

until the possible loss of life is altogether eliminated." This would kill the sport. The danger is a part of the lure, both for players and spectators.'

'The danger' of the game 'is part of the lure both for players and spectators', and (we are told) that a reduction of its savagery 'would kill the sport'. It reminds us of Hood's poacher, who

'Kept the game alive  
By killing all he could.'

Perhaps a still worse complexion is put upon the matter by an expert in the 'sport', who wrote in part as follows in a recent issue of the New York 'Independent':—

'The main trouble now is with the boys' and amateur teams, where rules are often lax—anything is fair to win, and, as was pointed out last year, the winning team often gloats over having put up a disgracefully vicious game.'

Over two years ago some of the American universities took steps to mend or end football within their borders. The result was some small and halting measure of reform in the methods of play—as an alternative to its suppression. Thus has history once more repeated itself. Some six centuries ago, for instance—in 1314—the boisterous violence of football led to its temporary suppression in England by Edward II. Edward III. forbade the pastime in 1349; Henry IV. in 1401; James I. of Scotland in the same century. James IV. of Scotland, Henry VIII., and Elizabeth also tried their hands at the game of suppression, but without conspicuous success. So did some of the rulers of Britain in the period between the Restoration and the Revolution. At that time headlong crowds used to pursue the bounding ball through the filthy thoroughfares of London, often sending it smashing into linen-draper's windows, or into the Stygian abominations of the Fleet Ditch, where (as Jonathan Swift, an eye-witness, averred),

'Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood, Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud, Dead cats, and turnip-tops came tumbling down the flood.'

In England, football died at last, rather by its own violence than through any kill-joy legislation of Puritan or non-Puritan Parliaments. It was revived, and (in countries under the British flag) still survives, on the lines of reform. In America, however, it is even still more barbarous than the Spanish bull-fight—and a grave defection from clean and civilised sport.

### Piano-punishing

The mechanical piano-player may yet depose the piano from the place of pride that it has long occupied in the education of our budding maidens. But, pending the arrival of that happy time, the educationist pleads in vain—fungitur inani munere—who points sorrowfully to the woful waste of time and energy which is spent upon the acquisition of an accomplishment that is seldom carried far beyond the honeymoon. In the meantime, the piano, in these countries, keeps advancing to fresh conquests. What 'Mr. Dooley' said recently regarding America applies equally (saving the humorist's mild hyperbole) to Australia and New Zealand:—

'In all this broad land ye won't hardly find a house that doesn't harbor a pianny. Rich an' poor alike, they all have them. Th' same notes that drives th' millyonaire fr'm home to oppress th' poor, sinds th' poor man willingly to be oppressed. No home is complete without this large mahogany box filled with scrap-iron. A pianny is th' wain thing that distinguishes th' very poor fr'm th' pauper. Ye'd think a man was crazy if he made two dollars a day an' spint three hundred on a brass dhrum, a slide trombone, a bass fiddle, an' yet anny wan iv th'm makes betther sounds an' looks prettier than a pianny. A pianny ain't half as good lookin' as a thrunk or a foldin' bed. Even a German cudden't build annything hon-elier. It's made out iv th'

same kind iv wood as a coffin, an' it ain't annything like as well formed.'

However, a mild emeute—which may yet become a widespread revolt—has gone on sporadically here and there against the 'pianny'. And, very appropriately, it began in Germany—the land that has done more than any other to popularise 'this large mahogany box filled with scrap-iron'. Many years ago Frankfort-on-the-Main passed a by-law which mulcted in a substantial fine any person who played a piano with open windows. After an interval, Weimar followed Frankfort's lead. Then, in 1905, Cassel (in the Nassau province) 'let out' against the piano, but along new lines. With the sanction of the Landtag, the municipal council inflicted an annual tax of ten marks—equivalent to ten shillings British—recoverable by distraint, on every householder and lodger who possessed one of these instruments. Movements, as well as musical instruments, 'made in Germany', have a way of insinuating themselves into other countries. The Frankfort-Weimar-Cassel example may spread. And—when other provision is made for those persons and institutions that depend in some or any measure upon the piano for their 'leg of mutton and the usual trimmin's'—the consummation will be worth the while. Our little raids at school will then have an opportunity of spending with profit learning useful womanly arts in the kitchen some at least of the precious hours that are now passed in finger-excursions up and down benches of imitation ivory keys. A young girl may be able to make the piano laugh or groan in the style of a minor Mark Ham-bourg, or to steal the soul of feeling from a violin as does Carrodus, or to shake trills out of her throat like a Nordica; but if she is incapable of fulfilling the necessary womanly duties of a home, she is a 'misfit', and not a meet companion for the sensible man who looks with due seriousness upon domestic life and its responsibilities.

### How the Plunder Goes

More and more light is being thrown upon 'how the money goes' that is being realised by the sale of the plundered property of the Church in France. Among other things, a report on the 'liquidations' has been left by M. Guyot-Dessaigne, the late French Minister of Justice. Among other interesting particulars contained in that document, there is, says the 'Catholic Times' of January 10, 'this reference to the liquidation of the goods of the Augustinian Sisters of Sainte Marie de Lorette: "M. Millerand, two pleadings, ten thousand francs." The accuracy of the statement was called in question and it was asserted that M. Millerand had not pleaded at all in the case. Our contemporary the "Eclair" made an investigation and has found that he did, but only once. For that single occasion he received £400, but it was put down as "two pleadings." Other revelations make it plain enough that this was no accident. Legal gentlemen who were entrusted with a case which entailed a loss of sixty minutes of their time divided the hour into five or six parts and assigned to each "a pleading" for which a good round sum was charged. One gentleman made a record hard to beat. He charged for ninety-four "pleadings" in a single hour. Each pleading, which figures at thirty francs in the document left by M. Guyot-Dessaigne, must have been restricted to half a dozen words or so. The Government know how to preserve the loyalty of their legal friends.'

North Canterbury station owners (says the 'Press') are finding the motor car a useful adjunct to the vehicles on their stations and several possess cars that enable them to cover a great extent of country in much less time than they could accomplish by any other means. Two well known Amuri station owners were recently whirled from this city to their homes in three hours and a half, and in that time covered a distance that in 1860, when they originally went to the district, took them seven days to get over by means of drays.

"HAUD a wee!" Jist be carefu' that you get the genuine  
Hondai Lanka Tea when you spier for't!

JUST a little better than others at the same price! "Cook  
o' the North" Pure Ceylon Tea.