

HERE AND THERE.

Apropos of Lord Nelson, a historian remarks that his famous message, "England expects every man to do his duty," was originally written by him, "Nelson confides that every man will do his duty." At the suggestion of one of his officers, "England" was substituted for "Nelson," and another officer pointed out that "expects" would be much more easily signalled to the fleet than "confides that." So the famous message took its present form.

A representative gathering of the heads and employees from the various departments of the "Otago Daily Times" and "Witness" office met to bid farewell for a time to the editor, Mr. James Hutchison, who has left for Canada as a delegate to the Empire Press Conference at Ottawa. Sir George Fenwick, managing director, presided, and on behalf of the staff he presented Mr. Hutchison with a travelling rug and a silver cigarette case, and with a lady's bag for Mrs. Hutchison, as a token of cordial good wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison intend visiting England before returning to Dunedin.

London's smartest crossing-sweeper, Mr. Richard Trebilcock, who 12 years ago acted as a royal linkman at Buckingham Palace, celebrated his 73rd birthday by sitting on his little stool, broom in hand, at his accustomed spot at the corner of Harriet Street and Sloane Street, near Knightsbridge. "I have seen some royalty in my time," he said, "and I was a linkman at all the grand functions that used to take place at the palace. Those were good times. People don't seem to go to dances, dinners, and balls now as they used to do. They go with the idea that they must because they are invited. In my time people went to enjoy themselves and you could see they enjoyed themselves."

A somewhat extraordinary motor accident occurred at New Plymouth. A car was driven into a garage there, and apparently after putting the gears in reverse the driver got out, leaving the engine running. The clutch must have slipped and the car backed out, smashing a portion of the door of the garage, demolishing a verandah post, and finally bringing up against the walls of the hotel on the other side of the road, smashing two windows. Fortunately no one was injured, and the car was only slightly damaged.

Thus Arthur H. Adams, the brilliant penman, in an article to the Sydney "Sun" on the Prince of Wales and his reception in Melbourne:—Why is he so extraordinarily popular? Or is he as popular as he is made out to be? (The cautious Australian again!) Sydney can understand the New Zealanders losing their heads—and hearts—to the Prince. New Zealanders are like that—more British than the Britishers. But Melbourne's frenzied exuberance of welcome cannot be so easily explained away. Melbourne! Fancy staid and solid and stolid old Melbourne going mad over the Prince! Sydney simply doesn't know what to make of it. Here a little personal confession may come in handy. Like most-hardened journalists, I admit that, reading the advance accounts of him, from all the journalistic sources, right from the Canadian and United States tour, I instinctively discounted their enthusiasm. No man, I said to myself, could live up to that pen-picture of an engaging personality. I took up my task just a little on the defensive against this paragon. I saw him arrive at Port Melbourne pier. I saw a straight and slim young chap with an unaffected manner and a ready and unmechanical smile. Straightway, like everyone of the thousands who thronged the route of the Royal progress, I liked him. I could not help liking him. But that was all. I saw him at a few functions, and liked him the more. He was a straightgoer, a thoroughbred. But the infection of the crowd had not caught me. I flattered myself that I had preserved my balance. But at the dinner in Queen's Hall at Federal Parliament House he looked strangely young among that great gathering; he was actually by far the youngest there. He was surrounded by the great men and the near-great men of a new continent. And he was naturally nervous at this his first meeting with a Commonwealth. And that hint of nervousness, that impression of a young man confronted with so great a task and tackling it with so high a determination to see it through, "got" his audience. And it "got" me. I don't know what it was. All that I can say is that something thrilled that gathering of hardened legislators and important personages. It may have been his youth and his nervousness; but without shame I can assert that there came that old cliché, that "lump" into most of the throats there. Well, there it is. I can't explain it, but Melbourne doesn't ask for any explanation. It feels the same way itself. And it has no reason to be ashamed of its weakness.

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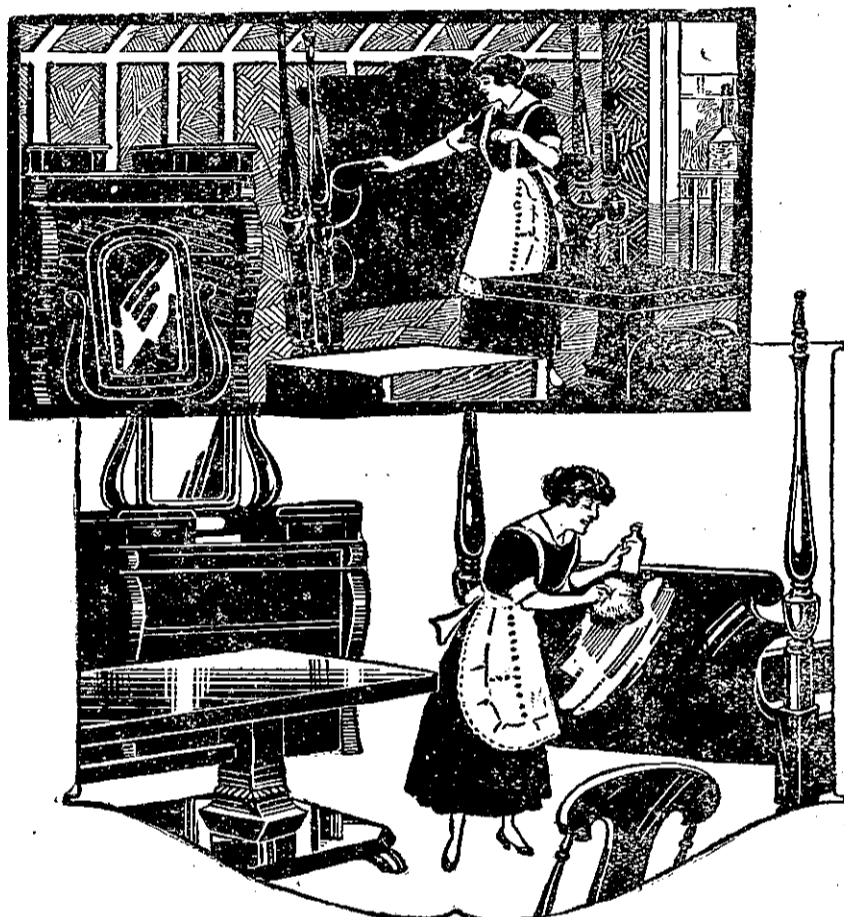
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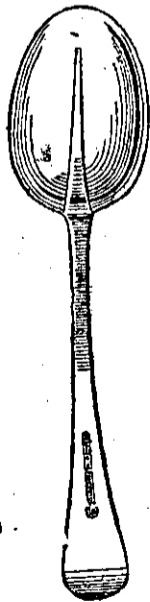
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