

things, and lifting them, dropped them both outside into the cold night air until they should be content to be quiet and peaceable.

Another story is told, and it may be corroborated by almost anyone who knows anything of native life. An old Maori man determined one day to visit the city. He attired himself in his idea of European fashion, that is to say, he donned a huge oilskin coat, reaching to his knees. He pulled the collar well up about his throat, and wound round his neck a woollen "comforter." On his head he wore a huge son'-wester, the lappets of which he pulled down over his ears. Thus he spent the hours about the streets on a summer day. At night he returned to the *kainga*, where, feeling somewhat uncomfortable after his martyrdom, being bathed in perspiration, he removed his European habiliments, and sat in the cool air for the remainder of the evening. With such recklessness and ignorance, and with the prevalent distrust of European medicos, it is not astonishing that the Maoris yearly decrease in number.

There are other yet more disastrous evils to combat. Although many of the Maoris have adopted English customs to a fairly large extent, the old communistic life is still lived by great numbers; and under present conditions, it is almost miraculous that any of them live pure lives. The surroundings of a Maori village are demoralising in the extreme, and it is the aim of the Young Maori Party to remove as many girls as possible from such immoral influences, and place them in a school where they may receive teaching.

One of the greatest curses that the Britisher has brought to Maoriland is alcoholic liquor. Beer, especially, is consumed in large quantities by the natives, men, women and children; and unsophisticated as they are, Maoris know no moderation. They will sledge barrels of beer for miles and miles from the nearest railway station, to be used at a *tangi*. Whatever the occasion of the feast, to which immense quantities of food are brought, the beer is

placed where everyone, even the tiny child, can get as much as he wants. Imagine the sight that too often meets the eye. The most saddening, most disgusting spectacle is that of an intoxicated Maori woman who knows no shame. The almost insurmountable difficulty of doing anything to rescue the race is never more deeply felt. The strange part is that in a licensed public house a Maori woman may not be served with liquor, though there are ways and means, even under these circumstances, of obtaining the coveted curse. So much, however, has legislation done. But the fact remains

that though prohibited thus, a Maori woman may have beer, in unlimited quantities, in her own *kainga*, whenever any of her people, in their generosity, provide the tribe with it. This vice of civilisation is acknowledged by all educated natives to be the most potent factor for evil, and the greatest obstacle in the way of reform.

In matters of sanitation, the Maoris have everything to learn. In olden times they lived on the heights, from which they descended only to fight their enemies. Now



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