



**ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING.**

STILL chafing under the ruthless indictment of the *Press*; Canterbury maidens continue to launch lampoons and pasquinades at the devoted head of the unfortunate writer who has caused all this trouble. Some rather humorous incidents of the fray may amuse our readers. One young lady, equipped in the panoply of culture and girding herself with the sword of satire, writes thus: "I am aware that Shakespeare's decease took place in the reign of a former Queen of England, hight Elizabeth" She then goes on to say, "This letter was written without reference either to my dictionary or the sterner sex." But, alas! one, apparently of her own sex; writing over the signature "Avon," cruelly demolishes the fair special-leader by the following comment: "H. H.'s statement fully bears out what you said about the society girl's ignorance regarding our great national writer. Those of us who are not in society know that Shakespeare died in the reign of James I." Another young lady attacks the critic's style *modo* Mr. Moon in "The Dean's English," but is effectively dealt with in an editorial note. A third Amazon makes a vigorous onslaught couched in verse, showing a distinct gift for poetical diction, but a supreme indifference for the rules of metre, rhythm and rhyme. She writes:

'Twere wisdom, then, to keep our state of bliss—  
And folly were we wiser than we wish.

Again:  
While her bright face and subtle form  
The tennis court and dance adorn.

Yet again:  
Perfect in body, mind, *estate*,  
No airs and graces does this maiden take.

Further on:  
So versed in politics, so true and sweet,  
So brightly bashful, and withal so meek!

Once more:  
To gain their grace and favour do they deem  
I'd play the courtier while they play the Queen?

The concluding stanzas we must quote in full, as a warning to all men who venture to say a word in disparagement of the gentler sex. This is the sort of mild expostulation they may expect:

"The fault, dear Wolfe," we but make reply,  
"Rests with thyself—it does not with us lie.  
Back! to the haunts where graze thy peaceful deer,  
And leave alone the flocks that pasture here."  
Worship at will thy ideal English girl,  
But dare again her worth at us to hurl!  
Our hearts and homes are barred for ever more,  
We bid thee choose for friend a kindred BOOR!  
—*Injured Innocent.*

Surely no lady could have written the poem. It must be a forgery perpetrated by the "*reptile Press*," and stuffed with feminine mistakes to create verisimilitude: a dastardly device to vilify tender woman by putting into her mouth language which could not possibly emanate from her sensitive ruby lips. O man! false, perfidious, cowardly man! An interesting bit of athletic intelligence comes to the surface of this seething maelstrom. A lady writes: "The only person I have seen crack a walnut in the bend of the elbow is a Christchurch girl and member of the G.B.C."

ANECDOTES of old identities are always interesting, and should be rescued from the dark waters of oblivion. In the early days, when

Custom and Fort streets were unreclaimed and washed by the sparkling Waitemata, the Hon. James—then plain Mr.—Williamson and Mr. William Young were next door neighbours, living at the foot of Orakei road close to the sea-beach. After the day's labour the former was wont to ride home; the latter used the Customs boat and a stalwart crew to row. One day the two gentlemen differed—each maintaining that his method of getting home was the quicker. A trial match was consequently arranged and a half-crown staked on the result. Mr. Young got into his boat and Mr. Williamson mounted his steed. A good start was effected; and Mr. Y., acting as *Plinurus*, held before the eyes of his crew the magic 2/6. "Men," quoth he, "it will be just a 'nobbler' apiece for you, and an odd sixpence to toss for." They gave way with a will, and made excellent time as far as the small creek on Mr. Young's boundary, which Mr. Williamson had to ford. On entering the creek Mr. Young was astonished to hear his rival's voice lifted up in tones of indignant protest. "Young," he cried, "that was a mean trick of yours! I would not have believed you capable of it: It is not fair and I won't pay!" There on the wrong side of the creek was Mr. Williamson, vainly endeavouring with voice, whip, and persuaders to urge his reluctant steed into the ford, but not a step would the animal take. There stood a lion in the path—or, rather, a fine young donkey, which Mr. Young had recently purchased for the use of his son and heir. Nothing would convince Mr. Williamson that the donkey's presence was due to accident—he would have it that Mr. Young had purposely placed "Neddy" opposite the only practicable landing in order to steal a march and win his bet. That half-crown was never paid. Of the heroes of this tale the Hon. James Williamson has, alas! joined the great majority, but Mr. Young, at an advanced age, yet still hale and hearty, enjoys his *otium cum dignitate* at his pleasant residence in Orakei Road. In his day he was a dead shot, a brilliant cricketer and billiard player (even now a hard nut to crack), and a great racing enthusiast, having owned Zaccho, the first thoroughbred who made a name for himself on an Auckland racecourse. Mr. Young was the first Collector of Customs for this district.

THE Cricket Challenge Cups have been won, but there are no cups to hand over to the winners. Steps should be at once taken to replace the two-penny-half-penny pinch-beck frauds by something more worthy of the name of Challenge Cups. Two very handsome ones, of solid silver Hall-marked, have been offered to the Association at so low a price as to be quite a bargain. Gordon C.C. offer £5 as a contribution towards the £22 required to purchase the cups. Other donations have been promised by lovers of the game, which, with the £5 above mentioned, amount to £11, leaving only £12 to be raised by the other Clubs. Surely but a slight effort is necessary to achieve so desirable a result. Having secured a Senior and a Junior Cup of some beauty and intrinsic value, we suggest that they be made permanent Challenge Cups. Instead of handing them over to a Club as its own property after so many wins, it would in our opinion be an improvement to provide silver badges, to be worn by the winning elevens. Such badges, in

brooch form, might be attached to the cap or worn on the breast. To elevens winning the Challenge Cup and badges three times, small silver watch-chain trophies might be given in commemoration of their achievements.

**FOOTBALL.**

At Potter's on Saturday last, despite wind and inclement weather, a very fair muster of spectators witnessed the Cup matches. Grafton v. Gordon was considered by most the match to watch. Grafton won the toss, and benefiting by their experience in the Ponsonby match, elected to start the first spell with the strong sou'-westerly breeze at their backs. Wisely, too, they kept the game loose, and allowed their backs by kicking high to make the best use of the favouring gale. Gordon forwards, however, played a distinctly better game in the first spell and until the latter half of the second, when the Grafton men ran over their opponents on several occasions. Gordon kicked off against the wind, and the forwards got on a dashing rush, which with some clever dribbling took the ball into Grafton's 25, but good high-kicking by their backs soon brought play to the centre again. Shortly afterwards, the ball being sent by a long kick close to Gordon's 25, Macminamin, who could easily have kicked into touch, hesitated in a most strange fashion, and suffered Mackenzie and Smith to take the ball from under his feet, with the result that Elliott scored a try within a few minutes from the kick-off. Macminamin, it seems, mistook the 25 for the goal line, and feared to kick lest the wind should take the ball behind and his side suffer the penalty. The place was taken by Penalligan, who proving equal to the occasion achieved a splendid goal. Grafton 3, Gordon 0, being the score at this early stage of the game. After the kick-off some very fast play followed, principally among the forwards, Gordon having a bit the best for a while, but Grafton backs, wisely adhering to the high-kicking policy, neutralised any advantage gained. Then Grafton brought the ball to within some twenty yards and nearly in front of Gordon's goal, where occurred some doubtful play, the result of which was a free-kick awarded to the former, from which a goal was well negotiated by Penalligan. Gordon men strenuously assert that this decision was a grave error, the breach of rules being perpetrated by Grafton, and the free-kick awarded to the sinners instead of those sinned against. This feat brought Grafton's score to 5, Gordon being still pointless. Gordon, rallying after the kick-off, got on several good rushes, which were again discounted by the wind aiding the lofty kicks of Grafton's backs. Some good passing and running among the latter gained a lot of ground, but Jarvis, by one of the best runs in the match, carried the oval into Grafton territory, and for some time Gordon penned their adversaries and had hard luck in not scoring. Hales, by a high kick into touch, averted the danger, but Gordon forwards, headed by H. Poland, who was working like a lion, again menaced Grafton's stronghold, which was, however, well defended by Kissling gaining a lot of ground by a well-judged kick. Shortly after Stephenson made a brilliant run, and passing in the nick of time to Peter Mackie, the latter evaded Gordon backs and fell on the ball, securing a clever try. Penalligan again took the place, but was