

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page five.)

"Oh, yes, he will come to night! You may be sure of that. Maybe he will have news. Kitty!"

"Yes, sir." The old man looked at her quickly and frowned.

"You are not angry with me, child?"

She made no answer, and he went on:

"Young people don't understand. Their brains are undeveloped. We have to do their thinking for them. Believe me, it will all come right. I was very pleased to hear you had promised to marry Mr Chase without—er—without any unnecessary delay. That is sensible. You will be happy, I'm sure. Chase is very wealthy, and he has brains. Brains and money—a very good combination, very good indeed. You'll thank me some day."

The girl moved to his side and, stooping, kissed him.

"I thank you now, daddy dear. And now, if you don't mind, I'll take a stroll in the garden. It is a warm night."

"Very well, my child, but put a wrap on and don't go far. Chase may be back at any moment, and he will want to see you, I know."

"Don't let him come after me, daddy. I want to be alone. Life is very puzzling."

She threw a silk scarf over her shoulders, and as she reached the open window she turned her head and glanced back.

"I am going to look at the stars, daddy," she said, "and see if they have any message for me."

And then with shining eyes she went out into the darkness.

(To be continued.)

OTAHUITI NOTES.

FOOTBALL.

On Saturday 29, Otahuti journeyed to Drummond and play the home team at 2 p.m. Mr Frank O'Connell, referee.

Wai'anawa oppose the Wright's Bush team while the Calcium team have a bye. Given a dry day fast open games should result.

On Monday night the R.S.A. organiser, Mr Colquhoun, will speak at Calcium on the objects of the Association.

The Otahuti recreation ground was the scene of a very fast football match last Saturday, when the Wai'anawaw team met and defeated the Otahuti team by six points (two tries) to nil.

The play from the start was always interesting and keen, and if it had ended a drawn game, it would have been a better criterion of the match. The ball was very greasy and consequently passing rushes were not the order of the day, the forwards having a hard time of it. Wai'anawa had the best of the first spell, and scored two tries in the first few minutes, but as the game wore on the Otahuties began to assert themselves, and in the last fifteen minutes had everything their own way, and were certainly unlucky in not scoring on several occasions. McCaw (Spar Bush), Pay (Waikiwi), Galt Bros (Wai'anawa), Wilson Bros. (Taranaki), and C. Carter, played exceptionally fine football for Wai'anawa and would be an acquisition to any town club, especially Pay, who is a credit to the position he holds in the Waikiwi senior team. Several Otahuti players being injured in the first spell gave A. McLeod at five-eighths a lot of work to do, and to him must be given the credit for so many rushes being stopped, after his partner J. Cochrane, retiring with a bad knee which unfortunately will keep him out of the team for a few weeks. His place was taken by F. Rogers an old club player, who has played many matches in the army, and has had the advantage of being in first-class Rugby company while in Trentham, "Apres la Guerre." Walking sticks and Zam-buk were at a premium on Sunday I am told and one Otahuti player was heard to say he had two Wai'anawa ears in his pocket, but he must have been unusually lucky in his souvenir hunting; however everybody was of the opinion that the match, altho' played hard was clean and wholesome, and the whisper from a well known Wai'anawa player of quiet and modest nature that his knee was broken, fortunately proved to be untrue.

Mr Frank O'Connell controlled the game efficiently and is likely to get plenty to do in the future.

There are 16 miles of subterranean wine cellars beneath the French cities of Rheims and Epernay.

A good Arabian horse can canter in the desert for 24 hours in summer and 48 in winter without drinking.

DRAUGHTS.

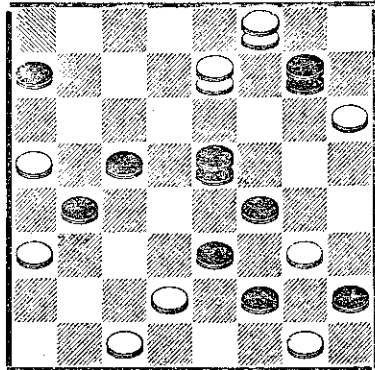
(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

Draught Club meets in Athenaeum every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, visitors cordially invited.

PROBLEM 12.

By W. Veal, Southampton.

Black: 5, 14, 17, 19, 23, 27, 28, Kings: 8 and 15.



White: 12, 13, 21, 24, 26, 30, 32, Kings: 3 and 7.

An interesting stroke.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 11.

Black: 1, 14, 26, Kings: 12, 13, 23, 27. White: 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 16, 18, 19.

White to play and win.

10-7 11-8 5-1 17-22
1-10 12-3 10-19 16-7
18-15 16-11 1-17 22-6
13-6 23-16 3-10 White wins.

BLINDFOLD EXHIBITIONS.

The late Harry N. Pillsbury's greatest record-breaking blindfold exhibition was contesting at one time about thirty-two games of checkers and chess, and also participating in a game of duplicate whist. Harry at the time was in the zenith of his fame, and seemingly in magnificent physical condition, but the strain, which was not then apparent, developed later into what ultimately terminated in a general breakdown. The late Mr Strickland, who, until the advent of Pillsbury, was considered one of the greatest blindfold players the world ever produced, when asked, after giving a simultaneous exhibition, to play a great number of games blindfold, said, "I will cheerfully give the blindfold exhibition after I have had a few hours sleep." Pillsbury, instead of recuperating and acting upon the advice of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who said, "The brain tires quicker than the muscles, and necessarily needs more rest and recuperation," drank a cup of the strongest tea he could get about every thirty minutes, and also continued during the entire performance to smoke cigar after cigar of the very strongest tobacco procurable, which ultimately proved to be his "Waterloo." "Draught's World."

The game hereunder was played in the recent handicap tourney in Timaru, between C. Souness of Dannevirke, and T. Bussell of Fairlie. Mr Souness is well known in Southland, and was some years ago the champion of Southland.

DENNY.

Bussell, Black.	Souness, White.
10.14	8.11
24.20	29.25
11.15	9.13
22.18	18.9
15.22	5.14
25.18	11.15
6.10	24.19
27.24	15.24
8.11	28.19
29.25	4.8
9.13	25.22
18.9	14.17
5.14	21.14
11.15	10.17
24.19	22.18
15.24	17.22
28.19	26.17
4.8	13.22
14.17	1.6
21.14	15.11
10.17	8.15
22.18	18.11
7.16	31.24
	28.12

Drawn.

It was in a very evangelistic district of Wales that the countryside was defaced on every available spot with scriptural texts and would-be heart-searching questions. On the flat stonework of a bridge, in huge letters, appeared the soul-racking query: "What will you do when you die?" But it was not so unanswerable as the writer hoped, for an enterprising bagman in the chemist line wrote underneath in letters of equal size: "Use Dash's Cold Cream—it's good for burns."

The Nature Column.

All interested in fish are requested to come and hear Mr Hunter lecture on this subject to-night in the Technical College.

Dear Student,—According to Blackie's Encyclopaedia, fire clay is always to be found immediately below the coal. Is this variety of clay found to be so placed in New Zealand coal-bearing districts.—I am, etc.,

ENQUIRER.

I am surprised to find that Blackie's Encyclopaedia should make such a statement. It is true that a considerable proportion of the fireclays are found below seams of coal. Strictly speaking a fireclay is a refractory clay usually highly silicious. Or in other words, it is composed of materials which, though capable of being burnt into bricks are yet so infusible that they will not melt or run as would an ordinary brick if submitted to a high temperature. It is almost impossible to melt silica. The clays underlying coal are usually called "underclays." They are not noticeably stratified and vary greatly in character from soft unctuous materials to hard sandy rocks. In composition they vary enormously, the percentage of silica ranging from 50 per cent, or less, to as high as 97 per cent.

The mode of formation of underclays is not certainly known. They do not appear to be soils or of terrestrial origin, but correspond closely to the black ooze of marine and semi-marine estuarine deposits of tropical swamps, or to the muds surrounding the stumps of trees in buried forests. They appear to be quite distinct from the shales sometimes overlying coal. The more silicious portions known in the Old Country as Ganister, possess comparatively few of the characteristics of clay. The term "fireclay" is, in fact, frequently applied to all the refractory deposits in the coal measures without much regard to their composition. In many coal measures the clay is of very little value.

Refractory clays are found in pockets, in Wales and other places in Britain, in limestone country, and are not associated with coal. China clay, from which ware is made, is also very refractory, but is much too valuable to convert into fire-bricks.

These clays are not generally plastic, and do not closely resemble the material which we usually call clay. In fact it is difficult to define what is a clay.

I cannot just at the moment say if any true refractory clays are found beneath New Zealand coal measures, but if I can obtain any information on this point I will revert to the subject later.

Professor Marshall says in regard to our local coals. In the majority of instances the coal does not appear to represent vegetation that grew on the localities where the coal is now found, for the seams vary rapidly in thickness. Usually there is no fireclay beneath the coal; pebbles or quartz embedded in the coal are frequent, and almost certainly represent material that was carried down entangled in the roots of trees. He also says the coal was formed in shallow swampy basins at or near the sea level. These coals are assigned to the Oamaru system, which belongs to the tertiary era.

About this question of the origin of the coals a great controversy has raged for many years among geologists in the old world, some holding that the coal was formed on the spot under similar conditions to peat bogs, and others maintaining that it was formed in a like manner to that outlined above. There is a considerable weight of evidence to prove that coal may be formed on the spot where the plants grew, at any rate so far as young coals are concerned. Count Solms Laubach states that in one mine timbers 150 years old were found to be converted into lignite, of black colour, and lustrous conchoidal fracture, while in another case as little as six years was necessary to produce similar results. It is also generally conceded that the mother substance has never accumulated on really dry land. So far as the old coals are concerned there is not much evidence to prove that greatly diversified forms of plant life such as are now found in peat bogs existed.

I cannot just now go into the mass of evidence in favour of the drift theory, but summing up the whole theory of the formation of coal, it seems that some has been formed on the spot by plant growth, in other cases it is the result of drifted material, and again it has sometimes been formed in a swamp delta, partly from plants growing there, and partly from drift. Coals may be found lying on sandstones, limestones, and igneous rock. Fireclays are frequently met without any coal seam within many feet of them and are on rare occasions above the coal.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can.—Pope.

"To be chaste is to be happy"—

Maybe so, but yesterday, When chased a mile by Murphy's bull I didn't feel too gay.

The "News" is bewailing the iniquity of minority rule in this so-called democratic community, and ascribes the present anomalous state of things political to Labour's defection from the old Liberal-Labour alliance. Which makes very nice reading—only it is not true. The defeat of the Liberals was due to a number of causes, of which Labour's bid for independent representation was only one. (Labour, for instance, had no direct part in Sir Joseph's own deposition; the P.P.A. saw to that.) In so far as the Liberal-Labour split was responsible, the Liberal party has only itself to blame. Time was when a healthy Liberal-Labour alliance smashed the forces of reaction, and achieved wonders through such men as Ballance and Seddon. But the successors of those giants, feeling secure in their position, kicked away the ladder by which they had climbed to power. And, in the years that followed, they fought Labour just as viciously as did the Reformers. Now that they are badly licked they whimperingly blame Labour for taking the only course that the opposition of both other parties had left them. And even at last elections the word "Bolshevism," as connoting the Labour policy, was as much in their mouths as in those of the Masseyites. A dirty weapon to use, truly. "But," will say the "News," "the term had application only to the extreme section of Labour, represented by Harry Holland and Co. We said nothing against sane Labour." Well, the implication was against all Labour that struck out on independent lines; the only "sane" Labour, in the eyes of the "News," was that which voted for the Liberal party. For my own part, I would like to see a reunion between Labour and the more progressive elements of the Liberal party, but since the Liberals broke the alliance, it is for them to first utter the reconciling "God bless you," like the old —. But that is another story, and since it was told by dear old Oliver Goldsmith, it is old enough to be new again.

The bickerings of an old bass fiddler and his wife had grown more and more frequent, until, at last, they culminated in a quarrel so violent that both vowed never to speak to, or sleep with, each other again. The first resolve was all right, but what to do about the latter was a problem, since there was only one bed in the house. At length, however, the fertile brain of the fiddler solved the difficulty. He placed the long fiddle case at night between himself and his wife, and thus they slept for months, "so near, and yet so far." Each had learned to regret the hasty words, and each longed for reconciliation, but neither would make the first advances. One night, however, the old fellow sneezed, and the old woman, from force of habit (following the custom of those parts) ejaculated, "God bless you!" "Th, wife, d'ye mean that?" said the old man. "Aye, John, that I do," answered his wife. "If that is so," said John, "to h—ll with the fiddle case!" and out it went on the floor.

'Tis strange how opposites agree—
Extremes together run;
Thus in a "funeral," we see,
There's always "real fun."

Some little time ago the Survey Department advertised for a married couple. Among the applicants for the position was a young returned soldier, who, in due time received a reply setting forth the duties required, and winding up with the proviso that the woman must have no family, "or any expectations of such." No expectations of a family in a young, healthy married woman! The Department would be well advised to procure an octogenarian couple from, say, Lorne Farm, and even then—well you never can tell. It is hard to say at what age women give up these

expectations. Anyhow, what about encouraging the birth rate?

Pope says: "Whatever is, is right."
I take a different view;
My wife cleared home to me to-night—
She's left, and I'm left too.

Another inhibition—this time of the publication of the places our racehorses hold in public favour, as shown by tote backings. Lordy, Lordy! When and where is this pin-pricking, irritating meddling with our reasonable liberties going to end? The anti-liquor, anti-gambling, anti-tobacco, anti-freedom-in-any-form leagues seem bent on making this country so like Heaven that it will soon not be fit for a rational, red-blooded man to live in. Why do not the sportsmen retaliate by protesting against the publication of the names of winners in church bazaar lotteries—a form of gambling, by the way, infinitely more dishonest than any racecourse betting can be, if one compares the value of the prizes with the total investments?

"Under pressure from wealthy business members of the House of Commons the British Cabinet has abandoned the proposed tax on war fortunes." We had read much about Coats' cotton profits, the "stand and deliver" of the shipping combines, the several hundred per cent. of the textile kings, and so on, and we wondered why some few thousands of these thieves were not hanged as high as Haman. But here we have the explanation, as simple as A.B.C. The profiteer sits in our high places, and makes our laws, and he is by no means suicidally inclined. And it is probably—almost certainly—the same here, else how can we account for the impunity with which some most glaring forms of profiteering are carried on? A wrathful Government visits its vengeance on a luckless greaser who charges an extra sixpence for a patent food, but it has a blind eye for the staggering discrepancy between the cost of raw wool and the price of finished tweed, even after making most liberal allowance for increased cost of manufacturing. Mr Massey tells us he is bent on smashing the profiteer—and we believe him! Well, doesn't Mr Chesterton say somewhere that "we are marvellous mugs."

Count Okuma has been giving his opinion—which, presumably, reflects that of the whole Japanese people—of the Americans and their policy in language unusually forcible and candid for a diplomat. He represents the American charge that Japan is "the Prussia of the East," and retaliates by declaring American ambitions to be on a parity with those once held by Germany, and which were so narrowly forestalled. Possibly both are right. Each aims at commercial and political domination in the Pacific (if nothing more), and "two of a trade can never agree." America has made no secret of her hostility to her rival, and to-day, judging by the intensely anti-Japanese utterances of her statesmen, and the tone of her public press, she seems more intent than ever on removing any possible misconceptions of Japan on that head. The Japs, on the other hand, were for long time cautious and conciliatory but they are at last beginning to "talk back" in a tone that bodes ill for the dreams of the League of Nations. In the aims and ambitions of these rival Powers; in the mutual hatred of the two peoples, and in the confidence of each in its own strength, we have all the elements necessary for another world-staggering conflict. Any moment may see the upheaval, and he would be a daring prophet who would venture to predict the limits of its consequences. The opinion of more than one thoughtful writer is that a struggle between Japan and America might easily develop into an inter-continental war of even greater magnitude and horror than that which has so recently shaken the world. If the possibility becomes an actuality; and the Caucasian is pitted against the black and yellow hordes of Asia, what will be the position of England, in view of her alliance with Japan?