

of spirit, to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate.' Sir JOSEPH DAWSON, in his *Modern Ideas of Evolution*, makes it clear that the origin of the universe—of matter and of life—must be 'a First Cause, eternal and self-existent, and this First Cause must necessarily be the living GOD.' Such, too, is the verdict of such investigators as Sir G. STOKES, Dr. MIVART, Professors STEWART and TAIT, and many other noted men of science. 'The study of the phenomena of nature,' says Sir G. STOKES in his *Burnett Lectures*, 'leads us to the contemplation of a Being from Whom proceeded the orderly arrangement of natural things that we behold.' In his *Unseen Universe* Professor STEWART says: 'We assume, as absolutely self-evident, the existence of a Deity, Who is the Creator and Upholder of all things.' And Professor Tait, in one of his articles, has the following caustic criticism on the sciolists of the day: 'When the purposely vague statements of the materialists and agnostics are stripped of the tinsel of high-flown and unintelligible language, the eyes of the thoughtless, who have accepted them on authority, are at last opened, and they are ready to exclaim with Titania: "Methinks I was enamoured with an ass!"'

Notes

Stopped the Run.

'Some time ago,' says an American exchange, 'there was a run on a bank in a certain iron-mill town, and the depositors were being paid in silver dollars. The excitement increased and the run became a fast one. The cashier was a young Irishman, and the work put upon him was more than he liked. He resolved to stop it. He sent the janitor with a bushel of silver dollars into the rear room where there was a stove, with instructions to "heat them silver dollars red hot." They were heated, and in that condition he hauled them out with a ladle. The depositors first grabbed the coin, then kicked. "But you'll have to take them that way," said the cashier. "We are turning them out as fast as we can melt and mould them, and if you don't wait till they cool, you'll have to take them hot." That settled it. The run was stopped.'

The Autocratic Doctor.

THEBES, according to Professor Mahaffy, was a noted place for stuffing and gormandising in the days of ancient Greece. Dinner is still the great event of the day in many a modern family; but we know of no place where the traditions of Theban gorging are a living fact and principle of conduct except in the consumptive sanatoria that adopt the Nordrach system of treatment by open air, regulated exercise, and over-feeding. The last-mentioned item is the most important feature of the cure, but it is one that the patient does not at first take kindly to, and it sometimes requires considerable vigilance and firmness as well on the part of the medical superintendent to train his subjects into the requisite degree of voraciousness. A well-known actor who had gone successfully through the treatment, wrote the following verses, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Bristol Medical-Chirurgical Journal*, with, of course, profound acknowledgment to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The verses are headed 'The Autocratic Doctor,' and are timely in connection with the celebration of the second anniversary of the only consumptive sanatorium in New Zealand—that of 'Nordrach Cottage,' near Dunedin:

'When you've swallowed Scott's Emulsion by the gallon or the jug,
When you've finished iodining of your back,
Will you kindly drop your sputum in my little china mug
And send it to a party in Nordrach?
He's an Autocratic Doctor with a rough and ready tongue,
But Tubercular Bacilli can't abide him,
And the patient finds him busy wiping something off his lung
By cramming lots of little things inside him.
Raw meat, cooked meat, meat of a hundred kinds.
Fifty chronics at table striving to eat their lunch,
Each of 'em doing his level best to swallow the skins and rinds.
Pass your plate for credit's sake and munch, munch, munch.

'There are some who pouch in secret, asking no permission to—
For they know they wouldn't get it if they did—
Scraps of cheese and bits of lobster, lumps of meat they couldn't
chew,
And a rather more than "gamey" kid.
And havin' been so casual, they feel sorry when they're gone
(For the Autocratic Doctor's sure to "out" 'em),

When their lungs are going "dicky" with the winter coming on,
They'll miss the bloke who understood about 'em.
Cooked food, raw food, plenty of milk and rest,
Quarter o' pound o' butter, *Schwartzbrod* by the hunch,
Each of 'em trying to raise his weight and widen his girth and chest.
Pass your plate for credit's sake and munch, munch, munch.

Pins and Needles.

We children of a larger growth have all been babes; and Dame Nature, ever mindful of her favorites, threw a cloud over our infantine brows and obscured our intellects so that the memory of our early days is, happily for us, a blank. Bishop Earle puts this idea more poetically when he describes the soul of the child as 'like white paper unscrawled with observations of the world.' We know the wisdom of this now. If our faculties were developed in babyhood our first scribbles would be 'thoughts that burn' culled from the overheated imagination of maiden aunt or crabbed bachelor, whilst the remainder of the page would be devoted to the thousand-and-one only and correct methods of rearing healthy infants. Tom Hood, the inveterate pinster—punster, we mean—had very early recollections of pins, and he put both—the pins and the recollections thereof—into verse:—

'Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!'

Most of us, happily, shed our pins and our long-clothes together. But it remains to a Parisian girl and a New South Wales boy of the present day to literally moult and shed needles as a bird does its feathers—to make the illustration more apt we might say the feathers of their wings or pin-ions. The boy O'Brien of Goulburn does not 'moult' quite easily. They have been using poultices as magnets to draw the needles out, or, as the old housewives say, 'to bring them to a head.' And then they only come by instalments. There is a separate operation for each piece, as in the case of the gentleman who 'upon a rampant cactus sat down quite suddenlee.' The Parisian is a nurse-girl aged 16 years. At the early age of 11 years she made a bet that she would swallow a packet of needles—which she did, and gained a penny thereby. Now her sin is finding her out, and each needle she sheds points a moral and may yet, in a seamstress' hand, adorn a dress 'tail' which will pick up some merry microbes from the muddy streets and kill the musing moralist. But the needles—except that they may possibly prick her conscience, or point, like the magnetic needle, with her early 'gamble' for their pole—cause the bright Parisian about as much concern as did the collection of wire nails and ironmongers sundries annexed by that 'voracious cow' at Ashburton a few weeks ago. And all this in spite of the fact that needles, as an article of food, have been considered about as deadly as a dose of lyddite.

'I pity those women,' says the Rev. H. W. Beecher, 'whose staff is their needle; for when they lean upon it it pierces, not their side, but their heart. I think the needle has slain more than the sword.' It is the weary wearing-out 'stitch, stitch, stitch' of the 'Song of the Shirt' over again. But the gay Parisian suffers from no stitch in the side or prickly sensation of tender skin that a certain brand of soap is warranted to cure. She is simply a 'bonne' lass with one more mystery about her, one more puzzle that mere man can never fathom. Let us hope that woman, who is at the bottom of most mysteries, will get to the bottom of this.

In Lighter Vein

(By 'QUIP.')

*. Correspondence, newspaper cuttings, etc., intended for this department should be addressed 'QUIP,' N.Z. TABLET Office, Dunedin, and should reach this office on or before Monday morning.

A Matter of Noses.

An Ashburton correspondent flays the author of the second last story in the TABLET for giving the heroine a nose of the tip-tilted order of architecture. Incidentally, he also flays novelists generally for disfiguring their 'leading ladies' with the same style of 'smeller.' But, for good or evil, that is the fashion in romance just now. Until a short time ago, the invariable accompaniments to the gamboge hair, the ruby lips shaped like Cupid's bow, and the teeth of pearl, was a 'delicately chiselled' (any other word would be unorthodox) nose built after the plans and specifications known as Greek or Roman. These brands of noses are now out of print, and retain their places only by public tolerance among the marble and plaster-of-paris men who air themselves in this cold weather 'mid