

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page five.)

"Kitty, what are you doing here? Get back to the house at once," he said sternly.

But the girl flung her arms about his neck, and began to appeal to him in passionate tones.

"Oh, daddy, you must help me! You must—you must! You must save him!"

"Save him? Save whom?"

"Dick!"

"Who the deuce is Dick?"

"Oh, daddy, you remember. I told you how I loved him, how we loved one another."

"B... good gracious, child, you have promised to marry Chase!"

"I—I only did it to save Dick!" Kitty was sobbing. "Mr Chase promised to get him out of the country, but he didn't. He is here, and the police are coming."

"The police! Good heavens, what for?" Pelham Webb interposed.

"The young man who is now dressing in there, sir, is an escaped convict. It appears the young lady knew him before he committed the crime for which he was convicted."

"Upon my word, Kitty," exclaimed the judge in bewilderment, "you are no better than a baby. You ought to be whipped and put to bed. A criminal! An escaped convict. You want me to protect him? Me?"

"Yes, daddy, please. He is not really a criminal. It was all a mistake. He is good and true and noble. He never did anything wrong in his life. And—and I love him."

"Rubbish! Come along indoors."

"I won't!"

"Kitty!"

"Oh, daddy, don't you understand? The police are coming to take him. They will lock him up. You mustn't let them. You are a great judge, you can do anything. You must help Dick to escape. Please, dear daddy, please."

With an effort Sir John Millbank suppressed a not unnatural irritability, and spoke calmly and quickly.

"My dear Kitty, now listen to me," he said gravely. "I am, as you say, a judge, and that means that it is my duty to hold the scales of justice even, and to see that the wrongdoer is punished for his crime. This man you speak of has committed some offence against the laws of his country, or he would not have been convicted. He must now suffer the penalty of his crime, and, moreover, by attempting to evade his proper sentence he has committed a further offence for which he will receive additional punishment. There is nothing to be said in his favour, nothing whatever, and—"

At that moment the door of the inner room opened, and Dick Foster came out.

"That is the man, my lord," said Webb. "But do not be alarmed, I will protect you until the police arrive. They have been sent for."

Sir John Millbank did not appear to hear the words. He was staring at the newcomer.

They stood motionless, staring into one another's eyes.

Then the judge spoke, uttering a single word, and his voice was tremulous and weak with an odd note of appeal in it.

"Jack! my son."

"No, sir," replied the young man quietly; "my name is Richard Foster, and I am about to surrender myself to the police!"

(To be continued.)

WAR RELIEF.

"The return of all ex-members of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force suffering permanent disablement exceeding 20 per cent. has been received from the printer," states the Applications Committee of the Wellington War Relief Association. "It discloses that the Wellington society is responsible for approximately one-third of the total number of disabled soldiers in the Wellington province—namely, 324 out of a total of 1069 men. There are, however, 23,000 men receiving temporary pensions, a considerable number of whom will ultimately become permanent pensioners, and after allowing for some 25 per cent. who probably will not be suffering economic loss, there remains a minimum of not fewer than 450 partially or totally disabled soldiers for whom the committee is responsible; whilst its financial resources are not one-fifth of the total existing funds in the Wellington province. These facts are referred to as evidence of the necessity to carefully conserve the maximum portion of the society's funds for the benefit of our disabled soldiers and their dependents, who will require assistance for many years to come."

Women members of the Rural District Council of Eton (Eng.), it is announced, are to be permitted to smoke, "to keep them in good humour, to expedite business, and as an antidote to a badly-ventilated room."

The Nature Column.

"Student" will be pleased to receive notes on any branch of Natural History. Observations on birds, insects, plants, etc., will be equally welcome. If using a pen-name, will correspondents please enclose real name and address.)

The constant investigations now being made into the behaviour of air currents in connection with aeroplanes is tending to throw more light on some of the problems connected with the flight of birds and insects. A Mr Perry has made some very interesting experiments with wind wheels which have produced some remarkable results. Several forms of vanes were made, the first with a concave surface and convex back; a second flat in front with a convex back; a third with both sides quite flat, and a fourth with the vane twisted at an angle as in an ordinary windmill, but only to the extent of three degrees. A blast from the electric fan provided the air current and the wheels faced this at right angles. As the air force would meet the vanes of the wheel at right angles it would be expected that no movement of the wheel would take place. This was so until the wheels were given a start in either direction, when strange to say they rapidly acquired speeds of over 1000 revolutions per minute. The flat vane had to be very nicely made and balanced and started at a good speed with a piece of string, but when once started ran as well as the others. The wheel with vanes given an angle of weather like those of a windmill started itself and ran as a windmill. When, however, this wheel was started in the reverse direction by hand it continued to revolve in the opposite direction to which it should naturally have taken. Another extraordinary thing discovered was that when the wheels were running the pressure on the surface of the vanes amounted to three times the amount exerted on them when at rest. It has been demonstrated by Eiffel that a horizontal air current meeting an aeroplane wing without weather angle, i.e., edge-ways, the wing being convex above and concave below, a considerable upward thrust is developed. As pointed out above up to three degrees of negative weather angle did not neutralise such thrust.

The upward thrust which is only noticeable at considerable speeds, is apparently caused by waves in the air which are crowded together in a concave surface, and affect such more strongly than a convex one. Professor Langley who really invented the first practicable airplane wrote a treatise on those waves.

It will be seen from the foregoing that rapid horizontal motion through the air of a curved surface similar to a bird's wing would produce a considerable amount of uplift.

For many years the soaring flight of birds has been explained on the assumption that strong upward currents of air exist, and that soaring birds sought these out and were carried upwards, it also being presumed that the wing had a negative angle of weathering. Now it is reasonable to suppose that over hot regions such ascending currents would be found, but this air has to come down and we would expect to find it so doing about the polar regions. Yet these cold regions are the home of the albatross, one of the most notable of soaring birds. I have seen this noble bird close at hand, and it seems to progress without effort. I also understand from those who have seen in the sub-antarctic islands, that it has considerable difficulty in getting up into the air. The flight of the albatross has always been a puzzle to most people, but the latest explanation of the crowding in of air waves on the under-surface of the wings seems to be a reasonable explanation.

It has been held by leading investigators that insects steer themselves in flight by shifting the centre of gravity. Most of us have noticed the quickness with which they perform their evolutions. Who has not noticed the brilliant dragonfly shooting forward and backward without turning or again turning sharply to either side. The wings of insects beat in unison, and it was thought to be unlikely that they were used for steering. It was considered that an insect bent its abdomen or legs to one side, thus giving it a cant in much the same way as a man on a bicycle leans inward in rounding a corner. This view however is now strongly controverted. Long experiments have proved that insects are able to restrict the beating of a wing though the pair still beat in unison. The restriction of the beat causes the opposite wing to exert more power and thus turns the insect round. No doubt the shifting to one side of the centre of gravity is also used to assist in the steering, but this would seem to be subsidiary to pressure steering by the wings and possibly the thorax and other parts.

DRAUGHTS.

(By F. Hutchins.)

Draughts Club meets on Wednesday and Saturday evenings in Athenaeum. Visitors welcome.

Games, problems, and items of general interest to draughts players should be forwarded to Draughts Editor, 28 Biggar street, Invercargill.

PROBLEM 16.

By G. Smith, Bridgeton.

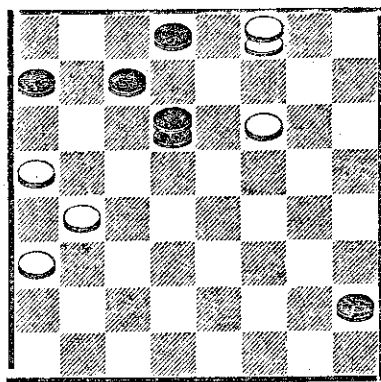
(No. 52 in "Glasgow Observer").

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and draw.

Black 2, 5, 6, 28, King 10.



White 11, 13, 17, 21, King 3.

A useful ending.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 15.

Black 3, 6, 7, 10, 14, 19.

White 13, 17, 21, 26, 28, 31.

7.11a	21.14	11.15	6.2
31.27	6.10	27.24	18.22
14.18b	14.7	10.14	
17.14	3.10	9.6	
10.17	13.9	14.17	

(A) If 23.8 then 31.27, 8.11, 27.23, 11.16, 28.24, 19.28, 26.22, c 16.19, 23.16, 28.32, 16.12, 32.27, 12.8, 27.31, 8.3, d 22.18, 14.23, 17.14, 10.17, 3.1. Drawn.

(B) The winning move.

(C) A pretty sacrifice to gain the piece on 22.

(D) Tit-for-tat.

BRISTOL CROSS.

Played in the recent Timaru tourney between Wm. Carswell (black) and F. Hutchins (white).

11.16	8.11	7.10	5.14	10.17	1.5
23.18	22.17	30.26	29.25	25.22	28.24
16.20	11.16	4.8	3.7	17.26	5.9
24.19	17.10	26.22	22.18	31.22	17.13
10.14	6.22	9.14	14.17	7.10	10.14
26.23	25.18	18.9	21.14	22.17	13.6
					2.9

Drawn.

EARLY TRAPS FOR AMATEURS TO AVOID.

LAIRD AND LADY.

11.15	9.13x	15.18	11.16a	6.15
23.19	17.14	19.15	26.22	25.21
8.11	10.17	4.8	16.23	18.25
22.17	21.14	24.19	15.10	27.4

White wins.

(x) Forms the opening.

(A) 13.17, 28.24, 11.16, 26.23, 16.20, 15.10, 6.15, 19.10 draws.

THE RUINS OF A DRAUGHTS BOARD.

"Why do you keep the ruins of the draughts board that is in this glass case, Jack?" "Oh! that's the board I had thrown at my head at the last north and south match." "Yes, and what's that little faded flower on the top of the heap for?" "That's a flower from the grave of the man that threw the board."—"Pee-wee!" in "Newcastle Courant."

The Surrey loaded 170,000 freight carcases of mutton and lamb. The greater portion of which is for the proprietors of the "Globe" newspaper in New York.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

Has the war altogether upset the mental balance of the world. It is the reasoned opinion of many thoughtful writers to-day that it has, and numerous evidences are pointed to as indicating a world-wide epidemic of insanity. It is doubtful, however, if any of them affords such solid support for the pessimistic contention as the recent demand of the Brisbane workers for a basic wage of £625 per annum for every man with a wife and two children. Not a maximum, mark you; nor an average; but an absolute bedrock screw. £625 per annum; £12 per week! It sounds good—I would like it myself. But, unfortunately, there are other considerations than our own wishes, and these as Burns said, "winna ding." I have no statistics regarding Queensland at hand, but, even without them, I venture the statement that (assuming that childless workers and those with more than two children are to be paid commensurately with the "two-child" man) the total wealth produced in that sultry State would not yield much, if any, more than half that amount per capita of the wealth producers. In fact, I will go further, and say that there is not a single country on the face of God's fair earth that will yield, under present conditions, to the workers anything like what these Brisbane fanatics are demanding, leaving out of account such trifles as the fair remuneration of capital and directive ability; enormously increased interest bills, the cost of government, etc., etc. Reading such items as the Brisbane one is satisfactory proof that the capitalist is not the only profiteer; and it further excites the suspicion that not all the lunatics in Brisbane are in the asylums.

When the P.P.A. was first formed many of us thought its main purpose was to preserve our national system of education against the disintegrating influences of Romanism. This, though probably unnecessary, was understandable, and won the acquiescence of many good natured Protestants—though a large proportion of these were speedily alienated by tactics that left a nasty taste in the mouth of every decent minded man. But the organisation has dropped some of its earlier useful camouflage, and now stands self-revealed, not as the protector of our present educational system, or anything else worth while, but as the promoter of sectarian bigotry and the sower of social dissension. It is bent on frightening the people into fancying Roman bogeys in every shadowy corner, and it is making itself ridiculous in the process. Its latest brilliant effort in that direction is the ascription of the recent railway strike to the machinations of disloyalists—i.e., Roman Catholics, since, according to the P.P.A., there are no "disloyal" Protestants. The strike, suggests one shining light of the P.P.A., was deliberately and disloyally designed to inconvenience our recent Princely visitor. That this is utterly false is proven by the fact that the railwaymen offered to do everything in their power to facilitate the passage of the Prince throughout the Dominion. But the implication is equally insulting to Catholic and Protestant; on the one hand, that, even assuming that there are some few Catholic disloyalists in the service (of which there is no evidence) they would choose such a petty way of showing their disloyalty; and, on the other hand, that the loyal Protestants in the service were fools enough to be gulled, or cowards enough to be coerced, into any line of action of which their commonsense and conscience did not approve.

I have just had the privilege of reading the report of the debate between Conan Doyle and Joseph McCabe on Spiritualism. On the whole it is somewhat disappointing—one somehow expected greater things from these giants of the platform. Of the two I must confess, despite my admiration for McCabe as a debater, and my usual scepticism towards spiritualism, that Conan Doyle made the best showing. For the most part McCabe contented himself with a rehash of the better known cases of exposure of fraudulent practices in connection with spiritualist phenomena. These Conan Doyle cheerfully admitted, and incidentally scored a telling point over his opponent by proving that while most of

the exposures had been made by the spiritualists themselves, their astute and relentless detectives had not been spiritualists. One cannot doubt either the sanity or honesty of Conan Doyle, but the evidences—seemingly well attended too—cited by him are astounding, and leave little room for marvel that the cult is so rapidly winning adherents. In the very nature of things, the subject is a most elusive one—incapable of mathematical proof or disproof; but the cumulative evidence, as Conan Doyle says, is of such weight and character as to be at least entitled to our respect.

"A fool must now and then be right by chance"—and even Mr Massey may sometimes speak the truth. He certainly did so the other day, when he said that the remedy for profiteering rested largely in the hands of the people themselves. Our labour unions, mothers' meetings, and such like, spend a lot of time in clamouring vaguely for the Government to "do something" to reduce the cost of living. I have never yet heard, however, of any of these bodies sending forward any suggestion as to how the Government should do it. There are certain things which would assist towards the great desideratum which lie, no doubt, within the reach of the "Government"; there are others over which they have no control. One of these is the present mad extravagance of the masses. This is beyond the power of anybody but the people themselves to check. If every individual would resolutely set himself to curb unnecessary expenditure the profiteer would be beaten to a finish in no time. The formula is very simple—just do without everything that you can do without for a little while. And it is really wonderful how many things we can dispense with without any harm or real inconvenience to ourselves.

THE PARABLE OF THE TWO SINNERS.

Once upon a time it befell that one who was a transgressor was hailed to the Hall of Justice by the officers of the law, which are, in that country, called Jon-nops. And the chief officer spake to the judge, saying: "Lo, we have brought here one who hath fractured the law in many ways, and who hath, moreover, violently resisted us, and tormented us, yer Worship. Therefore, I pray thee to sock it into him, yer very wifely." But when the judge would have done this, there rose a scribe who had much knowledge of the law, and said to an inch the length of his ears, and said: "Oh, judge, be not hasty in thy judgment but hearken unto me, who speak for the prisoner. It is true that he hath done the grievous things wherewith the officers have charged him. But no blame befall with him. There be two devils, the name of one whereof is 'Brain-Storm,' and of the other 'Sub-Conscious Lapse,' who seize and rend him so that he doeth those evil things, nor knoweth aught about them." And he said that the prisoner had many shekels and a big Chek-Buk. Which when the judge had heard he was moved with compassion, for he knew how these two devils lie in wait to seize on those who have heavy balances at the bank, and he forgave him as one who had no stain on his kar-akter.

Then came another who was also charged with divers offences, but, having no Chek-Buk, no man spoke for him. Thereupon he opened his own mouth and said: "Oh, judge, what the officers have said is true. I have sinned; but I am a poor man, and there be two devils which are called 'Brain-Storm' and 'Sub-Conscious Lapse,' and which do pounce on me at times. Therefore—" But the judge rose in wrath, and said: "Darest thou mock our wifely wretch? On thy own showing thou hast no spondulix, no, not even a shekel, for a scribe, and yet thou tryest to ring into us a fairy tale of 'Brain-Storms' and 'Sub-Conscious Lapses.' Knowest thou not that these things have no being except in the vicinity of many shekels?" And he called the officers of the law and commanded them to throw the impecunious sinner into outer darkness for six months "without the option."

Moral: The luxury of extenuating details are not for the poor.