

THE NEW ZEALAND TABLET

THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. XXXII.—No. 21

DUNEDIN: THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1904.

PRICE 6D

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.
Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—*Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice the by ways of Truth and Peace.*
April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.

Current Topics

A Model Subscriber

One of the most refreshing communications that we have received for many a day comes from a valued subscriber, Mr. Andrew Casey, of Hamilton, Waikato. Mr. Casey has been a reader of the 'Tablet' almost from its first issue. Writing in reference to the recent reduction in the prepaid rate of subscription, he says: 'I don't think that any Catholic will ever grudge the "Tablet" a yearly subscription of 25s and pay it cheerfully. At all events I will not. I will willingly continue to pay the old rate, and I get good value for my money. I enclose £5 5s, which you will kindly credit me with at the old rate, namely, '25s a year.' Mr. Casey's subscription is now paid in advance for several years. We thank him for his staunch and practical sympathy with and appreciation of our work. Those who conduct Catholic journals have to face much and not infrequent discouragement. It is a work that requires a brave heart and a thick skin and a resolute will to try to 'escape the uphill by never turning back.' Few realise better than Catholic journalists how kind words and deeds are sweet draughts in the cup of life—like a 'concert of music in a banquet of wine.'

Paderewski

'What's in a name?' said Shakespeare. There's a good deal. Mr. Lovelight, for instance, in the old play, readily agreed to blood-letting, but he roundly declared that he would die before he'd be phlebotomised. And has not Max O'Rell pointed out the curious fact that it is the unwritten law that all stars of the first magnitude in the musical firmament must have Italian or French or German or Russian or Polish or Spanish—but never English—names? It is doubtful (according to Max) if Madame Melba would have stormed the hearts of the public so well had she appeared on the opera bills as Nellie Mitchell. Madame Albani and Madame Nordica also knew the value of assumed foreign names. And did not the Irish blackbird, Foley—the greatest basso of modern times, with the possible exception of Edouard de Reszke—become, for stage purposes, 'Signor Foli'? Amy Castles might do worse than take the hint.

Paderewski is coming to lasso our hearts with his vibrating piano-wires and lighten our purses with his deft fingers. He is lucky alike in name and skill. But

he has another element of success—a head that turns heads. 'Paddy's' head, when once seen, is not soon forgotten. 'I maintain,' says a French writer, 'that if you possess or can succeed in making for yourself such a head that everybody will recognise you in the street, you will be a notoriety; and, if besides, you possess great talent, you will easily be a firmly-established celebrity.' 'Beauty,' says Pope, 'draws us by a single hair.' The drawing power of Paderewski's mane is as that of the Empire Express. On his last visit to Australasia, some twelve years ago, the impresario inserted a clause in the contract which bound the Polish piano-wizard not to tamper with his personal appearance nor shear the lionine locks whose every hair was deemed a 'draw.' Paderewski's fortune was made by a partnership between his hair and his finger-tips. His euphonious foreign name was, no doubt, also useful as an ear-tickler.

The War

The campaign that is going on in Manchuria is by no means a military picnic, such as some of our boys in khaki expected to find in South Africa four years ago. What with torrential rains, bad roads, 'dossing' on the wet earth, and the enormous difficulty of provisioning great bodies of men, the lot of the fighting man in Manchuria, whether Jap or Russ, is (like the p'lecceman's) not a happy one. The balance of stamina, endurance, and marching capacity will probably be on the side of the hardy, athletic, muscular Japanese. But in this, as in practically all previous wars, sickness is sure to slay its tens of thousands where the rough surgery of the bullet will slay only its thousands. In the Crimean war the French army lost 64 men in every 1000 from wounds; it lost 236 in every thousand from sickness. The English losses were respectively 47 and 179 per 1000. In the ill-fated Mexican campaign, 49 men in every 1000 lost the number of their mess by wounds, and 140 by disease. From June, 1861, to June, 1863, the Federal Army in the American Civil War lost 53.2 out of every 1000 of its men. Of these deaths, only 8.6 per 1000 were caused by wounds. The remainder (44.6 per 1000) were due to sickness. When Russia last drew the sword against Turkey, 49 of her fighting men in every 1000 had the partnership between soul and body dissolved by wounds. More than twice that number (113 per 1000) were carried off by disease. Generally speaking, only a fifth of the deaths in modern wars have been caused by bullet and bayonet. The remaining four-fifths represent losses from sickness and exhaustion.



Diamond 2 Rubles
25 10s.

A. KOHN, 178 Queen Street,
Auckland.

FOR LATEST NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY:



Sapphire 2 Dia-
monds