of the French lines.

Prudence suggested that Devereux should take cover behind some friendly rock and watch developments, but there was Craddock still making his way towards the fringe of skirmishers. Where the "Moonshine" was the "Intelligence" must surely be.

The American had reduced the pace of his horse almost to a walk—a circumstance that Devereux thought remarkable if not foolhardy. As Devereux drew nearer he saw that Craddock's mount was limping badly, with a bullet graze on its fetlock; but ere the young

rapid yet careful aim at the dull red spurts of flame betwixt the palm trees.

"It's not going to be much, after all," exclaimed Devereux. "The Berbers are bolting already."

"Don't be too cocksure, sonny," replied Craddock, glancing towards the oasis as he paused in the act of writing in his note-book. "They are—"

A loud, irregular discharge of musketry in the rear caused the two correspondents, and many of the French infantry, to turn their heads and gaze with mingled feelings at the new danger that threatened.

Out of a kohl in the ground already traversed by the French troops poured nearly a thousand Moorish hillmen, and in a moment the right flank of the invaders was cut off and surrounded, while the centre, and left flanks, taken completely by surprise, were compelled to execute a hasty, yet comparatively disciplined, strategic movement to the rear. "We're fairly trapped, by—George!" ejaculated Devereux.

"Right for once," replied Craddock, coolly. "Stand by with your revolver. Those varmints won't recognise the rights of non-combatants, I guess."

The Berbers love nothing better than to come to close quarters with their foes; and the gallant Foreign Legion realised that once their ferocious adversaries came to hand-to-hand blows their own chances would be small. Yet, in spite of the deadly magazine-rifle fire, the mountaineers rushed in and were soon crossing steel with the French troops, who, shoulder to shoulder or back to back, defended themselves by bullet and bayonet.

Presently Devereux became aware that the hammer of his revolver was snapping, harmlessly upon empty chambers. Hastily throwing open the heated weapon, he began to thrust fresh cartridges into the six cylinders. But ere he could complete his task, Craddock lurched violently against his companion, and dropped inertly upon the sand. As in a dream the Englishman saw his confrere's note-book slip from the American's grasp. Instinctively Devereux stooped, picked it up, and thrust it into his own hip-pocket; and, standing astride the prostrate form of his companion, prepared to defend both the American and himself to the last.

Feverishly he strove to insert the remaining cartridges into the chambers, but before this could be accomplished, the butt-end of a rifle, wielded by a desperate Legionnaire, caught the Englishman a glancing blow on the temple ere it descended with a crash upon the skull of a Moor.

Thousands of lights flashed before Devereux's eyes, and, clapping his hands convulsively to his head, he fell unconscious across the body of his comrade and rival.



NOTHING DOING.

"I saw the baker kissing you this morning, Mary. In future I shall take in the bread myself."

"It won't be no use, mum. He don't like fair women!"

saddle, and with his feet dangling barely eighteen inches from the ground, started in pursuit of his rival.

He was excited—that he was willing to admit—for within a few days of setting foot on African soil—and beastly soil it was—he was about to have a chance of smelling powder in real earnest.

The immediate environs of Fez consisted of a vast extent of undulating ground, sandy and interspersed by low masses of rocks. Here and there a few date-palms—the outlying sentinels of the extensive oasis—afforded a slight break to the deadly monotony of the sandy waste that extended to the base of the mountains.

"Not doing so badly, after all," soliloquised Devereux, as the sure-footed little animal trotted through the soft sand, instinctively avoiding all obstacles in the shape of hard rocks or diminutive "khors" or ravines. "I believe I'm holding my own in any case."

For Craddock's horse had nearly exhausted itself in the first half-mile, and was now floundering along and almost hiding its rider from the Englishman's view by the cloud of dust from its labouring hoofs.

Nearer and nearer the two correspondents drew to the scene of the action, Craddock still maintaining a lead of about four hundred yards.

From a spectacular point of view the engagement was disappointing, for only an extended line of brownish-grey helmets was visible, as the French Foreign Legion, taking excellent cover, maintained a rapid fire upon a practically un-

Englishman could hail the other the horse suddenly reared, then, falling to the ground with a dull thud, pitched its rider over its mane.

By the time the "Intelligence" special had joined the American, Craddock regained his feet and ruefully contemplated his lifeless steed.

"Hurt?" asked Devereux, ironically. "Hurt? As dead as a door-nail, I guess. A hundred and twenty dollars gone bust!"

"But yourself?"

"No; but I guess I'm a fool to try that sort of game, sonny. Ought to have taken cover straight away. It's getting a bit thick. Here, turn your precious animal loose, and let's lie low over there."

But Devereux was loth to leave his patient steed in the open. Nevertheless he dismounted and led the ass to the shelter of a few palms in the rock-enclosed depression.

For nearly a quarter of an hour the two correspondents watched the skirmish, till the Moorish fire began to slacken, and the French, by alternate rushes by companies, began to press home the attack.

"Now's our chance!" exclaimed Craddock, replacing his field glasses and shutting the case with an emphatic snap. "We'll make for the rear of those fellows on the right flank."

Unscathed the two correspondents gained their desired position, and were soon following up the extended line of infantry, who, advancing by short rushes and dropping on one knee, were taking

When Devereux came to his senses, he found himself lying on the ground in the shade of a date-palm; his head was throbbing painfully, while his arms seemed numb and devoid of muscular action. For some minutes he lay still, wondering where on earth he could be, till the events of the sanguinary conflict came home to him.

"The interests of the "Intelligence" must be your first consideration." The words re-echoed in his mind like a hollow mockery. Something pressing against his hip told the young special that his note-book, but Craddock's as well, were so far safe; but to what purpose? Apparently they had escaped the attention of the Moors, for everything else of value had been taken from him.

He turned his head with an effort, and saw Craddock lying by his side.

"Hello, sonny! We're in a pickle, I guess."

Devereux attempted to rise, but found that he was securely bound, hand and foot.

"No use," continued the American, grimly. "They've trussed me up sure enough."

"We are prisoners?"

"I guess so. Look over there."

With an effort Devereux rolled over on to his left side. It was a strange sight that met his eyes. He was lying in a valley surrounded on three sides by lofty hills. A large part of the ground was occupied by a Berber encampment. Between the irregular lines of camouflaged tents swarmed hundreds of Moors, clad in long, loose, white garments. Camels, horses, flocks, and bundles of merchandise were huddled together promiscuously, while women and children had taken the risk of being

at the seat of war, and were mingling with the throng.

The Berbers were evidently on the point of celebrating their victory, for half-a-dozen Moors were making ready with drums and weird-looking wind instruments to provide the music for their companions' edification and amusement. "Where are the French troops?" asked Devereux.

"Having a rest behind the walls of Fez, I guess," replied the American. "Or those that got away, anyhow," he added grimly.

"What's going to happen to us, J'you think?"

"Better not ask, sonny. Too many questions on a hot day are bad for the liver."

Both men relaxed into silence, and watched the movements of their captors. In a few moments the dance of victory was in full swing, till the participants literally worked themselves up into a frenzy.

Suddenly above the clash of the beating of the drums came a succession of sharp reports, followed by a long-drawn whirr.

As if by magic the dancers ceased their exertions, and gazed skywards. The captives also looked in the direction of the strange sounds.

"An aeroplane!" gasped Devereux. "Right you are," assented Craddock. "We'll be right down lucky if we escape being blown sky-high. Look, the fellow is going to drop a bomb."

Soaring swiftly towards the Berber encampment was one of the French monoplane. Instead of the usual complement of two only one man controlled the graceful flyer.

Presently, when almost over the camp, he tilted the planes, then, leaning sideways, let fall a small, black object.

The Moors knew their danger, and began to rush for shelter in the clefts of the rocks. Dropped from a height of about five hundred feet, the bomb struck earth, and exploded with a terrific detonation.

From where they lay the two captives could not see the effect upon the flying Berbers; but several of their camels and horses were struck down by the fragments of the missile, while the correspondents were nearly smothered in showers of sand thrown up by the concussion.

"The fellow has potted us," exclaimed Devereux. "He's coming to the rescue."

The monoplane alighted with hardly a jar at less than twenty paces from the two prisoners.

Giving a hurried yet careful glance around to make sure that the Moorish mountaineers had not recovered from the shock, and were retreating, the aviator stepped to the ground.

He was a young man, probably not more than twenty years of age, and was clad in the active service rig of a lieutenant of engineers.

"Messieurs, I am thankful to be of service—at least to one of you," he exclaimed in his own language, with which Craddock was perfectly familiar, although his companion had but a smattering of French.

"You must know," continued the officer, as he deftly severed their bonds, "that this monoplane will carry but two. You must therefore decide, and that quickly, which of you will accompany me. The other must take his chance and escape as best he can."

"You understand?" he asked Craddock of his English comrade.

"Yes, I understand."

"Then off you get."

"Al—why! It's not fair. We are free to a certain extent, so let's make a dash for it."

"Don't be a fool, Devereux. Why should two be sacrificed for one? You're the youngest, so get."

"It's not playing the game."

"Hang it! Get, I say, or I'll kick you on to the beastly monoplane!"

But Devereux refused to take the proffered chance; Craddock was equally obstinate. The airman began to look anxious.

"We can't decide, mon-sieur."

"Then I must do so for you. Will you abide by my decision?" asked the lieutenant. "But?"

Drawing a cigarette-case from his pocket, the Frenchman produced two cigarettes. One he deliberately broke in two, and threw one half on the ground.

Then he turned his back to the two men for one brief instant, then faced them once again. In his closed hand were the whole and the broken cigarette, the tips showing evenly side by side.

"Choose, mon-sieur," he exclaimed, extending his hand towards Devereux. "The whole cigarette means safety. Do

not hesitate, for I see the Moors are showing signs of returning."

The Englishman drew the broken one. "That's done it, Craddock," he exclaimed, grimly. "Off you go. Bye the bye, here's your note-book."

"How did you get hold of it?" asked the American, cutely, and not without suspicion.

"You dropped it when you fell, and I picked it up," replied Devereux, simply. "Look here, here's my copy. You might, as a favour, wire it on as soon as you can for me."

"I will, sonny; but an hour after I've sent mine off to the 'Moonshine.' Personal feelings must stand aside when journalism is at stake. All's fair in the news hunt, you know. Well, good-bye, and good luck."

And, wringing the Englishman's hand, the American sprang into the saddle-like seat. The French officer paused only to hand his revolver to the Englishman with a significant gesture, then climbed into the seat in front of the good-as-rescued man. The propeller began to hum, and the monoplane rose gracefully in the air, raising a column of sand as high as a four-storey house.

For a moment Devereux was thunder-struck. An hour after the "Moonshine" received its copy, the "Intelligence" would be blank as far as its war news was concerned.

man had regained his feet, a shot grazing his ribs as he did so. One glance showed him that his horse was dead.

Throwing himself down behind the carcass of the horse Devereux rested his revolver over the body, and took careful aim. He realised that if he could get in three successful shots the Berbers might draw off. If not, there would be only one cartridge left, and the Englishman, knowing that a slow and painful death awaited a recaptured prisoner, swore that he would never be taken alive.

The Moors were dismounting from their lofty steeds, with the evident intention of surrounding and rushing their solitary foe.

Bang! Down went one white-robed figure, pitching heavily into the sand.

Bang! Bang! Two more. Devereux handled his weapon ostentatiously, yet durst not discharge his remaining cartridge.

A regular fusillade came from the rifles of the remaining Berbers; but, although the range was short and many of the bullets came perilously close, none actually hit the desperate man at bay.

Seeing this the attackers made ready to resort to their natural tactics, and, placing their rifles on the ground, drew their swords and grasped their spears, and began to extend, preparatory to rushing their foeman's position.

"Another half a minute will see the

finish; but I hope you won't before closing time."

At exactly the three-quarters the Censor vised the dispatch, and handed it back to the correspondent. With a hurried expression of thanks, Devereux took his leave, saw with satisfaction the officer motion to an orderly to close the door, and continued his way to the post and telegraph office.

"Hurrah! The 'Intelligence' will have it in time for the morning edition," he exclaimed, as he stumbled out of the telegraph office, having waited to make sure that the operator had made a move.

Meanwhile, Craddock, mounted on a wretched transport mule, ambled into the city. He grumbled mightily when he discovered that the Censor's office was closed for the night; but reflecting that good might do the trick he borrowed some money from an obliging officer, and made his way to the telegraph office.

"Pardon, monsieur, but this dispatch will not bear the official stamp," said the operator, suavely. "Without being vised I can do nothing but refuse to accept it."

Craddock was checkmated. Persuasion and bribery alike were thrown away, and indignantly he prepared to return to his quarters.

"Anyway, to-morrow will do," thought he. "I've scored, after all's said and done. I'm sorry for that youngster, though. He was green, but he had grit. It's a pity he's gone under. Well, it's the fortune of war, I suppose."

Entering the quarters assigned to the Press representatives the American suddenly pulled up and stood stock still, with his eyes bulging out of his head, and his mouth wide open.

He was face to face with Jack Devereux.

"Done you this time, Craddock," exclaimed the "Intelligence" man, affably.

"Snakes! You don't mean to say that you're—"

"Certainly," replied Devereux, throwing himself wearily upon his couch, and stifling a yawn. "To quote your own words: personal feelings must stand aside when journalistic reputation is at stake."

"How," began Craddock, bewildered and angry; "how—?" He stopped abruptly, for his successful rival was sound asleep.

Next morning the "Intelligence" came out with two and three-quarter columns of news from the front, while the "Moonshine's" space reserved for the latest war news was as vacant as the expression on the face of its puzzled editor.

Jack Devereux had made his scoop and his reputation in one stroke.

"The man of fifty" is the subject of a Christmas symposium in the "Tagblatt," Berlin, and medical experts, business men, and artists agree that a man of 50 is no "older" than a man of 40, and in numerous instances is decidedly more useful. Professor Krause asserts that it is absurd to describe a man of 50 as even "growing old." Only in exceptional cases, due to special causes, does he reveal "decreased elasticity." Professor Krause recommends "same sport" as the best insurance against old age for a man of 50. Dr. Leppmann, another eminent specialist, declares that a man of 50 is of "highly superior intellectual worth," and on account of his reliability, steadiness, experience, and rational living, possesses countless physical and moral advantages over a younger man. Professor Arthur Kampf, President of the Royal Academy, claims that great artists of all time have done their best work between the ages of 40 and 60. Dr. Leon Zeitlin, secretary of the Berlin Retail Trades Association, blames the "Americanisation" of German commercial life for the increasing prejudice against men of 50, which manifests itself in the "ruthless casting out of employees who have reached certain age, and their supersession by younger men."

A martyr to Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, or Lumbago, is to be much pitted—and yet he can easily be cured. His illness is due to excess uric acid in the blood, and this must be removed before a permanent cure can be obtained. Many sufferers try at once to plaster and liniment because they obtain temporary relief—but they can get no real benefit until the cause is removed. RHEUMO is the only successful remedy for uric acid troubles, for it rids the system of the cause of the trouble. RHEUMO has cured thousands and it will cure you. Buy a bottle to-day. Of all chemists and stores, 2/6 and 4/6.



Mrs. Garge: "Garge, waken up; the doctor's sent yer sleepin' draught!"

Yes, Craddock had scored.

Devereux gave a hasty glance in the direction of the Berber encampment. There were several hieries still left unscathed, and were peacefully browsing on the spot where they had been left hobbled. But the Englishman dared not trust himself to seek safety in flight on the precarious perch that a racing camel affords. Good luck! There was a horse—a swift, powerful-looking beast by its appearance.

Casting off the halter the Englishman vaulted into the saddle and urged the beast into a gallop, using the leather thong in place of spurs. Nobly the animal responded, and soon Devereux had left the mountains behind and was speeding over the sandy, tree-dotted waste. Just then a rifle cracked, and a bullet whistled over his head. The Berbers were in close pursuit.

Bending as far over the horse's neck as the high-peaked saddle would permit, Devereux urged his steed by word and action. One rapid glance behind showed him that the pursuers—for the most part mounted on hieries—were hot in his tracks. In the soft sand he knew that the swiftest horse would stand a poor chance against the ship of the desert.

There were nine of the pursuers; enough, in all conscience, and the odds were greatly against him. They were gaining.

Drawing the Frenchman's revolver, Devereux swung himself round, took careful aim, and fired. A bullet singing past his ear affected his aim, and the shot was thrown away; but the second brought a camel and his rider headlong to the ground.

This mishap caused the Moors to hesitate, and the pursued gained a little; till, with redoubled spirit and furious erratic firing, the pursuers resumed the chase with renewed energy.

With four cartridges left in his revolver, and eight Moors to be accounted for, could he hope for safety? The sickening truth came home to the fugitive: his horse was foundering.

Suddenly the animal's legs gave way beneath it, and sank to the ground, throwing Devereux over its head. Fortunately the ground was soft and broke his fall; and in an instant the English-

wind-up of Jack Devereux," muttered the young Englishman, as he took careful aim at the nearest of his assailants—although he had no intention of using his last cartridge on him. But the action was thrown away, for the Moor, scowling the levelled weapon, bounded forward with a fierce yell, his companions following his example.

Devereux hesitated. He felt unwilling to turn the weapon on himself until his foes were almost within striking distance.

But the rush never matured. The Moors suddenly checked their furious onslaught. One swartly Berber pointed with his scintillating blade in the direction of the city, and the five turned and ran towards their hobbled camels.

Devereux looked over his shoulder, scarce daring to hope when hope seemed dead.

Speeding across the desert was a troop of heavy French cavalry. He realised that he was saved in the nick of time.

In the stifling heat of the courtyard of the Press Censor's office at Fez, Devereux rewrote his dispatch with feverish haste. The chance of a great scoop was once more in his favour, for he learnt that the monoplane, through a mishap, had come to earth about four miles from the city. Craddock and his rescuer were in no real danger, and might be expected to arrive at any moment.

In his shirt sleeves, his head throbbing like a steam-engine, and his limbs as stiff as a piston-rod, Devereux wrote as he had never written before. He had seventeen minutes to complete his task, for he knew that the Censor's office closed at a quarter to five, and at that moment he himself might be forestalled by his journalistic rival.

Metaphorically blind to the world, heedless of what was going on around him, Devereux stuck gamely to his task till the final sentence was completed. It was twenty minutes to the fateful hour.

The little lean-faced French officer took the proffered "copy," and began to read it in quite a leisurely manner.

"Good!" thought Devereux; "take your time. Now you've started you must

**Utilising the Sun's Power.**

The harnessing of the sun for factory work, which is being suggested for the Sahara, has been tried already in Arizona and in California. Dr. William Calver, of Washington, used in Arizona huge frames of mirrors travelling on circular rails so that they might be kept facing the sun all day. By means of this and other apparatus something like 100,000 gallons of water have been raised in a day.

**To Identify the Dead.**

Because of the terrible effects of modern artillery fire most European soldiers carry several means of identification if killed. Each Bulgarian soldier, for instance, carries no fewer than six identification plates, each of which has on it his name, number, and corps. These plates each man is directed to fix away in various parts of his clothing, so that, however badly he may be wounded, there will be at least one plate by which he can be identified. Turkey, however, has taken little trouble to provide her soldiers with any means whereby identification may be established.

The New York correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" gives an extraordinary picture of the financial condition of Chicago. He describes it, in detail, as virtually bankrupt. Every department of municipal duty is collapsing for lack of money, the municipal employees are being docked of a fifth of their salaries, and, unless the Legislature comes to the rescue the city will have to go into the hands of the receivers. No explanation of this extraordinary state of things is furnished, but we are left to imagine that it is another result of municipal corruption. The writer adds that, in the matter of vice, the city is "the worst on earth." Of a truth, it all makes rather an ugly story.

**FACE TREATMENTS—THEIR COST.**

There seems to be a widespread idea that Beauty Culture is a luxury that lies only within the reach of those who are blessed with a superfluity of this world's goods. It is true that complicated Face Treatments, which require infinite skill and experience on the part of the operator, are expensive. But that a moderately good complexion cannot be improved and preserved by a simple home treatment, without the expenditure of a considerable sum of money, is a fallacy which should long since have died a natural death. The woman who can only afford to spend from £1 to £4 a year on her complexion, may do an amazing amount of good for herself!

She should first of all provide herself with a jar of Valaze. This banishes freckles and spots, moderate lines and wrinkles, until the complexion is soft, smooth and flawless. Price, 4/ and 7/. She should next get a jar of Novena Cerate, one of the finest skin cleansers (without the use of soap and water) in existence, and which not only cleans the outer surface of the skin, but penetrates through its several layers, exercising a beneficent and healing influence. It gives the skin a delicious, velvety softness, and allays all irritation. Price, 2/ and 3/6. To these preparations should be added Valaze Skin Tonic, which tones and braces up the skin—astriquent, antiseptic, stimulating and nourishing—a tonic in the true sense of the word. Price, 3/6.

Powder, of course, very few women can do without. Miss Rubinstein is one of the rare people who have devoted thought to this important point, and, as a result, she has produced two distinct varieties, one for greasy skins and one for dry. Each in three tints, white, cream and pink, 2/6 a box.

All chemists, or direct, post free, from Miss Helena Rubinstein, 54, Maison Valaze, Strand Arcade, Auckland.

Mrs Collins, who at City Chambers, Queen Street, has hitherto been Mademoiselle Rubinstein's Agent, has now ceased to have any special connection with the distribution, disposal, or sale of the Valaze Toilet Preparations and other products or treatments in Miss Rubinstein's control. Letters should be directed solely to the address in the preceding paragraph.

**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.

**CULLEY—HARRIS.**

**A** VERY pretty and fashionable wedding was solemnised at the Napier Cathedral on Wednesday afternoon, April 9th, by Archdeacon Ruddock, when Miss May Harris (only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harris, of Onga Onga, Hawke's Bay) was united in matrimony to Mr. W. H. Culley, of San Francisco (fifth son of Mr. J. C. Culley, of that city). The

those present were: Mrs. Rhodes-Williams, in a pretty grey floral silk, grey-hat with plume; Mrs. Macasey, smart navy tailored costume, black hat massed with flowers; Mrs. Flyger (Palmerston North), a Nattier blue silk; Miss M. Brook (Auckland), a smart tailored grey costume, black hat with white opey; Miss Violet Holben (Palmerston North), apricot cloth costume, smartly braided, large black hat with plume; Miss Esther Taylor (Glasgow), a dainty grey silk, tagel hat with white feather; Miss Johnston (Master-



Shrill voice: "Mamma, was papa as small as that when we got him?"

bride, who was given away by her father, was exquisitely gowned in ivory-tinted satin de sole, the neck high, and the bodice prettily trimmed with lace and pearls. Brussels Mauresque lace was draped to one side of the skirt, caught up with pearls. The court train, which was of ivory-tinted brocade, was lined with pink satin and finished with ruckings of ninon. This hung from both shoulders. The bride also wore the customary veil, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. She was attended by Birdie Williams and Jean Muir as train-bearers, and Misses M. West (Palmerston North), Pearle Harris (Kaikoura), and Doris Flyger (Mangaweka). The five bridesmaids were all daintily attired in pale pink palette, effectively trimmed with point lace. The two train-bearers carried shepherds' crooks, and the other three carried sheaves of pink roses. Mr. Fred Harris acted as best man, and Mr. Roy Harris as groomsmen. The service was fully choral, Mr. Horace Weber presiding at the organ. The Cathedral was prettily decorated by Mrs. Rhodes-Williams and girl friends of the bride. After the service the bride's parents entertained a large number of guests at the Masonic Hotel. The bridegroom's presents to the bridesmaids were very handsome. The Misses Williams and Muir received turquoise brooches, Miss West a wristlet watch, Miss Flyger a gold bangle, and Miss Pearle Harris a tourmaline pendant. Many and costly were the presents received by the happy couple, including a cheque from the bride's father, and an emerald and diamond pendant from her mother. Mr. and Mrs. Culley left by motor for the South, and eventually sail on the 25th for San Francisco, where they will in future reside. The bride travelled in grey charmeuse, over which was worn a lovely black fur coat, and black seal hat with long white plume. Mrs. Harris (mother of the bride) was gowned in vieux rose meteor satin, artistically draped with black floral Chantilly, and ornamented with gold motifs in arabesque passementerie; her hat was of black velour, trimmed with vieux roses and black Lancer plume. Among

ton), cream satin charmeuse, black velvet hat; Miss B. Brooke-Taylor (Hastings), saxe blue dress, black hat; Miss Dorothy Hitchman, white broderie Anglaise frock; Miss Ella Nicholson, apricot charmeuse, black velvet hat; Mrs. Knight, cream costume.

**MILLAR—NATHAN.**

The Hon. J. A. Millar, M.P. for Dunedin Central, and formerly Minister of Railways in the Ward Cabinet, was married on Wednesday afternoon at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral to Mrs. Nathan, of Wellington, daughter of the late Captain Siddells, who was well known in the early days on the New Zealand Coast. The Hon. James Carroll acted as best man, and the bride, who was attended by her sister (Miss Siddells), wore a tailor-made costume. The Rev. Canon Johnson, M.A., officiated.

The wedding was a very quiet one, only relatives and intimate friends being invited. The Hon. Mr. Millar, whose health seems to have completely recovered, will attend to his Parliamentary duties as usual next session. He and Mrs. Millar spend the honeymoon at Taupo, and will settle for the present in Wellington.

**O'NEIL—O'KANE.**

On Tuesday, April 15th, at the Hastings Catholic Church, Miss Isabella O'Kane, third daughter of Mr. J. O'Kane, Hastings was married to Mr. Pat O'Neil. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Father Keogh. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very charming in a navy tailored costume, black beaver hat and plume. Miss Nellie O'Kane (sister) acted as bridesmaid, and wore navy velvet frock, navy hat with cream flowers. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at the bride's residence, where good wishes were freely bestowed. The happy couple left by mail train en route to Sydney.

**JOLLY—SMITH.**

On Tuesday afternoon the Pukahu Church was the scene of a pretty and interesting wedding, when Miss Daisy Smith, fifth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hy. Smith, "Southville," Pukahu, was married to Mr. Alex. Jolly, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Jolly, Maraekakaho. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Waugh, assisted by the Rev. Jas. Holmes. The bride, who was given away by her father, was smartly attired in navy tailored coat and skirt, and smart grey hat. Miss E. Davey acted as bridesmaid, and wore a smart green costume, stylish hat, and wore a gold brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. After the ceremony the guests were sumptuously entertained by the bride's parents. Subsequently the newly wedded pair left by motor car for Auckland.

**ASHTON—HENDERSON.**

A wedding that created a considerable amount of interest was solemnised at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr and

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Mrs W. G. Henderson, Waitaria Bay, in the Keenpuru Sound, on Tuesday last. The contracting parties were James, second son of Mr and Mrs T. Ashton, and Lizzie, second daughter of Mr and Mrs W. G. Henderson. The officiating minister was the Rev. Father Herbert, of Blenheim. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a very pretty dress of cream crepe de chine, and was attended by Misses Grace and Belle Henderson as bridesmaids. The bridegroom was supported by Mr Arthur Henderson and Mr Fred Ashton. After the ceremony, breakfast was partaken of by a large number of guests in Mr Henderson's large dining-room, the usual toasts being given, with musical honours. The popularity of the happy couple was in evidence by the large number of useful and valuable presents, amongst which were several cheques for substantial amounts. Mr and Mrs Ashton left en route for the North Island, where they intend spending their honeymoon, prior to settling down in their home at Waitaria Bay.

#### YOUNG—JAY.

St. Andrew's Cambridge, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on April 17th, when Miss Lena Jay, daughter of Mr and Mrs Jay, of "Salthurst," Cambridge, was married to Mr H. R. Young, of Paeroa, second son of Mr R. A. Young, of Westport. The church was artistically decorated by the girl friends of the bride. The officiating clergyman was the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, assisted by the Rev. Mortimer Jones. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very winsome in a lovely gown of Limerick lace made over silk, the yoke of the bodice being of Honiton lace. She wore a tulle veil over a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. There were two bridesmaids: Miss Baillie, of Westport, wore a very pretty frock of emerald net over satin, the net was Swiss embroidery, and was made with panicle effects; a fichu of the same net and embroidery was worn on the bodice. A large cream panne hat, trimmed with white fox fur, completed her toilette. The other bridesmaid, Miss Ethel Goldsmith, of Dunedin, wore a cream voile frock, trimmed with wide guipure insertion, and a large cream panne hat lined with blue velvet, and trimmed with white swansdown and blue. They each carried lovely bouquets of pink and cream roses. The best man was Mr B. Young, of Sydney (brother of the bridegroom), and Mr George Middleton, of Hora Hora, was groomsmen.

After the ceremony the guests were entertained at afternoon tea at "Salthurst," the residence of the bride's parents. The bridegroom's presents to the bridesmaids were a turquoise matrix necklace, and a gold band ring with monogram. The bride's travelling dress was a navy blue cloth coat and skirt, black fox furs, and saxe blue velour hat with blue lamer plumes. Mrs Jay, mother of the bride, was wearing a black and white striped chiffon taffeta with yoke of white net and lace, white net ruffles in her sleeves, and small white hat trimmed with black silk bows and white marabout feathers. Miss M. Clouston (aunt of the bride), a smart frock of vieux rose silk trimmed with silk applique to match, large black picture hat lined with pink and trimmed with black plumes; Miss Baillie (Westport), tussore silk coat and skirt braided with the same shade, and black velour hat with white ostrich feathers; Mrs Comp (Christchurch), mule-coloured cloth gown, and hat the same shade lined with peacock green velvet; Miss F. Cussen, cream lace and silk frock, and grey hat trimmed with blue; Mrs Roberts, silver grey crystalline gown, the upper part of bodice being of white net worked in gold and veiled with grey tulle, large black hat with black plumes; Mrs Sauter, pale grey cloth coat and skirt, and white felt hat with grey feathers; Mrs Middleton, black and white striped coat and skirt, and black and vieux rose straw hat with vieux rose, mottled ostrich feathers at the side; Miss M. Middleton, purple whipcord coat and skirt, and large purple hat with white feathers; Miss Hargreaves, dove grey braided frock, and small black velvet hat; Mrs Chitty, dark saxe blue voile with satin stripe, and small white hat with black and white feathers; Mrs Brooks, a handsome gown of grey silk, with silk applique, and black bonnet with pink berries; Miss Brooks, mule-coloured coat and skirt, and black velour hat with white feathers; Mrs Willis, black silk, and fichu of cream Maltese lace, and pink and black bonnet; Miss C. Willis, blue coat and skirt, and purple

hat trimmed with violets; Mrs Hammond, brown costume, and small brown hat with brown and yellow roses; Mrs Huddleston, gobelin blue cloth frock, and tuscany straw hat trimmed with shot blue and gold ribbon and grasses to match; Mrs Nicoll, mottier blue striped silk trimmed with tiny buttons, and picture hat lined with pale pink and trimmed with long white plume and a pink rose; Miss Dunne, brown tweed coat and skirt, and brown felt hat with brown mount at the side; Miss Atfield, black velvet frock, with yoke and undersleeves of blue and black Oriental trimming, and large black velvet hat; Mrs Clapcott, grey coat and skirt, and black and white hat; Miss M. Roberts, dark saxe blue frock, trimmed with Oriental trimming, and large black hat trimmed with blue cord and blue uncurled ostrich feather; Mrs Hally, black cloth coat and skirt, braided, and black hat with Oriental trimming and green plumes; Miss Hally, blue coat and skirt, and black hat trimmed with striped silk; Mrs Marshall, gobelin blue cloth frock, piped with black, and black beaver hat; Miss Jackson, black and white striped silk gown, and white hat trimmed with black and white feathers.

#### SANDERS—WRIGHT.

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place on Tuesday, April 15th, at 9.30 a.m., at Avonside Church, Christchurch, when Miss Wright, daughter of the late Mr Evelyn Wright, of Avonside, was married to Mr F. R. Sanders, Otago. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Pascoe (formerly vicar of the parish). The church was prettily decorated with white flowers by girl friends of the bride. The bride wore a lovely gown of cream lace veiled with ninon, a tulle veil and orange blossoms, and she carried a lovely bridal bouquet. Two bridesmaids were in attendance, Miss Sylvia Wright (the bride's sister), and Miss M. Latter (cousin of the bride). They were charmingly gowned in white voile, draped at the sides, and trimmed with lace; black velvet hats were worn, trimmed with beautifully shaded crimson velvet roses, caught at one side with ospreys. They wore pearl brooches, and carried lovely shower bouquets of crimson roses (gifts of the bridegroom). The bridegroom was accompanied by Mr J. Dunkley as best man. Relations only were present, and owing to recent mourning in the family, no reception was held.

#### 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 Eileen (Clarice Lavinia) Bell, eldest daughter of Mr Henry Bell, of "Cedarstrom," Cambridge, to Mr Robert Stanley Whitley, youngest son of Mr W. S. Whitley, "Wisebeach," Selwyn Terrace, Parnell, Auckland.

The engagement is announced of Mr Gordon Babbage, of Gisborne, youngest son of Mr Babbage, St. John's Hill, Wanganui, to Miss Rutherford, of Wanganui.

The engagement is announced of Miss Tui Valentine, eldest daughter of Dr Valentine, of Wellington, to Mr George Middleton, of Hora Hora, Waikato, only son of Mr T. Middleton, of Hamilton Road, Cambridge.

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## 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 names and address must be given with copy, otherwise any such communication cannot be recognised.

All copy intended for publication in these columns must reach the office not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

#### AUCKLAND.

April 21.

#### Mayor's At Home.

THE MAYORESS (Mrs. C. J. Parr) was "At Home" to the citizens of Auckland on Tuesday, 15th. The function was held in the concert chamber of the Town Hall, which was quite transformed for the occasion. The floor space was broken up with groups of lovely chrysanthemums in yellow and other autumn tints, and clever use was made of asparagus fern lightly arranged on the walls, just breaking the dead line of white, and along the front of the stage were masses of glorious begonias. Groups of chairs and small tables were placed about the hall, and the general effect was that of a cosy, artistic reception room. The whole of the decorations were in charge of Mrs. Maslin. A large "buffet" was arranged at the far end of the room, and there was a host of waitresses, and large though the crowd was everyone got their tea in comfort. Burke's Band played selections, and a delightful violin solo was played by Miss Ina Bosworth. Mr. and Mrs. Parr received the hosts of callers at the entrance of the hall. Mrs. Parr was wearing a smart frock in the palest of apricot composed of charmeuse and veiled with ninon; a coat effect was gained with floral silk veiled with ninon; the same idea was used with success on the skirt. A large black hat with drooping feather was worn, and a pretty finish was given to the toilette with a large black ninon muff with a large cluster of tangerine flowers on one corner of it. Among such a very large crowd it was difficult to see what people wore, but the following are a few of the most noticeable:—Lady Lockhart, a foulard frock in pale grey and white with panels of cream lace, and smart touches of tangerine, and a black panne velvet hat with feathers; Mrs. W. H. Parkes, pale green charmeuse veiled with black ninon, black hat and sable furs; Mrs. Alfred Nathan, smart frock in black with deep tuscany coloured hat massed with lovely black feathers; Mrs. Copeland Savage, rose pink eponge cloth coat and skirt, and smart black hat and furs; Mrs. F. W. Wake, purple cloth coat and skirt, toque of deep purple violets; Mrs. Callan, a lovely grey toilette of crepe de chine and lace and a feathered hat to match; Mrs. C. Whitnev, blue shot taffeta with cream lace finishings, blue hat with lighter blue lamer plume; Mrs. R. Hellaby, a pretty black charmeuse frock and smart hat; Miss Nellie Hellaby, a very smart blue coat and skirt with wine red revers, and the same pretty colour was worn in the hat, which was very smart; Mrs. George Elliot, myosotis blue charmeuse, hat of a deeper tone trimmed with feathers; Mrs. Felix Kelly, a smart blue cloth tailored suit, pretty blue hat and short feather boa; Mrs. Sylvester Brigham, blue coat and skirt and large black hat; Mrs. P. Laurence, pretty grey crepe de chine with white lace and large black hat; Miss Freida Wike, a cream cloth frock with smart touches of bright tangerine and black, the same colours were repeated on a smart hat; Miss Brenda Kenderline,

blue tailored suit with smart touches of red and a smart white hat; Mrs. Henry Brett, Mrs. Arthur Brett, Mrs. W. Rainger, Mrs. Harry Brett, Mrs. R. Isaacs, Misses Isaacs, Mrs. Andrews, Misses de la Beresford, Mrs. J. Pugh, Mrs. D. H. L. Corrigan, Mrs. P. and the Misses Lindsay, Mrs. W. Scott, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Milson, Mrs. Stride, Mrs. P. Luckie, Mrs. Goodwyn Archer, Mrs. J. M. Brigham, Mrs. G. Roberts, Mrs. F. Peacocke, Mrs. H. F. Edgar, Mrs. L. Ballin, Mrs. T. H. Dawson, Mrs. and Misses Atkinson, Missa Preece, Mrs. G. C. Best, Mrs. H. J. Sellers, Mrs. Corbett-Scott, Mrs. A. J. Enrican, Mrs. Pond, Mrs. George George, Mrs. McK. Gaddis, the Misses Gaddis, Mrs. R. O. and Miss Young, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. J. Kemp, Mrs. J. K. Hart, Mrs. C. Watkins, Mrs. J. Thorne, Mrs. J. C. Pabst, Mrs. Pilling, Mrs. E. E. Grimwade, Mrs. H. N. Bagnall, Mrs. P. and the Misses Butler, Mrs. J. C. Owen, Mrs. Garland, Mrs. R. Frater, Mrs. O. Nicholson, Mrs. and Miss Jakins, Mrs. Wallace and Miss Bews, Mrs. C. B.

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**Mrs Upton's At Home.**

Mrs. Selwyn Upton's "At Home" was a most successful function. The weather, though grey, was fine and mild, and the pretty garden, with the lawn growing right to the edge of the cliff, with its pretty outlook on to the harbour, and the vivid splashes of scarlet salvia, and lovely warm yellows of golden brown chrysanthemums, looked very charming.

The Bavarian Band played pretty selections. Those who felt a chill in the air sat on the verandah and in the cosy rooms which were decorated most artistically with flowers and leaves in all the glorious autumn tints, which was most effective with the background of dull, oiled wood mantel-shelves and pretty soft papers. Tea was served in the dining room and in a room opening from the drawing room. Mrs. Upton received her guests at the foot of the steps leading to the verandah, and was wearing a lovely frock of white embroidery and lace over black charmeuse, and black and white feathered hat to match. Miss Mabel Leya wore a very pretty frock of embroidered union over charmeuse, the bodice made with a pretty fichu effect, large black hat with white feathers. Miss Gordon, pretty white frock, with effective black embroideries, black hat; Mrs. C. J. Parr, a smart black velvet costume, trimmed with fur, and a very becoming hat of deep violet velvet, with flowers in a lighter tone of the same colour; Mrs. Henry Brett, handsome toilette of white satin charmeuse, veiled with black lace, black and white bonnet, and feather boa; Mrs. Arthur Brett, blue frock, Tuscany with blue trimmings; Mrs. W. J. Napier, the smartest of blue tailor suits, with touches of coloured embroidery, and a lovely blue hat massed with feathers in the same shade; Mrs. F. Raynor, a pretty frock in a dull soft shade of Nattier blue, finished with veiled gold and blue embroidery, and a lovely coat in a brighter shade in chiffon velvet, black hat with large cluster of cream sprays; Mrs. Harry Brett, a much admired frock of white, veiled with black shadow lace, black feathered hat; Mrs. T. Cotter, long seal coat, smart black hat; Miss Cotter, reseda green coat and skirt, Nattier blue hat with lovely feathers; Mrs. Arthur Myers, blue cloth coat and skirt, touched with tan, blue hat with shaded tan feather; Mrs. A. M. Ferguson, the palest shade of vieux rose, with lace and braidings in the same shade, black velvet hat; Mrs. W. H. Parkes, an effective toilette of amethyst silk, with rich embroidery of dull gold and mauve, hat to match; Mrs. F. Baume, smart black velvet costume, hat to match, trimmed with sable fur, sable stole and muff; Mrs. J. Burns, a very smart frock in vieux rose cashmere, with touches of black, hat to match; Mrs. W. Ringor, very pretty dove grey charmeuse, with short apron tunic of Orani lace in the same shade, purple hat with a cerise rose, and black fox furs; Mrs. John Reid, dark blue and white taffeta, veiled with blue ninon, blue hat with grey feathers, and grey feather boa; Miss Jessie Reid, smart blue coat and skirt, black velours hat with lovely bird of Paradise mounted at one side; Mrs. H. Buckleton, shot Nattier blue taffeta coat and skirt, and a hat to match; Mrs. Devore, a handsome velvet coat, and a purple feathered toque; Miss Devore, blue coat and skirt, black hat with shaded wine coloured floral ribbon bows; Mrs. Louisa Myers, grey coat and skirt, and sable fur bonnet; Mrs. C. M. Nelson, Mrs. Milson; Mrs. Arthur Myers, nattier blue gown, and large hat with long blue plume; Mrs. Coleman, navy costume; Mrs. Watt, mole gown, and beaver furs; Misses Oxley, grey costumes; Mrs. Hart, tussore coat and skirt, and nattier blue hat; Miss Bertha Oxley, beaver cloth frock, hat to match, with touches of tangerine; Mrs. Dettmann, biscuit cloth, and handsome furs; Mrs. Goring Thomas, Mrs. Wilkin, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. and Miss Baxter, Mrs. Gillos, Mrs. Leslie Stewart, Miss Bessie Watt, Mrs. Edger, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. and Miss B. Whitlaw, Misses Ferguson, Mrs. and Misses Mueller; Mrs. Oxley, a pretty toilette of palest grey crepe de chine, softened with white lace, and a large white satin rose at the waist, hat to match; Mrs. L. Benjamin, powder blue silk poplin coat and skirt, small black feathered hat; Mrs. R. Macfie, blue coat and skirt, with smart touch of Nattier blue, hat to match; Mrs. Rose, pretty frock of Nattier blue charmeuse, veiled with black ninon, black hat; Mrs. Edmiston, smart black coat and skirt, mole hat with feathers to match; Mrs. Burns wore a black toilette; Mrs. P. Oliphant, pale grey frock, with hat to match; Miss Oliphant,

smart blue coat and skirt, grey hat wreathed with blue feathers; Miss Mary Geddes; Mrs. Colegrove, mule coat and skirt, grey hat with touch of blue; Miss May Colegrove, in a blue grey frock and pretty hat. Very pretty was a blue cloth, flaked with tan, coat and skirt, with touches of coloured embroidery on the collar, worn by Miss Winnie Cotter; a small tan and blue hat completed the toilette; Mrs. Faulkner, purple cloth coat and skirt, and hat to match; Mrs. Wilson, peacock blue coat and skirt, faced with black, black and white hat; Mrs. B. Dawson, blue coat and skirt, grey furs and hat; Mrs. Callan, lovely grey crepe de chine frock, with some lovely real lace on it, grey hat with feathers to match; Mrs. A. B. Donald, coat and skirt of shot blue and red silk bengaline, blue hat with feathers shaded to match, and a lovely feather boa in a soft champagne shade; Mrs. W. Donald, dark Royal blue silk bengaline coat and skirt, and a pretty hat to match; Miss Phyllis Macfarlane, a velvet frock in a soft shade of old rose, and a small hat in brighter tones of the same colour; Miss Mary Geddes, in a smart blue ninon frock, veiling wide bands of lovely cream lace and a touch of cerise, and a blue and white hat; Miss Jessie Geddes, rose pink charmeuse, a black hat with a large pink rose on the brim; Mrs. J. H. Upton wore black and white; Miss Nellie Upton, cream cloth coat and skirt, black and white hat with pink roses; Miss Tibbs, wedgwood, blue crepe de chine, black hat; Miss Blanche Devore, blue cloth tailored suit, and a pretty Nattier blue and black velvet hat; Miss Kitty Clark, dainty grey frock, and black velvet hat; Miss Marjory Clark, duck's egg green coat and skirt, and a

pretty feather trimmed hat; Mrs. Parker Upton, a pretty saxe blue charmeuse frock, finished with embroideries, and a Caracule fur coat, and black hat; Mrs. E. Payton, Miss Sybil Payton, Mrs. L. Benjamin, Miss Stevenson, Mrs. H. Baginall, Misses L. and P. Gorrie, Mrs. W. C. Somers, Mrs. J. B. Macfarlane, Mrs. J. J. Craig.

**Tea Party.**

Girls' tea parties are generally very cheery affairs, with any amount of chatter and laughter, and certainly the party given by Miss Marnie Hesketh for her girl friends on Thursday last was most enjoyable. The house was decorated with lovely flowers, the tea table looking particularly attractive decorated with red dahlias and autumn leaves. There was

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some delightful music contributed by Miss Gladys Nathan, Miss Nancy Hanna, Miss E. Hanna, and Mrs Jim Frater. A fortune teller—just about the most popular thing you can have at a party—also amused the guests. Mrs Hesketh wore a handsome toilette of grey-chaumeuse; Miss Marnie Hesketh, smart black velvet frock with lace collar; Mrs Toddpo (Tauranga), pretty pink floral voile frock finished with net and lace; Mrs Goodwyn Archer, smart toilette of reseda green chaumeuse, with veiling of black nixon. Among the guests were: Miss Hilda Bloomfield, Miss Nesta Thomas, Miss Mab Rice, Miss Jeanie Niccol, Misses S. and M. Payton, Miss Dorothy Nolan, Miss Neville George, Miss Eleanor Young, Miss Mary Tole, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Enid Reed, Miss Gladys Nathan, Miss Roysie Greig, Miss Phyllis Macfarlane, Miss Ruth Horrocks, Miss Jessie Frater, Miss Ruth Whyte, Miss G. Hanna, Miss Mavis Clark, Miss Eileen Barstow, Miss Claire Tole, Miss Marjory Lindsay, Miss Macklow, Miss Common, Miss Gwen Beale, Miss Myra Reid.

#### Personal.

The members of the Victoria League have decided to do honour to their President, Dr. Hope Lewis, and Mrs Lewis, who was president of the Hospitality Committee. Dr. and Mrs Lewis leave Auckland on May 9th by the Niagara, so it has been arranged to give them a send-off on the eve of their departure, May 8th, in the Piccadilly Tea Rooms, and the function will take the form of a conversation. An attractive programme is being arranged, and it is anticipated that there will be a big muster of members.

The Bishop of Melanesia, Dr. C. J. Wood, left Auckland on Monday in the mission steamer, the Southern Cross, for the Islands. For the last two weeks of his stay here Dr. Wood was the guest of Mr and Mrs H. O. Nolan, Parnell. Lord Whitburg, of the firm of Thomas Borthwick and Sons, accompanied by his mother, Lady Whitburg, and his sister, the Hon. Miss Borthwick, arrived in Auckland last week, and are now in Rotorua, accompanied by Miss Nora Gorrie.

The Misses Stella and Madge McLean, of Mount Albert, Auckland, left last week by the Main Trunk line for Wellington, from whence they leave for England. They intend to study music for a year while in the Motherland. Miss B. Whitelaw, of Remuera, leaves this week for Wellington, en route for England. Miss Muriel Gray, her niece, of Wellington, will accompany her. Miss Gray is to study at Wyeombe Abbey College.

### WELLINGTON.

April 15.

#### A Naval Week.

The presence of H.M.S. New Zealand has been greeted with a gala week, and balls, dances, and concerts follow in quick succession every night. Golf, cricket, and tennis are the principal amusements by day for the officers, who combine keenness and enthusiasm for their calling with cheery and sociable qualities, which render them immensely popular. Too much cannot be said of their patience and courtesy to the hordes of people and the myriads of school children who invade the ship all day long; indeed, the whole ship's company has won golden opinions everywhere, the conduct of the men on shore being exemplary and of the highest standard.

#### The Citizens' Ball.

Gay decorations, many naval officers in uniform, inspiring music, and plenty of pretty girls, all helped to make the Citizens' Naval Ball one that will long be remembered for its success. Neither pains nor expense had been spared to do

honour to the visitors, and a vast amount of energetic work was cheerfully given by the committee, which was strong and representative. Avenues of palms, tree ferns, and native shrubs led from the doors to the ball; on the wide stairs the green bougias met overhead in interlacing arches, while groves of greenery in the recesses made most enticing retreats. Overhead there was a pavilion-like erection of red, white and blue hangings. Each alcove under the gallery had its sofa and armchairs, with bright-hued cushions. At one end a platoon of mirrors reflected the brilliant scene, and at the other a flight of wide red-carpeted steps led to the dais, where a red and white structure concealed the band, and was itself surrounded by a bower of tree ferns and palms. Red figured prominently on the supper tables in the concert hall, together with models of the Dreadnought, and the hon-bous, as well as the decorations—dahlia, viburnum, and autumn foliage—were all in tones of crimson. The array of naval officers was a most imposing one, and they all—from Captain Halsey to the youngest midshipman—seemed to have a keen zest for dancing, and were out to enjoy themselves. Not the least energetic was Prince George of Battenberg, who has been to more than one private dance here.

The official set was composed of the Hon. W. Massey and Mrs North, Captain Halsey and Mrs. Massey, Commander Grace and Mrs. Godley, Hon. H. D. Bell and Mrs Shiretcliffe, Councillor Barber and Lady Stout, Mr J. B. Harecourt and Mrs Fisher, Councillor Shiretcliffe and Mrs Palmer, Captain Turner and Mrs Herdman.

Mrs Massey wore black Liberty satin draped with nixon, with jewelled embroideries; Mrs North, white chiffon satin, with an overdress of pale pink chaumeuse; Lady Stout, pale violet brocade, with appliques and noonds of darker violet velvet; Mrs Godley, white crepe de chine, with embroideries of dull silver; Mrs Herdman, black nixon over white satin, with pipings of emerald green; Mrs Fisher, black crepe de chine draped with Honiton lace; Mrs Palmer, lobelia blue nixon over white satin; Mrs Shiretcliffe, black nixon draped over white satin.

The ball attracted a great many visitors to Wellington from as far north as Auckland down to the neighbourhood of the Bluff, many of whom were staying on for the other festivities in honour of the ship's visit.

It was an occasion for the newest and smartest frocks to appear, and one noticed the prevalence of pink and yellow tones. Brocade was greatly in favour. Some of the most notably handsome gowns were composed of the beautiful fabric. Mrs Williamson (Palmerston) had chosen cherry colour, with a design of dull gold; Mrs Bidwill's (Featherston) dress was vieux rose draped over lace; Mrs Heard's was of white and gold brocade; a deep violet brocade draped over gold tissue was worn by Mrs Handyside (Fyercargill); green, with a raised gold design draped to show an underskirt of lace, composed Mrs Algar Williams' gown; all gold was the effect of Mrs Holmes' toilette, as the gold brocade was worn over gold beaded nixon; Mrs K. Duncan was in red and gold brocade; oyster brocade and lace was worn by Mrs Turnbull.

#### A Jolly Dance.

To celebrate the anniversary of her wedding day, Mrs F. Ward gave a very jolly little dance on Monday night. It was quite a small affair, but the guests were all young and eager for dancing, so there was plenty of fun and enjoyment. A party of officers from H.M.S. New Zealand made their first appearance at a dance in the Dominion, Prince George of Battenberg being one of them. Cosmetics, dahlia, coropsis, and autumn foliage decorated the rooms, and the hostess wore a graceful gown of nixon lace and satin.

#### The Wellington Club.

The Wellington Club has made unusual efforts in entertaining during the last twelve months, and has two successful balls to add to the record. On Thursday night Captain Halsey and the officers of H.M.S. New Zealand were guests of honour, and the occasion was a brilliant one. The decorations were elaborate and beautiful, and so many people being of the non-dancing community that extra space was available for sitting out, the winter garden being a particularly popular resort. From the windows here could be seen a gorgeous vision of H.M.A. New Zealand entirely outlined in electric lights, and during the evening the grounds were illuminated by the man-of-war's searchlights.

Dancing was a most difficult task owing to the number of guests, and early in the evening even the corners arranged "for two" were overcrowded, but pressure was released when the supper-rooms were opened.

The guests were received by the President of the Club, Mr Skerrett, and Miss Skerrett, the latter wearing white brocade draped with lace; Mrs North (England) was in pastel chaumeuse with nixon and lace.

### GISBORNE.

April 18.

#### At the Courts.

Saturday last was practically the end of the tennis season. The prizes for the recent tournaments were awarded as follows:—

Gisborne Club—Ladies Doubles: Mrs Box and Miss Adams (President's trophy); Mrs Barlow and Miss McCredie (Mrs Maude's trophy). Combined Doubles: Mrs Barlow and C. Blackburn. Men's Singles: E. Adair. Championship: Ladies, Mrs Barlow; Men's, S. Gower.

Whataupo Courts.—President's trophy: Ladies, Miss D. Bull; Men's, Mr M. T. B. Hall. Combined Doubles: Miss Cecil de Loutour and E. G. Matthews. Ladies' Doubles: Misses H. Black and D. Bull. Ladies' Singles: Miss H. Watkins and Miss D. Rees. Men's Singles: E. G. Matthews and G. Willock. Men's Doubles: N. Bull and R. Willock.

At the Whataupo Courts on Saturday I noticed: Messrs Callis, Traill, Singer, Russell and Fenwick, and the Messes Black (2), Pyke, Watkins (2), Gillingham, de Loutour (2), Runciman, Hopkirk, Rees (2), Murray, Falknor, Russell, Brown, Callis, and Matthews, and Messrs Grant, Kissling, Matthews, Bull, Willock, Smith, Eberington, Fenwick, Babbage, Hall, Anderson, Stock, Runciman, and "Billy" Grant.

#### An Evening.

On Thursday a very jolly evening was given by the Misses Runciman in honour of their guest, Miss Hopkirk. Miss Runciman and Miss M. Runciman received their guests in blue floral muslin and cream silk, respectively. Miss Runciman wore black velvet and Miss Hopkirk white silk; and Miss Molly Runciman white silk. The guests were: Miss D. Bull, black velvet; Miss D. Hine, blue

velvet; Miss M. Rees, mole velvet; Miss D. Rees, black velvet; Miss H. Watkins, dark blue velvet; Miss O. Watkins, pink floral muslin; Miss Wallis, black velvet; Miss Callis, white muslin; Miss Hookey, white silk; Miss Stock, peacock blue velvet; Miss Winter, pink floral muslin; Miss Jex Blake, blue muslin; and Messrs Burnard, Bull, Porter, Parker (2), Davis, Morgan, Babbage, Anderson, Field, Bremner, Stock, and Hookey. Great amusement was afforded by the progressive games competition, the winners being Miss F. Winter and Miss Hopkirk (bobby prize).

#### Personal.

Miss Percival Barker, senr., and the Misses Barker (2) are visiting in Napier. Miss Gretchen Kennedy is on a visit to Napier.

Mr and Mrs Carlton Williams have returned from their Dunedin trip.

On Thursday last Miss Henry White gave a "linen" afternoon party. All the guests brought linen contributions, which were given to the creche authorities. There were about forty ladies present, and everyone appreciated the thoughtfulness of the hostess in providing such a function.

Mrs Donner and her daughter, who were present at the Polo Tournament in Palmerston North, are now visiting in Wellington.

Miss Marjorie Heale, of Napier, is visiting in Gisborne.

Miss Helen Busby returned on Saturday last from her trip to Hawke's Bay. Miss Graham, who has been the guest of Mrs M. G. C. Pascoe, Russell Street, left on Sunday for Queensland.

Mr and Mrs G. A. Beere are on a visit to Auckland.

Miss Ina Lewis is shortly going to pay a visit to Auckland.

Miss Helen Black left on Sunday for a visit to Queensland.

Mr C. P. Davies returned on Thursday last from visiting in Hawke's Bay.


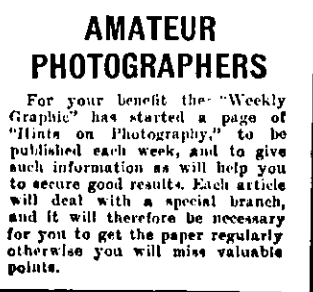
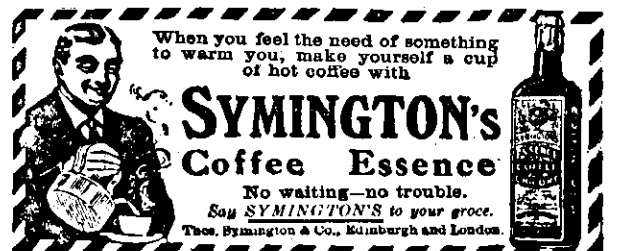
Mr and Mrs Palairt have returned from their visit to the North.

Mrs Charles Ruby has been the guest of Mrs J. W. Bright, Waimui Road.

Mr G. C. Williams (Hawke's Bay) arrived on a visit to the East Coast on Saturday last.

Miss Howard, the guest of Mrs Gower, Kaiti, has returned to Hawke's Bay.

Miss Bruce, of Dunedin, the guest of Mrs Agnew Brown, "Brantridge," is now on a visit to Auckland.



**NAPIER.**

April 18.

**An At Home.**

Mrs P. S. McLean gave a most enjoyable "At Home" at the Rata Tea Rooms on Monday last. The hostess received her guests wearing a smart grey coat and skirt, with pink roses. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs Guthrie Smith (Tutera), grey homespun suit, burnt straw hat with green ribbons; Mrs Jamieson (Timaru) navy blue tailor-made, black seal toque, and black furs to match; Mrs Hunter Western, dark tailor-made, black and white toque; Mrs Morris, smart mole costume, with mole velvet hat and furs; Mrs Linda Levien, stone grey coat and skirt, black hat with touches of blue; Mrs Ziele, myosotis blue suit, with revers of tan, black hat with white feather; Mrs Stoford, purple cloth tailor-made, hat en suite; Mrs Bowen, smart frock of dark blue serge, small navy blue hat with emerald and blue wings; Mrs Barron, dark grey tweed coat and skirt, grey and black hat; Mrs Riddell, grey tailor-made, grey tagel hat with wings; Mrs Henley, navy blue braided coat and skirt, hat with Oriental buckle; Mrs Thomson, blue tailor-made, with revers of tan, black toque with white tips; Mrs Nantes, black and white costume, black and mustard yellow hat; Mrs W. Dinviddie, brown tweed Norfolk, brown hat with blue wings; Mrs Averil, grey striped coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Lipscomb, navy blue coat and skirt, small black velvet hat with blue feathers; Miss Lipscombe, great coat and skirt, black hat with pale blue feather; Mrs Russell Duncan, navy blue serge, black seal toque; Miss Williams (Wanganui), grey tweed, hat to match; Mrs Handyside, black cloth tailor-made, braided with black sautache, black hat; Mrs Ching (Auckland), black costume; Mrs T. B. Ching, dark blue tailor-made, black hat with japonica coloured plume; Mrs McKay, grey coat and skirt, hat with pink roses; Miss N. Hoadley, blue coat and skirt, black hat with royal blue; Mrs Tuke, black toilette, Mrs Hawkins, navy blue, black felt hat with band of purple; Mrs McCarthy, dark tailor-made, black and purple hat; Mrs Gould, navy coat and skirt, black and purple hat.

**Golf.**

The Waiohiki links were opened on Saturday with a mixed foursome match. Not many people were present, the day being rather hot, and a high wind blowing. Mr and Mrs George Kelly won the match. Some of those present were: Mrs Hector Smith, Mrs Ziele, Mrs P. S. McLean, Mrs Davis, Miss Tuke, Misses Bernau (2), Hindmarsh (3), Davis, Jardine, and Brabant.

**Personal.**

Dr. and Mrs Edgar and their daughter Maxine, left for Wellington on Monday, en route for England.  
Mrs Gerald Stead is staying with her mother, Mrs Hoadley.  
Mrs Jamieson (Timaru) is the guest of Mrs Hunter Western.  
Mrs Ching (Auckland) is the guest of Mr and Mrs T. B. Ching.  
Mr and Mrs Ewen Troutbeck have gone to Auckland for a visit.  
Miss Ruth Waterhouse, Mangawhare, is staying with Mrs Snodgrass.

**DANNEVIRKE.**

April 18.

**Croquet.**

On Wednesday, at the Rangitira Club the members provided afternoon tea. There were present:—Mesdames Carlson, McKay, Harvey, McAllan, Ryan, Roake, McDowell, Kerr, Russell, C. Thomson, Morrison, Watkins, Armstrong, Soundy, Cowper, Green, W. Green, Baddeley, Chadwick, Johnstone, Misses McKay, Wiltshire, Patterson, Caulton, Cross, A'Bear and Russell. On Thursday a number were at the Courts to watch the final round of the championship, which was won by Mrs. R. Roake.

**A Social.**

A most enjoyable little evening was given by the members of St. John's choir on Friday in aid of the choir funds. Dancing and bridge provided amusement for everyone, and a very jolly time was spent by all. Mrs. W. Grant, Miss Hartgill, Miss Zillah Tansley, Miss Bartlett and Miss Kerr played for the dances, and Mrs. Macallan and Miss Hopper managed a very successful bridge tournament, which was won by Mrs. George Wright. Others present were: Rev. E. and Mrs. Robertshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Prichard, Mr. and Mrs. C. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Hockley, Mr. and Mrs. Tansley, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Robertshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Prior, Mr. and Mrs. Hockley, Mesdames Giesen, Green (2), Dawson, Irvine, Pettit, McDowell, Fitzherbert, Misses Caulton, Hartgill, McGilbon, Hawson (Wellington), Keeling, Irvine (3), Baker, Knight, Robertson, Fitzherbert, Robertshaw, Pettit, McDowell, Marley, Tyerman, Edkins, Russell, Tansley, Webber, Messrs. F. Knight, Walker, McDowell, Edkins, McCrae, Varnham, Wells, G. Knight, Edwards, Harker, Webber.

**Personal.**

Mr. and Mrs. Bronley Hill left on Monday for Wellington, where they will be for some months. Mrs. Hill will be greatly missed in musical circles and as pianist to the local Operatic Society.  
Misses Lois and Sybil Fitzherbert are staying with Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Fitzherbert.

**HASTINGS.**

April 19.

Mr. Mrs and Miss Newbegin returned on Tuesday by express, after a year's absence on the continent.  
Mr and Mrs N. Beamish are staying at "Stoneycroft."  
Much sympathy is felt for Miss Violet Russell, who had her wrist badly fractured in a motor-car accident last week.  
Mrs Lawlor has quite recovered from her recent illness in Napier Hospital, and has returned home.  
Mr Halse has returned from New Plymouth, where he went to attend the funeral of his mother.  
Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Halse in his sad bereavement.  
The late Mrs Halse was one of the early pioneers, and much respected and beloved in New Plymouth.

**FEILDING.**

April 19.

**Children's Party.**

On Saturday afternoon last Mrs Banks (Colyton) gave a children's party in honour of the second birthday of the twins, Merle and Max. The function was held in the Foresters' Hall. The tea table looked pretty, and was decorated with shades of red and brown foliage, scarlet berries, and salvia. The adults played games with the little ones, and every child was given a present before leaving for home. Among the tiny guests were: Misses Merle Banks, Molly Miles, Pat Goodbehere, Ursula Gorton, Ruth Innes Jones, Brenda Banks, Melly Ross, Molly and Nancy Gillespie, Caldwell, Theo, Knyvett, Dermer, Fry, Phillis Harper, Betty Roberts, Masters Max Banks, Eric Woolfams, Jack Lawson and his little brother, Charlie Willis, Gordon and Noel Fitzpatrick, Caldwell, Billie Roberts, Ross, Twigg (2) Bailey, Fry, Evans.

**Golf.**

The Feilding Golf Club was lucky in having fine weather for its opening match last Saturday. The ladies' bogey was won by Mrs Miles, and the men's by Mr Power. There was a large attendance of players. Mrs A. Fitzherbert provided a delicious afternoon tea. Among the players I noticed: Mesdames Harding, Miles, Tingey, Hood, Misses Hare, O'Halloran, Wyatt, Kerton, Burrell, Bruce, Messrs Pryde, Power, Parkes, Lewis, Miles, Hood, Harding, Logie, Ellis, McLean.

**Personal.**

Mrs and Miss Wheeler, who have been staying in Christchurch for the last three weeks, have returned to Feilding.  
Mrs Norman Gorton has returned from Wellington.  
Miss Gorton is spending a few days in Wellington.  
Mrs Stewart has gone to visit friends in Hastings.  
Mrs and Miss Kerr, who have been the guests of Mrs Millar, have returned to their home in Wanganui.  
Mrs Guillian, who has been staying with her daughter, Mrs Horrocks, has returned to her home in New Plymouth.  
Miss Liditon (Wanganui) has been staying with Mrs Miles.  
Miss Cobbe, who has been staying with Mrs Evans, has returned to her home in Otaki.  
Miss Hill, who has been staying at Rotorua, has returned to her home in Feilding.  
Mrs Innes Jones is staying in Masterton for a few days.  
Mrs Campbell is visiting friends in Wellington.

**NEW PLYMOUTH.**

April 10.

**Bridge.**

Last Tuesday evening, in honour of their cousin, Miss Skinner (of Blenheim), the Misses Matthews gave a bridge party. There were five tables, and the prizes were won by Miss Brewster and Mr. Bloxam. The floral decorations of the supper-table consisted of masses of scarlet berries, white bowls of scarlet cactus dahlias and autumnal leaves filled the other rooms. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Matthews, French grey char-

mouse, trimmed with mauve silk and opalescent trimming; Misses Matthews and Miss Skinner, in their bridesmaids' frocks (worn at Miss Lucy Skinner's wedding), of maize-coloured charmeuse, trimmed with cream lace and gold em-



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Furnishing Specialists,  
Queen St., Auckland.

broinery; Miss B. Matthews, pale blue silk, trimmed with heavy cream insertion; Miss G. Fookes, dove-grey charmeuse, cream lace yoke; Miss Saxton, pale blue charmeuse, with fine cream lace fichu effect on corsage; Mrs. S. Allen (Duedin), pale blue silk poplin, corsage draped with floral chiffon; Miss Blundell, cornflower blue foulard, cream lace yoke; Miss Brewster, white crepe, trimmed with crochet lace; Miss Webster, eggshell blue charmeuse, lace tucker; Miss D. Whitcombe, pale pink silk autumn leaves in coiffure; Miss S. Thomson, turquoise blue crystalline, cream lace tucker; Miss G. Shaw, black velvet, real lace berthe; Miss Ferrier, smart smoke-grey Louisiane silk, with touches of black embroidery; Miss Wade, reseda green shantung, finished with gold embroidery; and Messrs. K. Matthews, C. Webster, Hoxam, Johnston, King (2), H. Davies, B. Whitcombe, and S. Burgess.

**At Home.**

To celebrate their silver wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Blundell held an "At Home" at the Kia Ora Tearooms last Thursday afternoon. In one of the off rooms bridge was arranged for keen card players, while other guests took part in different competitions. Prizes were won by Miss James Courtney, A. C. Fookes (secu.), Penn, and Crooke. Mrs. Blundell received her guests in a very handsome robe of cream duchess satin, with black lace tunic, corsage relieved with white silk motifs, black hat with white feathers, and she carried a small posy of violets; Miss Blundell, cream silk and lace frock, wedgwood blue hat, massed with violets; Mrs. McAllum (Feilding), cream costume, black hat; Mrs. Paul, reseda green charmeuse, cream silk lace vest, green velvet hat with shaded pink roses; Mrs. Messenger, black; Mrs. H. Weston, cream Spanish lace robe over black silk, black and white hat; Mrs. Crooke, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. J. Paton, pretty saxe blue costume, smart black hat lined and trimmed with white; Mrs. Jack Wilson, black and white striped costume, hat to match; Mrs. G. Pott, fassore silk faced with black, black and white hat; Mrs. Cornwall, black; Mrs. Chaney, saxe blue costume, cream lace yoke, black and white hat; Mrs. Denny-Brown, white nu-liu over black satin, with fichu effect on bodice, white hat with black feathers; Miss Wade, pretty Copenhagen blue charmeuse, veiled in violet and blue flowered chiffon, black hat with white feathers; Mrs. Horne, violet and black flowered silk foulard, with panels of black lace, pretty heliotrope floral toque; Mrs. Percy Webster, pale grey coat and skirt, faced with emerald green silk, mole-coloured toque with white o-peys; Mrs. H. Bailey, brown costume, hat to match; Mrs. Courtney, black silk, trimmed with cream lace, hat en suite; Mrs. H. Fookes, navy coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Murray, saxe blue costume, hat relieved with white; Mrs. Walker, black silk, tiny cream lace yoke, black feathered hat; Mrs. Burgess, amethyst-coloured costume, piped with periwinkle blue silk, mole-coloured toque; Mrs. P. Bayley, navy coat and skirt, black velour hat; Miss E. Bayley, a lovely frock of French grey charmeuse, with embroidered lace yoke, eoru-coloured hat lined with saxe blue silk and massed with shaded roses, and handsome grey squirrel furs; Mrs. M. Fraser, marine-blue charmeuse, veiled in mignon and trimmed with dull gold embroideries, black bonnet; Mrs. N. King, navy coat and skirt, black hat; Miss F. Wood, peacock-blue costume, hat to match; Miss Curtis, grey coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Bedford, navy coat and skirt, black velour hat, relieved with tangerine; Miss Matthews, smart dove-grey coat and skirt, black velour hat, with folds of tangerine; Miss B. Matthews, white muslin with saxe blue floral border, black hat; Mrs. H. Russell, saxe blue costume, black hat; Mrs. Matthews, pale grey costume, black hat; Mrs. Moyes, dark navy coat and skirt, mole-coloured hat; Mrs. Medley, pale grey costume, black hat; Mrs. Stocker, rattier blue costume, faced with black satin, black beaver hat with black and white bird; Mrs. Penn, very pretty violet costume, with embroidered lace yoke, violet hat with lamer plumes, grey squirrel furs; Mrs. Brewster, navy coat and skirt, violet hat; Mrs. MacDiarmid, silver grey costume, black and white toque relieved with pale pink roses; Mrs. D. K. Morrison, slate grey costume, grey toque to match; Mrs. D. Shaw; Mrs. E. Griffiths, smoke grey charmeuse, black feathered hat; Mrs. W. D. Webster, black silk costume, with lace overdress, grey and pale pink bonnet; Mrs. Stadden, sil-

ver grey costume, black hat; Miss McKellar, black and white striped costume, black hat; Mrs. Bayly, brown tweed costume, hat to match; Mrs. Kyngdon, pretty violet costume, toque en suite; Mrs. Jim Wilson; Mrs. T. Fookes (Stratford), black velvet, toque to match; Mrs. A. C. Fookes, sen.

**Bridge.**

Mrs. Medley gave a very enjoyable bridge party last Tuesday, which resulted in Miss Bedford winning first prize and Mrs. S. Cottier second.

**Personal.**

Mrs. E. Morshead, who has been on a visit to Auckland, has returned to New Plymouth.  
Mrs. Peat (Feilding) is keeping house for Rev. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Colvill, New Plymouth, while they are holiday-making in Rotorua.  
Mrs. J. Morton (Napier) is the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. Lusk, Remuera.  
Miss Morshead, who has been on a visit to Wellington, has returned to New Plymouth.  
Mr and Mrs. Les. Nolan and Miss N. Capel are holiday-making in Auckland and Rotorua.

**WANGANUI.**

April 19.

**Tennis.**

The tennis season closed on Saturday, when combined doubles were played. In the final Miss Cave and Mr Russell Stevenson beat Miss Warley and Mr Saywell. Afternoon tea was given by the Misses Bates. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Reeve, Mrs. J. Harold, Mrs. Fairburn, Mrs. Von Haast, Mrs. Hume, Mrs. Browne, Misses O'Brien, G. Christie, Brettargh, Fairburn, Cave, Warley, Mrs. Seaward, Misses Bates, C. Bates, Alexander, S. Dymock, Kerr, Mrs. H. Good, Messrs Izard, Ritchie, Brettargh, Saywell, R. Stevenson, Hodges, Butterworth, Harrison, Harold, Von Haast, Browne, Misses Lambert (2), Miss Grant, and others.

**At the Theatre.**

The "Blue Bird" was staged at the Opera House for one night this week. There was a very large audience. Amongst the large audience were: Mr and Mrs J. C. Greenwood, Mrs. John Anderson, Miss W. Anderson, Mrs. A. E. Kitchin, Miss Willis, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Willford, Mrs. John Stevenson, Miss Ida Stevenson, Miss Brettargh, Mr H. F. Christie, Miss G. Christie, Mr and Mrs Rayney Jackson, Miss N. Jackson, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. W. Atkinson, Miss Grace, Miss Alexander, Miss Knapp, Mr and Mrs D'Arcy, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Jones, Miss Anderson, Mr and Mrs I. Lethbridge, Mrs. Sorley, Mr and Mrs G. Lethbridge (Otaki), Miss Armstrong, Miss K. Burr, Miss Parsons, Mrs. G. Marshall.

**Sale of Work.**

The Anglican Sale of Work held in the Christchurch Schoolroom, was a great success. There was a good attendance. The hall presented a very attractive appearance with the well-laden stalls. Amongst those present were: Rev. H. Reeve and Mrs. Reeve, Mrs. Ballance, Mrs. and Miss Spenser, Mrs. and Miss Ashcroft, Mrs. D'Arcy, Miss Montgomery Moore, Mr and Mrs Trimen, Mrs. and the Misses Brettargh, Mrs. and Miss Willford, Mrs. Harold, Mrs. and Miss Fairburn, Mrs. John Anderson, Mrs. Seaward, Mrs. Haughton, Miss S. Dymock, Miss I. Stevenson, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. and Miss Jackson, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Okey, Mrs. Wilson, Miss H. Anderson, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Pattie Izett, Mrs. Reaney, Miss Cruickshank, Mrs. A. Izard, Mrs. L. Moore (Wairarapa), Mrs. and Miss Harper, Miss Smith, Mr and Mrs Meldrum, Mrs. Sheriff, Mrs. Wall, Miss N. Nixon.

**Afternoon Tea.**

On Thursday Mrs Phrazyn and Mrs Lomax gave a large afternoon tea at the Burlington Tea Rooms. A string band discoursed sweet music in the entrance hall. Amongst those present were: Mrs. A. Lewis, Mrs. and Miss Stevenson, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Pattie Izett, Mrs. McNeill, Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. Gifford Marshall, Mrs. Howard Christie, Mrs. A. Wilson, Mrs. R. Dunn, Mrs. Krull, Mrs. P. Krull, Mrs. and Miss Fairburn, Mrs. and Miss Jackson, Mrs. and Miss Cameron, Miss Brewer, Mrs. and Miss Warley, Mrs. Cooper, Miss Alexander, Mrs. Chamberlain, Miss Cohen (England), Mrs. and Miss Nixon, Mrs. G. Potts, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Babbage, Mrs. H. Serjeant, Mrs. E. Cowper, Miss Cowper, Mrs. Dalglgy, Mrs. L. Wilkin, Miss Hawken, Mrs. Rutherford, Miss Neame, Mrs. Haughton, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. and Miss Kerr, Mrs. H. Good, Miss Mont-

gomery Moore, Mrs. J. Harold, Mrs. Gill-Carey, Mrs. and Miss Hogg, Mrs. Wootton, and others.

**Personal.**

Miss D. Christie, of Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs. Eric Riddiford, in Wellington.  
Mrs. A. E. Allison, of Wanganui, is spending some weeks in the South Island.  
Mrs. and Miss Kerr, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to Wellington and Feilding.  
Mrs. Cecil Wray, of Wanganui, is spending some weeks in Rotorua.  
Rev. C. Harvey, of Wanganui, has returned from his holiday in Auckland and Rotorua.  
Mrs. Paterson, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to relations in Palmerston North.  
Mr R. Cowper and Miss A. Cowper, of Wanganui, are spending some weeks in the South Island.  
Miss Neame, of Wanganui, leaves early in May for England, where she intends to reside.  
Rev. H. Bartlett and Mrs. Bartlett, of Wellington, have been spending some weeks in Wanganui with Mr and Mrs J. T. Stewart.  
Miss Huxtable, of Auckland, who has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs. J. C. Greenwood, left this week for Australia.

**S. TARANAKI.**

HAWERA, April 18.

**Garden Party.**

Last Saturday afternoon Miss Lysaght gave a delightful garden party at Mokoia. The day was rather dull, so the guests did not see the beautiful old garden looking quite its best. Tea was served in the dining-room, the table decorations being red cactus dahlias and autumn leaves. Miss Lysaght was wearing a petunia coloured frock, with cream lace vest and trimmings of Paisley silk, heliotrope hat with shades of silk to match; Mrs. Brian Lysaght pink Paisley silk, black plumed hat; Mrs. Moore, grey coat and skirt, grey hat with grey roses; Mrs. Nicholas, black silk frock, long black satin coat, black hat; Mrs. Barton, saxe blue cloth, braided in the same shade, black hat; Mrs. Nolan, navy blue coat and skirt, black hat trimmed with ostrich feathers; Mrs. MacDiarmid, slate coloured cloth coat and skirt, black hat with a touch of tangerine; Mrs. Kimbell, brown tweed costume, black hat with tulle and ostrich feathers; Mrs. Thomson, navy blue costume, brown hat; Mrs. Bell, navy blue serge coat and skirt, with blue and green Paisley collar, black hat with brown wing; Mrs. Page, grey coat and skirt, black hat with black tulle

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ruche; Mrs Goodson, pale blue voile trimmed with cinnamon brown satin; blue hat with brown wings; Miss Goodson, putty coloured tweed costume, hat to match; Mrs Welsh, dark heliotrope tweed coat and skirt, purple hat; Mrs O. Hawken, brown coat and skirt, brown hat with brown wings; Mrs C. Hawken, purple cloth costume, purple hat with grey velvet bows; Mrs O'Callaghan, navy blue serge costume, black hat with white ostrich plume; Miss Clapcott, navy blue costume, red hat with black velvet trimmings; Miss Tonks, cream serge costume, saxe blue hat with wings.

**Afternoon Tea.**

Mrs Kitto, from Napier, who is visiting friends in Hawera, was the guest of honour at a small afternoon tea given by Mrs Tonks last Tuesday. Among the guests were: Mrs Good, Mrs Foyster, Mrs and Miss Goodson, Mrs Alan Good, Mrs Nolan, Mrs Barton, Mrs Willis, Mrs O'Callaghan, Mrs and Miss Rawson, etc.

**Personal.**

Mrs R. Douglas has returned to Hawera after a fortnight's holiday in Auckland.

Mrs Ryan is visiting Wellington. Mr and Mrs R. McLean and Miss Winks left here last Tuesday morning for Wellington, en route for the Argentine and England.

Miss Caplan has returned from a holiday spent in the Wairarapa.

Quite a number motored over to Eltham last Tuesday night to see "The Blue Bird," amongst them being: Mr and Mrs Bennett, Mr and Mrs Lovell, Mrs Moore, Mrs Barton, Mr and Mrs Page, Mr and Mrs Norton, Misses Glenn (2), Misses Reilly (2), Miss Nolan, and Miss Dobson.

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Baker have gone to England for a year's holiday.

**NELSON.**

April 18.

**Lecture.**

A well-attended lecture on "Other World's than Ours" was given by Miss Mary Proctor, the astronomer, in the School of Music, the building being crowded to overflowing. Mr. F. G. Gibbs M.A., president of the Nelson Institute, was in the chair, and other speakers were the Mayor (Mr. T. A. H. Field), and Mr. C. Y. Fell.

**Sale of Work.**

The Church Missionary Society held its annual sale in the Shelbourne Street school this week. There were some interesting articles for sale from India, China, Japan, and the Pacific Islands, also carvings and pottery. The stallholders were:—Pottery, Miss Leggett; English and American goods, Miss Sealey; chains and trinkets (Indian, Chinese, Pacific Islands and Japanese), Mrs. Rowlands; sweets, Mrs. O'Hara Smith; produce, Miss Kempthorne; foreign goods, Miss Hunter-Brown; afternoon tea, Misses Richmond and Tomlinson. Among those present were: Mrs. Sadlier, Mrs. J. P. Kempthorne, Mrs. Sclanders, Miss Cooze, Mrs. J. Oldham, Miss Oldham, Mrs. N. L. Buchanan, Mrs. Marsden, Miss Marsden, Mrs. A. A. Lucas, Mrs. H. Field, Mrs. and Miss Poole, Mrs. Tomlinson, Miss M. Atkinson, Miss Boor, Mrs. Leggett, Mrs. Sealey, Mrs. A. T. Maginitty, Miss Maginitty, Miss Gibbs, Mrs. Estcott, Miss Bell, Miss Lightfoot, Mrs. Fell.

**Bridge.**

A large and enjoyable bridge party was given by Mrs. E. J. Allen for her guests, Miss Reid and Miss Testan (New Plymouth). Some of those playing were: Mrs. Cooze, Miss Richmond, Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Burnes, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Booth, Miss Isaacson, Mrs. C. Broad.

**Personal.**

Miss Edith Kempthorne has returned from her visit to Wanganui. Mrs. Hamilton-Smith has left for Melbourne, where she intends spending the winter.

Mrs. Grattan-Wilson (Warranbool, S. Australia) is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Cook.

Mrs. Rowlands has returned from Japan, and is visiting Mrs. Hunter-Brown, "Long Look-Out."

The Rev. and Mrs. T. F. Taylor have arrived from the West Coast, and will reside at Suburban North.

Mrs. N. Adams is away in Wellington and is the guest of Mrs. Godley while there.

Miss Ella Harkness has returned from her visit to Invercargill.

**PICTON.**

April 19.

**Surprise Party.**

Another small surprise party was taken by a number of ladies and gentlemen to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. K. I. Stocker's last Friday evening, and proved a very enjoyable outing indeed. The large folding doors between the dining room and drawing room were thrown open, and thus made a delightful space for every one to move about from table to table. The rooms were beautifully decorated with cosmos, daisies, and autumn foliage. Mrs. Stocker received in a cream voile dress, with trimmings of cream lace. Others present included: Mrs. Vickers, dove-grey charmeuse; Mrs. Beswick, cream dress; Mrs. Allen, black merv; Mrs. G. J. Riddell, very pretty black sequin robe; Mrs. A. Scott, black velvet, with jet trimmings; Mrs. Dickenson, black satin, with an overdress of black dewdrop net; Mrs. Madsen, cream satin; Mrs. Cawte, sea-green satin, with ninon tunic; Mrs. Pauline, black sarah silk; Mrs. Burgess, white embroidered frock; Miss Scott, cream voile, with strappings of cream silk; Miss B. Allen, yellow satin with silk lace trimmings; Miss N. Allen, saxe blue charmeuse; Miss Seymour, grey taffeta, and a dainty lace fichu was also worn; Miss Burton, white silk; Miss Williams, black silk, worn with a blue silk scarf; Miss Fuller, dainty cream net blouse and cream skirt; Miss Chambers, pretty frock of white charmeuse, with a ninon overdress. The gentlemen present were: Messrs. Riddell, Vickers, Wright, Admore, Osborne, Heffer, and Dickenson.

**Sports.**

The first meeting of the newly-formed Amateur Sports Club in Picton was held on Nelson Square on Wednesday, 16th, and, favoured by a glorious day, proved an unqualified success. Among the many ladies present I noticed: Messdames Chambers, Riddle, Madsen, Allen, Williams, Bragg, Carnahan, Godfrey, Scott, Nicol, Burgess, Harwood, McNeil, Stuart, Peek, Storey, Jackson, Smith, Raddon, Eason, Lloyd, Cawte, Maitland,

Lucena, Oxley, Barr, Clinch, Gibb, Perano, Stocker, Jones, Rowse, King, Tarrant, Smart, Webster, Geary, Keat, Martin, Allport, Simmonds, Petrie, Healey, Gillies, Blizard, Watson, Sturmer, Philpotts, Cook, Robinson, Fredericks, Clements, Misses Newton, Chambers, Macalister (2), Bragg, Storey, Riley, Harwood, Jones, O'Sullivan, Smith, Jackson, Webster, Jennings (2), Edwards, Oxley, Godfrey, Clinch (3), Scott, McMahon, North, Burrough, La Mont, Geary, Allport, Dunn, Fuller, Harris (2), Greensill, Philpotts (2), Seymour, Matthews, Wheatley.

**Cinderella Dance.**

The Cinderella Dance, which was held in the Albert Hall, under the auspices of the Croquet Club last Wednesday, was a very enjoyable affair. The floor was perfect for dancing, and, needless to say, the dancers enjoyed themselves. The stage was arranged as a drawing-room, and proved very acceptable to non-dancers. The decorations were of Michaelmas daisy. The supper tables were also decorated in the same way. Among those present were: Mrs Cawte, wearing a grey satin, veiled in ninon, with bead trimmings; Mrs Chambers, black silk, blue coat; Mrs Madsen, white satin, with an overdress of flowered chiffon; Mrs Allen, black dress, Maltese lace; Mrs Nicol, blue chiffon taffeta, with an overdress of ninon, the bodice trimmed with narrow lace and Oriental embroideries; Mrs Maitland, black; Mrs Scott, black velvet; Mrs Riddle, heliotrope charmeuse, trimmed with violets and violet velvet; Mrs Harwood, black merv; Mrs McNeil, very pretty flowered Louise silk; Mrs Petrie, grey voile, with strappings of grey silk; Mrs Beswick, black voile; Mrs Dickenson, white satin, with an overdress of white accordion-pleated chiffon; Mrs Burgess, pink silk voile, with trimmings of Oriental embroidery and tiny shell beads; Mrs Carnahan, white silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Pauline, black; Mrs Stocker, cream frock, blue coat; Mrs Lane, pink satin; Mrs Storey, black satin dress, trimmed with silk lace over black net, and black embroideries; Mrs Beauchamp, black; Miss Riley, white satin; Miss La Mont, green silk muslin; Miss Chambers, white satin veiled with ninon, trimmings of silk insertion; Miss D. Greensill, pink; Miss Rosie Greensill, white muslin; Miss M. Barr, white muslin; Miss Oxley, white charmeuse; Miss Scott, cream voile; Miss Godfrey, white muslin frock; Miss Harwood, white silk veiled with ninon, the bodice trimmed with silk lace; Miss Storey, white silk blouse, cream serge skirt; Miss Fuller, heliotrope soft satin, with tiny rubings on the skirt, and wide cream insertion on the bodice; Miss Church, heliotrope voile, relieved with satin bands and bead trimmings; Miss A. Church, grey frock; Miss Williams, white satin, with overdress of blue fisher net; Miss Beauchamp, white silk; Miss Dot Beauchamp, white silk, and pink roses worn on the bodice and in the hair; Miss B. Allen, yellow satin; Miss B. Stuart, white silk, prettily trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion, the hair banded with narrow silver cord; Miss Butler, white silk; Miss Seymour, yellow brocade. The gentlemen present included: Messrs. Vickers, Madsen, Dickenson, Nicol, Paul, Parker (Blenheim), Wright, Heffer, Admore, Chambers, Wastney, Coater, Lambert (Blenheim), Patterson, Clements, Riddle, Bush, King, Burgess, Briscoe, Osborne. Extras were contributed by Miss Chambers, Miss Seymour, and Miss Fuller.

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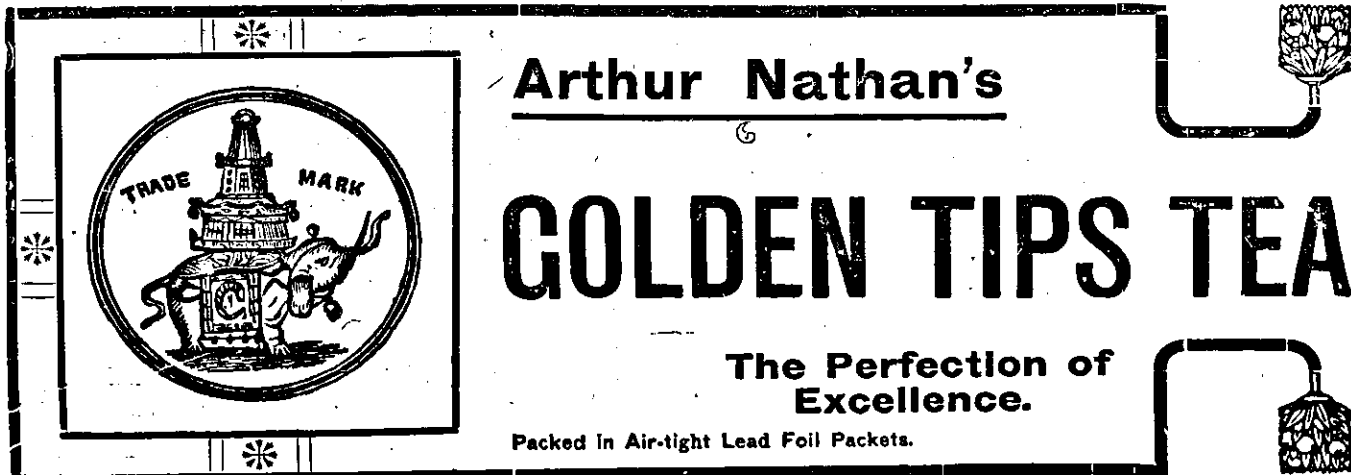
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**Sydal**



**Arthur Nathan's**

**GOLDEN TIPS TEA**

**The Perfection of Excellence.**

Packed in Air-tight Lead Foil Packets.

**At Golf.**

The golfers were favoured with another beautiful afternoon last Saturday, and the links being in very fair order a pleasurable time was spent. Among the players were: Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Nicol, Mrs. Hewick, Mrs. Dickenson, Mrs. Pauline, Miss Seymour, Miss Harwood, Miss Cragg, Miss Allen, Miss Macalister, Messrs. Madson, Riddell, Vickers, Nicol, and Sulton.

**Personal.**

Mrs. Pauline, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. T. Cawte, Mahakipawa, is now the guest of Mrs. Allen, "The Wilderness."

Miss Borough has returned to her home in Broadway, after an enjoyable holiday spent with friends in Blenheim.

Mr. W. Chambers, of the staff of the Bank of New Zealand, Wellington, is spending his leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, Wairau Road.

Mr. J. Le Comte is spending his annual leave with Mr. and Mrs. Newtown, Wellington Street.

Miss Aikman, from The Sounds, has been spending a few days with Mrs. J. L. Harwood, Dublin Street.

Mrs. Leary has returned from a holiday spent in Wellington.

Miss R. Greensill was a passenger by the Patena last Monday night from Wellington. She has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Middleton, out at Lyall Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Perano left last week for a month's holiday in Wellington.

Mrs. T. Cawte, Mahakipawa, is the guest of Mrs. Gordon Maitland.

Miss Avis Barr left last Thursday for a month's holiday, to be spent in Christchurch.

**BLENHEIM.**

April 19.

**Hospital Bazaar.**

The great attraction all the week has been the hospital bazaar. The attendance on Saturday was a record one, it being the last day. The fancy dancing in the evening was exceptionally good. Among those I noticed present were:—Mrs. Clouston, Mrs. F. Redwood, Mrs. Corry, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. A. Bell, Mrs. Jaggo, Mrs. Hyllton, Mrs. White, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. J. Mowat, Mrs. McNab, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. MacLaine, Mrs. DeCallum, Mrs. Gilmer (West Coast), Mrs. Walker, Mrs. G. Lucas, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Skinner, Misses Mowat (2), Grace, Clouston, Fulton, Chapman, Scott-Smith, Urcubart, Neville, Horton, McNab, Anderson, Smith, and Bell.

**Personal.**

Mrs. Griffiths is visiting friends in Hamilton.

Mrs. Walker has returned from a most enjoyable holiday spent in Nelson.

Miss Cissy Hall has returned from her holiday to Hawke's Bay.

Mrs. F. Dillon has been spending a few days in Wellington.

Mrs. W. McKee, who has been visiting Mrs. Grace, "The Vicarage," has returned to "Aotea."

Mrs. Tschemaker-Shute has returned from her visit to Wellington.

Mrs. Adams, "Langley Dale," was in town during the week.

Mrs. Seymour Fell (Picton) has been the guest of the Misses Murphy, Spring Creek.

**CHRISTCHURCH.**

April 19.

**A Song Recital.**

On Wednesday evening a song recital was given by Miss Millicent Jennings, in the Choral Hall. The songstress was assisted by Miss Irene Morris (violinist) and Mrs. Osmond P. Smith, at the piano.

Miss Jennings wore a gown of geranium red satin, with tunic overdress of red nixon and bronze beads, and a red band in her hair. Two beautiful bouquets were presented to her. Miss Irene Morris wore a pretty white lace frock, with touches of pale pink velvet; Mrs. Osmond Smith, black, with cream lace. A delightful programme was

given. Amongst the very large audience I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Dr. and Mrs. Morton-Anderson, Mrs. and Miss Pyne, the Rev. Haussell and Mrs. Haussell (Wellington), Mrs. and Miss Dixon, Mrs. J. D. Fairhurst, Miss Fairhurst, Mr. and Mrs. George March, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. and Miss Collins, Mrs. A. M. Ollivier, Miss Ollivier, Mrs. Allen Campbell, Misses Anderson (2), Miss Guthrie, Miss Merton, Mrs. J. Lawrence, Mrs. Loughnan, Mrs. Wilding, Mrs. Preston, Mrs. and Miss Cook, Mrs. Louison, Misses Saunders, Trent, Steele, Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Guthrie, Mrs. B. K. S. Lawrence, Miss Lawrence, Mrs. Hogien (Wellington), Misses Raphael (2).

**Tennis.**

Some of the tennis hostesses and players of the week have been: Mrs. George Gould (Fendalton), Mrs. Beswick (Merivale), Mrs. Wigram (Park Terrace), Mrs. Reid (Park Terrace), Misses Cowlishaw, Goicks, Boyle, Pyne, Anderson, Harley, Lee, and Denniston.

A small luncheon party was given on Thursday by Mrs. Wilding, at "Fowlhope," Opawa.

**A Kitchen Tea.**

On Wednesday afternoon a kitchen tea was given by the matron and nurses of the Salisbury Street Trained Nurses' Club, for one of their members, Nurse Kirk, who is shortly to be married. It was a very pleasant gathering, much enjoyed by those present. Miss Kirk received quite a number of useful presents.

**Personal.**

Mrs. Haussell (Wellington) is paying a visit to her mother, Mrs. Julius, at Bishopscourt, Christchurch.

The Rev. E. K. Mules and Mrs. Mules left Christchurch last week for Wellington, en route for England.

Mrs. Boyle (Christchurch) has gone to Wellington to meet her son, Lieutenant David Boyle, of H.M.S. New Zealand.

Mrs. Andrew Anderson (Opawa, Christchurch) has gone to meet her son, who is a midshipman on H.M.S. New Zealand.

Mr. and Mrs. Alister Clark (Melbourne) are the guests of Mrs. George E. Rhodes (Meadowbank).

Mrs. and Miss Gould (Fendalton) are staying at "Woodbury," with Mrs. Sinclair-Thompson.

Mrs. Blunt (Merivale) is spending a few days with Mrs. Knight at Racecourse Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Andreae have returned to Christchurch from Auckland.

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

Mrs. Hay and Miss Hay (Temuka) have been spending a few days in Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Killian (Gent Hills) are staying at New Brighton.

Mrs. John Williams has returned to Geraldine, after spending a short time in Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Maitland Congreve have returned to Christchurch from the South. Captain and Mrs. Stockley (England), who have been paying visits in North Canterbury, have returned to Christchurch.

Mrs. Burdon has returned to Woodbury from Christchurch, where she was staying with friends.

Miss Simpson (Wellington) is visiting Christchurch.

Miss Barnes (Christchurch) is spending a short holiday in Napier.

Miss Bruce has returned to Christchurch from a visit to friends in Gisborne.

Mrs. Leonard Clark (Sydenham) is paying a visit to Miss Cordy, at Coal-gate.

Mrs. Courage (Amberley) and Mrs. H. Harper are staying at New Brighton.

Miss Kelsey has left Christchurch for Auckland.

Mrs. Arthur Reeves (Merivale) is staying at Balmoral for a few days.

**DUNEDIN.**

April 19.

**Golf and Tea.**

On Thursday a most enjoyable afternoon was spent at the Balmuccien links,

when Mrs. Butterworth gave a competition and tea. The day was ideal for golf, and there were a large number of competitors. The four prize-winners were Miss Burt, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Ogston and Miss Cree (England).

Mrs. Ulrich was the hostess at a small afternoon tea on Saturday. Amongst those present were Mesdames Westmacott (Timaru), Ewen, Ollivant, Ogston, Ross, Misses Kelsey, Graham, Macassey, Roys (2), Raine.

**Personal.**

Mrs. Turnbull has returned from her trip to Matakau, her daughter, Mrs. Laidlaw, accompanied her.

Miss B. Mackens, left for Sydney by the Maunganui on Wednesday.

Mrs. P. L. Wright has gone to Akaroa for a visit.

Mrs. J. M. Ritchie and Dr. and Mrs. Russell Ritchie left for Sydney by the Maunganui on Wednesday.

Miss L. Brandon, who has been visiting Dunedin, returned to Wellington this week.

Mrs. Phillips (Sydney), who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Hart, for two months, returned to Sydney on Wednesday.

Miss F. Rattray returned from Christchurch during the week.

Miss Kelsey, who has been staying in Dunedin, has left for Auckland.

Mrs. Bush (Invercargill) is at present the guest of her sister, Mrs. Batchelor.

Mrs. Donald (Christchurch) is in Dunedin, and is staying at Onslow House.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Harris (Geraldine) spent a few days in Dunedin this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pegg motored South last week, Mrs. Edgar Hazlett accompanying them.

Mrs. J. Stewart and Miss Kitty Stewart left for Sydney by the Maunganui this week.

**ACID STOMACH AND DYSPEPSIA CURED.**

FOOD WAS LIKE A HOT IRON TO A NAKED WOUND.

The letter which is herewith published in full resulted from an announcement in one of our leading dailies of the remarkable curative properties of Bisurated Magnesia in the treatment of stomach acidity, the cause of practically all forms of stomach trouble:—  
6, Farm Terrace, High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex.

Dear Sir,—

I have suffered for some months from Dyspepsia and acidity of the stomach, and have tried all sorts of patent as well as doctor's medicines with no effect. Seeing a doctor's statement in one of the daily papers about the marvels of Bisurated Magnesia, I got a small bottle from the local chemist, and am glad to say that it has done me more good than anything I have tried. Food to me was like a hot iron to a naked wound, but since I have taken bisurated Magnesia I can now enjoy my food without bad after effects.

W. DOUGHTY.

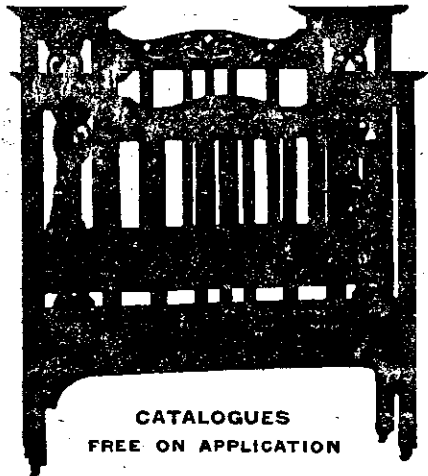
Mr. Doughty's experience is doubtless that of thousands of others who have obtained relief and cure of stomach trouble from the use of Bisurated Magnesia where medicines and advertised remedies have failed. Readers who suffer from stomach trouble in any form should get a little Bisurated Magnesia from their chemists at once. Half-teaspoonful in a quarter of a glass of warm or cold water after eating, will almost immediately relieve the severest pain.

CREME TOKALON, absolutely the best non-greasy vanishing cream; beautifies the skin and removes wrinkles. At all chemists.—Ad.

First Citizen: "Is your wife entertaining this winter?"  
Second Citizen: "No, not very."

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ARTISTICALLY  
AT FACTORY PRICES



Large Stocks  
of  
**MODERN  
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UPHOLSTERY**  
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Bedding, etc.  
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INSPECTION INVITED.  
ESTIMATES FOR ALL  
GLASSES OF WORK.  
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Showrooms and Factory:  
Victoria Quadrant, Just Behind Northern Club.

## D.S.C. & COUSINS & COUSINS

LIMITED (W. J. COUSINS, General Manager)

For  
GOOD

# Tea

Try **John Earle & Co.**

(Opposite Gooden's)

'PHONE 1348

225 Queen St., AUCKLAND.

DEVON BROWN PINK  
1/3  
DEVON GOLDEN TIPPER  
1/4

# The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

## Attractive Blouses.

HERE are no more attractive blouses than those made of crepe de chine (this should be rather thick, as then it wears remarkably well), relieved with narrow tuck from shoulder to shoulder, the scheme completed with a knife-pleated frill in front, and then they can be lifted quite out of the rut of the commonplace by a turn-over collar of the same material; but it must be cut well away in front. These blouses are very loose fitting, and the long sleeves are finished with gauntlet cuffs edged with narrow knife-pleated frill. It is indeed an immense advantage that La Mode has consented to our wearing blouses of a contrasting material and colour to the skirt, as one will do duty on so many occasions. Again, there is a decided feeling for lace blouses that are mounted on net or chiffon, the latter trimmed with ribbon in a great variety of ways. Sometimes small wreaths of flowers are seen resting on the lining. In order that the contrast between the skirt and blouse may strike no jarring note, a sachet that tones with both is introduced, and either falls in long ends at the back or is loosely knotted at the side. The sash ends at the back are very helpful to the woman who has a tendency towards embonpoint.

## A Veritable Boon.

As everyone knows, the collars of shirts and blouses become quickly soiled, therefore a cordial welcome will be extended to the detachable silk polo collars, both with rounded and pointed corners. They are made of soft Japanese silk, and can be obtained at a low price.

## Pleasant News.

Indeed, it is pleasant news that the wheel of fashion is rapidly revolving towards blouses that fasten in front. The inconvenience of having a blouse done up at the back is one that women for many a long day have endured meekly; now the most modish blouses have the fastening at one side in front concealed beneath the vest or trimming. Furthermore, some of the new models are quite loose in front, and no attempt is made to conceal the button and button-holes. Neither must it be forgotten that there is a tendency for loose backs; but they are far from becoming, and should never be worn by the woman endowed with what is generally known as a tailor-made figure.

## Party Frocks.

Now is the time of year when we want them most, and the young people are always interested in the all-important question of what to wear. Dress influences a girl's life so much. We have quite gone away from the idea that she must wear white only, or perhaps mingled with a little tender pink or blue, if she is a blonde. White dresses now are always adorned with silver or gold, perhaps interwoven. Rose-pink satin, turquoise blue, a light greenish yellow, and rich silks, even brocades with floral bouquets in their designs, are considered the right thing for the debutante; indeed, brocade often carries all before it, and the design is winsome, suggestive of coquetry, reminiscent of Holly Hedges and Bredon shepherdesses; but yet it has much dignity in it. Soft satin, soft marquisette, with or without soft chiffon veiling, make quite bewitching girl's gowns.



A PRETTY AFTERNOON BLOUSE

in washing silk, with turn-down lace collar.

## Draperies.

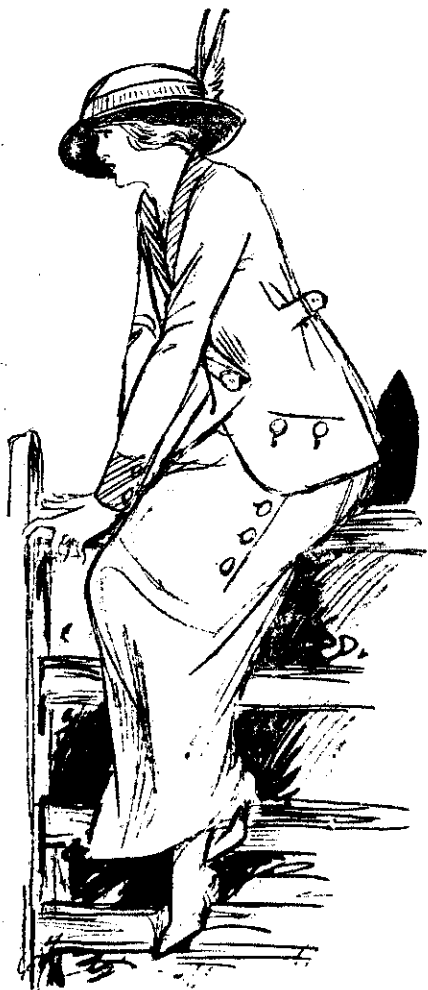
These are far removed from the ordinary kinds to which we have accustomed ourselves. The festooned effects find favour, and very shallow draperies, a mere festoon of stuff. Nothing is bouffant; the straight effect is what we all aim at. Many panniers come from the waist, and are carried towards the back, where from beneath them comes a long pointed train, and a corner panel figures beneath a straight front, which ends at the knee. The panier opens in what we used to call window-curtain fashion, so that the front of the skirt is well seen. Accordion-pleated skirts have a drapery of long panels, which are not at all ungraceful, and the pleatings give a little width, but not much. Accordion-pleated rest gowns are most popular. Mousseline de soie and kindred stuffs pleat delightfully, and such garments are held in at the waist by Oriental embroideries and quaint girths.

tional "frou-frou." Also, after having worn, last summer with white dresses, the underskirts in white Brussels net very closely pleated and trimmed in white satin, they wear this winter underskirts which are the last word in smartness. They are so fragile and light that they will be adopted only by those refined ones who are daily occupied with their toilette. These very pretty underskirts are made to be visible without enlarging our narrow skirts. They must be above all very soft, and in harmony with the tint of the dress. This fashion gives novel and becoming results, and it spells a great deal of refinement to possess one or two of these underskirts to match every dress. It is the revenge of Dame Fashion against the simplicity of recent years. I can predict for long months the predominance of satin over the noisy and stiff tulle which is left quite out. Women like more and more the soft Liberty and the light silk veils, and these new tissues are the only ones employed to line skirts, bodices, and overcoats.

For the short petticoats to wear with simple trotteurs practical stuffs and colours are needed. Crepe de chine, satin, or moire are much employed, and the darkest colours seem the right ones. These petticoats, intended for walking, golfing and shooting, must be, above all, solid, and cut in very good heavy silks to withstand rain without changing colour. Black satin trimmed with one or many rows of velvet, is very pretty. Black and white pique, and the Scotch square silks give happy combinations, but the plainer and darker tints will al-



A GIRL'S AFTERNOON BLOUSE.



COAT AND SKIRT FOR THE MOORS

In heather mixture tweed with striped cloth collar and cuffs in brown and dull purple.

## Fashion Notes from Paris.

(By a Parisian Expert.)

PARIS, February 7.

The very narrow skirts seemed to have banished for ever the use of the underskirt. Many ladies adopted the linen "pantalou-jupe," forming a skirt, or the silk combination. But the real elegant Parisians do not wish to give up the charming French art of the tradi-

## The P.D. is the Choice of the Woman of Fashion

Journey to Paris—wander down the Rue de Rivoli, spend an hour at Rumpelmeyers; visit London, walk down Bond Street—stroll down the Unter den Linden at Berlin—drive through Fifth Avenue in New York—everywhere the world over you will find that the Royal P.D. Rustless is the corset of the woman of fashion. Why? Because the P.D. gives the fashionable figure as can no other corset—because it is better value than a score of other corsets at double the price.

The P.D. is anatomically correct—it gives perfect support to the vital organs, yet without compression. It is the last word in comfort, holds its shape indefinitely, and gives long service.



ways appear attractive to the truly elegant woman, who knows that very often the brightest things are not the best ones.

#### Tailored Hats for Tailored Suits.

With the tailored suit comes the tailored hat, repeating the general style intended to be conveyed in the dress. The lines are severe, but becoming; it is neither too large nor too small, and, moreover, it is trimmed in such a manner that it shows that no attempt has been made to secure unusual effects; the sole idea seems rather for comfort and suitability. Many types require hats that are larger toward one side than the other, and there are many whose hats must be tilted off the face at a given angle. Therefore, notwithstanding the model they select, there are certain rules that must be followed, in order to make the hat a success. When the change has been made, and the hat placed upon the head, it may seem identical with the one form which has been copied. Only the saleswoman who has sold the hat and the premiere who has painstakingly changed every frame-wire know of the vast difference.

#### So Attractive.

A very pretty idea for an afternoon walking costume is illustrated on this page. The skirt, which is supplemented



with a pointed train, is fashioned of the softest drap souple, the colour of a rich grenat. The three-quarter-length coat, made somewhat on the lines of the Russian blouse, which is cut entirely in a new way, and slit up in front, is of broche velvet in a matching colour, the bodice being very smartly trimmed with Avansdown. A charming three-cornered Napoleon, shaped in black velvet, tops our model, the trimming consisting of a handsome niggerette fastened at the side with a flat little tinsel bow.

#### For Evening.

The evening gowns are absolutely fascinating, and one in black chiffon velvet is so graceful in design, cut away in a long tapering point, bordered in rich jet trimming back and front, to show exquisite embroideries of steel, whilst the bodice is softened by a drapery of lovely Malines lace. Another perfect model is of white satin, veiled in striped golden gauze, with crystal and silver embroidery, forming the corsage, and a basque very deep and pointed at the back, confined at the waist by a long state sash of velvet in a lighter tow hair. Very striking, too, is a white and gold brocade over shell pink satin, the folds of the bodice softening the figure, and just outlined by soft folds of black tulle. Another gem in the collection is an evening gown of apricot coloured corded charmesse with Greek draperies in front, caught by a cameo outlined in paste, and the prettiest tiny gold and pearl cords on the shoulders and sleeves. Very desirable, too, is an evening frock of grey and gold brocade with filmy draperies of

finest cobwebby lace over golden tissues, spangled with diamonds, whilst a petunia satin gown is a lovely thing, with its tunic of petunia nixon, all hand-embroidered in grey, mauve and gold, its girdle of plaited gold, and its ropes of heavy golden beads. Very beautiful is a gown of black taffetas with a fringed hem, the upper part of white, veiled in black lace, with gold and Oriental embroideries, and a sash of old gold to match the accompanying lovely Romney coat of black velvet reversed with rich old gold satin, its collar and cuffs of skunk, held by a small bunch of rosea fances.

#### Fashion Notes from London.

(From Our London Lady Correspondent)

LONDON, February 28.

The troublous times of militancy being again upon us bring to remembrance unpleasantly the fact that militant enthusiasts who break one law bring anti-militants and anti everything else under the espionage of all law with a lightning rapidity. Once again the mere woman—harmless though she be as a cooing dove—is looked on as at once as a possible angel of custom, but a probable enemy of the shopkeeper with a vote, and, whether she likes it or not, she may only look in a shop window under the very nose of a very obvious detective.

#### Fashion

goes on, however, smilingly, her most pronounced dictum of this week being her declaration, already widely suggested, that the coat and skirt of the spring is to be the odd one. All manner of beautiful materials are appearing in obedience to the behest, and a few new shades—the latter, it is remarked, all some relation to champagne or French mustard colour.

Either the coat is of figured and the skirt of plain material, or vice versa; at any rate, both are thin and of cloth that falls in graceful folds. Poplin, fine tweed, face-cloth, chambruse, dull silk, cashmere, crepe de chine, are all to be bought now for costumes. The patterns are generally of the trailing description, dimly defined festoons being, perhaps, the most popular.

#### Caps, Coats, and Scarves.

all of the same fluffly wool, and in a dainty box, sold at a guinea, are the latest notions in gifts for girls.

#### The Tapestry Idea

overrules practically everything, it must be noted, from neck ruffs to entire costumes, though how she of few inches and some plentitude of proportion will fare in this season we are not told. Assuredly, if she is going to join in the craze for outshining Solomon, she must choose sombre combinations of colour.

#### A Striking Costume

of this week, showing tapestry cloth to great advantage, was designed for either a tall or short woman, and had a well-fitting pinafore of ivory face cloth, with an ivory patent leather belt, over an underslip, elbow sleeves and vest of vivid tapestry cloth in red, purple, green and dark blue.

#### The Newest Blouses

all have V-shaped vests in some contrasting colour to the blouse, the waists are normal, and the vests, which are generally of fine cream net, lace, or crepe de chine, are either open at a collarless neck or have high collars with a little frill at the top.

#### Long Tunic Coats

adorn some of the French indoor gowns. One such of warm rose colour drap d'epouge had a skirt panel, just showing to a depth of about nine inches from the hem, of chambruse to match. The top of the coat was open over a deep cream V-shaped vest with touches of black, and a loose black enamel belt completed the whole.

#### Sleeves

may be long or elbow length only, and some of the new short coats have rather wide elbow sleeves and turned back coloured embroidered lawn cuffs ornamenting them.

#### Tapestry Ruffs

were alluded to before. The neck band of these is of fluffly ostrich feather or of ruffled satin with a wired frill of cream lace inside with two tabs, nine and twelve inches respectively, hanging down at one side. These are edged with whatever material is used for the top.

#### Coloured Umbrellas

that are as dainty as parasols but made for any weather, are becoming more and more fashionable as the craze for bright colours develops.

#### Imitation Posies

are making way for quite large corsage bouquets, not nearly so piquant as the others, and imitation even to silver papered stalks.

#### Lace

is to dominate the evening dress world, all those who possess any will be delighted to hear, and, as beautiful draping is still the first ambition of the good designer, scarves and lace shawls can be used intact. Black on white, white on black, ivory and ecru on brown—all manner of lovely combinations are possible. It is a good idea for the rather stout wearer who loves lace to only have it on one side of her gown, draping the other, supposing the lace to be white or cream, with black, or whatever colour the gown is, in something clinging and graceful like nixon, or crepe de chine; then the impression of even greater than natural breadth is obviated.

Where a scarf is utilised it is well to weigh it with, for instance, a tassel or a flower so that it will always show its full beauty.

#### Soft Good Serges

are entering into competition with more delicate fabrics for indoor reception gowns, but only materials that lend themselves to draping have any chance of being used to-day.

#### Very Vivid Sashes

are distinctive features of the newest afternoon and evening gowns. It is well to remember the power of the belt and sash for reducing or adding to the size of the waist before deciding on one of these, however.

#### Crochet Covered Buttons,

the home girl will like to hear, appear on many of the smartest blouses in nixons and soft silks as their only trimming.

#### Pleated Skirts are Again the Fashion.

It seems a mere game for costumiers to overcome any difficulty. Their cleverness has solved a problem which at first sight seemed impossible to untangle, and they have now designed accordion-pleated skirts, which, nevertheless, remain fashionably narrow. The new pleating, it must be said, is of a very special kind, being made of small pleats that only open out when the wearer is walking. At other times, the skirt has the usual narrow appearance. Charming effects are obtained with nun's veiling or taffetas materials. The panier lends itself very well to this style. There are, moreover, some charming novelties in the cut of skirts, not only as far as tunics go, but also in the bottom of the skirt itself, which is not always round, but opens slightly on one side, or sometimes at the back, in order to give a glimpse of the ankle. Often, too, the tunic is placed over a pleated or

Style 501 Drab at 5/11.

This model strongly recommended for medium figure. Fairly low bust and long over the hips. Latest in corset designing. Perfect comfort guaranteed.

**WARNER'S Best-proof CORSETS**  
From All Drapers.

gathered founce of either tulle or muslin or lace, through which the foot and ankle can be seen

#### Earrings.

Earrings are very fashionable. Those given the preference consist of three stones set in small circles of platinum, one under the other; and attached to the lobe of the ear, so that they hang vertical, almost touching the neck.

The lad he loved her deeply,  
For she billed and cooed so sweetly,  
And she promised he should have her  
In the happy days to be.  
But she qualified it thuswise:  
That she'd marry him for sure  
If he'd promise to always keep a stock  
Of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

#### We All Keep Free from Skin Troubles

Some time ago my little boy suffered dreadfully from eczema, and in fact none of us had what you would call a really healthy looking skin. 'Kura' Soap cured my little boy and I felt that we should all be better by using it. And so it has turned out. If you would keep free from skin troubles, do as I did and go to the nearest Chemist and ask for a cake of 'Kura' Soap.



Obtainable from all Chemists. Wholesale Agents, S. Harland & Co. Ltd., Wellington and Auckland.

#### The Elite Bust Models

#### MAKE DRESSMAKING A PLEASURE



What can be more delightful and satisfactory than to make your own dress on your own Model?

Bust made to your own liking. Stock shapes always on hand in a full range of sizes. All Busts padded and covered for pinning.

Write for Prices and Particulars.

**W. P. OGILVIE**

211 Queen St., AUCKLAND.

#### ARE YOU FAIR TO YOURSELF?

YOU begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. A bottle of the world-famed



**Lockyer's Hair Restorer, 1/6**

gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing. **DON'T LOOK OLD.**

# Verse Old and New.

## Modern Matrimony: A Duetto.

HE—  
**D**EAR one, when we exchange our  
 vows  
 We'll knot the loohest sort of  
 tie;  
 For our ideals, like our brows,  
 Are broad and high.

SHE—  
 A simple hitch I should prefer,  
 As simple as we can devise;  
 A lover's bowline, as it were—  
 One yank unties.

HE—  
 This nuptial pact shall not coerce  
 Our own sweet wills a single jot.  
 We'll chop "for better or for worse,"  
 And all that rot.

SHE—  
 My love, your sentiments are mine;  
 I echo them with all my heart.  
 I shudly can't endure that line—  
 "Till death us part."

HE—  
 My idol, I am overjoyed!  
 I shan't love twice, but if I should  
 This contract will be null and void:  
 That's understood.

SHE—  
 I shall not dream of liberty,  
 But if I should—you'll understand  
 The bonds that bind us now will be  
 As ropes of sand.

HE—  
 I am the needle, you the pole!  
 O Pole, my constancy you know.  
 But should I not remain heart-whole  
 I'm free to go.

SHE—  
 I am the flower, you are my sun!  
 O Sun, you know my constancy.  
 But if I choose to cut and run  
 You quite agree.

Together—  
 Since you love me as I love you,  
 Herewith a sacred troth we plight.  
 Each to the other will be true:  
 If not—good night!

## Sonnet to an Onion.

Between the liver and the bacon fried,  
 A shallop floating on a grivated sea,  
 As graceful as the sea anemone,  
 And fragrant as the rose of summertide,  
 O succulent esculent, so true and tried,  
 Thy beauty takes my breath away; to  
 me  
 Thou art a languorous odor symphony,  
 With thee my tears fall—tears of joy  
 and pride!

When the reft queen beside the Theban  
 wave  
 Mourning her slain ones held thee in  
 her hand,  
 Then flowed woe's saline tide un-  
 stemmed by years.

So weak, yet strong; so modest, yet so  
 brave,  
 Niobe of the truck farm's sprouting  
 band,  
 I press thee to my lips— and hence  
 these tears.

## Farewell.

We have laughed together, now we weep.  
 We have played together, now we sleep  
 We have loved the sunshine. In the rain  
 Stand we alone and voiceless facing pain.  
 We have held illusion, in our youth.  
 Now we find when aged, brutal truth.  
 We have dreamed of splendour, heart to  
 heart  
 Loved and hoped and suffered—now we  
 part!

—Leolyn Louise Everett.

## King Apollo.

When my lady sleeping lies,  
 Her sweet breaths her lips unbar,  
 Which, when King Apollo spies,  
 With dream footfall not to mar  
 The dear sleep,  
 Through the rosy doors ajar  
 He with golden thoughts doth creep.  
 —Michael Field.

## Poppies in the Wheat.

When waning summer brings hushed  
 autumn tides  
 And quails break Sabbath with their  
 whistling sweet:  
 Then flame the crimson poppies in  
 the wheat  
 Where all the land is fragrant as a  
 bride!  
 The glory of the harvest and its pride—  
 Forevermore they flutter in the heat:  
 Music of autumn do their lips re-  
 peat;  
 They share a rapture and a joy, world  
 wide!

The wheat is old as Egypt, and its croon  
 Breathes songs of bursting barn and  
 granary.

Only the poppies with their dancing  
 keep  
 Sweet memories of romance and of June:  
 And echoes soft of springtime's verdant  
 sweep  
 When April touched the world with  
 witchery!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

## The Song of Songs.

Over the roar of the cities,  
 Over the hush of the hills,  
 Is heard a song that never stops,  
 A voice that never stills.

Epic-loud as the sea is  
 Lyric-low as the dew,  
 It sings and sings a soul into things,  
 And builds the world anew.

Dauntless, deathless, stern but kind,  
 Bold and free and strong,  
 It sweeps with mastery man's mind,  
 And rolls the world along.

From soul to soul it wings its words,  
 And, lo, the darkness flies:  
 And all who heed that song of songs  
 View Earth with other eyes.

New eyes, new thoughts, that shall go on  
 Seeing as Beauty sings,  
 Until the light of the farthest dawn  
 Shall fold its rainbow wings.

—Madison Cawein,  
 in Book News Monthly

## The City in the Sea.

Lo! death has reared himself a throne  
 In a strange city lying alone  
 Far down within the dim West,  
 Where the good and the bad and the  
 worst and the best  
 Have gone to their eternal rest.  
 There shrines and palaces and towers  
 (Time-eaten towers that tremble not!),  
 Resemble nothing that is ours.  
 Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
 Reigned beneath the sky  
 The melancholy waters lie.  
 No rays from the holy heaven come  
 down

On the long night-time of that town;  
 But light from out the lurid sea  
 Streams up the turrets silently—  
 Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—  
 Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—  
 Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—  
 Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers  
 Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—  
 Up many and many a marvellous shrine  
 Whose wreathed friezes intertwine  
 The viol, the violet and the vine.  
 Resignedly beneath the sky  
 The melancholy waters lie.

So blend the turrets and shadows there  
 That all seem peadulous in air,  
 While from a proud tower in the town  
 Death looks gigantically down,  
 There open fauces and gaping graves  
 Yawn level with luminous waves;  
 But not the riches there that lie  
 In each idol's diamond eye—  
 Not the gaily jewelled dead  
 Tempt the waters from their bed;  
 For no ripples curl, alas!  
 Along that wilderness of glass—  
 No swellings tell that winds may be  
 Upon some far-off happier sea—  
 No heaving hint that winds have been  
 On seas less hideously serene.  
 But lo, a stir is in the air!  
 The wave—there is a movement there!  
 As if the towers had thrust aside,  
 In slightly sinking, the dull tide—  
 As if their tops had feebly given  
 A void within the filmy Heaven.  
 The waves have now a redder glow—  
 The hours are breathing faint and low—  
 And when, amid no earthly moans,  
 Down, down that town shall settle hence  
 Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,  
 Shall do it reverence.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

## GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

### Gratitude.

A WASHINGTON woman has in  
 her employ as butler a col-  
 oured man of a pompous  
 and satisfied mien who not long  
 ago permitted a damsel, long his ardent  
 admirer, to become his spouse. One day  
 when the mistress of the house had oc-  
 casion temporarily to avail herself  
 of the services of the butler's wife,  
 it was observed that when the  
 duties of the two brought them in  
 conjunction the bride's eyes would shine  
 with extraordinary devotion.  
 "Your wife seems wonderfully attached  
 to you, Thomas," casually observed the  
 mistress of the house.  
 "Yes, ma'am," answered Thomas com-  
 placently. "Ain't it jost sickenin'?"

### Saving Time.

An Englishman arriving in New York  
 was taken into the subway by a friend.  
 They boarded a local, changed to an  
 express, and returned to the local, all  
 on the way to their destination. The  
 return trip was made in the same  
 manner, hurrying all the time, and run-  
 ning most of it. "Why" asked the guest,  
 all out of breath, "why do you run  
 about this way?" "Come on," cried the  
 New Yorker excitedly, "I save two  
 minutes!" "But," was the reply, "what  
 do you do with the two  
 minutes?"

### A Going Concern.

Jimson bought a business through an  
 agent as a going concern in first-class  
 condition. After six months he failed,  
 but took his trouble lightly. Meeting  
 the agent some time later he said: "Do  
 you remember selling me a business as  
 a going concern?" "Yes, of course I  
 do," replied the agent. "Well," said  
 Jimson, "it's gone."

### The Unkindest Cut.

The Duke of Roquelaure was told that  
 two ladies of the court had a quarrel  
 and had cast all kinds of invectives at  
 each other.  
 "Did they call each other homely?"  
 asked the Duke.  
 "No, my lord!"  
 "All right; then I will see that they  
 become reconciled."

### A Matter of Relationship.

Two chance acquaintances from Ire-  
 land were talking together.  
 "An' so yer name is Riley?" said one.  
 "Are yez anny relation to Tim Riley?"  
 "Very dishantly," said the other. "O!  
 wus me mother's first child, an' Tim  
 was the twelfth."

### A Distinction.

Cora was fond of all-inclusive prayers,  
 and one night she offered the following  
 discriminating petition:  
 "Lord, please bless mother and father  
 and all of us, and give us everything  
 good; and please bless our friends, and  
 give them what is good for them!"



"What's that you're making, dear?"  
 "It's a cushion. Frank's uncle has bought him a seat on the stock exchange  
 and I want him to be as comfortable as possible."

### Good Advice.

A young lady called one day on  
 Rubinstein, the great pianist, who had  
 consented to listen to her playing. "What  
 do you think I should do now?" she  
 asked, when she had finished. "Get  
 married," was Rubinstein's answer.

### Superficially Speaking.

Should the cost of living much higher  
 grow—  
 And it surely will, the pessimists say—  
 You'll see the ultimate consumer go  
 Down in the ultimate consummation.

### Belonged to the Fair Sex.

In answer to the lady's advertisement  
 for a laundress, Ellen, a darky, black as  
 the ace of spades, applied for the work.  
 With her was a group of small darkies,  
 some black, some brown, and some  
 yellow. Her employer asked if all these  
 children were Ellen's. The latter replied:  
 "Yas'm, they's all mine." "But, Ellen,"  
 said the lady, "they are all different  
 colours." "Yas'm; you see it's like dis.  
 My first husband was black like me,  
 my second was brown, an' the one I got  
 now he belong to the fair sex."

### Stories of Victor Hugo.

Mme. Judith has some good stories  
 to relate of Victor Hugo, although there  
 are few among them that increase our  
 respect for the great novelist. She was  
 especially struck by his gastronomical  
 foals, as she may well have been. Upon  
 one occasion, she says, he put a whole  
 orange, rind and all, into his mouth  
 and then managed to thrust as many  
 pieces of sugar as possible into his  
 cheeks. This achieved, he began to  
 scorch it all up with his lips tightly  
 closed. In the midst of this operation  
 he swallowed down two liqueur glasses  
 of Kirsh and a few minutes later opened  
 his mouth wide. It was empty! No  
 one made any attempt to imitate him.  
 Hugo's complacency was as great as his  
 other powers. When somebody at table  
 quoted De Musset he replied, "Yes, he  
 has immense talent. He boasts that  
 there are some who consider him as  
 good a poet as I am."

### Omniscient.

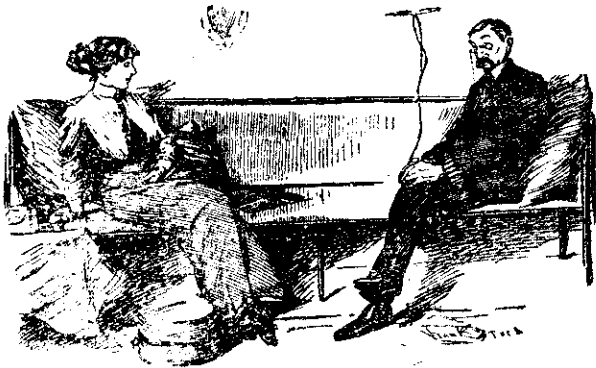
Once in travelling a doctor was ex-  
 ceedingly annoyed by a pedantic bore,  
 who forced himself upon him and made  
 a great parade of his learning. The doctor  
 stood it as long as he could, and at  
 length, looking at him gravely, said:  
 "My friend, you and I know all that is  
 to be known."  
 "How is that?" said the man, pleased,  
 with what he thought a complimentary  
 association.  
 "Why," said the doctor, "you know  
 everything except that you are a fool,  
 and I know that."



Editor: "Have you submitted these poems anywhere else?"  
 Poet: "No, sir."  
 Editor: "Then where did you get that black eye?"



"HOW DARE YOU, SIR?"



He: "I suppose you prefer the pale and interesting type of man?"  
 She: "Certainly, to the pale and uninteresting!"



ESKIMOS.



Waiter: "Some Worcestershire sauce for your fish, sir?"  
 "No, some chloride of lime."



OUR TRADESMEN

"Why didn't you send your man to mend my electric bell?"  
 "He did go, sir, but, as he rang three times and got no answer, he concluded that there was nobody at home!"