

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page five.)

She almost held her breath as she reached the building, and, keeping close to the walls, crept round to the back. She was now on the south side, and she looked anxiously at the three dark windows.

No gleam of light came from any of them, the curtains inside being closely drawn.

But as she drew near she perceived that the centre window was open at the top.

What ought she do? Should she wait until the murmuring voices ceased, and then tap at the window?

She stood upon the low window-ledge, and raised her head to the opening at the top of the window, hoping to catch some word that was spoken within, or at least to recognise the voices.

"I will get Miss Millbank to come here. It will be quite easy."

Her heart bounded within her, and she almost cried out; but at that moment she was startled by a sound behind her.

The night was very hot and still with not a breath of air stirring, and the sound fell upon her ears with startling distinctness.

It was the noise of rustling in the bushes.

Swiftly she turned and slipped down to the ground.

At the same instant the figure of a man leaped at her through the darkness, and flung his arms about her, holding her fast.

"Who are you, young woman?" said a harsh voice in her ear. "And what are you doing sneaking about my garden at this time of the night?"

Desperately Kitty struggled to release herself.

"Let me go?" she panted.

"No fear!" came the grim reply. "Not till I have a look at you. Keep still till get a light."

(To be Continued.)

ANZAC DAY 1920.

(By Edith Reddall, in "Sydney Mail.")

On far Gallipoli the noble dead lie still,

And once again this April morn are hearts athrill

With love and homage fresh to breathe their memory dear,

Which Britons for all time shall honour and revere.

In vale, on hill, they rest—the valiant, treasured dead,

Whose deeds have on those heights immortal lustre shed,

Brief, grim their warfare, and then the King's business done,

He took from them the sword, because their crown was won.

Blow gently, breezes, o'er the sacred soil where lie

Those gallant sons of Britain, bred 'neath southern sky.

Bloom sweetly, flowers of spring, upon each lonely grave;

Speak in your beauty of the glory of the brave.

Keep watch, gleam tenderly, bright stars, by night, where rest

That hero band so far from those who loved them best.

Mourners, keep back your tears; your warriors did God's will.

Nearer to Him their spirits dwell and serve Him still.

REJUVENESCENCE.

(An eminent scientist claims that a man can regain his lost youth by the grafting on of glands from a monkey.)

I used to think (I'm ninety-six)

I'd reached senility;

But science has contrived to mix

A monkey up with me,

And now I'm young and sprightly,

I go to dances nightly,

And trip around as lightly

As youths of twenty-three.

And oh! I have a simply wild desire

To climb a tree.

My movements once were stiff and slow,

I hobbled with a stick;

But now, no matter where I go,

I am alert and quick.

My quiet days are ended,

My broken frame is mended.

Oh! Heaven bless this splendid,

This priceless monkey-trick.

(A flapper smiled at me to-day. I'm young enough to "click"!)

I drink the drinks I want to drink,

I eat just what I please,

For now, I do not have to think

Of dodging heart disease.

I used to have to diet,

My meals were very quiet.

But now they're one long riot

Of costly luxuries.

Particularly monkey-nuts—I'm simply mad on these.

—D.C.

The Nature Column.

In the last number of the "School Journal" is a fine little article on the Shining Cuckoo. After describing the general habits of the cuckoo, which in the main agree with those of other cuckoos, Mr Anderson, the writer of the article, raises an important question in regard to the migration of the cuckoo. He says: "The song of the bird ceases in January, and it is supposed that in February or March, or it may be later, the cuckoos leave New Zealand for their winter home. This has been supposed for fifty years; but there is a difficulty.

"The winter home was supposed to be New Caledonia or New Guinea, or perhaps the northern part of Queensland; but it now appears that the bird is rarely known in those places, and then only as an occasional visitor; and a noted Australian authority on birds, Mr G. M. Matthews, makes a suggestion which he admits seems absurd. He suggests that the bird never leaves New Zealand at all! He states that it is rarely found anywhere but in New Zealand, and thinks that it may retire to quiet, little frequented parts of the country during that time of the year when it is not heard." In another place Mr Anderson points out that the birds would have to fly over about 1000 miles of the Tasman sea and it is supposed that the bird must be on the wing for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours—an almost unbelievable flight.

In a lecture on the migration of birds given by Mr Philpot before the Naturalists' Society a year or two ago, it was mentioned that the law of the survival of the fittest would provide that only birds possessing the necessary power of flight would survive as the land bridges disappeared. In the same lecture Mr Philpot stated that he had seen cuckoos arrive in Southland absolutely exhausted, and very hungry, eating with avidity the hairy caterpillar of the magpie moth. This caterpillar is rarely eaten by birds. Other evidence of the exhausted state of the birds was also adduced. This at least goes to show that the cuckoo has travelled far before it reaches our southern districts.

In connection with the eating of hairy caterpillars, it is well to note that Mr Pike in the Old Country mentions, in the course of an article on the cuckoo, that these birds eat hairy and brightly coloured caterpillars. He also mentions that when too big for the nest, but still unable to look after itself, the young cuckoo is fed by other birds beside the foster parents. Have any of our observers here noticed this peculiarity?

Mr Anderson says the cuckoo has never been seen to arrive or depart, though the godwit has been seen both coming and going. Further cuckoos have been known to winter in New Zealand. In this, of course, they are not singular, for I have seen the godwit throughout the whole year on the New River Estuary, and they have also been seen by others. A member of the naturalists said he thought the godwit bred here.

An appeal has been made to the teachers and scholars of the schools to watch for the cuckoo in the wintertime, and a keen look out should be kept during September and October, the supposed time of their arrival in the Dominion. We trust that all nature students will do the same. Any notes from correspondents on the cuckoo will be gratefully received.

Dear Student,—Re your request for information as to where fossils may be found in the Hokonui. I have pleasure in sending you the following remarks:—

This vast assemblage of sedimentary strata comprises a stratigraphical system in time from Permian to Jurassic. It is the principal mountain builder in New Zealand, in Southland these rocks occupy the greater part of the land surface and sweep round the south end of Otago to Nugget Point and lower Clutha.

The general occurrence of sediments throughout the country proves that New Zealand was once the shore line of a continent. Geologists do not yet possess sufficient knowledge of facts to enable them to say where the old continent was situated, but the remains of its flora and fauna were covered up by the sands of the beaches and mud deposits, hence the rich fossil bearing rocks in the Hokonui system and elsewhere.

In the gravels of the Otapiri stream plant fossils containing Asplenites similar to the Curio Bay fossils are to be found, also shells such as pectens etc. The different series of the Hokonui system, the Bastian, Otapiri, and Mataura series are all prolific hunting grounds for the fossil seeker.—Yours sincerely,

CHAS. CALVERT.

Myrossa Bush,

June 3, 1920.

A reply to the above will appear in the next issue.

DRAUGHTS.

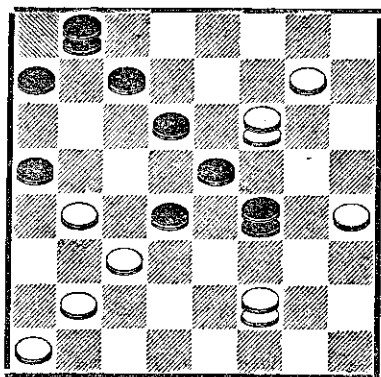
Draughts club meets in Athenaeum, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, visitors welcome.

PROBLEM 13.

By B. Berry, Lincoln, U.S.A.

Black to play and win.

Black: 5, 6, 10, 13, 15, 18, Kings: 1, 19.



White: 8, 17, 20, 22, 25, 29, Kings: 11, 27.

Exceptionally pleasing.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 12.

Black: 5, 14, 17, 19, 23, 27, 28, Kings: 1 and 15.

White: 12, 13, 21, 24, 26, 30, 32, Kings: 2 and 7.

Black to play and win.

5.9 18.22 8.11 23.32  
13.6 26.17 32.23 Black  
14.18 23.26 11.11 wins.  
21.14 30.16 17.14

"11.15 Variation!"—"I am now prepared," announced the professional champion draughts statistician with impressment, "to inform any gentleman present the number of variations to any position he may submit." "Really," exclaimed a sceptic. "I should like to know how many possible variations there is in a game after 11-15 is played?" "Certainly, sir, certainly; there is exactly 17,700,797, and if you can prove I am wrong I will pay you five pounds."

TRAPS FOR AMATEURS.

CROSS CHOICE.

11.15 5.14 11.16 1.5 6.13 8.11  
23.18 22.17 24.19 26.22 22.17 21.17a  
9.14 7.11 16.23 5.14 13.22  
13.9 17.13 27.9 13.9 25.9

(A)—White wins easily with an active king and an impregnable king-row.

An interesting contest is now being played among the local draughts enthusiasts. I refer to the tourney of the Invercargill Draughts Club. Some good games are being played, and I want players also who have games of more than usual interest to take them down for publication in this column. A little more enthusiasm and the game will soon become what it deserves to be, popular.

The following is another game played in the recent Timaru tourney between Mr C. Souness, Dannevirke, and Mr T. Bussell, Fairlie.

DENNY.

Mr Souness (black). Mr Bussell (white).

10.14 6.10 14.17 3.8 11.18  
24.20 23.24 21.14 32.28 14.9  
11.15 9.13 10.17 5.9 8.11  
22.18 18.9 24.19 23.24 9.2  
15.22 5.14 17.22 2.6 11.16  
25.18 25.22 26.17 23.19 2.11  
8.11 1.5 13.22 9.13 16.32  
29.25 22.18 19.15 18.14 Black wins.

A large number of prominent Scotsmen, some of them Dominion office-bearers of the Piping and Dancing Association of New Zealand, visited Dunedin last week from all parts of the North and South Islands in connection with the association's piping and dancing competitions. Among these visitors are Messrs N. Mackenzie Forbes (president of the Wanganui Caledonian Society, and probably the best Highland dancer ever in the Dominion), David Munro (ex-president of the Palmerston North Caledonian Society), Donald H. MacLean (Feilding), Wm. McLachlan (a prominent office-bearer of the Wellington Competitions Society), and Mr John Fraser, Limehills (ex-chief of the Southland Highland Society). The visitors are giving high praise to the local centre of the association for the excellence of the arrangement and management of the present Dunedin competitions.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

To know all is to forgive all. Intimidation plays a big part in society under the name of respectability.

The abuse of power proclaims the weakness.

Those who never do more than they are paid for, never get paid for more than they do.

I know a man who never lied to his wife. He was a bachelor.

The way of the transgressor is hard—on the rest of us.

Life consists of two things—wishing you hadn't if you did, and wishing you had if you didn't.

An argument with a woman is often opened by mistake.

A FEW DEFINITIONS.

Love—Madness.

Courtship—Gladness.

Marriage—Sadness.

Faith—Belief in what we know is rot.

Charity—An excellent advertisement.

Memory—The faculty which enables us to remember what we ought to forget.

Curiosity—A feeling inspired by things that are none of our business.

Flattery—Praise of other people.

Glatton—A full grown man who can eat nearly as much as a boy.

Pleasure—Anything we can't afford.

Martyr—A man who lives up to his wife's expectations of him.

Food prices rise beyond belief,

And apprehensive fears awaken;

That if it's rash to purchase beef,

It's even rasher to buy bacon.

It is quite common to see placards attached to perambulators bearing the notice, "Please do not kiss the baby."—London correspondent to a northern paper.

You had better kiss the mother,

The learned doctors say;

Infection to the little one

By this you might convey.

If you respect that science which

Pathology is styled:

You had better kiss the mother,

Let the mother kiss the child.

There is nothing like a good scare to test the strength of our convictions. Time was when almost every other man in Invercargill openly proclaimed his antagonism to vaccination. That was when we had no smallpox, and when there seemed little likelihood of it coming. But the unexpected has happened, as usual. We have had quite a number of cases of smallpox (though we for a time disguised it with fancy names), and now Dr McCaw is overworked, and those who declaimed most loudly against vaccination carefully keep their left arm away from your possible friendly smack of greeting, while on every hand we hear murmurs about "A proper regard for the public safety," etc. Smallpox, like conscience, makes cowards of us all. For my own part I frankly confess that I got Dr McCaw to decorate my left arm the other evening. It "took" beautifully, and, as a result, my temper is in a sadly frayed condition just at present. By the way, can anyone tell why the doctors almost invariably choose the left arm to operate on? Not always, though, as the following story will show.

During an epidemic of smallpox a music hall artist, who was very proud of her shapely limbs, and who had gained considerable notoriety through the scantiness of her stage attire, called on a doctor with a view to being vaccinated. She insisted, however, that the operation should be performed in such a way as to leave no mark visible to her night admirers. "Well, to make sure on that point," said the doctor, "I had better first see you in your stage get-up." The lady agreed to give him a sort of private rehearsal—her usual undress affair. At its conclusion the medico said, "Well, if you really want protection, but do not want any marks visible—well, all I can suggest is that you swallow the lymph."

The daily papers have been telling us of a man up north who bought and sold three farms inside of twelve months, net-

ting £12,000 from the deals. And Mr Massey says he has no evidence of profiteering in land!

A PARABLE.

In a far country, the name whereof being Godzond, great tribulation fell upon the people by reason of a plague, which, in the language of that country, was called the profiteer. And they rose and went to their rulers, saying: "Deliver us, we pray you, from this evil, which eateth up our substance, and maketh a quidlet to look like a picture of nothing. The H.C.L. (which, being interpreted, meaneth hellish prices), troubleth us, and our eyes perceive things to be exceedingly unptido. We beseech you, oh masters, to help us." And the rulers answered, saying: "Depart in peace; we shall dummix the profiteer until he looketh meaner than twopenny in coppers." But when the people had gone away rejoicing the rulers winked the other eye at each other, saying: "What mean these foolish people? Lo! the profiteer is our father and our brother, and our cousin and our son; he is also ourselves. Shall we, then, hearken to the rabble, and sever our own jugulars? No dam fear!" Then spake one who was full of years and guile, and said: "These ye speak of are our friends; they also command many votes. The Lord forbid that we should lay hands on them. But there be others, smaller fry, who live not in our street, neither have they many votes. They are sellers of Mellin's Food, Vas-el-in, and such small things in the market place, and they sometimes rat the people, yea, even to the extent of a tanner. Verily, we will shake the tar out of some of them. And the people will bless us and forget about our friends who have great dealings in wool, and hides, and land, and the flesh of sheep and beeves." And lo! it came to pass as he said. They gave the poor seller of goods a taste of hell; but the rich man they laid on velvet. And the people (who are sometimes called also mugs), seeing only part of this said: "Wise and great and good are our rulers," and they blessed them and went on paying through the nose for their scran, raiment, and other things. Moral: Well take your choice of a dozen.

Perhaps the most mistaken and regrettable strike that New Zealand has yet seen was that entered into by the Auckland tramway workers on behalf of the jockeys. Their assistance was not solicited, so far as we can learn, and their action was made ridiculous by the fact that those for whom they were fighting took no part themselves in the struggle. It simply looks as though the tramwaymen were conscious of their "giant's strength," and tyrannously resolved to "use it like a giant," not against the horse-owners or racing clubs, but against the general public—with whom there was no quarrel. In alienating public sympathy, as they have undoubtedly done by their ill-advised bludgeoning of those who were altogether innocent of any part in the trouble between the jockeys and owners, they have weakened any case, however just, they may themselves have in the future. No strike has any chance of success without a measure of public goodwill, and this the tramwaymen have gone a long way towards forfeiting by their intemperate action in the present instance. They are badly beaten—how could it be otherwise? And, in addition to loss of time and money, have made themselves the laughing stock of the Dominion—to the regret of all true sympathisers with Labour's legitimate aspirations.

A PROPER WEAPON!

"Well, John," said the doctor, who had been rather rudely roused from his afternoon nap, "what's wrong with you?" "I've sprained my wrist rather badly, sir," explained the blacksmith of the village.

The doctor examined the wrist, and looked grave.

"Thomas," he called to the surgery boy, "go upstairs and bring me down that phial on the table."

With indignation in his face, the blacksmith stared to his feet.

"File!" he yelled. "No, you don't! If this hand's to come off you'll use a knife or an axe!"