Beds - I have Slept in

and Others

By RICHARD WEDDERSPOON

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Sixty-one Years of a Joyous Life

Dear Reader.

"As you ascend the hill of prosperity, may you never meet a friend."

Cheerfully Yours

Richard Wedderspoon

TOM

Richard's Mascot

BEDS
I HAVE SLEPT IN
AND OTHERS

The Storms, the Calms and
the Triumph of
Richard.

By RICHARD WEDDERSPOON

1928

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Inscription.

TO MY dear wife and her family, and to my family and to the children and the children's children of the double marriage,—numbering, as this book goes to press, approximately one hundred souls — I affectionately inscribe this volume.

—RICHARD WEDDERSPOON,
Author.

PROLOGUE

A VERY inconspicuous person may (and often does) serve as chairman for a very distinguished speaker. I keep that in remembrance when I offer a few words of introduction for this book by my good friend, Mr. Richard Wedderspoon.

The natural diffidence that a humble man felt in undertaking the task was overcome by two good and all-sufficient reasons. One was that it was undertaken for friendship's sake; the other was that I have always loved literature, and was delighted to welcome one other New Zealand author on behalf of those who, like myself, look forward to the day when New Zealand will boast of a distinctive literature of her own, written by her own sons and daughters. I do not pretend nor aspire to the dogmatic authority of a literary pundit, but I have from boyhood (in Sydney Smith's phrase) "cultivated the arts on a little oatmeal,' and having found Mr. Wedderspoon's book delightful in its humour, its candour, and its frank revelations of a very kindly character, I have no hesitation in recommending the volume to the people, most of whom are as undistinguished as I am, and will find the same pleasure as I have found in the work.

The author has cast his net wide, and presents his readers with intimate and charming glimpses of Scotland and England and New Zealand, from the Victorian days down to our present Georgian era. The story of his boyhood is the story of a time that, though only half a century has passed since then, seems almost remote. His experiences cover a period that ranges from the days of the coach and the cab to those of the motor car and aeroplane. And he presents that story in a series of little vivid pen-sketches that in their suggestion and implication are far more graphic and eloquent than a more serious narrative of dated and authenticated facts could ever be.

But the reader will find out all this as he reads the unassuming story of a genial soul who has viewed the world from many angles, and, sitting down to review his 61 years of sojourn, finds life gracious and beautiful and good. He calls no man master; he does not play "the sedulous ape" to any author. He tells his own story or stories, and in his own way, expresses his own thoughts on serious subjects—unconventional thoughts they sometimes are—in his own language. He is not afraid or ashamed to use unusual words or coin new ones, and he disarms all criticism by his frank admission that he believes and practises neology at his own free-will. If the reader refers to any good dictionary for the definition of that word "neology" he will find that Mr. Wedderspoon has protected himself against captious criticism which might complain that he sometimes uses unusual words.

The book appears to me to be the spontaneous expression of his humorous experiences and serious thoughts by one who sits down as among friends and speaks from the fulness of his heart, without the least suspicion of egotism or self-consciousness. He is grave or gay just as his thoughts run. And there is a broad, genial spirit breathing through it all which recalls the lines of Stevenson:

> *"There's so much good in the worst of us,*
> *And so much bad in the best of us,*
> *That it ill-becomes any of us*
> *To talk about the rest of us."*

Mr. Wedderspoon has to be congratulated on his selection of illustrations, most of which are perfect art-pictures of his stories.

I must not, like many chairmen, weary the audience before the speaker is called upon to speak, but to the reader I commend this work, produced in New Zealand, by a New Zealand citizen, and suggesting so much of what Mr. Wedderspoon calls the laughter-life in this brightest and best of all the British Dominions.

SIMON MUIR.

By the Same Author

PICTORIAL SOUTH CANTERBURY—NEW ZEALAND, 1923-24:

His Majesty the King graciously accepted a copy.

"Your book has been read with much interest and edification."—**The Lord Mayor of London.**

"People in this country and in New Zealand should be grateful to Mr. Wedderspoon for the admirable manner in which his work has been completed."—**Major F. E. Walter, The Army and Navy Club, London.**

"Mr. Wedderspoon's publication forms a useful addition to our library."—**The British Embassy, Washington.**

"I wish books like yours would take the place of the much too copious literature of modern times, that spoils with impossible novels, the souls and minds of our young generation."—**Preamo Bruggo, Milan, Italy.**

"We only wish we could reciprocate, with as fine a book, on this section of Canada."—**The Ford Motor Company, Toronto.**

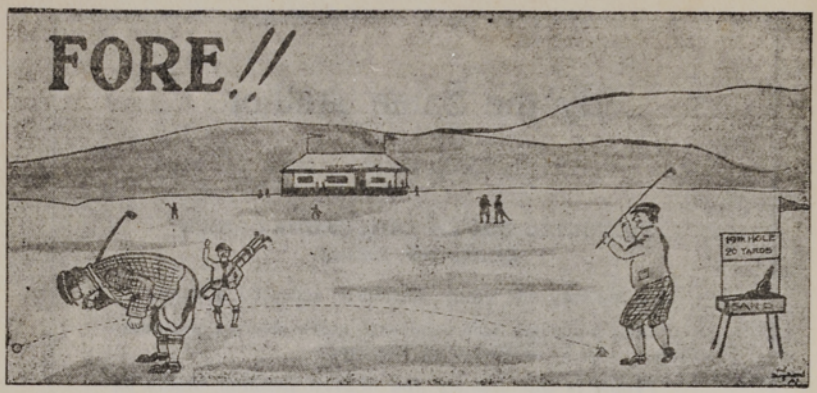
"Your book is indeed suprising to us, as we know of no such book, which our own country has published."—**The Olliver Chilled Plow Works, South Bendigo.**

THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED TOURIST GUIDE, 1926:

"The author has a graceful literary style and proceeds in an easy chatty manner to answer unspoken enquiries."—**Otago Daily Times.**

THE DOMINION OF NEW ZEALAND, 1927:

"I have gone carefully through your book, 'The Dominion of New Zealand,' and I must confess, as a student of colonial history, that I have been amazed at the accuracy of everything contained therein."—**Daniel Keir, J.P.**



Dear Reader,

Visualising the world as from a lighthouse, I attitudinized on my conical perch, and soliloquised plans for my life.

As I stepped out of Daniel Stewart's College, Edinburgh, in the early 'eighties, the Headmaster, pulling me up, demanded of me what my ambitions for life were, to which I spontaneously replied, to be a world's traveller and to earn £365 per year.

I oftimes wonder whether the enormity of the salary had captivated my pecuniary instincts; or was it a determination to prove to the late Dr. King that I was leaving College with at least a pedantic knowledge of how many days there were in each normal year?

Be that as it may, however, after thoroughly examining my keel, helm and compass, I launched my craft and set sail for my none too ambitious goal. Inspired by the reading of that thrilling and never-to-be-forgotten story, "From Powder-Monkey to Admiral," which appeared during my schooldays, in serial, in that Treasure House, "The Boys' Own Paper," I was captured by the travel bait, and became an aspirant to the high command of Admiral. Having failed, however, to "polish up the handle carefully," I died, metaphorically, in the stokehold, and have ever since enjoyed the laughter-creating and explosive antics of the powder-monkey, and it is in the hope that I may convert thousands and thousands of my less fortunate fellow-creatures to the laughter life, that I have told the story of how to have riches though poor.

The selection of a title to my book caused me a great deal of thought, if only for the reason that I could not give it the title of "Beds I Have Slept In," and be censorially and conscientiously correct. So to assist me in my endeavour to be true to all parties concerned, I have added to the title, the words "And Others." It may be suggested that my story, "BEDS I HAVE SLEPT IN," must lack truthful colouring, but the suspicious or the uncharitable reader must not overlook the fact that my title is not "Beds I Have Occupied," nor is it "Beds I Have Shared," nor "Beds I Have Sat Up In," but merely "BEDS I HAVE SLEPT IN," with the qualifying adjunct "AND OTHERS." Obviously, I reserve the right, at my own option or discretion, of revealing the mysticisms of a bed which I have neither occupied nor shared, nor sat up in, but simply of a bed visible, a bed invisible, or of a bed imaginary.

As I bask under the canopy of the Southern skies, inhaling the laughter-inspiring air of the Southern Hemisphere, and await the brilliance of the constellations of the Southern Cross, celebrating this my 61st birthday, I am grateful to the Creator of all things, that I was born under a laughter star, and so for 61 years, have lived on the laughter side of life, and I reciprocate your good wishes for many happy returns.

Cordially Yours,

RICHARD WEDDERSPOON.

Hotel Braeburn,
Wanganui, New Zealand,
13th March, 1927.

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"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare to chide me for loving that old arm chair."

Richard—Brought up on the Bottle.

BEDS I HAVE SLEPT IN AND OTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMING OF RICHARD.

ON or about the 15th day of March, 1866, there appeared in the Edinburgh "Scotsman," also on or about the same date there appeared in the "Edinburgh Evening News," under the headline "Births, Marriages and Deaths," the following intimation:

> "At 13 Keir Street, Stockbridge, Edinburgh, on the 13th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. William Wedderspoon—a son. Both doing well."

Poor father—he must have been sick! And in the Mr. and Mrs. William Wedderspoon Family Bible is inscribed the following:

> "1866, March 13th, Richard Wedderspoon."

Now there were three reasons apparent for the announcement that Richard had come to light. Let us ponder. Richard has got them. Firstly, Richard's mother was proud of her bonnie boy, and was quite well, thank you. Secondly, Richard was unconscious of his arrival into the great big, glaring and staring world, and not having started teething, his maxillary gave no pain, and therefore, the caretaker, Mrs. Duncan, told Richard's mother that Richard was a most remarkable child, and oh! so good natured. Richard was therefore also quite well, thank you. Thirdly, Richard's father—poor father!—was out of the picture altogether. So we learn that even in those days "Everybody worked but father," and it is there-

fore natural to assume that Richard must have belonged to the incubatorial chicken tribe, and, so, father was, not well, thank you.

But why this fuss? Richard has it again, for while William Shakespeare wrote "Much Ado About Nothing," Mr. and Mrs. William Wedderspoon, in challengeable contradiction to the title of the great writer's work, declared and publicly announced, through the medium of the printed word, that there had been born unto them, a son, whose name would be Richard. And it was by such printed announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Wedderspoon shouted from the housetops, along the main streets, through the alleyways and into open space, everywhere—Hurrah!!! "Much ado about something"—Richard has come to light—Hurrah!!!

Mrs. Duncan, the caretaker, had mothered so many children in Stockbridge, and indeed, in some rare instances, much farther afield in Edinburgh, that she had very few, if any, thoughts of them, irrespective of sex, immediately she received her monetary award for her labours, based on the then munificent total of 18s. per week, along with board and residence. But Richard, she never forgot from the day of his birth until the day of her demise.

Mrs. Duncan was a hard working woman, who augmented the living which she eked out of her toffee shop and mangle business by acting as the howdie or caretaker of as many expectants as she could add to her clientele. Richard's mother, however, never learned to her dying day why Mrs. Duncan had never forgotten Richard, but Richard knew.

Richard wonders why he, out of the hundreds of children whom Mrs. Duncan had brought into this world, was the only one never to have been forgotten by the Mistress of the Mangle. Richard has it. It was not, however, until Richard was himself a married man and his first-born had made his debut into this beautiful world, that Richard fathomed the secret.

Richard is not prepared, just yet, to disclose the mystery surrounding the Mistress of the Mangle's devotion to him, else you, too, lady readers, might desire to add Richard's name to your list of curios, and dwell in wonderment, where

to place him in your Auction Bridge Museum, and rush with the fervour of a Grand Slam in no trumps to inscribe indelibly his telephone number in that cell of your brain which stores in concrete form, the telephone numbers of those who—play the game.

The parents of Richard had a family of 10—five boys and five girls—and out of that number, the only one that was brought up on the bottle was Richard. To-day Richard has good reason to be grateful to his mother for this providential innovation. Richard has never forsaken the bottle, and although on very many occasions, as he will throughout his story of *"BEDS I HAVE SLEPT IN—AND OTHERS"* disclose but a few of his indiscretions and exceedings of the quantity limit, his chief object is to prove that the national beverage of Scotland, like Scotland's emblem—the thistle—flourisheth for ever.

Richard believes a realistic and appreciative verdict, that is to say, appreciated by scholars and deep thinkers, is recorded in the books of the Court of Session in Edinburgh. It is that of a notable Judge in a case in which the pursuer sued the defendant for calling him a drunkard. The chief witness, a cabman, was asked by the learned counsel for the pursuer—"Do you say the defendant in this case was drunk when you saw him, or was he not drunk?" To which the cabby hastily replied, "Drunk, Sir." Counsel, addressing the witness—"Will you kindly describe to the Court, in your own words, by what means you arrived at the conclusion that the defendant was drunk?" Cabby, "Well," addressing the Judge, "your Lordship, it was like this. I was walking my cab in Princes Street about one o'clock in the morning looking for a hire, and I saw a heap of what I thought was old clothes in the gutter, and when I got nearer, I could hear a voice shouting from out these clothes, 'Ca-a-b,' and so I picked up the heap and took it home." The Judge, without any further examination, pulling his quill out of his ear, wrote down and then repeated his verdict, which was "No drunk man can shout for a cab. Case for the defendant, with costs." Moral: Keep on drinking until you can't say "Cab."

CHAPTER II.

Richard's Preliminary Canter.

RICHARD was never a child, and as he was never accused of being precocious, he is forced to turn to his sense of neology and create a word signifying what sort of child he was.

Richard has it. Richard was a loner. Richard's claim to this title originated as he shouted, on his arrival at 13 Keir Street, Stockbridge, Edinburgh, on the 13th of March, 1866, at 1 a.m., "Oh Mrs. Duncan, I'm glad to see you," and confirmed when he absolutely refused to accept from his mother, Nature's nourishment, but demanded instead the bottle. And so from birth, Richard has been a loner and a bottle-ist.

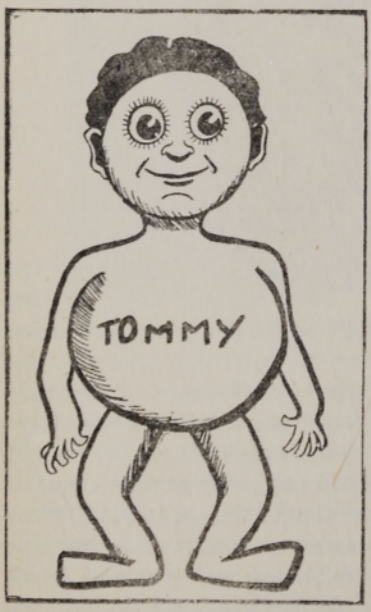
Richard wore long or swaddling clothes for the first few hours only of his sojourn on the globe, and poor Mrs. Duncan was a sorry woman when she had to admit to Richard's mother, that Richard positively refused to remain in long clothes,, he declaring by a monosyllabic expression from his ferocious face, accompanied by a tenacious, high-tension, acrobatic action of his muscular body, that he would rather return from whence he came, than don swaddling clothes. And so Richard stepped into the world in a frock, but alas, as this garment was without pockets and Richard knew he was a man child, he again asserted his rights, and, by the aid of repeated contortional actions of his elastic face, and his anti-suffragette buffoonery, vowed that if he didn't get knickers he would smash his bottle, spill his Mellins' food, and 'list in the 42nd Highlanders. It was thus that again Richard gained his point and donned knickers.

As seconds grew into minutes and minutes into hours, hours into days and days into weeks and months, Richard's cranium hardened, the cayenne ginger hair covering it thickened, his visionary pin holes diminished, his nose and ears developed, his back and his front, his legs and his arms muscularised, and his loud speaker, in defiance of statics, yawned and further yawned until ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent. of Richard was mouth, from which

emitted yells of "bottle, bottle, bottle." So again Richard asserted himself and proved his superiority. In the seventh month of Richard's life his lower and his upper jaws gave him great pain, until such time as there appeared on the horizon of his "open sesame" an ivory statue. So elated was Richard at sight of this, that he clenched his lower tusk in bull-terrier like fashion into the bitumen part of the lady of the Toffee Shop and Mangle, and held on until the lady in question terrorisingly vouched that if Richard would release his grip, she would yield to his desires, so releasing his grip, Richard again proved his right to the title of—a loner.

On the first anniversary of Richard's birth, he found, as he awoke, in the early hours of the morning, lying on his cradle pillow beside him, a rag doll, like this:

"Despised and Rejected."



Richard's First Doll.

Although Richard could not read nor understand the word "Tommy," he was painfully and distressfully insulted to learn by the absense of frock body covering, that the doll was a male one, and so his indignation was aroused. Looking around for someone on whom to lavish his wrath, and pretending to be fast asleep, Richard espied his eldest sister Kate, creeping noiselessly towards the cradle, she hoping to be the first member of the family to wish Richard many happy returns of his birthday. Instead of Richard expressing gratification to Kate for his cradle mate, he threw "Tommy" into the fireplace and yelled at the top of his voice, "I want a girl, I don't like boys"; and although Kate, with endearing

affection, endeavoured to pacify her little ginger-haired brother, Richard had decided with loner determination that boys were not such good bed mates as girls, and accordingly he resolved that a real live girl he would have, in substitution for the effigy of a boy which he had just discarded. So in due course the whole family were astir, each one searching for a girl doll, and eventually one was got, and Richard was told to cuddle "little Mary." Recognising, however, that Mary lacked animation, Richard demanded that a little neighbour, Jeannie Simpson, should be brought to him, and as by this time Richard had commanded the respect of the household, Jeannie was sent for, and so, in ticklish mirth and laughter, Richard celebrated his first birthday with his animated plaything, and with pomp and dignity took care that no one touched, much less fondled, Jeannie Simpson that day. Moral: Man was born to admire, comfort, nourish and protect woman.

CHAPTER III.

Richard Goes to School.

THE second, third, and fourth years of Richard's life were unlike those of ordinary commonplace boys, in this respect, that Richard would not tolerate mollycoddling by his parents, nor by his sisters, his brothers, relatives, nor friends. Richard was an exception to the rule of boys—in things that count. Richard was an unorthodoxical boy; indeed, he was a heterodox—a loner, and unlike orthodox and obedient boys, Richard was a good boy, with a tacit sense of his own strength. Richard's herculean will power, his brawny frame, and his multifarious fantasies, created for him the title of Hercules. And so Richard feared no one, and loved the attitude of aggression towards boys, and guileless merriment with the girls. Richard was a veritable fortified bastion, a bulwark, a super-human guardian of God's greatest of all gifts to man—woman.

At the age of five, Richard entered Brunswick Street School, Stockbridge, Edinburgh, where, however, he remained for two years only. But in those two years Richard made a record and a scholastic name for himself, he succeeding in being the dunce of his class from the day of his entrance until the day on which he left that school.

Nothing meritorious about that, you will say, but Richard had a different story to relate. Richard didn't like the school, he didn't like the teachers, and he didn't like the pupils. So with that inexhaustible supply of self-confidence with which

At Foot of Class.

Richard's First School.

Richard was so graciously endowed, he tenaciously refused to be retentive, and thus his theoretic and oral knowledge of the alphabet, the two times two multiplication table, the morning Scriptural card, the slate work, and all other elementary subjects was so sufficiently defective, that Richard retained his seat at the foot of the class, while his parents, after prudent deliberation, concluded that another and a better school was the only solution and hope of salvation for Richard, the loner.

By now Richard was in his seventh year, and quite a presentable boy so far as his biceps was concerned, while his

facial expressions and his utterances were only surpassed by his prodigious mouth and the outrageous brick-red mop covering for protection his brain.

Anyhow, Richard's parents, with that characteristic eagerness of the Scots, to give their children a good education, and in consideration of the consistent persistency of Richard to associate himself with collegiates, enrolled him

The Halls of Learning.

Daniel Stewart's College, Edinburgh.

Richard's Academic Nursery.

as a pupil at Daniel Stewart's College, Edinburgh. Daniel Stewart's College is distant about a mile and a half from the Wedderspoon family residence at St. Bernard's Row, Stockbridge. This mile and a half had its compensations. Since it was too far for Richard to return home at the luncheon interval, he was allowed the generous sum of three-halfpence daily for the purpose of adequately sustaining by food and drink, his football form.

En route to the College the premises in which Mrs. Duncan carried on her Toffee Shop and Mangle business, were situated. Had Richard not had three-halfpence, given to him before leaving home each day on which he attended College, he might have passed Mrs. Duncan's shop without giving either the lady or her toffees or her mangle, the slighest consideration. But the three-halfpence was too great a temptation and so Richard daily, with the regularity of the rising sun, paid Mrs. Duncan a visit, and with similar regularity, Richard arrived at Daniel Stewart's College minus three-halfpence, and gladly denied himself a plate of soup and a morning roll, believing that there was much more nutriment in six luscious toffies; and judging from the 61 years during which Richard has enjoyed life in the laughter world, one is forced to the conclusion that Richard's long distance vision required no spectacles.

Simultaneously with Richard's arrival in the playing grounds of Daniel Stewart's College, Richard's fellow collegiates substituted "Ginger" for the sweet appellation Richard—and so Richard, seizing the opportunity of permanently putting a stop to this nick-name, peremptorily stripped himself of his coat, hat, boots and kilt, and clothing himself in hostile array, with the speed of the lightning artist, adjusted his face, ruffled his hair, inflated his muscles, screamed his war-cry, and made one stupendous plunge at the mob, with the result that the pupils present, individually and collectively, en bloc, and any other how, scrambled, ran, and flew for their very lives, and so Richard was from that moment and ever after the Stewartonian of distinguished valour—a loner.

On entering the elementary classroom, Miss Steel, the only lady teacher in the College, after welcoming the boys, addressing herself to Richard, said:

> "Richard, I would like to welcome you to Daniel Stewart's College and to introduce you to all these nice little boys, each of whom I am certain you will get to like, and I hope you will tell your parents, when you return home this afternoon, that you are sure you will like the College and that you have found the boys to be very nice."

Richard's love for Miss Steel's sex, alone, held him back from replying; therefore Richard, by his silence, graciously relieved his fellow pupils from exposure.

Miss Steel's oration, which had no attraction for Richard, who had only a few minutes previously, by bombardment, asserted himself, was followed by prayer and then the singing of a hymn. Before the hymn was sung, however, Miss Steel asked the boys to repeat the lines of the hymn after her, and accordingly read from the book: "Keep to the right as the Lord directs."

Miss Steel.

Richard's Elementary Class Teacher

Richard's face became a study in fowlhouse-grey and slaughter-house ugliness. This mis-statement Richard could not, and would not, tolerate for all the elementary Class Mistresses in the Universe, so before the echo of the last word of the line had resounded throughout the classroom, Richard, jumping to his feet, and after turning a double somersault in his kilts, cracked his fingers and shouted in siren-like fashion: "Please, Miss Steel, you are wrong." Miss Steel, awe-stricken, dumb-founded and speechless, looked at Richard for but a second, and then, in an exasperated appeal for help, said: "How dare you, Richard, the book distinctly says 'Keep to the right as the Lord directs.'"

Richard's honour and truth were challenged, so again contradicting Miss Steel, Richard said defiantly: "I don't care what your book says. You know my chum (one of my classmates) Bob Fraser's father is a cab proprietor, and all his drivers have orders to keep to the left."

Again Richard scored, and notwithstanding that Miss Steel later on, clearly differentiated between the Lord's right and the Cabby's left, Richard was voted honours, and a loner.

CHAPTER IV.

Between Five and Thirteen.

ONE of the most outstanding features in Richard's scholastic life between the ages of five and thirteen, was that he distinguished himself all the time, as a fixture at the bottom of his class. This, however, became chronic with Richard, so no one cared.

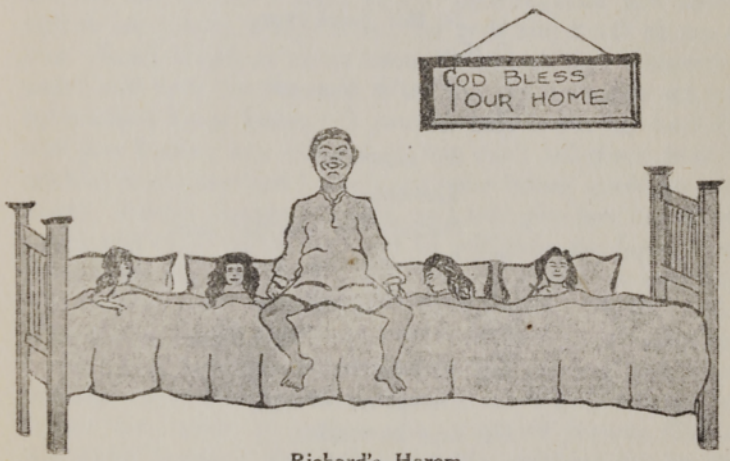
It will be remembered that the first person Richard spoke to in this celestial world, was a woman, so he is to be forgiven if all through life he has preferred the weaker, lovelier and more charming sex, than rough and tumble, money-grabbing man. So in childhood Richard refused to share his sleeping accommodation with male persons. On Richard's sixth birthday, his parents gave a party, and O! such a party! Richard's pet game was jelly pots, for the reason that he knew he would be the favourite pot—red currant jelly; so Richard, after adjusting his kilts, sat on his buttocks and demanded that the girls, in making a selection of their favourite jelly, call upon Red Currant. Richard vividly recollects one occasion in which Jeannie Chilpot selected Strawberry Jam—to which Richard responded, but so also did Jim Kingston, who was in reality Marmalade coloured, but christened Strawberry. Here a terrific battle ensued, but Richard, realising that he was being beaten for Jeannie, sud-

"The Boy is Father to the Man."

Richard at Seven.

denly developed the face and pace of a Spanish Toreador, and mounting his steed, made a hurricane rush at the bull, and lifting Strawberry bodily, on the point of his horns, ran round and round the drawing room and through the kitchen, into the scullery, coalhouse, henhouse and bathroom, then upstairs and downstairs, until at last his captive was exhausted, and Richard, with a semi-quaver, heroic air, laid his rival low in bed in quarters for boys only.

The Faithful Sentinel.



Richard's Harem.

As the party broke up, Richard observed that four of his girl mates were stopping the night, so, with his bewitching gift of farsightedness, he concealed himself in the room which was reserved for little girls only; and being satisfied that it was wrong to place four pretty little girls in a room by themselves, he buried himself in the middle of the bed that was reserved for them, and went fast asleep. His slumbers were, however, disturbed when Richard's mother woke him up and ordered him to the boys'

room. While Richard was notable for his obedience, he could not have it on his mind that these four pretty little girls, ranging from 5 to 7 years of age, should be left unprotected by man, and accordingly, made his appeal to his mother, who naturally, thinking her Richard was a good little boy and a hero, kissed him and said: "Good night, darling—now see you say your prayers, and be kind to your little friends."

Thoughts similar to the following lines passed through Richard's mind as he hushed his little girl friends to sleep:

Sleep sweetly,
In this quiet room
O thou
Whoe'er thou art.
And let
No mournful
Yesterday
Disturb thy peaceful heart.
Nor let to-morrow
Scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill.
Thy Maker is thy
Changeless Friend,
His love surrounds
Thee still.
Forget thyself
And all the world,
Put out each glaring light.
The stars are watching
Overhead.
Sleep sweetly then,
Good night!

These lines appeared in one of the bedrooms at Skibo Castle, Dornoch, Sutherland, during the residence there of the late Andrew Carnegie.

Richard's First Love Letter.

In the lucky thirteenth year of Richard's life, Richard fell in love, and that love was reciprocated by Jane Smart. Jane was at that time attending the Merchant Maidens' College, Queen Street, Edinburgh, and so Richard decided to write Jane a love letter, and this is what he wrote:

"My Dearest, Darling Jane,

You know I love you and I no you love me but I am fritefully jellus and did not like to see you speaking to Jim Kingston to-day. Jim is an allright chum but he is ruf and not the sort of boy I want you to take up with you should stik to me I have always loved the girls and I will be tru to you. Don't forget to come home by church lane to-morrow and I will look for you and if we can get a chance we will have a hole lot of kisses. O Jane I would brake my hart if I saw you kissing any other boy, but don't tell your Muther we kiss each other and I won't tell mine father would be very angry. I think George likes me, so I will give him one of my rabits and chum up to him and he will take me home sumtimes with him and then I will see you and if we can steel into another room we will have lots of kisses. Oh Jane I like kissing you, because you make me feel lovely and funny and I will never kiss any other girl all my life and you must promise not to kiss any more boys. Lots of girls ask me for kisses, but I never give them one. I kissed Jeannie Chilpot one night, because she said I was the prittiest boy in the room and Muther made me kiss her, but I did not like her kiss and I hope you won't be angry, but it was Muther's falt. I am going to keep all my kisses for you.

Your luving sweathart,

RICHARD.

B shure and rite soon and send a hole lot of XXXXXXX

This letter created for Richard the biggest, indeed the only, disappointment he had ever suffered, but with Richard's love for the fair sex he was determined that Jane should not likewise suffer, nor did she.

It came about in this way. As suggested in Richard's first love letter, he hung round Church Lane, the following day, awaiting Jane, and in due course Jane arrived. Richard said, "Hallo, Jane, do you still love me?" to which Jane said, "Of course I do," and so they started to walk home together. Richard was about to explode because of Jane failing to say she had got his letter, and he did explode eventually, but

"Amang the Hay Rigs."

Richard's Love Tryst.

quietly though, and said, "You are a nasty thing, Jane, not telling me that you got my nice long love letter."

"What letter do you mean, darling, I have got no letter from you, but I will get it when I get home and I'll write a nice, long, loving one to you."

"What about slipping into this stair, Jane, and getting some kisses?" says Richard, and so his persuasive manner

tempted Jane, and many long, loving and oh, such sweetly-funny, kisses were indulged in.

"What a pretty girl you are Jane," said Richard. "You are a long way the prettiest girl I know, love."

"I think the same about you Richard, only I am dying to get home and get your letter."

"But I didn't send it to your home, I sent it to the College."

"Oh, now there will be trouble. Only the other day, Miss Key, the Headmistress, gave out a notice that all letters coming to the girls at the College, would be re-addressed and sent home to their parents."

Poor Richard was staggered, but game, and so was Jane, for she hurried home and said to her favourite maid who was to be on duty that evening: "Oh! Lizzie, dear, if a letter comes addressed to mother to-night, will you give it to me, as it is Richard's first love letter, and he sent it to the College, and Miss Key has sent it to mother."

During the evening meal the postman delivered the mail, consisting of one letter only for George, which the maid brought into the sitting room. But there was still another letter addressed to Mrs. Smart, which Lizzie did not deliver to the addressee. This letter was contained in a large envelope, with an embossed stamp on the back of it, bearing the following inscription: Merchant Maidens' College, Queen Street, Edinburgh.

Miss Key was not clever enough for Jane and Richard that time, and so again Richard soared to the heights of a loner. Moral: Deliver your love yourself.

Richard takes delight for the sake of parents with sons who show no symptoms of brain fever, during their childhood and scholastic days, in reproducing from the original, still in Richard's possession, the last work Richard did as a schoolboy. Richard was then thirteen years of age and had finished his school-day education.

The Budding Author.

My morning walk to school.

About 7 o'clock, I am lying sound asleep, at half past 7, I hear the bell, which is for to waken me, and about 5 minutes after, I hear the second bell, which means get up, I get up and get dressed, by the time I have myself dressed, I re hear the third bell, which means ~~breakfast~~ feast I go down stairs and first clean my boots, I next put them on, ~~while I am putting them on Kate~~ during that time Kate is crying, be quick Dick, your Borage is getting cold next I begin to my josage, and feel them rather cold but however must take them ~~.~~ I get no coffee, I go ben to the back parlor, and see the breakfast all ready, I sit down and take ~~my~~ it, when I am finished the first thing is to go and see the time, ~~if~~ I think I am early, I lift my books and leave for school I first go up ~~St Bernards~~ St. Bernards Row, then up through Bean Street, I ~~generally~~ stand ~~through~~ at the head of Bean street, and look down St. Bernards Crescent, to see if there is ~~any~~ of my schoolfellows coming, if not I

hurry up the Dean Brae, and then run along the Dean road, and find myself at the school gate, if I see any football I run up to the play ground and have some kick at it for a short time, after we think we have had enough we pick sides and play till we hear the bell and then I run and get a drink next pick up some my books and go up stairs into the English room.

Richard's Classic.

It will be observed that before Richard went to the English Classroom, he "ran and had a drink." Wonderful, how Richard loved his drink, but he was more fortunate than Mother Hubbard, who "when she got there found the cupboard was bare." No such bad luck for Richard. Richard got a drink and has never suffered liquid famine since.

Moral: Mothers and fathers don't worry over your boys who lack promise.

CHAPTER V.

"Carpe diem"—Laughter Time.

Richard's Bone-shaker.

RICHARD was a great velocipede rider. Indeed, Richard's first bone-shaker was similar in design to the present day safety bicycle, but instead of pneumatic tyres, Richard's bone-shaker, which was bought at The Royal Gymnasium, Edinburgh, for the sum of 4s., had solid iron rims for tyres, and the spokes were made of wood, each one being as thick as the average boy's wrist—a veritable wheelbarrow. Many of Richard's chums learned their feats of equilibrium on Richard's bone-shaker, and many a hundred miles has Richard pedalled this land canoe.

Indeed, Richard boasts the fact, that he paid weekly visits to the Forth Bridge, from the day of its foundation for a number of years thereafter, and this nine miles from Richard's home to the now colossal structure, and nine back, was accomplished by the propulsion of Richard's bone-shaker.

"Some Bicycle."

Richard, "The Flying Scotsman."

Tom Hood, a great chum of Richard's and a neighbour but one, was keen to learn to ride Richard's bike, but he was a frightfully sleepy head, so an ingenious invention flew into Richard's brain, and the same evening Tom agreed to go to bed with a bath towel tied round his waist, and a rope attached to it. This rope extended to the ground at the back of the house, from three stories high. The rope trick was tried once only. Richard, arriving silently but punctually at the appointed time, 5.30 a.m., caught hold of the rope, and setting his feet on the Aberdeen granite, or Craigleith Quarry, stone wall of the house, gave one long, strong, steady, then almighty, pull, so before Tom was awake, he had come thud on the floor. Tom did not learn to ride Richard's bone-shaker. But Richard proved himself—a loner.

Moral: Don't depend on others.

Rudge's Double Hollow Fork.

On one occasion, as Richard, in manner dignified, was riding through Cupar-Fife on a Rudge's, double hollow

fork, 52-inch bicycle, and failed to blow his whistle, a young Scotch lass shouted, "Fue (why) div yae no blaw yer whussle?" to which Richard smilingly replied, "My mouth's my whistle," which called forth the smart retort, "God, ye hiv a big enough yin."

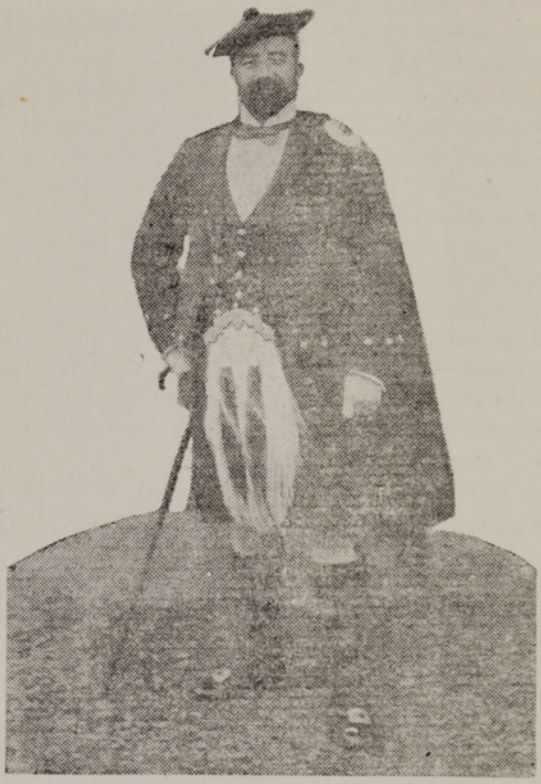
Moody and Sankey.

Richard had always a religious bent, and during a visit to Edinburgh of the great evangelists, Moody and Sankey, he went to the Free High Church to hear them. The address was to young men only, and after Moody had finished speaking, he made an appeal to those who were concerned about their souls to wait behind. Richard, being deeply perturbed, immediately fell into the queue of worried Christians. On Richard reaching the advanced stage of second but one from Mr. Moody, the following dialogue was overheard: Mr. Moody, shaking hands with his prospective convert, said, "And so my dear friend, you are an anxious enquirer." "Anxious enquirer," hesitatingly said the agitated man, "no me, Mr. Moody—mebbe (perhaps) the chap ahint (behind) is—but no me. A'm jist a journeyman painter."

Golf.

Richard was likewise a great golfer in his day, and played a good deal on Luffness, which was one of the most exclusive golf courses in Scotland, and was accordingly patronised chiefly by the nobility. Richard desires to explain that he is no blue-blooder, but was extended the courtesy of Luffness, through the instrumentality of his brother Alec, who was the Aberlady Village, Presbyterian Minister at this time. So it was a common thing for Richard to play golf with such distinguished, and indeed, illustrious personages as the late Lord Wemyss and the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, now Earl Balfour. But Richard's true associate was Mr. Purcell, formerly Lord Wemyss' butler, who was then proprietor of the local hotel. On being asked one day where he stayed when in Aberlady, Richard boastfully replied, "Well, to tell the truth, I live at the Pub, but sleep at the Manse—when I can say "cab."

"My Foot is on my Native Heath."



Richard at Lundin Links, Fifeshire, Scotland, in the early 90's.

Something Attempted: Something Done.

Richard had his natural term of stage-struckness, and ran away from his home while still quite a lad to play the part of scene shifter to Minnie Palmer, in a play called "My Sweetheart." So much in love was Richard with Minnie Palmer, to whom he never spoke, that he enquired through the medium of the correspondence column of a bi-monthly paper, "The Stage": "Can any one inform me of Miss Minnie Palmer's age?—Signed R.W."

On receipt of the following issue of "The Stage," Richard, jumping for joy, danced the Highland Fling and the Sailor's Hornpipe like a fairy, on glancing through the replies to correspondents, to see his initials, R.W., at the head of one of the replies. But he was a sadly disappointed young man when he read the following answer signed Editor: "We do not answer impertinent questions. We suggest you make application to Miss Palmer direct. Her address next week will be the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. We will be glad to hear the result of your enquiries." Richard, still undaunted, wrote direct to Miss Palmer, who, in an extremely courteous letter, disclosed her age, with which Richard did not acquaint the Editor of "The Stage." "Something attempted: something done." So Richard retained his title—a loner.

The Apostles Paul and Peter.

Richard also aspired to commercial travelling, and his first job was one to which he was admirably suited. On making his first call on a freshly hatched licensed grocer in Leith, Richard recited the story of how his firm's whisky was distilled and blended; and then the Bantam Cock, putting on his pince-nez, and reading Richard's card, looked over the top of his glasses and said, "Richard Wedderspoon, if you had the eloquence of the Apostle Paul and the persuasiveness of Peter, you could never induce me to do business with your firm." Nor did Richard try again. There were plenty better men to choose from. In any case, Richard found out subsequently that the Bantam was tied to the barn.

Fu' the Noo.

While Richard was still successfully selling Scotch whisky and equally or perhaps more successfully drinking it, he had occasion to visit Mid-Calder every alternate Saturday afternoon. Mid-Calder Village is a few miles distant from the railway station, which necessitated Richard hiring a gig to transport him to his destination. After very many visits, the symmetrical spell was broken. The same trap, the same horse, the same harness, awaited Richard, on the same spot, but—alas! a changed driver.

Before Richard had time to institute enquiries as to the cause of the regular driver's absence, the substitute driver shouted at the pitch of his voice, at sight of Richard, "Hey!!! Are you Mr. Waterspout?" to which Richard, realising the perplexed, although satisfied, condition of the enquirer, replied, "Yes, thank you." "Ah weel," says the driver, "jist jump in," and in obedience to orders, in Richard jumped. Before the same old Ned had got many yards away from the same old spot, the new man, by way of introduction, said: "I'm awfu glad I kent ye Mr. Waterspout, you've gotten sic a queer name, the Missis had tae say it ow'er and ow'er again afore ah cud get a grip o't. Ye see, I'm just a miner ma'sel an the Missis said ah wid be share tae get a tip, an a wheen (number of) drams frae ye, as ye were a very guid sort. Archie coodna cum bekus, he's doon wi' smapox and the Missis telt me tae look oot fur a fat chap wi' a ginger whisker an' a lum (silk) hat. Yae hinnie a sample in yer pocket, hae ye?" says the driver. "It's guy kald."

It is generally admitted that familiarity breeds contempt, but this familiarity bred admiration, and so as Richard repeatedly tipped the substitute driver, and paid for dram after dram in rapid succession, and the substitute driver frequently reciprocated, the result was as Sir Harry Lauder describes it—"Fu' the Noo." The substitute driver and Richard got "aaa-bbs-soll-utely fu-u-u," and Richard booked his record order for Mid-Calder. Moral: Never decline a dram, as long as you can say "cab."

A Submerged Island.

During Richard's residence in Auckland, away back in 1907, he was in the employ of Messrs. Hancock & Co., Brewers, Maltsters, and Wine Merchants. Wines, spirits and all allied beverages being Richard's birthright, the job suited him admirably. Mr. Ernest Davis, one of the principals of the firm, with characteristic courtesy, invited Richard to spend a Sunday with him on board his commodore yacht "Maitai." Richard, who had never previously been on board a yacht, and was therefore ignorant of yachtist etiquette, claims to be excused for appearing on board the "Maitai" in his Sunday best, or in other words, his go-to-church clothes. Richard was, however, not the only guest of Mr. Davis' who appeared on this occasion in Sunday clothes, therefore he had a land-lubber companion. Richard's land-lubber friend, the late Mr. Maurice O'Connor, turned the scales round about 20 stone weight, while Richard was well over 17 stone.

Be that as it may, however, off they went, the crew, including Mr. Davis himself, and amongst others, the ever-to-be-remembered Laura Abrahams, all looking like pirates on a desert isle, searching for covering. O'Connor and Richard wondered whether they were safe in company of such Robinson Cruisians, but could not turn back. The wind rose, the sails filled, the yacht shuddered, dipped and turned several somersaults, but positively refused to sink. The two land-lubbers, speechless, forlorn, seasick and thirsting for whisky, dug the heels of their Sunday boots, with the aggregate weight of their 37 stone behind them, well into the top ribs of the "Maitai," until at last, when they reached "My-right-eye," Commodore Davis shouted in commanding nautical terms, "Down the anchor," and in a few minutes all was peace. We then, that is to say, Richard and Maurice, had time to draw a breath and to partake of a few Scotches, while the semi-nude crew adjusted their shorties in an endeavour to look civilised. "My-right-eye" lay about a chain from the "Maitai," or should Richard not rather say the "Maitai" lay about a chain from "My-right-eye," and a fathom from the surface of the ocean to its shelly bottom. Anyhow, after

"Rolling Home."

"Are Ye Sleepin' Hen?"
Richard's Initiation.

the essence of the barley had done its duty and the twain were able to stand up, supported by the mast—Richard thinks that's what you call the thing—Commodore Davis then peremptorily ordered Maurice and Richard to prepare for the shore. The twain were horrified and became sick again at sight of the watery distance between them and the shore. Maurice says, "Richard, can you swim? because I can't, but I can float." "So can I, so that's not so bad," and while the twain were contemplating making their escapes and concealing themselves in the scullery, the Commodore gave orders that they were to be put aboard the dinghy.

"What's that, Mr. Davis says?" says Richard to Maurice.

"Don't know, anyhow we'll have to get back to Auckland somehow."

"Come on boys," says Laura. Richard thinks to this day that poor Abrahams meant buoys, but the twain were aided to the side of the Commodore yacht and shuddered at sight of this mouse trap which was called dinghy.

"You get in first Maurice," says Richard.

"Not me," says Maurice. "You are the greater stranger, you get in," and as Richard had an intense respect for his employer and also his job, he struggled in. Poor O'Connor had to be lowered inch by inch, and after many contortional motions, he was laid low, and off we went. The officer-in-charge could only be distinguished as such by the scantiness of his clothing, but that didn't matter very much as he could give orders and kept volleying and bawling every few seconds, "Keep still, for heaven's sake, keep still—you two-tonners, or we'll sink," and the words were barely clear of his tunnel, when the submarine twins went splash.

The tide rose and Rangitoto was all but submerged. Splash! splash!! splash!!! "Swim for your lives boys, swim." As neither of the twain could swim, they were severely punished for disobedience of orders, and so splash! splash!! splash!!! until it was recognised that the submarinists had in most heroic manner accepted their ducking. The officer-in-charge of the dinghy, himself thrown out of his nautical club, and clinging

to the clubhouse and the oars, shouted to the Commodore: "Boat-a-hoy, lifebuoy and rope." So lifebuoys were thrown out, with ropes attached, and Maurice and Richard holding fast to the last straw, were safely landed ashore, and after restoration of respiration by the aid of repeated and plenteous quantities of whisky, the Pelorus Jacks were saved and Rangitoto reverted to normal.

On the return of the party to Auckland Mr. Davis, addressing the twain, said: "That will be £2 each, please." Richard and

Perils of the Deep.

Richard Afloat.

Maurice didn't quite understand why guests should be called upon to pay £2, and in mentioning this to Mr. Davis, he told the twain that that was the penalty for boarding a yacht in their Sunday footwear, as it would cost considerably more to repair the damage done by the footwork of the pugilists than the unstatutory fine of £2.

The twain, accepting the explanation as satisfactory, paid the £2. Richard and Maurice were then ordered to return to their respective homes, and after a change of clothing, to join Mr. Davis and some friends at the Grand Hotel, for

dinner. Never did Richard and Maurice have such empty stomachs to fill as on that occasion, and with Mr. Ernest Davis' usual hospitality, under James Rolleston's generalship, a dinner to suit the most epicurean person, served a la Parisian fashion, was enjoyed with Scotch delicacy, and as a savoury, Mr. Davis returned to his guests, Richard and Maurice, the £2 fines, which he merely held for a few hours as a joke, so that the twain might learn the etiquette of the yachtist.

CHAPTER VI.

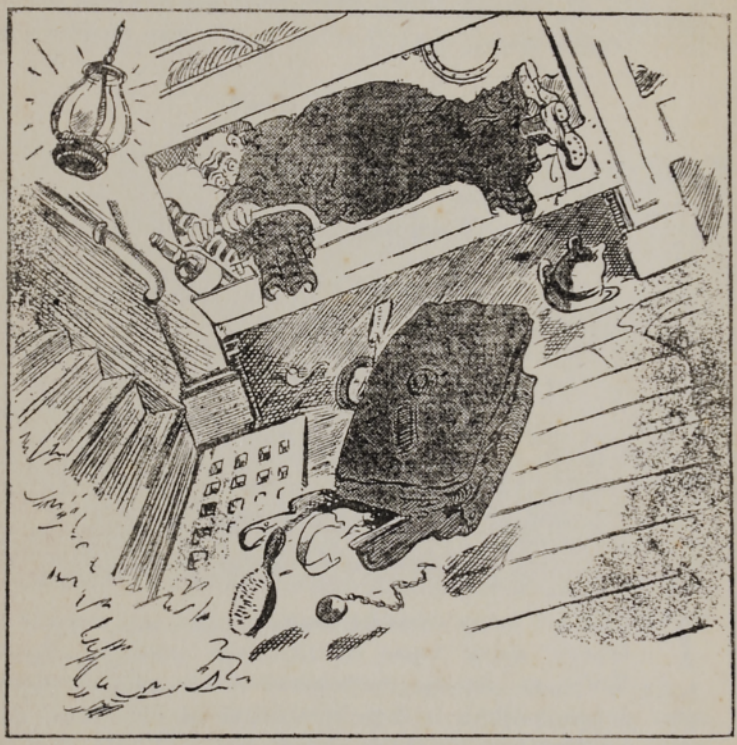
Church Belles.

Yet even Time
Is mortal mime
And fooled, as we—
All things must die,
And By and Bye
All Time will chime—
Eternity.

From "Chimes," by Richard's friend,
the late E. W. Harris.

THERE are many varieties, many species, many styles of beauty, many types of character amongst Church Bellés, as also are there many makes, many designs, many denominations, mostly symbolical of loneliness, and many qualifications amongst Church Bells. These (Bellés-Bells) may appear in prose as analogous but in rhythm and reality they differentiate entirely. In the former you have beauty, combined with euphony, a just adaptation of parts, a musical concord, a living thing, a pulchritude stretching forth its arms, to embrace lovingly with simple but sincere comeliness—a metaphoric divine messenger, radiating its sun-bewitched path with purity and emancipation.

"Asleep in the Deep."



Richard en voyage to Blenheim.

In the latter you have ugliness, combined with emptiness, metallic vessels which when struck hard, bellow forth weird noises, musical discords,—inanimate things, nonconformists, calling aloud with sanctimonious determination, "Come this way, the other fellow is out of tune"; pretentious hypocrites strewing their sombrous paths with bigotry and suspicion.

Richard, reciprocating Mrs. Duncan's adoration of him in his infancy, loved girl children, and it was therefore natural to him, when he reached the stage of listening to the bells, that he should prefer the Church Belle to the brazen virago, and accordingly Richard idolises and loves embracing Church Bellés, while he holds the other meaningless and irritating Church bells in disdain. What does it all mean? Richard has it. Too many interpretations of the Bible. Bible students, divinity students, theologians and lay preachers are mere theorists, gambling with something regarding which they know nothing. God is Love—and just as He created the earth and all things therein, so will He one day abolish ostentatious, hypocritical and farcical Church worship. The Church religions of all denominations and creeds of the white race to-day, represent the sharpest-edged and most astute worldly competitors of the century, striving to rob one another of their souls, as though souls were mere fish or boot leather. The soul is the moral and emotional part of man's and woman's nature, the divine spark which gives dignity and glory to the clay from which God moulds humanity. The conscience is the internal and eternal judge of right and wrong. Therefore—know thyself—first. Discard all things temporal, and adhere in practice to the real, the concrete, the everlasting wealth—the care of the soul. What profiteth it a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

We are what we are born, and Richard is firmly of the opinion that born a Protestant you will die a Protestant—that's what counts.

The controversialist might just as well endeavour to convince Richard that a mare could die a stallion or that a negro man could die a white woman, as that the sun does not give light and heat. God in His goodness has given to man power to convert land, sea and air to the uses required by His

people, and Richard believes God will also in time give man power to control the weather. The scientist is the creation of God. Millions of students have gone through University careers, but few have been chosen, and few have soared to the height either of the ambitions of their parents or themselves.

Richard long ago arrived at the conclusion that instead of worshipping on what is known on earth as the Lord's Day—Saturday is the Biblical Lord's Day—conventional Christianity has abrogated this, so that Sunday, the first day of the week, is substituted for the Biblical Lord's Day—the seventh day. Worship every day and all day. Every day is the Lord's Day, and Richard is confident that until such time as God's creatures realise and practise this, there will be soul warfare, Church battles, national hatreds and civil strife. You create for yourself your own hell on earth by the evasion of soul protection and soul guardianship. God has given to man the power of speech, but to few has He given understanding, and fewer still the control of utterance.

What is preaching to-day? Richard has it. The goal is notoriety which, to aggravate matters, is attempted to be arrived at by, in very many instances, advertised attractive title-subjects of address, the substance of most of which is shallow, while the titles themselves would not always pass the Censor; extravagant and wasteful man-built structures in which to worship; expensive charitably-subscribed-for organs, professional choristers, paid soloists, glittering altars, gilded, and, indeed, in many instances, solid gold statuary, disguised effigies robed in many colours, all for the self aggrandizement of "our Church" or from the preacher's viewpoint of—self. "I am the great I am. Do not as I do but do as I bid you," is the motto of the clergy. It is all wrong. The conscience is your guide, and God out of His love for His people, has made it such. If this is not so, then Richard would believe there was no God. But what a world God has given His people to live in!

Marriage, for example, has quite clearly been instituted by God not alone for the perpetuation of mankind, but also

to give to man and woman the most realistic foretaste of Heaven. That is what marriage ought to be, but alas! it is too often quite the contrary. Surely God never meant marriage to mean misery as it unfortunately does in too many instances, and until such time as the conscience is accepted as the guiding influence, and the protection of the soul, then so long will marriage remain a hypocritical tragedy.

Practise psychology—mental science—and you will develop a fondness for the defence and tutelage of your own soul. Then, and not until then, will you be rich—though monetarily poor, possessing the wealth of God's love.

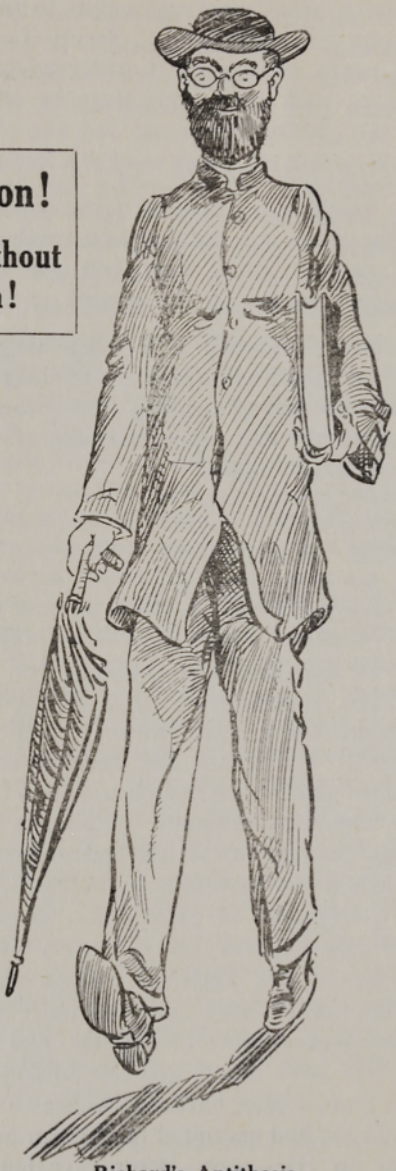
Richard says: Equality is a compelling force, seeking nourishment and gratitudinously acknowledging when nourished. So the recipient of equality's response is rewarded by complete restoration and rejuvenescence of the soul. "My soul thou dost restore again."

Sometimes Richard in meditative mood—for he is not always recalling the amusing episodes of a varied and happy life—reflects upon the vast difference between Christianity and the ecclesiasticism which hides its true character under the guise of religion. There is as much difference between the religion as practised and preached by Christ and His Apostles and the religiosity of the great Churches to-day, as there is between chalk and cheese or night and day. Let Richard prove it. Christ and His disciples were humble and lowly and poor. They were homeless, too, a band of wandering nomads. They had no money—when the tax of that time was demanded, Jesus by a miracle had to get it from a fish's mouth, for He did not have money. When Christ sent forth the seventy evangelists to preach the Gospel, one explicit instruction of His to them was to "carry neither scrip, nor purse, nor shoes." Let Matthew tell of another incident: "And a certain scribe came and said unto him: 'Master, I will follow Thee wheresoever Thou goest,' and Jesus saith unto him: 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.'" Again, when Christ had ascended to Heaven and His Apostles were carrying on His work, Peter revealed their financial

Define Presbyterianism.

Elongation!

Length Without Breadth!



Richard's Antithesis.

"Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

Richard's Typical Presbyterian Church Choir.

poverty in his saying to the afflicted man whom he cured: "Silver and gold have I none, but that which I have do I give unto thee." These citations prove the poverty of the Founder of the Faith and His Apostles—a poverty deliberately chosen by them. Do the great churchmen of to-day choose poverty in like manner? Do they pool their worldly goods and share them as was done by the early Christians? The Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, draws a yearly salary of £15,000, and lives sumptuously in Lambeth Palace, London. In his ecclesiastical retinue there is one Dean with a salary of £2,000, and six Residentiary Canons with salaries of £1,000 each. That gives a total of £23,000 a year for these eight churchmen. The Bishop of London again draws a salary of £10,000 a year, and lives in Fulham Palace, London. In his princely entourage there are a Dean with a salary of £2,000 and two Canons with £1,000 a year each—a total of £14,000. Thus these twelve London ecclesiastics draw in salaries £37,000 a year, with two palaces thrown in for the leaders. These cases are cited as typical of prelates in general and afford glaring examples of how their practice contradicts the precepts they preach so unctuously, and the commands and examples of Christ. The Archbishop poses as the Vicar of Christ, and the worldly-elected representative of the Trinity, yet he practises in his daily life a luxury and extravagance which Christ who loved the poor and lived among them would be the first to condemn. Within a stonethrow of these ecclesiastical palaces thousands of sick and starving humanity rot in the city slums. While the Archbishops and Bishops have their thousands, curates starve on mere pittances. The ecclesiastical shop is a large one with branches throughout the Empire, and while the great heads reward themselves munificently, the humble branch managers are made to struggle along on salaries barely sufficient to keep them and their families in modest dignity. Why this falling away from the teaching and example of Christ? Richard has it. It seems to him to be an example of making the best of both worlds, of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, of serving God and Mammon at one and the same time. There is no community of

goods as in the early Christian Church. Peter did not live in a palace while John starved. The Archbishop lives in his palace while the curate scratches miserably along. Christ had nowhere to lay His head. The Archbishop lives in the luxury of a palace. Richard leaves the subject there with the advice to his readers to ponder it further for themselves.

Moral: Beware of lip-service. Deeds count, not words.

Peppermints and Pelf.

In Richard's childhood, and indeed in the childhood of all Presbyterians 55 years ago in Scotland, the faith was not, love God, but fear hell and the devil, and it was so enforced in our little minds that the Sabbath Day—the remaining six days of the week looked after themselves—was one nothing short of dread and misery. Richard, as a mere child, had to attend morning and afternoon Church services, and between these the Sunday School. Later on, as he developed into a lad, he had added to the above, by his parents, not of his own choosing, morning class and Bible class. Five services every Sunday, wet or fine! Is it to be wondered at then, that instead of putting a threepenny piece into the Church plate or collection box five times each Sunday, Richard contributed one half-penny to the collection and ate the three peppermint drops, which accompanied the threepenny pieces. A threepenny piece and three peppermint drops were provided for Richard, for each of the five Sunday services which he had to attend.

It will be seen by a simple sum in arithmetic that Richard gained one shilling and one half-penny per Sunday—plus fifteen peppermint drops.

What stealth, what wealth, and all unconscious that such robbery was paving the way to Richard's eternity of brimstone and fire! Moral: Don't dread a hereafter hell.

The Cart Before the Horse?

Richard recollects how his younger brother Jim used to describe the Benediction as the only bit of the service worth

while, and he regretted that the services did not open instead of close with it.

"Be ye Moderate in all Things."

At one period of Richard's life, his wife and he were members of a Presbyterian Church, at Trinity, Edinburgh. The minister, preaching on temperance one Sunday, declared that there was nothing but damnation for the souls of any who were either directly or indirectly supported by the liquor traffic. Poor Richard, whose means of sustenance at that time was exclusively derived from this source, resigned his membership, and subsequently calling at the Church for his Bibles and hymn books, was informed by the Church Officer that he had been instructed by the minister that these were not to be removed without payment of seat rents. Richard, returning to his home and addressing himself by letter to the minister, informed him that Richard had yet to learn that a Church without a pawnbroker's license could retain the property of its members in lieu of payment for money owing, and at the same time threatened to bring the matter under the notice of the Presbytery.

The following morning, a parcel of Church books, without wrapping, was left anonymously at Richard's door. Moral: Beware of hypocritical Church bells.

"The Rigid Righteous."

In another of the many Presbyterian Churches of which Richard has been a member, the congregation left practically en bloc, because one of its wealthy members installed a long cardinal-coloured cushion in his pew. In this same church, Dean Street, United Presbyterian, Stockbridge, Edinburgh, instrumental music of all kinds was forbidden. Notwithstanding this fact, the precentor applied a tuning fork to his knee, then sounded it on the choirmaster's rostrum, and after satisfying himself as to the key, the choir, of which Richard was one, hummed, Doh-Soh-Me-Doh, and laboured on.

Empty Cars.

Coming nearer home, Richard will now peal a few Church Bells of New Zealand and en voyage. While residing in

Oriental Bay, a suburb of Wellington, the Capital City of New Zealand, the distance from town was frequently the excuse made for non-attendance at church. The position became so acute that a deputation of church managers waited on the City Council Tramways Department, who willingly agreed to run a special Sunday morning Church service car. In fine weather a mere sprinkling of Oriental Bay churchgoers walked to church, and in bad weather they remained at home. Accordingly the special Sunday morning Church Service car was a failure, and therefore relinquished. The peals of the Church Bells were ostentatious hypocritical and farcical. Moral: Worship everywhere all the time.

Man and the Sabbath.

Richard loves his game of golf, and on one occasion, finding himself in Wanganui minus his clubs, succeeded in borrowing a complete set from one of the oldest members of a local club. By some means or other this member, who was a great Churchman, heard that Richard had arranged a game for the following Sunday. After breakfast, Richard, on making application at the office of the Hotel at which he was residing, for his borrowed clubs, was presented with an envelope, containing a letter bearing the following message:

Dear Mr. Wedderspoon,

I cannot admit of my golf clubs being used for pleasure on the Lord's Day—come to Church.

Yours sincerely,

My friend had sent for the clubs and left the note as a substitute. Richard never ascertained whether the gentleman in question would have objected to him using his clubs on the Lord's Day, for wife hammering, which would, of course, have been contrary to pleasure. Richard was unable to play his match that day, but Richard did not go to church. Moral: Avoid Church Bells which create discord.

The Greatest of these is Charity.

In still another Presbyterian Church, this time in Wellington, Richard was nominated for membership of the Deacons' Court. Before the election, however, Richard's nominator was requested to withdraw Richard's name, on the grounds of him being an undesirable person. On instituting enquiries, Richard ascertained that the reason for the complaint against him was that he was a punter—that is a vulgar name, and not a classic word, for one who lives by betting, and gambling exclusively. During the period of this episode, an old-established firm of bookmakers had their offices in the same building as Richard, and so the uncharitable Church Bell, in its pernicious envy, saw Richard daily, probably hourly, entering and leaving that building, and, maliciously classified him as a punter.

It is worthy of note that Richard had the utmost respect for the principals of the bookmaking concern. He knew them quite well, but was never in their office, and never made a bet, or gambled with his brother tenants. Moral: Man mind thyself.

A Tight Fit.

In a certain back-country day-school, is periodically held a religious service on Sunday. On one occasion, while on a visit to relatives, Richard volunteered to take several of his host and hostess's children in his car to one of these services. Fortunately, the day was fine, but Richard's fineness was under-estimated as he was directed to a class form, for seating accommodation. It should hardly be necessary for Richard, carrying 17 stone weight, to tell his readers that he had the deuce's own job to crush into that class form and to prevent the ink from besmearing his trousers. Anyhow, he got there, but as the congregation rose to sing praise to God, Richard discovered he was wedged in and had to suffer the pangs of listening in agony to a sermon on the King of the Jews, several prayers, hymns, psalms, intimations, etc., before he could extricate himself. Moral: Empty your day-school ink-well, for Sunday.

On Richard's return home from his inky way he enquired of one of his host and hostess's children how many people attended the service, to which the child promptly replied, "Fourteen." "How do you know, Mabel," said Richard. "There's nothing else to do at that church and nothing to listen to either," was the reply. Moral: Conduct family worship.

The peals of that church Bell were out of range.

An Accommodating Landlady.

While Richard and his wife lived at Timaru, in the South Island of New Zealand, Richard had inserted in the "Timaru Herald" the following advertisement:

"Board and Lodgings: Required by elderly couple. Private home preferred. State where situated and terms."

To which, in due course, Richard received the following reply:

"Dear Advertiser:—

I am an elderly person myself and have a nice home which I would be glad if you (two) would share with me. The home is a private one, just my daughter living with me. The situation is ideal, being within a very few minutes' walk from the Post Office, Railway Station and main shopping centres. There is an Anglican, a Presbyterian and a Catholic Church nearby. You may attend any one you wish, but my name is,

Yours sincerely,

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN."

There was no crack in that Bell. Moral: Once a Presbyterian, always a Presbyterian.

Fooled by Suspicion.

Richard, on leaving the Spa at Taupo, filled three beer bottles with water for his car's radiator. On reaching Napier, some hundred miles distant, he met a lady who had left Taupo a little later than Richard, the same day.

For Men Only.

Richard's Pawky Story.

"By the way, Mr. Wedderspoon, I must tell you a joke we had at your expense at the Spa," the lady said: "Do you recollect coming out of the bar this morning and walking across the Spa with three large bottles of beer in your hands?"

"No, I can't say I do—I remember walking across with three bottles of water."

"Ah!" said the lady, "that's the joke. When you were seen with the beer bottles, a good Christian woman guest said in quite a sorrowful tone, 'Do you see that stout gentleman crossing the Spa with three bottles of beer in his hands?' 'Yes.' 'Well, he's a married man with a family, a Scotsman and an office-bearer in the Presbyterian Church, but what a pity he's so fond of his beer.'" Moral: Guard against the church Bell with the split tongue.

Snobbery.

In August, 1914, Richard was in Great Britain on a pleasure trip. The Great War had broken out, and there was a scramble for shipping accommodation, to enable colonists to return to their respective homes. Richard was glad to accept the only available berth, namely, in the steerage, while he was able to secure a saloon berth for his wife. On the first Sunday at sea, Richard adjourned to the saloon social hall to join in psaltery. The following morning he was informed that a good psalm-singing lady, notwithstanding that she had been acquainted with the circumstances under which Richard had to travel steerage, took exception to Richard's appearance as a steerage passenger on the saloon deck. Moral: Beware of church Bells of class distinction.

Richard's wife is a church Bellé in name and disposition. Richard's Bellé is the personification of symphony, the embodiment and assimilation of the harmonious Church Bellé—a just adaptation of parts. Moral: Select a Church Bellé.

And now having spoken aloud some of the thoughts that often come when he muses on the serious matters of life, Richard would in all modesty conclude this chapter by citing the verses of a friend.

A tribute to my friend Richard Wedderspoon—

GOD'S GOOD MAN.

Because in stumbling on my way
Failing to do the best man can,
I met him—lo! I sing to-day
My thoughts of praise of God's good man.

Like that poor fool who long ago
From Jewry down to Jericho went,
I fell among the thieves so low,
That life seemed worthless and outspent.

And then along the way there came
This bright brave soul, this kindly man
Who went down to me in my shame
And played the Good Samaritan.

No word of censure spake he, swift
He poured the oil into the wound,
And gave his strength and arms to lift
And set me firmly on the ground.

And now while life remains, my faith
Will centre in belief of God
Because I'll think and think till death
Of that day on the Jericho road.

Signed by the Author.

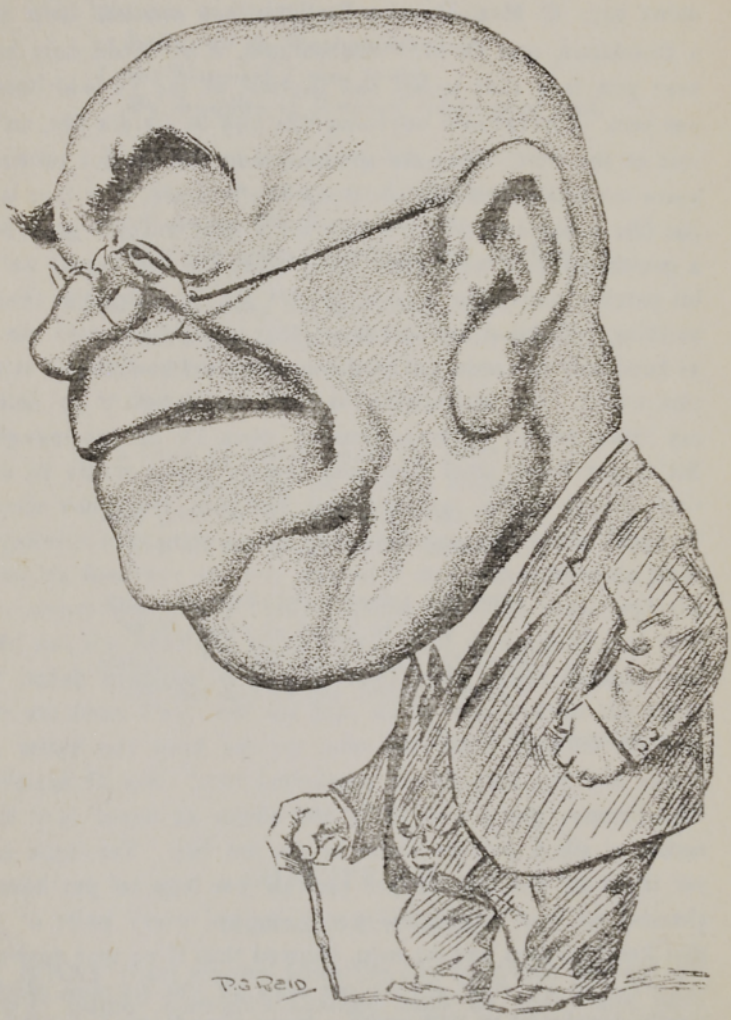
CHAPTER VII.

Mysticism Revealed.

MANY years elapsed from the day on which Richard left Daniel Stewart's College until he again met Mrs. Duncan, and the following is what she then had to say: "Believe me, Mr. Weatherspin, I canna get the sicht o' ye oot o' ma heed yet. No—as share as ye are thare I never

saw sik a bairn in aw ma life, and as ye ken I've seen a wheen (a number). Gin ye cam intae this wurrld ye hauded (held) oot yer twa wee haundies and as share as daith if ye didna say, 'O Mrs. Duncan I'm glad tae see ye,' then am a Dutchman, and O, Mr. Weatherspin, if ye could only hev seen yon face that lookit sae peetiful at me ye wid break yer hert. I never saw onything like yon in aw ma life, an' I said at the time, 'May the guid Lord in His luv for mithers spare me frae ever seein' onything like it again. Yer face wis jist like a battered-in jeely kan wi' a gret mukkle gash fur a mooth, an' twa wee preen (pin) holes fur een (eyes) an' a bit patch o' putty fur a nose, bit O! Mr. Weatherspin that's naithing. Ah kood hey stood aw that bit. O! gracious me if ye kood only hae seen yer heed, ye never wid hae steppit intae this wurld. But in ye cum in spite o' me an' if ye didna say 'How are ye Mistress Duncan' then I'll eat ma mangle. Bit O yer heed, weel I've seen munny queer sichts in ma time, bit ah never say onything like yon afore nor since. Ye speak aboot the man that says we aw cum frae munkeys. Weel ah cood excase him if he saw you, fur yer heed an' face wis faur waur than the tither (other) end o' ony munkey I ever saw in ma hale life. The hair in yer heed wis jist like tow (teased rope) after bein' dipped in majenty paint, so afore yer mither saw ye ah said tae her 'ye'll need tae ca' this yin Richard efter the man wi the heed the kuller o' bricks and the face like a speckelled hen.' But O Maister Weatherspin gin a got ye in ma airms ah never saw the makin o' sik a perfect mahn in aw ma life. Yer back an' yer frunt an' yer feet an' yer taes an' yer legs an' yer hauns (hands) an' yer fingers an' yer nales an' every pairt o' ye that kood be seen and no seen, showed that if ye wur spaired an' grew up aw richt wi aw yer seen an' yer no seen pairts richtly developed ye wid make a braw (handsome) man that ony mither wid be prood o', an' that wid brek the hert o' mony a lass." Moral: Don't worry about your face.

"Seeing oorsels as ithers see us."



Richard's Reflection in the Mirror of "Truth."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Hunt for Millions.

RICHARD at one time spoke very broad Scotch, which was, however, thrashed out of him when in London. Richard was quite a young man at the time, and amongst the earliest calls he made in the Metropolis as a commercial traveller, was one on a wealthy firm of South African merchants, who, at that time, had their offices in Leadenhall Street. It is necessary for Richard to explain to the reader that the words " Mail Day," appearing on a London Office enquiry window, indicated that the principals or management would grant only those interviews previously made by appointment. Richard, like most of his readers, was at that time ignorant of this, so, on approaching the office and reading the " Mail Day " card, Richard innocently tapped on the enquiry window, and the following dialogue took place:

Richard (presenting his card): Could Mr. Jolly conveniently spare me a few minutes' interview, please?

Mr. Jolly: I'm Mr. Jolly, but it's mile-day. (Richard thought he said " mild day.")

Richard: Yes, but quite pleasant. I just arrived in London a few days ago, and on looking over the list of my firm's clients I discovered that you were one of the best, and so I have taken an early opportunity of introducing myself.

Mr. Jolly: But I have told you it is mile-day.

Richard: Yes, I noticed your comment on the weather, and as I have just come from the colder climate of Scotland I feel the heat very much myself.

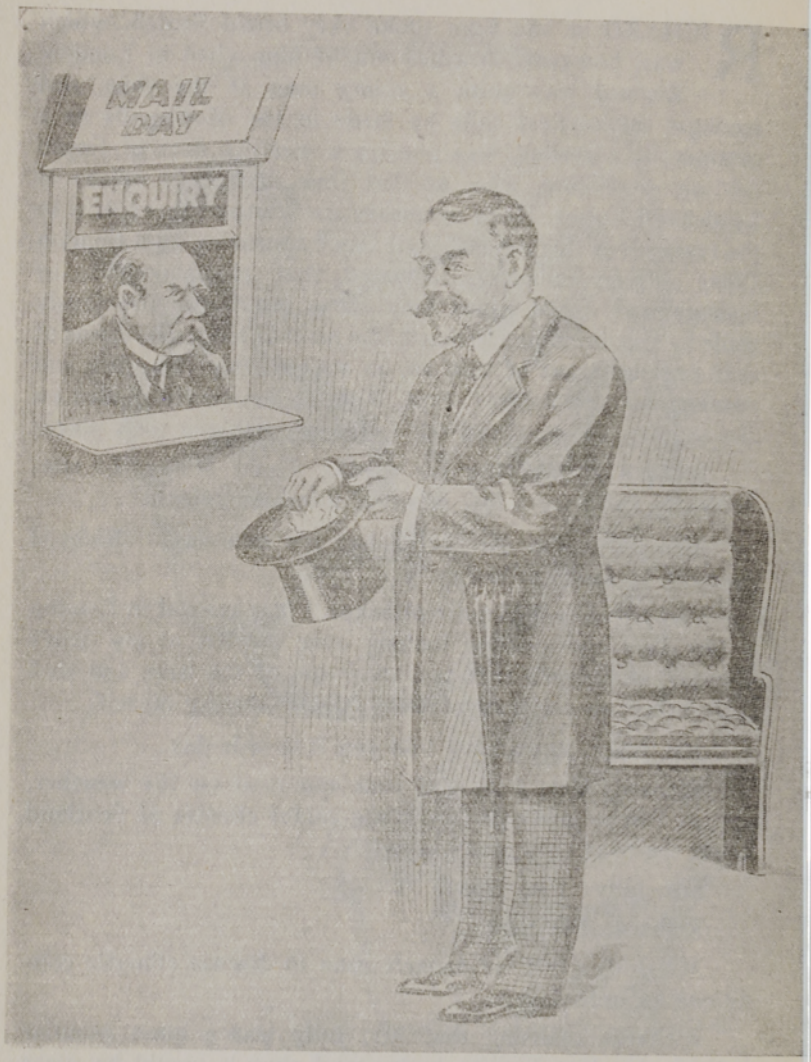
Mr. Jolly: Feel what?

Richard: The heat.

Mr. Jolly: But we haven't time to discuss climatic conditions on mile-day.

Richard (realising that Mr. Jolly was a most peculiar individual): No—I quite understand that it would be nicer to have a good talk in our office (which was in a basement) over a pipe and a good whisky and soda.

Bewildered Linguists.



Richard "Not Understood."

Mr. Jolly: In any case, I have no more time to put off with you.

Richard (who was most indignant at the insulting remark of Mr. Jolly, who was merely the Manager):To put off with me, indeed. Don't you trouble about me. Please take my card into Mr. Isbester (the principal) and tell him I would very much appreciate an interview.

Mr. Jolly: I have already told you that Mr. Isbester declines to talk with anyone on mile-days.

Richard (taking off his hat and applying his handkerchief vigorously to his perspiring head): Indeed, I'm feeling the heat very much myself to-day, and am glad I am not alone in that. What a peculiar thing, however, that we should both be alike in that respect. Anyway, kindly take in my card and I will take a risk.

Mr. Jolly (getting very angry and very impatient): I can assure you I will not, and if you take my advice you will not insist upon seeing Mr. Isbester to-day, and further, you will run a risk of having your firm's account closed altogether if you ever come back here, on a mile-day.

Richard (enthusiastically): Ah, well, you are master of the situation, and I suppose I must give in, but you will oblige me if you will convey my compliments to Mr. Isbester and inform him that I will respect his preference for cold weather and will make a point of calling the first cold day we have.

How Richard got the Job.

A New Zealand firm of boot manufacturers advertised as follows: "Salesman wanted for old established firm of Boot and Shoe Manufacturers. Must have knowledge of the trade, be of good appearance and accustomed to travel. State salary and expenses required."

Richard, as the result of his application for this appointment, was invited to meet the Manufacturer. "Good morning, sir." "Good morning, you are Mr. Wedderspoon, are you?" "Yes, sir." "How long have you been in the boot business, Mr. Wedderspoon?" "I have been in boots and shoes all my life." "Indeed," says the Manufacturer, "that's

Bogged.

Richard's Hunt for Millions.

interesting. In what part of the world were you in the trade?" "Chiefly in Edinburgh, where I was born, but latterly, and indeed for the past nine years, in London." "That's fine," says the employer. "What branches have you been in?" "I've been in every branch, including women's and children's." "Splendid," said the old gentleman, "splendid. Where were you in Edinburgh?" "In all the best places." "Were you at any time in Allen's?" "Yes, I was off and on there for years." "And what about London, where were you in London?" "In quite a number of places, according to where we resided." "What branches of the factory were you employed in? Are you a clicker?" "Oh, no, sir. I hope I have not misled you, my experience is much better than clicking, my experience has been that of selecting, buying and paying for boots and shoes for a big wife and a big family, including myself, a big man, for the past 18 years." "Ah, well," said the gentle one. "Your knowledge of the trade, together with your gift of tact, is good enough for us. You may consider yourself engaged."

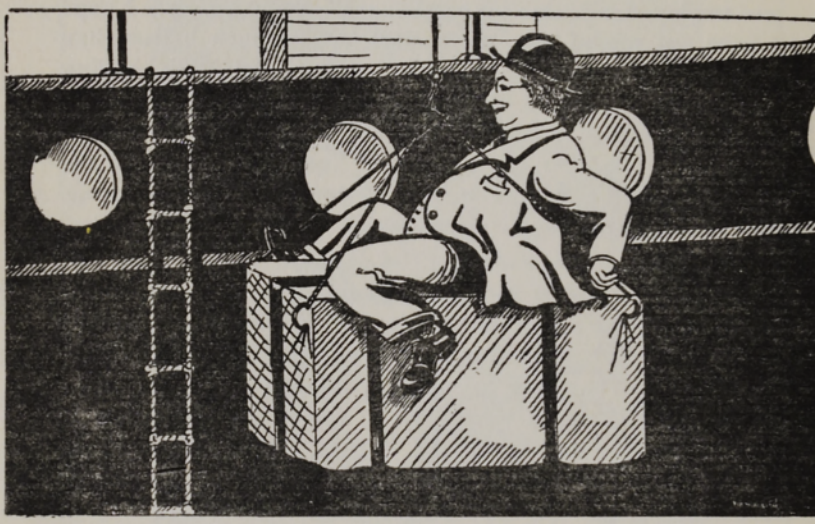
Apropos of the foregoing, on Richard calling upon one of the largest buyers in New Zealand and displaying a fine sample of a man's shoe in Patent Colt leather, was asked by the buyer, if he had anything similar in filly. Richard, thinking that his opportunity of proving himself an expert and a salesman had arrived, rushed to a woman's sample shoe in Patent Leather and exclaimed, "That, sir, is an excellent example of what can be made from the hide of the female colt."

A Bale of Wool.

Richard, finding himself in Gisborne on his maiden trip there, determined to make himself popular, and fortunately for him three of the officers of a Home ship, also making her maiden trip, came ashore. It was Saturday night, and oh! such a Saturday night. Stories were told, confidences were exchanged, everybody spoke at once with the exception of those who could not say "Cab." Shout after shout thundered through the air, the atmosphere was balmy and so was every man of the party. But the Scotch must have been of the laughing brand since everybody saw the humorous side

of life, and the next morning, no one murmured, no one had head—or heart—ache, and the world went merrily on. The officers of the Home boat generously invited a few of their newly-made acquaintances on board for lunch. Amongst others, Richard accepted the invitation. The Home boat was lying out in the roadstead, which necessitated the use of a motor launch as a means of achieving their purpose. And so off the party set in a choppy sea, in their little vessel, but it was worth it. On being tied up alongside the huge liner, the

Twixt the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea.



Richard on the Woolsack.

officers climbed the rope ladder, like joybirds, while the guests, one by one, after many jerks and frights, crept up the ladder, eventually reaching the deck in safety. Richard, however, poor Richard, carrying 17 stone weight, was scared, and preferred to remain in the motor launch and go lunchless. This, however, did not appeal to the other members of the party, and it was decided to lower a bale of wool, on which Richard might be landed in comfort on the deck of the larger boat, and accordingly the bale was lowered, and Richard, not-

withstanding his avoirdupois, but feeling about as big as a canary seed beside the big ship, stretched his little legs across the bale, and gripping tightly the massive chain, shouted, "Right," and in a few seconds he was held stationary, suspended in mid-air, while one of the party snapped him. Richard merited his popularity and was ever after a welcome traveller to Gisborne.

Prohibition.

A short time after Richard's experience with the bale of wool, a certain gentleman was making his way to Gisborne to advocate the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The gentleman in question was a particularly jolly man, and so Richard, meeting him at Napier on his way North, immediately decided that he would cement a firm friendship with him. Accordingly the bottle was introduced, and spot after spot was indulged in, in rapid succession, until by sailing time, neither the advocate of the prohibition of liquor nor Richard was quite certain which was the briny and which was the ship, and although they could not keep their equilibrium, either of them could say "c-a-a-b." After a short rest, the twain resumed sociability, and on arriving at the wharf at Gisborne, Richard's eyesight was somewhat strained in observing a great number of business people assembled and each shouting vociferously: "Well done Richard! Good old Richard!! Hurrah for Richard!!! Three cheers for Richard!!! Good man, Richard!!!" while Richard, ignorant of anything special he had done since his former trip, marvelled at this wonderful reception. However, after bowing and bowing and bow-wow—wow-ing from the deck of the ship, Richard went in search of his newly-made acquaintance. Richard had not far to go, however, as the bar was close at hand, and of course another, and still another, was indulged in until a bright idea developed in Richard's brain, and so, with the velocity and alertness of a lightning waiter, he transposed hats and they made for the shore. It was not until Richard was sharing a magnum of Mumm in recognition of valuable service innocently rendered, that he realised why he had got such a reception. The prohibitionist did not deliver his address. Moral: Practise what you preach.

"The Strayed Revellers."

Richard's Jovial Prohibitionist.

River Bed.

Richard, having exceeded the quantity limit, found himself on a pitch black night on a river bed in Marlborough. Determined to sink or swim, Richard urged the horse on, but no! the animal knew better, and came to a standstill, and so Richard tied him up, covered him, and then lay on an island of shingle and enjoyed peaceful slumber. Never will Richard forget the expression on that horse's face, gazing pitifully at him on that Sabbath morning as day broke and he awoke. Search parties had gone to the mouth of the river, to recover what had floated ashore from the wreck, while a number of mounted commercials formed a party and were making for the spot where Richard was last heard of. Then, to the happy surprise of everyone present, Richard and his faithful nag came jogging along as if nothing unusual had happened, and on reaching the nearest pub, the proprietor, in sympathy with the party, entertained them as his guests for fully an hour. Blenheim was reached two hours later, and the fun over the recovery of Richard was carried on until the small hours of Monday morning. Moral: Never despair.

Richard as Ballast.

At Takaka, in Nelson Province, where in those days the chief mode of transit was by tidal boats, Richard had an opportunity of saving a whole day by reaching his destination, Motueka, through the medium of a sewing machine agent or canvasser, who was returning with an empty buggy. On reaching his destination, Richard enquired as to what the charge for the drive of somewhere in the vicinity of forty miles was. "Nothing, sir," said the agent, but Richard, realising how much time he had saved, urged the man to take a pound note. "Oh! no thank you," said the man, so Richard then suggested a Dewar's, and after a few, the driver said, "To tell you the truth I could not have the heart to charge you as I was glad to have you as ballast." Moral: Build up on Dewar's.

Rats.

Richard was resident for a time at one of the leading hotels in New Zealand, and on going into his bedroom

In Double Harness.

Richard as Ballast.

in broad daylight, a huge rat jumped off the bed on to a suit, which Richard had hanging over a chair, and bounced out at the window. On reporting this to the proprietor's wife, she merely looked with a charming, but suspicious,

Rough on Rats.

Richard Slays the Rodent.

smile, indicating that Richard must have had a few, and was seeing rats. "No, truly, Mrs. So-and-So, he was there all right, and I would be glad it you would lend me a trap, and I will try to catch him." Richard will never forget the beam of laughter on that good lady's face, when she said, "I'm

sure you're wrong, there's not a rat in this house." Richard didn't get the trap, and began to wonder whether he had been seeing rats, when to his astonishment, on retiring for the night, or it might even have been early morning, and switching on the light, lo!—and—behold! the same great bed-mate performed the same trick. So Richard, downed the window and shut him out. Immediately after breakfast that morning, Richard went in search of the lady of the house and informed her of his further experience with the rat. "All right, Mr. Wedderspoon, I'll see that you get a trap, but you mustn't buy a live rat just to prove that you've not been seeing them." So the trap was set that night, and in the early morning, Richard supposes it would be about 3 o'clock, a distinct rap-tap came to his bedroom door, to which Richard called, "Come in," and went fast asleep. Another rap-tap-tap, "Come in," but still there was no response. So to sleep Richard went again, but still another rap-tap-tap-tap-tap. "Come in, please, what do you want in any case?" says Richard. Not a word. Rap-tap. "Come in." Rap-tap. "Come in please." Rap-tap. "What the deuce is the joke? Come in or for goodness sake stop that noise." Rap-tap, rap-tap, rap-tap, and, eventually, exasperated, Richard rushed for his stick and then the door, when, good God! he trod on a rat, caught by the hindquarters in the borrowed trap. Richard did not take time to put his glasses on, but set to work with his heavy ebony stick to slay the rat. In absence of glasses he missed the rat several times, naturally, and each time struck hard on the floor. "What the hell's up, up there?" shouts a voice from below. "What the hell's wrong with you?" said Richard. "Come up and see," and so in a few seconds one of the guests was in Richard's room and the rat succumbed. Moral: Don't blame the essence of the barley all the time.

Richard's Balloon Tyre.

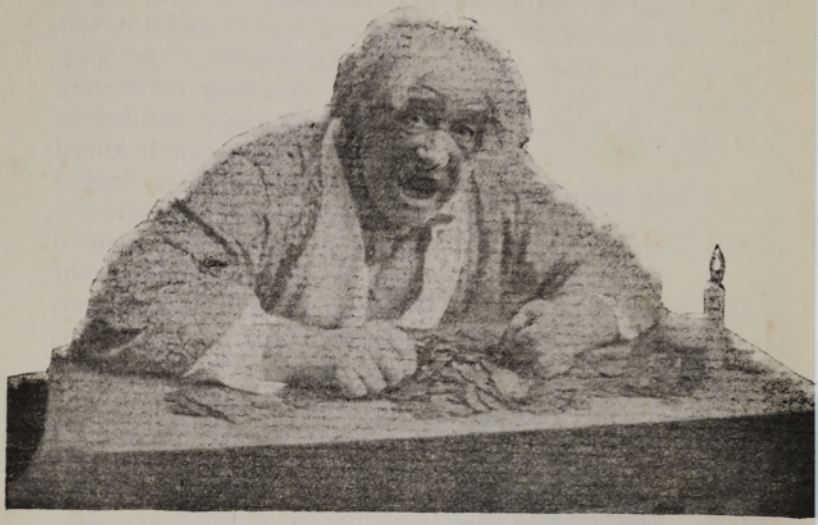
If the reader requires rejuvenating, building up of body, brain and soul, let him go to Franz Josef Glacier. Richard went there a comparatively done man, but returned after a short stay thoroughly recuperated and robust. It was like this—the house party in mid-winter con-

sisted of 16, of which number Richard was the only loner. To be alone in the world has, however, its advantages. There had been all sorts of gaiety and fun. Indeed, it was a merry party, everyone, single, double, spinster or bachelor automatically, and, indeed, physically, throwing themselves into each other's arms. Richard organised a jazz, and before the music was properly tuned up, a very handsome, indeed beautiful, yes, lovely, Australian lady, approached Richard thus "Will you kindly favour me with a jazz?" "Pardon me, Madam," says Richard, "this is not leap year." "Oh, but I only want you for the night, much as I would love you for keeps." "But, Madam," says Richard, "I'm a married man." "So much the better," says the divine creature, "you can keep a secret." "But Madam, I can't jazz." "Have you ever been shickered?" (Colonial for stunned—intoxicated), said the jazzer. "Many a time," said Richard. "Then you can jazz—just hold on to me, imagine I'm a lamp-post, and when the music starts, push the post out of your way and razzle-dazzle home." So up Richard gets—the music starts. "Where do you hold on by?" says Richard. "Wherever you think nicest," said the butterfly. So Richard, after a good look round, rushed the nicest part of the debutante, loosened his grip of the emergency brake, and getting into gear and making for home, Richard, stumbling against the kerb, bumps hard on the lovely one. Oh! she was lovely, such an armful

A Jazz Adventure.

Richard Tempted.

In Histrionic Mood.



Bottom—Richard's Good Morning; Richard's Good Night Top—Richard's Miser

of affectionate femininity. Richard suddenly came to a standstill and gazed in bewilderment until the Australian maiden said in a most pitiful tone, "I do hope, sir, I have not punctured your balloon tyre."

Lord Kitchener.

During the last visit of the illustrious Lord Kitchener to New Zealand, Richard, then on a business visit to a small country town, volunteered to give up his bedroom, which was

Making Room for Lord Kitchener.

Richard gets the Order of the Bath.

the best in the hotel, in honour of his Lordship. The offer was graciously accepted, but unfortunately, the management had overlooked the fact that sleeping accommodation would be necessary for Richard. This could not be obtained, so ultimately Richard was found a resting place in the bath.

It Pays to Advertise.

Richard, while engaged in "writing up" the Wanganui River, offered one of his publications to a Pittsburg U.S.A. widow, who was the only other guest at Pipiriki House.

Richard Invaded. Py Korry—Te Pukunui!

"Thank you very much, sir—but I won't require your book. I have one. That's what brought me here—I'll tell you what I would love to do all the same, I would just love to meet Richard Wedderspoon, the author,"—and the curtain dropped.

Hotel Braeburn.

A large party of American tourists had reached Wanganui via the river under bad weather conditions. One of these tourists sat at Richard's table, Hotel Braeburn, which is Richard's permanent place of residence. During dinner, the American, addressing himself to a lady said, "We were unlucky in striking real bad weather, and so couldn't see the beautiful sights, but thanks to a descriptive pamphlet written by Richard Wedderspoon, we visualised the river's many charms." Moral: Advertise.

Do not close the Door.

In a Maori settlement, Kaikohe, in the extreme north of Auckland, Richard was ploughing his way in his hunt for millions. On the bathroom door of his hotel appeared the following: "Do not close this door as other guests shave here." In obedience to that order, Richard did not close the door, but plunged into his cold water bath. Not many seconds passed when a Maori came in and enjoyed his shave—so far so good. Richard, proceeding, rose up to give himself his usual rub down, when lo! and behold, a Maori woman walks in, and before Richard could cover himself or say Jack Robinson, the woman ejaculated: "You see my girlie's watch, Missis?" "I'm no woman," wrathfully retorted Richard. The Maori woman, misbelieving, stepped forward, and placing her hands very gently on Richard's protuberance, exclaimed in awe-stricken astonishment, "Py korry! te pukunui, te pukunui."

Typiste Required.

Richard at one time, while occupying the Honorary Secretarial chair of an important organisation, sent the following advertisement to the local paper, as directed by the executive: "Shorthand typiste required, must be speedy and able to read back. Wages 30s. per week, applicants enclose credentials

and state age." Amongst the replies received to this advertisement one was as follows:

Dear Sir,—Seeing your advertisement in the paper, I thought I would write you. It is not a speedy shorthand typiste you require for 30s. per week—it is a pretty fast young girl, who will fill the ink-wells, soil the conscience, lick the stamps, powder her face, colour her lips, wear short frocks, bob her hair, draw the blinds, switch off the electric lights and hug the Secretary.

Signed—Cocktail.

BOUGHT AND PAID FOR.

Richard, on approaching a Government official holding high office, with a view to submitting for approval a number of black and white sketches of New Zealand places of interest, was received thus: "Hullo! old friend—down to enlargements?" to which Richard, promptly laying his hand on his landmark, replied, "Bought and paid for, sir—bought and paid for."

CHAPTER IX.

EXPLOSIVES.

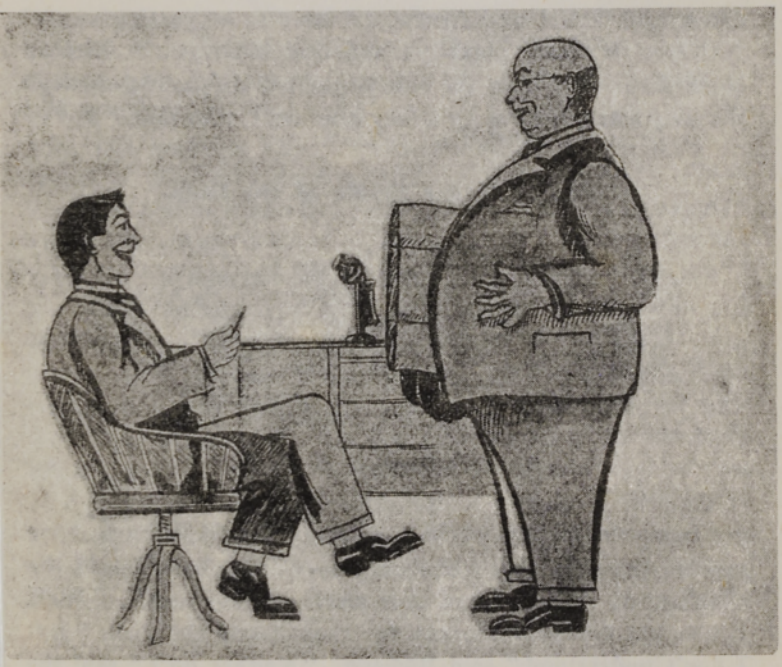
MACKINTOSH RICHARD.

RICHARD, as his readers must know by now, was always an admirer of the girls, and so was always on the outlook for a girl chum. Amongst a wide circle of acquaintances, Richard, in his youth, was known as Mackintosh Richard, for the reason that he always, when out girl hunting, whether the weather was fine or otherwise, carried a mackintosh coat. On being teased one day by his mother about this, Richard said, "Well, mother, you see I don't care much for walking and you can't very well ask the class of girls I walk out, to sit on the damp grass." "But Richard," said his mother, "the grass is not damp, say for example, on a delightful afternoon like this." "Oh, yes, mother," said Richard, "otherwise it would not be green." Neither was Richard.

THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

Sir Noel Paton's world-renowned picture Lux in Tenebris—"light in darkness," a life-sized picture of Christ, was being exhibited in a salon in Princes Street, Edinburgh, and the price of admittance was sixpence. A keen business man,

Bought and Paid For.



Richard Canvassing.

realising that only a select few paid for admission, rented a studio in the immediate vicinity of that in which Lux in Tenebris was being exhibited, and showed a picture of a nude woman called—Nana. The police had to be requisitioned to keep the inquisitive Scot from stopping the traffic, at the entrance to where Nana was on view.

Beware of Well-wishers.

Before leaving London for New Zealand, Richard paid a visit to his home town, Edinburgh, and amongst others he called on an old friend, who was a master baker. After chatting for some time, Richard said: "What about heating a couple of pies for me, Archie? It will save me time in taking lunch." The pies were heated, eaten and enjoyed, and so Richard, on taking leave of his old chum, said, "Ah! well Archie, I'll have to be getting away." "Alright, Richard, good-bye and God bless you." Richard climbed the stair from the bakehouse, and on passing through the shop was pulled up by a lady attendant, who said, "You've

"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Richard's Dome of St. Paul's.

got fourpence to pay." "Me—what for?" said Richard. "Are you no the man that had twa pies wi' the boss?" said the shopkeeper. "Yes, I had two pies with the boss." "Well, you've got fourpence to pay for them," said the girl. "But I don't understand," said Richard. "Neither do I," said the girl, "but when you left the bakehouse, the boss blew up the tube and told me that the chap wi' the lum (silk) hat on, comin' up the stairs, had eaten twa pies and had left without paying for them—see ye catch him and get the fourpence." So Richard was trapped, and had to pay the price of the two pies which he had eaten on the occasion of his taking farewell of one of his oldest friends, whose last words to Richard were God bless you. Moral: Beware of well-wishers.

Insincerity.

On Richard's return to Scotland some few years afterwards on a pleasure trip he again visited Edinburgh, but on this occasion did not cultivate the further acquaintance of the man who provided the flour, the meat, the overhead expenses and the brains that produced the two twopenny pies which cost Richard fourpence, but called on a man whom he had known and had had many a dram with, thirty years previously. The dram-er had risen to high office, and Richard, on calling upon him, was shocked at the cold reception he got. "Ah! well Tom, I'm off to London to-morrow and would like to run out to see your wife" (who, by the way, had many a time been protected from the damp by means of Richard's mackintosh), "this afternoon." Tom, however, hummed and hawed, and made all sorts of excuses, eventually asking Richard to come on the following Sunday, when he would be at home. "That's a nice mackintosh you've got, Richard, where did you get that one?" says Tom. "I bought it in Glasgow some time ago, but the weather has been so fine, I have never required it." "Tut, Richard, that's no like you, you were aye a great chap to protect the girls with your mackintosh. Do you just put them on the damp grass now?" "Oh, no," says Richard, "I'm a married man now, and don't require a mackintosh." "Ah, well, we'll see ye on Sunday, and if ye canna stop till then we'll see ye on yer next trip." Richard often wonders if he had not exhibited his brand new mackintosh on a glorious sunshiny day, whether Tom would have sent him out to see his wife.

Stranded in Calais.

Richard, and three pals, periodically visited Calais for the specific purpose of a gamble on the roulette table. The principles of the quartette were that they would neither beg, borrow, nor steal. On one visit Richard was not long there when he lost all he had left home with, barring a few francs, and the return half of his saloon passage ticket on the La Marguerite (Capt. Fishingdon). Richard,

thereupon adhering to the principles of the school, decided that he would take a cab and see round Calais. Not knowing a word of French, Richard, by means of signs, indicated to the master of the horse and vehicle that he wished to be driven around Calais, and held up five fingers, pointing the while to the ship as a definite and further indication that he wished to return to the La Marguerite—due to sail at 5 o'clock. Richard took his seat, but missed the La Marguerite. Without money, and worse still, without anything he could pawn, and still worse, without any change of clothing, Richard found himself absolutely stranded, penniless and friendless in a foreign country. This would never do, said Richard. Buck up, old man, and find some means by which you can get back to England.

Thereupon, Richard went into an hotel, where he was able to borrow a few francs from a porter,—with these francs Richard hurried himself to the Post Office and despatched a cable to his office at London, instructing his accountant to cable him a certain sum of money. Imagine, if you can, Richard's feelings when, on opening the reply cable, he read the following:

"Regret no facilities for cabling money between England and France."

What was to be done? Try again, said Richard, and so he set off with a determination that he would not be beaten. Having no luggage, no hotel proprietor would give Richard accommodation. Eventually Richard met a very accommodating Restaurateur, who said, "Give me your cheque for £10 and I will give you all you require until you can get money from home." Richard, as quickly as it was humanly possible, presented the Frenchman with his cheque for £10, and received the Frenchman's expressions of gratitude. "I will have a nice dinner prepared for your return," said he, to which Richard said, "What about a few francs to carry me on?" "Oh, that will be all right when you return. I have no change in the house now," so off Richard went for a stroll, and on

returning with a great appetite, the gentleman of the restaurant said, "Oh, sir, no dinner for you here—your check no good." This Richard knew to be a fabrication, and asked for its return. "Ete no good, sir—me destroy ete, me tare ete up," and again Richard, believing the man, went away in search of better luck. Things were becoming desperate, when, passing a theatre, Richard heard a lady sing in English, and made straight for the stage door, where he managed to get a few francs. With these Richard had something to eat, but as he could not raise any more cash he had to sleep on the sands of Calais for that night. The following day one of the quartette returned to Calais and Richard's financial troubles were at an end. Before this fortunate happening he had gone to the British Consul and explained his plight. The Consul handed him two francs and a Diamond Jubilee Charitable Aid Board steerage passage ticket for England. But when his friend returned there was a complete change in the situation. The friend introduced Richard to Chief Inspector MacKechnie, of Scotland Yard, who had come to France with an extradited prisoner. The whole party adjourned for a meal, when Richard told of his adventures and experiences. "Don't use the Consul's ticket," said the Inspector. "I'll be delighted to have you travel back with me as the guest of Scotland Yard." Richard accepted the invitation and on arrival at Dover, on the advice of the Inspector, wired his bankers and stopped payment of the cheque the fraudulent Frenchman had appropriated. The Frenchman never got the cash for that cheque. Richard had scored again.

Bar-bound.

On Richard's first visit to Westport, New Zealand, the ship conveying him was bar-bound for some days. Therefore, Richard was detained in the roadstead. Richard's wife, being a Home-country woman, didn't understand the treacherous conduct of the nautical bars of New Zealand. As Richard had been in the habit of mailing his

A Daughter of the Snows.

Richard's Snow Elf, near Mt. Cook.

Dear Edna—

This is the place for lots of fun,
The jolliest of play,
Romping with the Snowy Elves
All the sunny day.

Snow-ball games and merry glides,
Making snow-men, too;
So I play each happy day,
And dream the quiet night through.

See me, snug and woolly-warm,
Laughing and a-glow,
Dashing down the slippery-slide
'Mongst the feathery snow.

'Way below are golden plains;
Up above, so high,
Shining mountains, white and blue,
Lean against the sky.

White and gold and purple peaks
Shining row on row—
Don't you wish that you were me,
Up amongst the snow?

If you're good as good can be
You'll be brought to stay,
And in this happy, jolly place
You and I will play.

With love from
OLGA.

Written expressly for Richard, by his friend the late E. W. Harris.

wife a few lines daily, he knew she would be anxious, and so, on landing, he rushed to the Post Office and sent his wife a wire reading:

"Extremely sorry unable to write—have been bar-bound for several days—love."

to which in due course Richard received a telegram, the contents of which were:

"Extremely sorry to learn the cause of no letters. Hope you are in a respectable public house."

The Bible.

Richard always carries a Bible with him, and on arriving at his sleeping quarters lays out his Bible alongside necessities, such as shaving outfit, etc. On this occasion it was on board ship, and so before she had left the wharf, his prospective cabin mate, on viewing the Bible, rushed to the chief steward and exclaimed angrily, "Who to hell is the wowser in my cabin?" "What is the number of your cabin, and I will enlighten you as to who will share it with you, sir." On the matter being looked into the steward said to the wrathful one, "Mr. Wedderspoon is no wowser, I can assure you. On the contrary, he will tell you a good story, sing a good song, shout you as many drinks as you can carry. As a matter of fact, he often travels with us and we look upon him as one of our best sports." "It's no good to me chief, I will not share a cabin with a man who carries a Bible." The chief mischievously placed the non-Bible man in a four-berth cabin with three other mates, two of them clergymen, who did not expose their Bibles, while Richard had the comforts of a large four-berth cabin to himself. Moral: Never be ashamed of the Bible.

Have you Found your Dog?

When Richard is travelling with his wife, and indeed, when at home, instead of bawling aloud for her he whistles, so on a long voyage from London to New Zealand, the passengers became familiar with Richard's language of music.

On reaching Richard's and his wife's port of destination—Wellington—Richard was moving about amongst the crowd whistling for his wife, when a young Scotch chap, who had heard Richard's whistle for many weeks, shouted, "Have ye no found yer dog yet, Mr. Wedderspoon?"

Morning Tea.

On crossing Wellington-Lyttelton Ferry at a busy race time, Richard had to be satisfied with a resting place in the dining saloon of the palatial ship on which he was travelling. Early the following morning, some still slumbering aloud, some yawning, some half dressed, some whole dressed, some hesitant, each scrambling for a morning cup of tea, overheard one passenger with considerably more force and determination than all the others put together, roaring at the pitch of his voice: "Hey waiter, fetch me a cup of tea, quick, I'm in a hurry," to which the steward promptly retorted. "Don't you hay me, sir, I'm no bloody horse."

Threepenny Bits.

During Richard's residence in one of the leading smaller towns in New Zealand, he solicited the change of a 10s. note from the manager of the hotel at which he lived, and on expressing his astonishment at the great number of threepenny pieces contained in the change, the manager said, "Well, sir you're a Scotsman and a Presbyterian and to-morrow be Sunday."

The Church Plate.

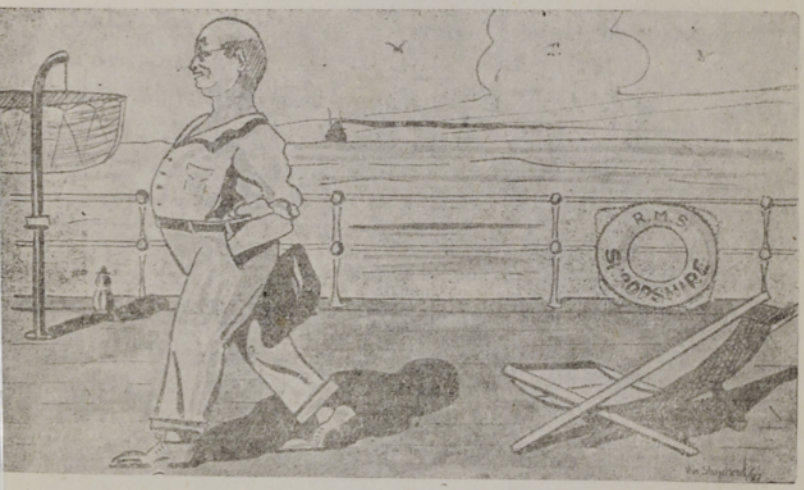
Strange to relate, the following morning, as the office-bearer, an octogenarian, was passing round the collection box, he let it drop at Richard's feet. On account of Richard's corporeal largeness and the inadequate width of the space between the pews, Richard was unable to get down and lend a hand. The octogenarian was, however, proportionately thin, and so, after gathering together the "supports of the Church,"

he whispered to Richard as he got to his feet and gathered his breath, "I wouldn't have been half as long but they were all threepenny bits, and I had a great job picking them up."

A Grand Slam.

On board the R.M.S. Shropshire, Richard, with the intention of prying into a game of bridge, attempted to find a nice comfortable and soft spot on which to rest his 17

A Grand Slam.



Richard's Painful Posterity.

stone weight. Espying a lady's eiderdown quilty-looking cushion, Richard plumps himself on to it, but unfortunately he had not observed that the cushion was likewise a work room, nor did he observe protruding therefrom a pair of fish hook scissors, and so Richard's weight, anchored about 3 inches of scissors into a fleshy part of his anatomy, Richard pardoned the ladies' laughter when he, screaming, set off round the deck, with a cushion attachment, in search of his wife.

Showers of Blessing.

Richard's Midnight Ablution.

Seeing the Joke.

The late Captain Collins, then in command of the R.M.S. Moeraki, invited Richard to take the chair at an approaching concert. Richard, with his usual modesty, declined, but on the Captain assuring him that there was no one on board ship who could fill it so well, accepted the compliment, but it was not until the programme was handed to Richard and he saw a picture of the chairman thereon, that he saw the joke.

On Board Ship.

Richard Fills the Chair.

A Cooler.

Richard and three friends were interested in a business proposition in Christchurch, which necessitated four men of alleged business acumen sojourning from Wellington to the Cathedral City in the South Island. It was a boisterous night, and to enable the party to get their terra firma legs the following day, they indulged in pick-me-up after pick-me-up, and hair after hair of the dog that bit them, with the result that the glee party (Richard nominates the party advisedly as a glee party since one looked more

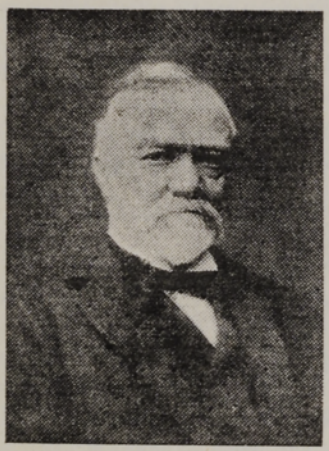
squinted in the eye than the other), developed into a circus, each member playing the laughter-creating part of the clown. It was decided the night before the business meeting, that at 10.30 p.m.—the bars closed at 10 p.m. in those days—the party would hold a conference in Richard's room. Prompt to the minute, three of the commercial geniuses knocked at Richard's bedroom door, and as no acknowledgment was forthcoming, they opened it and walked in. To the astonishment of the three no Richard was to be seen, and yet all his clothes, including his underwear, were strewn throughout the room. "Wherever can he have got to?" said No. 1. "That's funny," said No. 2, "he has not taken his shoes off, there are his slippers." "I've got it," says No. 3, "Richard has gone a-brain clearing in the cool of the night." "A-brain clearing," says No. 2, "more likely a whisky chase." "What about raiding the hotel?" says No. 1, "Richard is not likely to have gone out in his night shirt, glasses, hat and shoes." "You're right," so off the party went in search of Richard. The first place visited was the night bar. "Oh! Yes, Richard had been there just a second ago, had a couple of Dewar's and soda and a small flask to take away," said the bar-tender. "But good gracious, where could he take the flask to, his clothes are up in his bedroom?" "I don't think he left the hotel," said the barman. "That's better." So off the party went until eventually, and after a long search, a dim light was discovered in the bathroom. "Hallo! What's this, see there's a light of some sort in the bathroom and the shower trickle, trickle, trickles," and so No. 3 gives an alarm and Richard shouts, "Come in boys, I'm just enjoying a cooler," and Richard, poor absent-minded Richard, had omitted, before indulging in a cold shower, to remove his shoes and glasses.

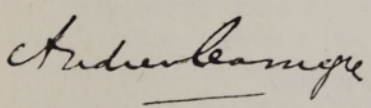
Stick tae yer Job.

Sir Harry Lauder, addressing a most enthusiastic audience after the show at Christchurch, told the boys "tae stick tae their jobs." "You see what I have done, I stuck to my job." On leaving the theatre, Richard overheard one Scotsman say to another, "That's a queer thing, I aye thocht Harry was a miner."

Carnegie Stories.

Richard had the good fortune to be intimately acquainted with the late Mrs. Ann McGregor, of Dunedin, who, in celebration of her cousin, Andrew Carnegie's seventieth birthday, and of her own—three score years and ten—was invited by Mr. Carnegie to visit and spend a holiday at Skibo Castle, Dornoch, Scotland. Mrs. McGregor, who was a Church Bellé, told Richard that from the time she left Dunedin until her arrival at the multi-millionaire's great Castle, she had a frightful dread that Aundry, as she called him, "mahn hae forgotten his God." It surely was not possible to accumulate such worldly wealth, unless at the sacrifice of the soul. "On arrival, however, at Skibo," said Mrs. McGregor to Richard, "I soon changed my mind, when for the first meal, as we walked into the dining room, the organ played, "All people that on earth do dwell"; and when it finished Aundry stood up and pit up his wee haund and said his faither's grace, "Oh Lord, for what we are about to receive make us truly thankful," but as share as onything, Richard, there wasna one o' a' the swell folk that was there had the menners tae shut their een (eyes). Bit for a' that I turned roon tae Aundry and said, 'I'm awfu' gled Aundry ye hinna forgotten yer God.'"





During the visit of the British Bowling team to New Zealand, Richard, in meeting a few of the members of the team, got into conversation with a Scottish player, whose

name he has forgotten, but the gentleman in question, an ex-provost of Dunfermline, gave Richard his authority to quote the following story: "On the occasion of Mr. Carnegie's St. Andrew's University Rectorial Address, the ceremony was opened by prayer, by Professor James Donaldson, who read the prayer in Latin. In the midst of the prayer a young student shouted out from the body of the hall, 'Hey, Jimmie, tell Aundrey what you are saying.'" A later recollection brings to mind that the name of the bowler quoted above is Mr. Husband, bank manager and solicitor, one of the trustees of the Carnegie Trust.

"Good Morning, Grand-dad!"

Margaret's Greeting.

A Golf Ball.

Richard, on playing a game of golf with his wife on Ranui golf course, near Wellington, drove his ball into a creek. On reaching the creek, Richard went in search of a stick and net which are provided by the Club for the recovery of balls finding their way into this bunker. After Richard had been gone some minutes, he returned minus the fishing outfit, and shouted to his wife, "Never mind it, dear, it's a lost ball," when to his surprise, as he reached the brow

of the hill and looked down into the middle of the creek, his wife was standing covered nearly to the knees in icy cold water, with Richard's golf ball in her hand, and as the doves gazed on each other, Richard's dear wife, holding up a brand new floater, said, "I've saved you 3s. 6d. darling," and so the darling had.

The Sky the Limit.

Apropos of the endurance of Richard's Bellé, who by the way is an Aberdonian, Mrs. Richard, on making application in her seventy-sixth year, to the Christchurch Borough Council, for a licence to drive a motor car, was asked by the officer who was filling in the application form, "Are you over 15 years of age, madam?" to which the dear lady smilingly replied, "Yes, thank you." Anyhow, in less than three-quarters of an hour, Richard's wife was the possessor of a licence to drive, the licence being operative throughout New Zealand.

Mrs. Crawford.

It would appear that Richard, in his bathroom attire, must somewhat resemble a woman. In Sydney on one occasion, Richard, standing at the bathroom door, awaiting his turn, was met by one of the guests with a charming "Good morning, Mrs. Crawford—do you think the bath will be long?" to which Richard replied, "The bath is long enough, Madam, if only the person engaging it would hurry up." On hearing Richard's masculine voice, the lady withdrew horrified, and in a few seconds a maid, approaching Richard, said, "Excuse me, sir," and, pointing to "Ladies' Bathroom" on the door, quickly departed. So did Richard.

In one of the leading New Zealand hotels a somewhat similar occurrence took place, the difference this time being that the challenger was a man. The proprietor of the hotel, on discovering Richard at the gentlemen's bathroom door, addressed him thus: "Good morning, Mrs. McGinty, but you'll find the place you're wanting along there."

Richard's First Horse Ride.

Some twenty years ago, on Richard's arrival in New Zealand, he decided he would go in for horse riding as a form

Good Morning Mrs. Crawford.

Richard's Involuntary Impersonation.

of exercise, and accordingly had riding breeches made to his special order. The breeches reached Richard in Dannevirke. Richard was then commercial travelling, and foolishly believed that as he had ridden donkeys on Portobello Sands, near Edinburgh, in his boyhood, all he had to do was to get into the breeches, then on to the horse and off. So into the breeches Richard got and made straight for the bait stable next to the hotel.

"Good afternoon, sir,"

"Good afternoon.

"It's a nice day for a ride," says Richard.

"Grand day," says the bait stable man, and he produced, to Richard's delight, a real Napoleonic grey steed. He must have recognised Richard. And so Richard, on making to mount his "White Bess," a descendant of Turpin's "Black Bess," the bait man said, "If I was you I would try to mount from the other side." Accordingly Richard did so, but it was no good, he couldn't reach his fat little leg far enough up to admit of him adjusting his foot in the stirrup. Eventually the considerate bait stable man produced a box, a special affair like a trysting place, with two steps on it, and Richard, mounting the steps, gleefully slid into the saddle, and off he made for his ride.

By the time Richard got into the Main Street of Dannevirke, he was so impressed with his appearance on a horse that he allowed the dun cow to creep along while Richard admired the reflection of himself in the shop windows. By the time Richard reached the railway crossing he was so intent on endeavouring to see his replica in the signal box windows, that he failed to observe a train approaching, but an onlooker did, and swiftly grabbing the animal by the tail, pulled it out of the way of the train, and said quite angrily to Richard, "Can't you look where you're going?" to which Richard replied indignantly and indeed evasively, "I'm making for the golf course, thank you. Would you please tell me whether it is on this side of the railway line or the other side?" Richard's life-saver, by this time becoming quite friendly, said, "What about a spot before you go?" so in

they went and had a few spots, after which Richard had a greater ordeal than ever to get into the saddle, but eventually he got there by the aid of his life belt and other three men. "All right, old chap, off you get now, and have your gallop," and off Richard went again. Unfortunately, however, or perhaps it was fortunate for Richard, the quadruped positively refused to move quicker than at the rate of 1¼ miles an hour,

"Weel Mounted on his Grey Mare Meg."

Richard Hangs on by the Skin of his Teeth.

and Richard gives his word, that to his knowledge that animal had nothing at the pub, unless perhaps, some one envious of Richard's riding breeches, had doped Ned and bribed him to crawl along. After moving a few chains, very few, perhaps two in the first ten minutes, Richard came up to a Maori and asked him as politely as he possibly could, if he would oblige him by getting a twig from a piece of bush, which Richard

saw in a paddock. "Certainly," said the Maori, and running into the paddock, returned and presented Richard with the desired thrasher.

Now was Richard's opportunity, and immediately he thought the Maori would be round the corner and out of sight (Richard dared not have taken the risk of turning round), he lashed the animal over the ears, quite the wrong place Richard was told afterwards, quite the wrong place. However, Napoleon flew like a tortoise, and Richard falling forward, slipped his stirrups, caught Napoleon most affectionately round the neck, and punching the pommel with his watch chain, watch, and little Mary, quivered like a jelly. Luckily, Dapple Grey hungered, and crawling into a paddock, bent forward his head for a feed, and Richard, alighting somewhat heavily, walked Nap and himself home. The same night Richard applied a few cognac plasters internally and Zambuk to the affected external parts, and for days thereafter he maintained a vertical attitude, but he never wore those riding breeches again.

CHAPTER X.

To-day, To-morrow and Yesterday.

THE dictionarial interpretation of the word "to-day" is the present time, and of the word "to-morrow" the day following, and of the word "yesterday," the day before to-day. Much as Richard respects the English Dictionary, he is not in agreement with the Etymologist, who defines the word to-morrow as—the day following. The definition is too simple. Richard has it. To-morrow is never truly in the future tense, therefore Richard cannot make an appointment for to-morrow, and be correct, unless he qualifies his promise by adding Deo volente—God willing.

To-morrow is problematic, a mere speculation, a theory, a hypothetical phrase assumed for the purpose of endeavouring to account for something which does not exist.

Yesterday has gone, therefore all transactions negotiated yesterday may be recorded, but may not necessarily be accountable for, to-morrow.

For example, the Chairman of Directors of a Limited Liability Company may read a report, declaring the result of a certain period's trading, of a certain business, and the balance sheet, which together with profit and loss account, is audited and found correct, by a reputable firm or company of accountants. Included in this report and balance sheet, so much money has been placed to the credit of a Reserve Fund, and finally a dividend of say 7% is declared and is now payable to the registered holders of scrip. But if before the shareholder makes application to the Bank for his dividend, the Bank suspends payment and eventually goes into liquidation, as in Richard's time, did the City of Glasgow Bank, or if the premises or goods and chattels and all assets of the business governed by the Directors, whose report thereon has just been read and accepted, suffer destruction by earthquake or other similar cause, the Directors are exonerated, and justifiably so, because the disaster was preordained by the hand of God. Now we are agreed. But Richard desires to point out that everybody is agreed about God, when under His mysterious ways He brings about disaster, but few admit,and certainly do not openly express their gratitude to the Creator of all things, when everything is going well and dividends are paid. O! no, this is never, or at all events hardly ever, done.

When summer comes and the sun shines, not much notice is taken of it, and God is not thought of, but if in the midst of such sunshine clouds come along and burst into thunder and lightning, then God is immediately thought of; and if such climatic change brings about, as too frequently it does, disorganisation and cancellation of anticipated pleasure, God is thought unkind, and indeed is often cursed and sworn at thoughtlessly by the disappointed pleasure seekers.

What does it all mean? Richard has it. Richard contends that your friends are fine fellows, so long as everything goes well, but face a reverse, an adverse circumstance,

which you think is only temporary, and put your friends' professed friendship for you to a test, and it is then you will appreciate the adage "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone." Man know thyself. Be guided by thine own conscience and trust in God.

The late Andrew Carnegie told Richard, when he was quite a lad, that "The secret of Godly inheritance and of worldly success is to—know thyself. Keep a clear conscience and God will protect and provide. Find out your own weakness or weaknesses, and after mastering these, ascertain the other fellow's strength and trust him."

What are the people of the present generation—to-day—suffering from? Richard has it. Free education and women franchise. God has not given to each person the scientific, the deep thinking, the assiduous brain, and Richard is of the opinion that it is well for the people that it is so. Let us ponder again. Again Richard has it. If the people of the world, all colours, all nationalities, were born with scientific brains, what would become of the world? There would be nothing to live for, there would be no necessity for ambition, the people would have reached a cul-de-sac.

It is natural for all parents to desire to see their sons attain high position in life, but it is not God's will that all should do so. If it were God's will, how would the world get on for artisans—workers of all kinds, who would plough our fields, sow our seeds, milk our cows, kill our bullocks, breed and rear our horses and pigs, tan hides, make our boots, shear or kill our sheep and lambs, manufacture our woollens, make our clothing, mill our flour, bake our bread and build our houses?

Ah! but you say—men require to be educated to do these things, to which Richard says, "Quite so." But only an elementary day school education is necessary. Richard says, "Send your boys—except those of them who have shown a natural gift, a natural aptitude for study—to work, immediately they have finished their day school education. If, when they have come out into the world, they realise that they have not made proper use of God's gifts to them and they have neglected their time and opportunities at day school, they

can continue study at night schools and technical colleges. Indeed, Richard makes bold to say that millions of parents, chiefly through misplaced admiration, have ruined their boys' careers, some by compelling them to enter into lines of life for which they have neither desire nor aptitude—they are passive resisters; others by allowing their boys to adopt a line of life which appears to lend itself to gaiety and sport, or in other words, to the line of least resistance.

Why force your boy into a bank if his inclinations are to build a ship? Or why make him study medicine, dentistry,

In Cellar Cool.

Richard's Nightmare.

law or electrical engineering if each of these subjects, or indeed study generally, is obnoxious to him, and he inclines to merchandise, seafaring, soldiering, practical mechanics or any form of honest labour?

Our boys, like water, will reach their level, in exactly the same way as their parents have done before them. If the water be dirty, it will be the fault of the boy; but he can filter it, and through this means of filtration guide his movements into such pure clear channels as will assist him to

reach eventually the goal of his worldly ambition. Such pure water will also give him a Godly inheritance. Your boy will then live in the laughter-world and God will protect and provide.

What does Labour say? Richard knows. Labour says—the Capitalist—money—is no good without labour. This is quite true, but Richard says that money—capital—has to be laboured for.

Capital—money—whether it be inherited or merited, is originally labour—worked—for. Therefore, the labourer—the worker, becomes the moneyed man—the Capitalist—provided he possess the twofold gift of desire and ability to forge ahead.

The Capitalist—money—is originally the labourer. The worker originally in as true a sense as the Capitalist has his opportunity but probably not the brain power, nor the adaptability of purpose, of becoming the moneyed man—the Capitalist. When Labour brings about standard wages by agitation and Act of Parliament, then the labourer, the worker, does not give of his best. But, says Richard, if the labourer, that is to say, the worker, by the use of physical or mental ability, will work for what he can earn, then the conscientious worker commands better pay and is given the opportunity of himself becoming an employer of labour—a moneyed man, a Capitalist. But, also, Richard says, why all this talk and agitation throughout the British Empire on the question of Capital versus Labour? Richard has solved the problem, and here discloses the solution. Suppose we delete the words "Capital" and "Labour" from the English Dictionary and substitute for these the words "health" and "pleasure" respectively. What have we got? Richard knows. Capital is defined by the etymologist as wealth—true, but Richard enquires—What is wealth? and answers his own question. Wealth is health, and health is the wealthiest form of wealth.

Labour is defined by the etymologist as exertion. But Richard enquires what is exertion? and again replies to his own question. Exertion is pleasure, and pleasure is the healthiest form of life. Just as the brain worker loves digging

in his garden and enjoying other healthy exertions by way of change and recreation, so has the manual worker his opportunity of spending his leisure hours in restful reading or of enjoying other restful means of pleasure and recreation. Now Richard says that the words Capital and Labour represent the self-same meaning in practice, and that meaning is—the joy of living. Hence the solution to the vexed problem of Capital versus Labour.

What about woman's franchise? Richard can answer that. He has studied the sex from childhood and knows exactly. There can only be one head of affairs—which is it? The man or the woman? Let us ponder. Richard has it again. Men cannot be mothers, therefore, the natural function of the woman is to mother, and of man to face the rough and tumble of life and win the bread. Man's naturally stronger physical condition demands this of him. There is not any rational argument that can combat this, therefore—man must be at the head of affairs. Just as surely as it is the desire of all parents to see their boys make money, so surely is it their ambition to see their girls happily married. To think otherwise is to be unnatural. What constitutes happiness in married life? Richard is strong on this point, and proclaims by means of the printed word and without fear of practical contradiction, his view:—The wife's obedience to her husband.

Never mind about the marriage vows excluding "obedience," in these days. The vow still includes "for better or for worse." Now let us be practical. A so-called domesticated man, who gives his wife a cup of early morning tea and who lights the fire, before his wife gets out of bed, and potters about the house doing effeminate, unmanly things, while his wife is in perfect health, has never been known to be any good, and has had the misfortune to marry a woman who is not suited to him. Richard knows that a good wife would prefer that her husband did not interfere with her domestic privileges. Such a wife would rather know that her husband had an undisturbed mind while enjoying his bath, shave and breakfast, preparatory to proceeding to work. The same good wife, as her husband leaves home for duty, brushes his clothes, and says on parting "Good morning, darling," then

carries merrily on with her housework, making ready the home and the next meal with such pleasure and affection as will justify continued happiness and prosperity in their married life. Richard says incompatibility of temper is too often an excuse for unhappiness in wedded life, while the real cause is in the woman's failure to appreciate and acknowledge man's God-ordained superiority. Just exactly in the same way as the male animal bird or fish is supreme, so is man superior to woman.

Look at women's fashions, women's pretty frocks, hats, and so on for a moment. Why this extravagance? Richard doesn't mind a man who can afford it, allowing his wife to be in the fashion, but the chap who cannot, and still allows his wife to indulge in extravagance is committing matrimonial suicide.

What does Nature say? Richard tells you that it doesn't say anything, it merely asserts itself by its symbolism. Look at the every-day domestic hen for example, but as a matter of fact, no one thinks of looking at the hen, if Mr. Cock is visible. Mr. Cock, with his God-ordained plumage, graceful deportment and muscular development, commands the laudable attention of the audience. And so from the beginning of time, and right throughout nature, the male is, by God's ordination, the monarch.

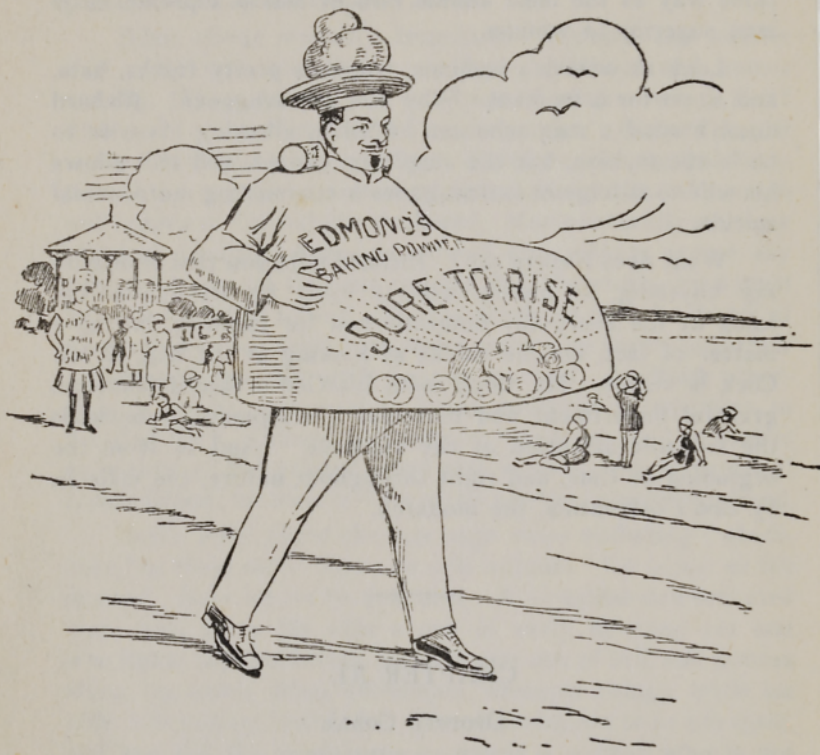
CHAPTER XI.

Dropped Goals.

The Prime Minister.

RICHARD, indulging in a tete-a-tete with the wife of a Knight of the Garter in the lounge of a private hotel at Rotorua, was interrupted by a dear old gentleman bordering on the eighties, who had just returned from his game of golf. "Ah, Mr. Wedderspoon, you are the gentleman who can throw light—Ah! your Ladyship, I didn't

In Caroline Bay.



Richard Rises to the Occasion.

observe you. I'm glad to see you, and looking so well too. Now Lady So and So, you will be able to settle our argument. In the Golf Club this afternoon, the late Mr. Massey was referred to as having been a tailor." "A tailor, indeed," interjected her Ladyship, "Mr. Massey was a farmer and a politician." "Quite so, quite so, but the member of our Golf Club who raised the question says—Massey made Coates." "Quite right," added Richard, "and in the Coates the late Mr. Massey made he built a sartorial triumph."

Sure to Rise.

How easy it is to make money! Richard entered into a carnival poster competition as representing Edmond's Baking Powder. This character, as Richard thought, would merely require a chef's covering of Richard's natural body—and so this was made. But to Richard this did not appear to do justice to the rising propensities of this particular Baking Powder. "Now what can be done to remedy this," said Richard. "I've got it," and accordingly without a moment's delay, he was seen describing to a local wire worker how he wanted a portable frame made to cover his embonpoint. The day of the carnival arrived and Richard romped home with the £7 7s. prize. It was the wire frontage with the "at-will-movement" that won the prize for Richard, since, as he paraded in front of the judges, he moved his extension forward and back, and back and forward until the impression of the natural easy and elegant effect of Edmond's Baking Powder was so perfectly illustrated that the judges declared Richard worthy of distinction.

Reformed Drunkard.

At a wedding breakfast, Richard declining to drink the newly wedded couple's health in wine, made the excuse that he was a total abstainer. "A what?" said a dear old spinster. "A total abstainer." "You surprise me—I always understood a total abstainer was a reformed drunkard." "Quite so, madam, quite so," replied Richard, "but as Mother Goose says—better a has-been than a never-was."

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Croquet is a most skilful and charming pastime, generally indulged in by ladies. This was, of course, the magnet attracting Richard to take up the game, and so he linked up with the Aorangi Club at Timaru. The Club was about 30 strong and there was only one other gentleman player than Richard. This gentleman was an excellent player, but fortunately for Richard he did not play a great deal, which meant that Richard had all the charming ladies practically all the time to himself, and of course these charming ladies had Richard practically all the time to themselves. Mrs. Richard also played, so Richard was quite safe. A standing game of bridge was played between a member and her husband and Richard and his wife every Saturday night at the house of the particular lady member referred to. One Saturday night, for some reason best known to Mr. Hunt (now I have let the member's name out), he was unable to play, and sent as a substitute another lady. Richard was a regular fidget that night, and at every possible opportunity he rose and looked out of the window. "What ever is the matter to-night, Mr. Wedderspoon?" said Mrs. Hunt, "are you afraid of some one running away with your car?" "Not at all," said Richard, "to tell you the truth, Mrs. Hunt, I am sick and tired of the sight of your sex, and every time I hear a heavy foot outside I rush to the window hoping that I may catch as much as a passing glimpse of a man."

Fiddle Strings.

The ever popular and much read "Truth," in reviewing a Guide to New Zealand, which Richard had just completed, mentioned, amongst other things, that one of the author's peculiarities was that he was a collector of fiddle-strings. "Truth" is published in Wellington, for the benefit of all clear-headed and broad-minded people, irrespective of creed, profession, sex or class, and circulates throughout the whole Dominion. As evidence of this Richard received a

letter from a nephew of his from the most southerly, or nearly so, town of New Zealand, namely, Invercargill, reading to effect: "Dear Uncle Richard—We have all read and enjoyed what 'Truth' has to say about your Guide to New Zealand, but father (that is Richard's brother, who is a Presbyterian Minister) has asked me to write and ask you what you collect fiddle-strings for—as we all think fiddle-strings are a most peculiar thing to collect.' Signed—Your affectionate nephew—CARRICK." To which Richard in due

Fiddle Strings.

Richard's Dream of Heaven.

course replied: "My dear Nephew—I duly received your letter, and, while I do not make it generally known, I am prepared to disclose to you (since you are the son of a parson and of course you will satisfy your father's curiosity by in turn conveying it to him), my reason for collecting fiddle-strings, and it is this. I have always had a suspicion that there would be a broken stringed harp awaiting me in the Land of Beyond, and so I collect fiddle-strings in the hope that I may perfect the instrument—if necessary.—Your affectionate Uncle—RICHARD." Moral: Never miss "Truth."

Fishing.

Many years ago, Richard mated up with a few pals who spent their week-ends fishing. Fishing being a somewhat slow sport in Scotland and Richard a very fast young man, he showed symptoms week-end after week-end of exceeding the limits of the Quantity Drinking Act, but never yet failed to say "c-a-b." Richard's wife, jokingly, week-end after week-end, teased Richard about the spirituous nature of the fishing ground selected by the party, to which Richard courageously replied, "Yes, my dear, it is funny, that a spot near to Linlithgow Distillery should have been chosen." "That's funny, dear," said Richard's wife, "why don't you call it an angling party instead of a fishing party, as it appears to me that your bosom, or rather I should say your boozing, friends are angling for what they can cadge, not catch, at the Distillery?" "Quite so, dear, quite so," said Richard. Anyhow, the week-end following this dialogue, Richard, on reaching home, could just say "cab," nothing more, and on rolling or falling into bed he found on his pillow a message from his wife, an old, old message, but an appropriate one.

Izaak Walton's Disciple.

Behold the Fisherman
He riseth up in the morning
& disturbeth the whole household
Mighty are his preparations
He goeth forth full of hope When
the day is far spent he returneth
smelling of strong drink, and the
truth is not in him

Richard as Angler.

Richard Arrested.

Motor misappropriation was a very common practice a few years ago. Now, Richard believes the act to be theft, and the actor liable to imprisonment. Be that as it may, however, Richard had his car misappropriated some years ago and immediately acquainted the headquarters of the Police at Wellington of the occurrence. Many days elapsed, and no trace of the car, still more days and still no car, so Richard's wife suggested inserting the following advertisement in that afternoon's newspaper.

> "Two-seater car, removed from garage adjoining Opera House, on such-and-such a date. Reward of £5 will be given to anyone giving information leading to the recovery of the car. Phone No.——"

Quite early the next morning a lady rang up to say if the owner would meet her at a given place at Lyall Bay, she would take him to the car. Not being of suspicious natures, Richard and his wife went, and on reaching the given place, met the lady of the good news. The three then proceeded to the resting place of Richard's car. The speedometer registered an increase of fully 900 miles, but the engine, the tyres, the paint and the upholstery, were in perfect order, and so Richard didn't grudge the appropriateist his joy ride. Richard was delighted in jumping inside to be met with most delightful odours, as though the car had just returned from Paris, and on the seats and floor were strewn hair-pins, powder, etc. Richard starts her up and off Mrs. Richard and he go, merrily along, until all of a sudden, on Richard attempting to negotiate the busiest corner in Wellington, namely, that at the Bank of New Zealand, he was dimsayed to find himself held up by a constable. Just as suddenly, however, Richard realised that the constable must have taken Richard for the thief, and so he pulled up and called to the policeman to come to the side of the car. This the policeman declined to do, preferring to stand directly in front of the radiator, so that Richard dared not have attempted to run his race of theft, but instead, still another policeman—they were both in uni-

form—whipped round from the back of the car, and without rhyme or reason, immediately pounced on innocent Richard, saying, "We're looking for you. You're in possession of a stolen car."

"Oh! now I understand, constable—but as it happens I've just a few minutes ago recovered the car, and in any case I am Mr. Wedderspoon, the owner."

"Can't help it, you'll have to come to the station with us."

"All right. I'll proceed to the station and you follow up."

"Not on your life, you'll have to take my mate and me down with you."

"Look boys," says Richard, "don't make a show here, I'm all right—I'm Mr. Wedderspoon right enough."

However, Richard could not persuade the men in blue that he was the rightful owner of the car, and it suddenly dawned on him that he could ring up the Chief Detective, the late Mr. Boddam, who was a neighbour and a personal friend of his, and accordingly Richard was making to leave the car with this object in view when one of the policemen said, "It's no good you trying to leave the car, hurry up and drive us down to the Station." Richard then suggested that he be allowed to go into an adjacent hotel in company with the two constables and ring to his friend Mr. Boddam. "That's no good," says cop the first, "but I'll tell you what, if you will take the car down that side street and leave it and the woman in charge of my mate, I'll go into the hotel with you." So Richard and one of the constables left Mrs. Richard and the car in custody of the other, and in a few seconds Richard was heard to say over the wire, "Hallo there, is that Chief Detective Boddam?"

"Yes, Mr. Wedderspoon, I'm here, what can I do for you?"

"I've rung up to congratulate you on the vigilance of the constabulary. My wife and I are under arrest for stealing our own car."

"I'm sorry," says Mr. Boddam, "and I appreciate the view you take of the position."

"That's quite all right, thank you, but may I be released now?" to which the Chief replied, "Ask the constable to speak and it will be quite all right"—and it was.

Women's Skirts.

A Croquet Tournament was being held at Wanganui St. John's Club, and during the tourney Mr. Murray, the President of the North Island Croquet Association, in a short address on Croquet etiquette, said, amongst other things that the ball should not be touched by the hand, but moved, whether in play or not, only by the mallet. "What a strange rule," ejaculated one of the lady members, "what is the reason for that, Mr. President?" "Well, Madam," said the President, "the Rules Committee were forced to this conclusion not entirely because of the shortness of women's frocks at the present time, but because of a fear of how much shorter they may become."

Church and Bridge.

Richard was at this time visiting one of his sons and his wife at Wellington, and left immediately after breakfast to attend the service at St. John's Church, mentioning before leaving that he might not be home for mid-day meal—nor was he. Instead of mid-day Richard strolled in about midnight, and was met thus by his daughter-in-law:

"Hullo Dad, you're late, had a good day?" says Maggie.

"Oh, perfectly glorious day, went to hear Dr. Gibb's successor, Mr. Blanchard, in the forenoon, and Robertson-Orr's successor, Mr. Howie, in the evening, and thoroughly enjoyed both of them." Poor Richard had scarcely got the last word of the utterance out of his mouth when Maggie said, "That's nice—did you go to Sunday School in the afternoon just to finish the day as it were?" "No, Maggie," said Richard, "I played Bridge all afternoon." "That's decent," said Maggie.

"Dignity and Impudence."

Richard's Great Circumference.

A Sport.

Richard was being measured for a suit of clothes in Auckland, when the cutter, in attempting to encircle Richard's waist, on patting the prominent part, said, "You've won many a race in your day, I'll bet." "Why, cutter?" said Richard, which was responded to immediately by the retort, "Look at the handicap they've put on you."

CHAPTER XII.

Love, Courtship, Marriage.

WHAT is love? Richard claims authority on this subject and will tell you.

Love at first blush—you know the blush Richard means—the come-kiss blush, the virgin kiss, the butterfly-like, petal tormenter, which after sucking the sweet meaty substance out of the flower, flies away all too quickly and returns again and again to aggravate and thrill the very soul, as though the earth shuddered, the air electrified, and the body became hypnotised, yea paralysed.

The love which passes through the pores of every human, by an irritating, invisible, but painfully conscious sensation, gasping with out-stretched arms and heaving breast, to embrace some one who will reciprocate its agonising desire for liberation, and yet longing for a continuity of that indescribable something, that sensational pang, which struggles to make its escape, yet fails to do so—should the intoxicated sufferer be of the feminine gender she becomes awe-stricken and frantic, or should the sufferer belong to the male sex, he becomes exasperated, languid, frail, nonsensical and fades into oblivion, and into forgetfulness of self

Richard hears you say "what rot." But dear reader, if this has not been your experience, then your mate has not yet hopped across your path, not yet pecked and nibbled at

the door of your heart, your Cupid has not yet found wings with which to reach and enforce an imperative entrance into your very soul; you have not yet collided with the propelling force. Richard advises caution when you come into contact with environment; when environment makes its first knock at the door, when environment agitates the love chords. It is the first knock that knocks hardest, and too frequently, that first knock emanates from a wrongful environment. Be careful, dear reader, of the first knock—when it comes along, as come along it will, take Richard's advice, put on your thinking cap, take your Creator into your confidence—don't confer with mother,—go out into the fields under the canopy of Heaven and soliloquise.

The second stages of love are manifold and can best be described by the two hearts that imagine they beat as one. But Richard knows that those throbs, those pulsations, those palpitations of the heart are in reality at variance the one with the other; otherwise, the accepted adage, "the course of true love never did run smooth," would have been denied the acknowledgment, and the certification of the ages. It would have been scrapped, would never have known the hearts' inner regions, nor the light of day,—the whimsical capriciousness of love would have been lost in the mists of antiquity—and so Richard describes love in its initial and too frequently its fatal stages.

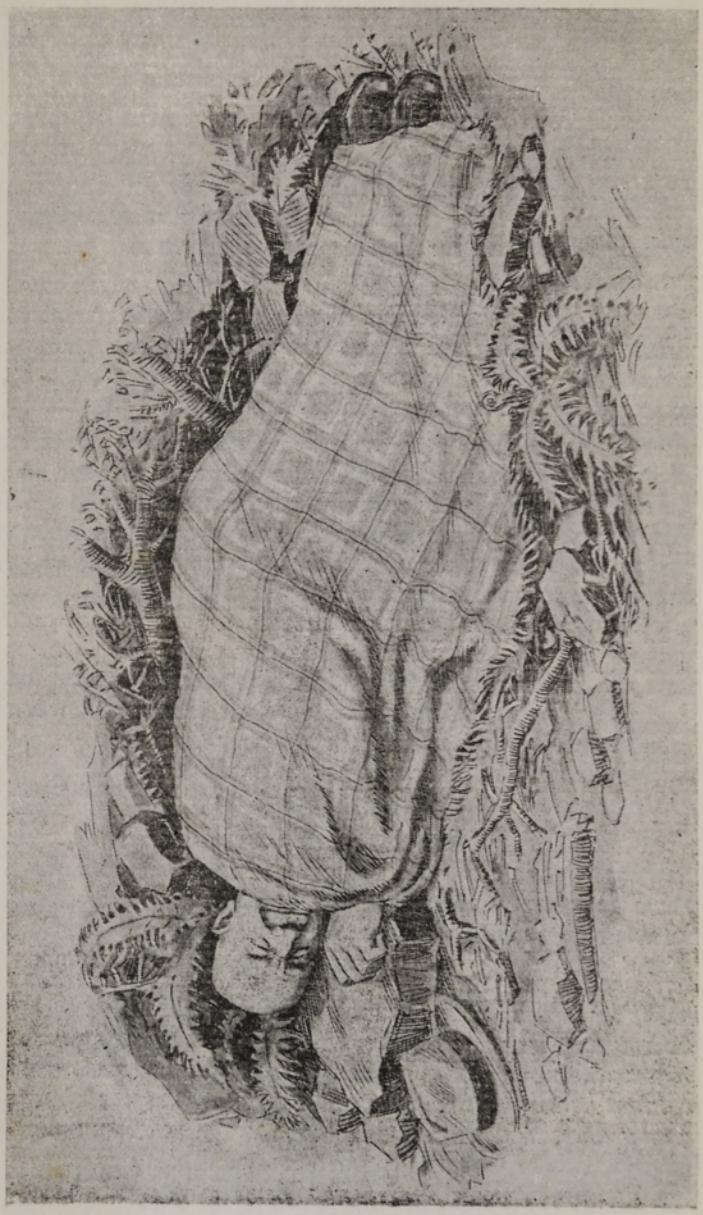
Now comes Courtship. What is Courtship? Richard can interpret this for you, since he has come through it. Courtship is the carrying on between the sexes, a blindfold flirtation, a coquetry, a playing at wooing, visualising and promising a life of perpetual sunshine, one long cloudless summer, a paradise full of plumaged and singing birds, a veritable Garden of Eden. Courtship, then, is that cocktail love which only requires the ignition of the electric spark, to set springtime ablaze, creating a furnace-heat sufficient to dissolve the passionate ores of the heart.

Courtship is to-day a kaleidoscope—a Milky Way of promise full of hope—an eternal budding spring, with variegated

foliage, and scented and beautiful flowers strewn everywhere, and a figurative to-morrow full of disappointment, full of pessimism, dreading disaster, with its autumnal tints dying into cold and sombre winter. And so courtship, notwithstanding perplexities, and complexities, usually develops into marriage, and the possessors of the two hearts that imagined they beat as one, are too frequently ostracised for their blind and indeed also for their deaf folly.

Marriage—what is marriage? Richard knows and will tell you. Marriage is the reciprocal satisfying of the emotional passions. If the parties to the proposed marriage were passionless, there would be no marriage. If Joseph knew Mary was passionless—void of emotion—or Mary knew Joseph was passionless—void of emotion—then Joseph and Mary would never have married. But if Joseph did not know that Mary was passionless, Joseph would take a risk and marry Mary and be unhappy ever after, and in similar fashion, if Mary did not know that Joseph was passionless, Mary would take a risk and marry Joseph and be unhappy ever after.

The doves have built their nest—the chicks come home. The love which existed before marriage is now divided. The explosion has taken place, the ardour has cooled. Beware at this juncture of your married life. Watch the swing of the pendulum and be sure you adjust it. Be sure you regulate it to keep the mean Greenwich time all the time. Avoid "daylight saving"—it is misleading. The sun—God's timepiece—reaches its meridian at 12 noon. The celestial timepiece never changes. Mother has not now got the time to devote to father, nor to shower streams of radiant and golden love on him. Love becomes cooled, the glow has gone out of the fire and is substituted by admiration. Father admires mother because of her devotion to the children. Mother admires father because of his devotion to the children. Time rolls on. The chicks become lassies and lads, they develop womanhood and manhood, their love emotions crave for liberation, each with the opposite sex. Father and mother



Snug as a Bug in a Petone Rug.

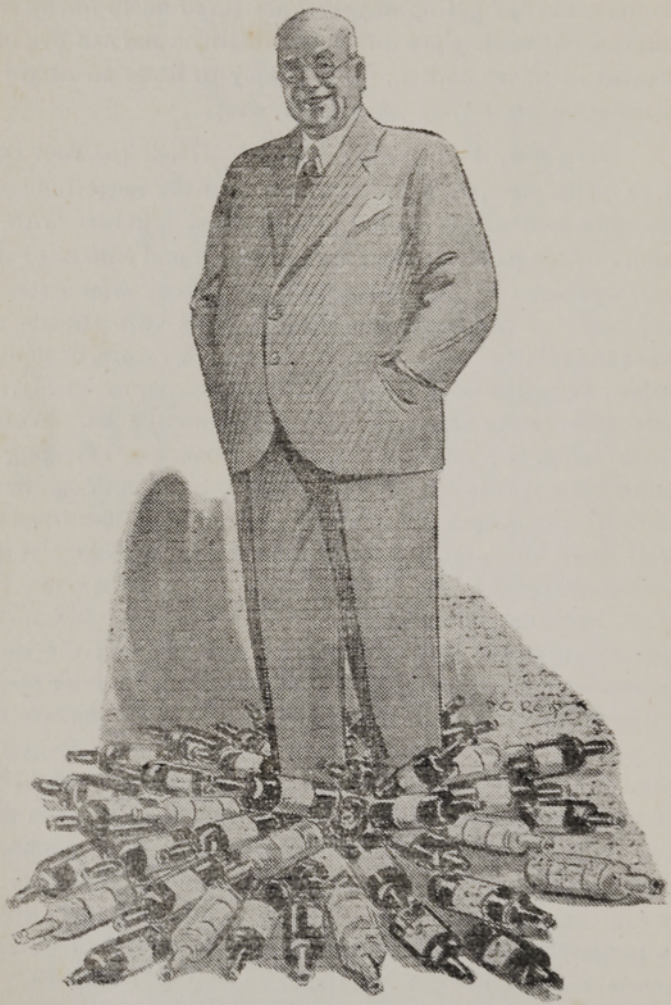
Richard "Under the Greenwood Tree."

grow in years. The fire of love becomes a mere ember—a glowing cinder—which poor short-sighted father and mother cannot blow into a blaze. How many fathers and mothers, as they get up in years, are cared much for by their children, unless they are affluent—wealthy—and can live independent of their children, or are likely to leave an estate for distribution after they have gone west?

"Very few, if any," says Richard. Hence the root cause of so many unhappy marriages is due to the forgetfulness of the soul, lack of devotional preservation, together with the failure of the parties concerned to respect and adhere to their marriage vows. There are only two persons who know the real cause of the grief, and those are the two persons who share the matrimonial closet. No mother or father, or mother-in-law, or father-in-law, or relative or friend, or enemy, will ever know what exists in the matrimonial closet. Woman, in marrying, is pleased to make the sacrifice of changing her name. She makes the sacrifice because of something she has gained. She adopts the name of her husband, and lives ever after with the prefix Mrs. She wears a wedding ring, a visible emblem of the fact that she is a married woman. She takes her husband for "better or for worse" and for the specific purpose of "multiplying and replenishing the earth." Is woman adhering to these conditions of married life to-day? Richard answers—no. Woman is too eager to emulate man. Hence the neglect of their matrimonial vows, hence the elimination of home life and example, hence the rapid increase of unemployment amongst men. Richard says: "Covetousness is the root cause of woman's desire to emulate man, and so long as this covetousness exists, so long will strife rule in matrimony, and unless woman realises this, then Richard is prepared to predict that God will give to man power to create a substitute for marriage. There will then be a universal religion.

When the question of women as ministers of the Church was being discussed in England in July, 1927, one speaker said:

Triumphant!



Richard at Sixty-one.

"This discussion arose because one gifted woman wanted to go into the ministry—next week," continued the speaker amidst laughter—"that woman is going to be married. The Christian ministry demands the sense of life vocation." To this Richard adds: If the nations and the people of the world are to live more peaceful lives, women's duties must be of a domestic nature and no other. In London, in 1926, there were 2,400 married couples divorced, and the demand for divorce is rapidly increasing, says the Press Association. Richard maintains that women are not functioning properly, and he is convinced that just as surely as Britain will lose her power and her supremacy if the League of Nations fails to function properly, so surely will the marriage laws be abrogated, nullified, and metaphorically speaking, the bottom will fall out of the British Empire, if woman does not acknowledge man as the head of affairs. Therefore, know thyself. Closet yourself with your Creator, peer through the windows of your soul, and dwell in thoughtful and meditative gaze, until you realise your own weakness. Eradicate this weakness, clean up your conscience. Life will then, and not until then, be altogether better, and the individual will enjoy the laughter life and be happier ever after.

He who laughs last laughs best.
I have erred,

but

Humanum est errare
To—err—is—human.

Practise mind over matter. It is within the power of every human being to eradicate his or her bad habits and to acquire good ones. Start now and the world at large will be the better for your example.

The Editorial Chair.

Richard has "Earned a Night's Repose."

EPILOGUE

RICHARD, somewhat like a man who lingers over the words of farewell with his friends, and parts with them reluctantly, feels wistfully loth to part with his readers —may he hope that the feeling is as kindly reciprocated? Some friends who have read this book, in proof, have expressed the hope that a later volume may be given to the public recording some more of Richard's adventures, experiences and cogitations. One such letter may be given as typical of many others. It runs:—

Wellington, 14th November, 1927.

My Dear Sir,

I have read the proofs of your book, "BEDS I HAVE SLEPT IN—AND OTHERS," and like a guest thanking his host for a delightful evening, I feel I must write to congratulate you on providing such a novel and charming literary feast for all readers into whose hands your book falls—may they be numbered by the thousand! For them Richard will always stand forth an imperishable memory of a genial, happy, broad-minded, warm-hearted man, the very personification of Browning's oft-quoted lines:—

"One who never turned his back but march breast-forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never feared though Right were worsted Wrong would triumph
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

One rare quality of your work is its simple artlessness, its lack of affectation or pose—or is it that supreme form of literary

workmanship, the art which conceals art? Richard makes no attempt to depict himself as a hero or an Admirable Crichton. He tells of some of his successes, it is true, and he does it without the least suspicion of brag; but he is equally frank in telling stories against himself. In his self-revelation he follows the example of Cromwell, who ordered the artist who was painting the great Protector's portrait to "paint the warts in." The result in Richard's case is that we get a real picture of a real man, very human in his virtues and his failings, very kindly, and wise with the wisdom of the humanitarian who takes the whole world to his heart, and calls all men brothers and all women sisters.

But, man, your book has given me, a brither Scot, and a lover of Auld Reekie, a poignant attack of nostalgia. I am homesick to-night and dreaming of all the dear, dead days beyond recall, and wandering back over the years that the locusts have eaten to the glorious days of youth. Wellington, beautifully situated on her hills, with the waters of her magnificent harbour lapping around her fringes, fades away, and once again I am standing on Calton Hill, looking out across the waters of the Firth of Forth and seeing through misty eyes old loved landmarks, each of them bathed in the glamour of history and romance—the Castle, the University, Scott's Monument, Princes' St. Gardens, the Royal Mile stretching from the Castle to Holyrood Palace, St. Giles Cathedral (where Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the head of the hapless Dean and smashed for ever the kingly attempt to establish Episcopalianism in Scotland as the national religion), Leith in the distance, Newhaven—can't you imagine you hear across the years the call of the quaintly-garbed fishwives with their creels of fish, crying through the streets "Caller herrin', caller herrin', caller 'oo?" I wonder if the Newhaven fishwives still persist in this world of change and evolution and revolution. And when I cast my eyes in the direction of Stockbridge, I can conjure up the vision of a stalwart, red-headed boy, school-bag on back, making his way sturdily towards Daniel Stewart's College, calling, en route, on the Lady of the Mangle to buy some of

her precious toffee. What self-respecting boy would hesitate for a moment in a choice between lunch and sweeties? At least, no boy would hesitate in the days when we were young, nigh fifty years ago. But, perhaps, tempora mutantur, and I dare not speak for the boy of to-day.

Your book will be a veritable feast of delight to anyone who has known and who loves our own familiar town, Edinburgh. And an equal delight, I imagine, will be taken in it by the New Zealand reader, for Richard has now become a New Zealander by adoption and has so much to tell of his experiences in our lovely Dominion, that while the New Zealander will rejoice in it, he will also consider it a most appropriate souvenir to send to friends overseas to give them intimate glimpses of life in these Fortunate Isles.

Richard bids fair to become known as New Zealand's Laughing Philosopher. The wit and humour are delightful, the absence of all bitterness, the inspiring optimism, the breadth of outlook in the more serious chapters, the courage and fearlessness in expressing unconventional and original views, make the work conspicuous and inspire the hope that now Richard has set his hand to the plough, he will realise that he has turned over only one furrow, and his public hope he will turn many more; or, to alter the figure of speech, give them many more pages from a life that has been so full and happy because, perhaps, it has been lived so cheerfully and courageously.

I append a few stanzas, inscribed to Richard, urging him to accept this view. And now I conclude with an auld Scot's wish for him—"Lang may his lum reek," and may he soon favour us with another volume of recollections and reminiscences from his marvellous store.

I remain, yours very sincerely,

ALAN SCOTT-SETON.

In Meditative Mood.

Richard's Maturity.

RICHARD.

Magician with the potent wand
(A pen it is that does the caper)
Who weave us dreams of Fairyland
With warp and woof of ink and paper,
You bring the glamour back once more
Of youthful years, till I am fain
To cry unto the days of yore:
"O! will ye no come back again?"

These were the days! when Life was young
And down the dancing ways of Youth
We tripped, while merry songs were sung
And bliss was ours in very sooth.
To-day, alas! when eild draws nigh
And many olden dreams seem vain,
Our hearts send forth the wistful cry:
"O! will ye no come back again?"

Song, scent and sunshine from the past,
The glamour of our younger days,
The radiance that could not last
You bring to these drab, latter days.
Laughter, 'tis said, is twin to tears
And bliss lies on the edge of pain—
Give us the dreams of other years—
Years that will not come back again.

L'Envoi

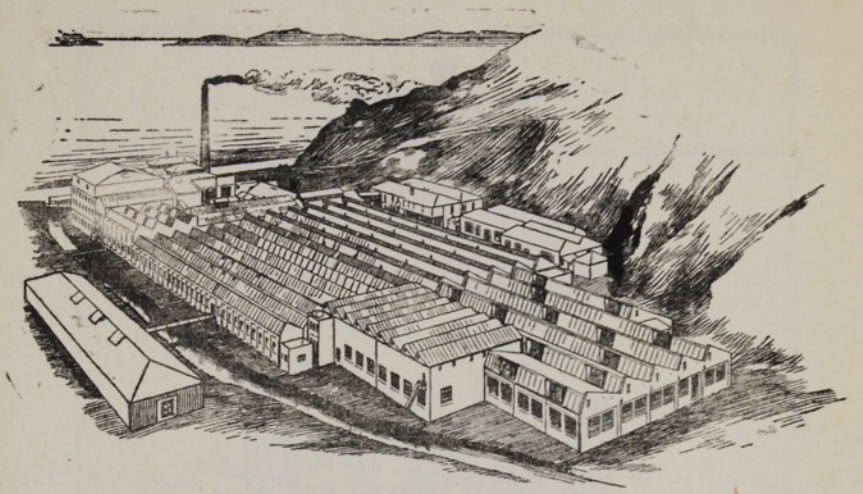
Richard! Ah friend, we love you well
While seasons wax and seasons wane,
Then weave for us your magic spell—
"O! will YOU no come back again?"

ALAN SCOTT-SETON.

Richard feels proud and pleased, but duly humble when he reads this too-flattering tribute; but he would say, as to whether another volume will follow this one, that the decision will depend upon his readers and the public. He has much more to say, but he would not "linger superfluous on the stage." Do the public desire to hear more of his experiences and recollections? The decision rests wholly with them. And now, readers, male and female, young and old, Richard makes his bow and bids you "Au Revoir."

"And all through life I see a Cross
Where sons of men yield up their breath.
There is no gain except by loss,
There is no life except by death."


EDMOND'S
BAKING POWDER
SURE TO RISE



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