

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page 5.)

Dick Foster's hand trembled as he read the brief note. To him the bitterest part of it was the signature, as it had been to the writer.

"Your wife, Kitty Chase,"

Yes, she was this man's wife. By her own deliberate action, if not by her own free will, she had bound herself for life to Beaumont Chase, and regrets, all repentance, were now of no avail.

He looked up and found the millionaire's dark eyes fixed upon him.

They were glittering with excitement and satisfaction.

"Well?" said Dick quietly.

"Well enough!" replied the other excitedly. "Quite good for a beginning! By Heaven, you were right! If you knew what she said to me when I forced her to consent to our marriage, you would realise what progress I have made! Foster, you have put me on the right road. I am eternally obliged to you."

Dick Foster received the veiled taunt without betraying feeling of any kind.

"And now?" he said quietly.

"And now I am off to London," replied Chase briskly.

"To London?" ejaculated Dick, startled.

"What for?"

"What for?" retorted the other boisterously. "Why, to continue the courtship of Kitty, of course. You tell me I must make love to my wife. I am going to follow your excellent advice."

And then, with a laugh, he turned on his heel and strode into the house, leaving Dick Foster standing alone on the terrace.

(To be Continued.)

CALCIUM NOTES.

Personal.—Residents of this district were grieved to hear of the sudden death as the result of an accident of the Rev. W. Brown, who was pastor of this district for a period of six years. During his term of ministry here, he made himself much beloved and honoured by the members of his congregation, and his memory will be long cherished in this district.

Diggers will be pleased to hear that Mr V. McKenzie is making good progress towards recovery from his recent illness. Though he is still an inmate of the Southland hospital, it is to be hoped that he will soon be out and amongst us again.

"Scotty" Baird, who has been so ably upholding the honour of this district in particular, and Southland in general, on Australian playing areas returned home last week suffering from a severe cold. It is to be hoped that he will make a quick recovery in order that he may be able to do his reputation justice in inter-pro matches.

Football.—Our local team played its final match in the competition on Saturday last, when Waianiwa after a keen contest defeated them by 8-5. The redoubtable forward, E. Galt, though far from fit, played a great game in the second half, and it is to be hoped that he keeps fit and well on Saturday next when his team plays Otahuti for the deciding match for the banner. Football matches have aroused considerable enthusiasm in this locality during the past few weeks, but unless a seven-a-side tournament eventuates our local players will not be seen in action again this season.

Rumoured.—That J. Morton, a prominent local forward, plays for Otahuti in season 1921.

That Calcium delegates to future Central Union Meetings are to be gagged.

That a certain Otahuti player pays great attention to the ball since being advised by a lady enthusiast to make gloves part of his football equipment.

That a veteran football "fan" received a strongly worded acknowledgment from a gory "warrior" for protesting against foul play.

That if Otahuti wins the banner each of its players is to receive a medal inscribed—17th July, 1920.

That a counter proposal to present the Otahuti club with a framed certificate with the following simple inscription finds little favour in a certain quarter: "Delegates, July 26th, 1920."

A way of realising the meaning of a million is to think of what it means in time. Few people realise that there are less than a million days in the whole Christian Era; in fact, if we count back a million days from 1920, we come to a date well before the founding of Rome, while a million hours would take us back almost to the Battle of Trafalgar, and a million minutes have not yet elapsed since the armistice was signed.

The Nature Column.

(By "Student.")

("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 other day in Elles Road I saw a beautiful chaffinch with shining blue green head. It was so beautifully coloured that for the moment I thought it must be some other bird. I am told that exceptionally well-coloured cockbirds are occasionally seen.

In many birds the blue and green colours are largely an effect of the diffusion of light and are not altogether due to pigments.

The sky is blue because the water in the air has a selective action dispersing blue light and absorbing the red. The red light of the sunset is caused by sun-light transmitted through the clouds. A bottle of mineral oil has a beautiful blue colour by reflected light but is red or yellow when viewed by transmitted light. The blue of the sea, lakes, etc., is caused by reflected light from the bottom and from particles floating in the water. If the bottom is at a great depth, the water may appear black as it does in some of our cold lakes. The eyes of a baby are blue from similar causes. Later on a yellow pigment appears in the eye and this in combination with the structural blue causes the range of colours through blue and green to dark brown. This is not strictly true for white pigment is found on a butterfly's wing and on the underside of fish. Latest investigations go to show that the colours of a butterfly's wing are on the surface and the colours would be different if viewed with transmitted light.

The majority of white markings are caused by minute air bubbles. The whiteness of the lily and other flowers is so caused. Gray hair arises in the same way and not through absence of pigment, though why grey hair should come so swiftly as it sometimes does, is not yet known. Another familiar instance of a white being produced from a colourless substance is the froth on the seashore.

The blues and greens in birds are therefore most likely caused by the same means as the blue of the sky. The substance of a feather includes innumerable air bubbles and these in conjunction with a dark pigment, usually brown, give rise to the blue colours. The brown pigment absorbs the red. A yellow pigment gives in conjunction with the structural blue a green colouration. If the yellow pigment is in sufficient quantity the result will be a yellow bird. The bright red colours of the Flamingo were at one time attributed to its diet. It has now been established that the diet does not affect the colour. It is supposed that the red colour is caused by oil on the feathers through which light is transmitted. Anything approaching a blue feather has as yet not been made in the laboratory.

Some frogs are of a brilliant blue colour owing to the absence of pigment, and an Australian green tree frog was mis-named the sky blue frog owing to the specimen having been preserved in spirits and thus lost its yellow pigment. If the yellow pigment be scraped off this frog it becomes quite blue.

A simple experiment easily performed is to take a crystal of bluestone (copper sulphate) and crush it to a fine powder. The beautiful blue is lost. Other crystalline substances exhibit the same features.

Before leaving the subject it should be remembered that light can penetrate some metals. For instance the colour of gold is green when beaten out very thin and viewed by transmitted light. The light reflected from several surfaces of silver is yellow. When the metals are precipitated as fine powder, they are in many cases of a totally different colour. In the near future it is expected that rouge will be ground so fine that it will become yellow.

In conclusion it may be added that the peculiar metallic sheen seen on some birds is probably due to the presence of a pigment which acts like aniline colours. Crystals of these last-named viewed by reflected light look metallic though by transmitted light they are red or some other colour.

The research now being carried on in respect to the effects of light in the colouration of insects, etc., may soon give us information as to the way in which protective colouration is developed.

Kind Gent.: "And how long has your husband been out of work, my poor lady?" "Well, I ain't quite sure whether we was married in '80 or '81.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

To "John," thanks. Opposition is usually healthy, therefore welcome. But I am still of opinion that McCabe is prone to dogmatism on the subject of telepathy, though possibly not quite to the same extent as when, a few years ago, he flatly declared that "Telepathy had been proved by several series of scientific experiments." Which it hasn't. In "The Religion of Sir Oliver Lodge," McCabe rides the telepathic horse almost recklessly at times in the endeavour to get over baffling facts. That he did not do so in his recent debate with Conan Doyle was due to the fact that the phenomena—levitation, table-rapping, and such like—under examination were not of the kind that the telepathic hammer could be used on. Instead, he met them with the engagingly candid assumption that every one on the other side was either a liar or a fool. Now such an attitude, besides being grossly impolite, is dogmatic and illogical. Granting the existence of much fraud and chicanery (and nobody has been more eager to detect and expose such than the spiritists themselves), there still remains a balance of seemingly genuine evidences sufficiently weighty to convince such men as Myers, Dr Hodgson, and other equally sane, honourable, and shrewd investigators. Many of these have devoted their lives to the close study of the problem—which Joseph has not. And for McCabe to complacently place against their wide experience and seasoned convictions his own crude opinion that they are all tricksters or dupes, or that telepathy (itself unproven, and the occasion of as much fraud as spiritism itself) provides the key to the whole puzzle is simply dogmatism of the most unpardonable kind. That, at least, is the opinion of one who is inclined to scepticism regarding the claims or beliefs of the spiritists, and who still admires Joseph McCabe, despite his occasional faults.

A fellow named Shakespeare once wrote:—

"War is a game which, were their subjects wise,

Kings would not play at."

Unfortunately, he did not point out how it could be stopped.

Another fellow however, one Keir Hardie, did. "The moment war is declared," he said, to the workers of the world, "put on your coats and go home, and stay there until your rulers have settled their differences in a rational way at their council table, instead of, by suffering proxies, on the battlefield. Keep every wheel still, and every boat tied up, and there will be no war. The scheme was simplicity itself, and because of its very simplicity was greeted with jeering laughter throughout the world. But it would seem that the foolish old visionary was a little wiser than his critics; his babblings to-day take on the colour of prophecy. For the Council of Action, representing six millions of British workers, seems bent on realising his dream. It has issued a startling challenge to the Government over the Polish question. There is no threat of revolution, no talk of violence; simply a declaration that they will not move a hand to assist, at the bidding of our diplomats, in sending their sons, brothers, and friends to the shambles of a war in which they say they have no part or parcel. The effect of their action is already certain; no Government can afford to flout six million well organised workers. Opinion may differ as to whether the power possessed by these vast organisations is a good thing, but if there is one thing on the face of God's fair earth to justify its exercise it is that cursed secret diplomacy which is always embroiling the world in some trouble or other, and which the late war was to have ended for all time—and didn't. Especially so where nothing more is required to beat the burrowing diplomat than the simple process of sitting down—provided the workers all sit down simultaneously.

What constitutes that "restraint of trade" which is supposed to be an offence before the law? Every day we have evidences of the operations of those who seem bent on preventing the consuming public getting any part of Mr Massey's promised "square deal." Only the other day our courts granted an injunction against a dealer selling second-hand

phonograph records (which, having been honestly purchased, were the dealer's own property, and, by every rule of common-sense, should have been at his own discretionary disposal) at a price below that fixed by the Yankee manufacturer for the new article. Similar instances could be cited ad infinitum. The whole of God's Own Country seems to be infested with combinations and associations whose aims and methods are hardly distinguishable from those of the trust. Only a few days ago a friend, engaged in the timber industry, but outside any association, gave me a local instance. A builder had placed an order with my informant's firm, and in due time received a truck of timber. Hardly had it been delivered when the builder received a rap over the knuckles from the Builders' Association (or whatever its unholy name is) for presuming to place an order away from its old and trusty crony, the Invercargill Timber Merchants' Association. True, it later magnanimously forgave him this first offence, but warned him that it "must not happen again." It is an open secret that these two, together with the hardware merchants, painters, and others have entered into agreements and understandings, the only discoverable object of which is to prevent that free competition which alone will ensure prices gravitating to a normal level. Else why is it that a builder outside the Builders' Association cannot get supplies from the Invercargill Timber Merchants' Association, while a sawmill or timber merchant not in the latter is boycotted by the Builders' Association. And the same with the hardware merchants, etc., aforementioned. "Caw me, caw thee," with a vengeance—and, as always, at the expense of the consumer.

WARRIORS I HAVE KNOWN.

GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER GLASS.

Motto: Pro Repatriationem High Cockorum Est.

General Glass is of Scottish birth. Still, as he urges—and with some show of reason, too—that fact should not be set too heavily against him, since he was too young at the time to be capable of exercising an intelligent choice. He has, moreover, done his best to live it down since he became civilised. Reference to "Who's Who," informs us that his family is an offshoot of the ancient and powerful Clan McBotle, famous for its pugnacity and propensity for raising, or lifting, cattle. The former quality the General has inherited in a marked degree; but the latter would seem to be absent from his make-up—at least, he hasn't been caught at it yet. He is gifted with an eloquence which, despite a burr that raises goose-flesh on his audience, is rare and captivating, while his extraordinary lack of physical beauty is more than compensated for in many admirable qualities of both heart and head.

The General's life has been one of storm and stress. His innate pugnacity has always impelled him to look for trouble—and his quest has usually been successful. The guiding principle of his hot youth was to oppose everything that could be in any way opposed. His favourite target was "Society," in each and all of its many and varied aspects. Somehow or other, however, society has not shown any dents; that may be due to obtuse insensibility on its part. It was during one of these periodical and savage onslaughts that I first saw him. He was delivering an impassioned address on the "Sacred Cause of Freedom" from the Rotunda to a rapt audience consisting of a deaf man and one Mr Joseph Wales. The latter gentleman explained to me that he had been attracted by the frequency of the word "free" in the General's address, and opined that it had possibly reference to certain liquids. Disappointed and disappointed, he left.

At this time the General held the exalted and onerous position of commander-in-chief of the more or less United Industrial Army of Southland. This, he confesses, was the most turbulent and perilous period of his whole career, owing to perpetual mutiny and frequent inebriety among the rank and file. The daily round was one of turmoil and danger. "Gallipoli and Flanders," he says, "were

Sunday school picnics compared with that time." Another thing that helped to keep him thin was the question of his salary. For, as he says, it was always a question—whether he would get it or not. The only thing certain about it was its uncertainty. However, by dint of much diplomacy and a "dirty left," he managed to tide over this strenuous period.

About this time the General gave evidences of that eccentric inconsistency which, strangely enough, seems to attack most great men at some period or other in their lives. Notwithstanding his naturally bellicose nature, and the warlike character of his profession, he founded, and became first (and last) president of the Southland Peace Society, an influential organisation consisting of himself, three women, and a weekly half-column report in the local newspapers. This Society designed to make war impossible, and would doubtless have succeeded, but for the regrettable fact that the Kaiser was not made aware of its existence. Whoever was to blame for the omission has much to answer for.

When war was declared the General again proved inconsistent (it had become a habit with him by this time) and abandoned the white robe of peace for the khaki of war. And, as history has recorded, it was a good thing for us that he did. For, as most of my readers are aware, after the evacuation of Gallipoli our hero hurried straight to Flanders, arriving there just in the nick of time, for General Haig was in dire straits, and was reduced to the point of despair. But as soon as he saw our hero his face cleared, and seizing him by the hand he gasped out, "Thank God, you're here at last, Glass. I want you to help me circumvent that d—d Ludenberg." Our General promised that he would—and he did. But thought he admits having won the war, yet with that modesty which is always an attribute of the truly great, he will not take credit for anything beyond that.

But though we owe victory to him, he has, unfortunately, not emerged scatheless from the struggle. The war has left its terrible and ineffaceable impress on his character. His former finer sensibilities have been sadly blunted, and he now shows an absolutely callous indifference to human suffering. Among other evidences of this is the fact that he is learning to play the bagpipes, having a distinct preference for midnight practice. It is said that he has been shot at by exasperated neighbours several times lately, but a stray bullet or two has little effect on one of such determined character as the General. Further, as a result of shell shock, or something, he is now afflicted with a number of strange hallucinations, the most remarkable of which is a fixed belief that he is possessed of a melodious voice. "Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," but this curious obsession has already alienated many of his erstwhile friends. This is easily understood by those who, like myself, have heard him essaying the "March of the McBotle men" and "The Glasses are Coming"—two splendid songs in themselves, but— I do not know if the General has ever been gassed, but should think it probable. One thing is certain—the interior of his larynx must present a fearfully rugged appearance. However, he has not yet reached the deepest depths, but we may expect further atrocities presently. It is rumoured that he is forsaking the prosaic costume of the Saxon for the more picturesque "Garb of Old Gaul." If so—, but let us not anticipate.

BLUFF FIRE BRIGADE SOCIAL.

A very successful dance and entertainment was held in the Drill Hall on Friday evening by the members of the Bluff Municipal Fire Brigade. The attendance was excellent, and quite a number of people motored down from Invercargill, including representatives from the Workshops, Railway, and City Brigades. Music was provided by Mr Te ades. Au's orchestra and Mr W. McDonald, who efficiently acted as M.C. The floor was in good order and in consequence dancing patronage were highly satisfied. The prize winners in the eucbre tournament were:—Ladies: Mrs W. Doyle 1, silver sugar basin; Mrs Brookes 2, hand bag; Mrs A. Gilson 3, two half-pound tins of cocoa; Miss M. Preston 4, pair of silver photo frames. Gentlemen: Mr J. Lee 1, pipe; Mr W. Nivan, 2, bag of potatoes; Mr M. Silvester 3, safety razor; Mr R. Finnelly 4, kit of mutton birds. Supper was served at 11 p.m., after which the Mayor (Mr J. S. A. McDougall) presented Fireman W. King with a five years long service medal and to Fireman J. Bradshaw a two years bar which made him nine years in the service of the Fire Brigade.