

SNIPPETS FROM TALKS.

No Democrat Goes Without A Job

The "Spoils System" of American Politics — Melbourne, the Queen City of Australia — New Zealand and Australia Produce the World's Largest Wool Clip—"Kowhai Like Minted Gold."

MR. LEICESTER WEBB (3YA).

WHAT is the explanation of the second Democratic victory at the polls which has just occurred in America? The opponents of Mr. Roosevelt have hastened to tell the world that the Democrats won because they have been spending money and distributing jobs on a lavish scale. And it must be admitted that there is something in the argument. When Mr. Roosevelt came into power it was predicted by a few optimists that he would put an end to the vicious spoils system, which has done so much to corrupt American politics and weaken the civil service. It is perhaps true that Mr. Roosevelt has done something to raise the standard of the public service by refusing to give jobs to men who are incompetent. But it is also true that he, and the Democrats in Congress, have made sure than no deserving Democrat goes without a job.

BUT, when all allowances have been made, the fact remains that the decisive influence in the election has been the popularity of Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. For America, the depression is not over, and Americans are more convinced than they were a year ago that their best hope of renewed prosperity lies in a continuation of the Roosevelt recovery experiment. The cry that Mr. Roosevelt is a dictator, that he is a socialist, and that he has been violating the constitution has not been enough to frighten them. They want things done, and they are not going to be frightened by catchwords. The immediate significance of the election then, is that Mr. Roosevelt and

the New Deal have been endorsed. But the election has also a deeper and much more interesting significance. It seems to be the beginning of a great realignment of political forces in the United States.

IT seems that Mr. Roosevelt is out to form a new progressive party, and that he does not much mind whether he draws his support from the Republicans or the Democrats. If he succeeds, the whole of the present structure of party government in America must collapse; and party government is so closely woven into the constitution that if it does collapse, a lot else will collapse with it. Altogether, it is an extraordinarily interesting situation. It is becoming apparent that Mr. Roosevelt is even more daring, more ambitious than was at first supposed. Certainly there is not an abler or a more original, or a more powerful statesman in the world to-day.

MISS EVELYN EDGAR (3YA).

ADELAIDE can truly be described as a garden city, and it is very attractive, with lovely country surrounding it. I was especially interested in the fruit-growing areas there. There are thousands of enormous orange and lemon trees, with their gay and strikingly coloured fruit, also olive trees, and a variety of nut trees were being cultivated for export. I was taken for various drives, which included visits to two wonderful waterfalls. I was also struck by the artistic and beautiful homes around Adelaide, but later I found that similar places in thousands may be seen round any of the big cities of Australia.

IN spite of a very busy time in Melbourne, I managed to hear the eight finalists in the aria singing contest, who were selected in Ballarat by Professor Heinze and sent down to Melbourne for final placing. On this occasion the Melbourne Town Hall was packed to capacity, and Madame Florence Austral and Mr. Hall, after hearing the most delightful singing, awarded the first prize to Mr. Dennis Dowling, of New Zealand. It was a wonderful evening, and I doubt if eight such magnificent singers could be found and heard consecutively anywhere. They would indeed have delighted Madame Melba herself, whose home I was able to visit on one occasion.

OF all the cities I stayed in, I found Melbourne to be the Queen City; the wide streets and the many huge buildings, surrounded by lovely green parklands and gardens, to say nothing of the attractive and fascinating shops, are

things not to be forgotten. Just now the decorations in honour of the Duke's visit are most extensive, and when illuminated at night turn the whole city into an unbelievable fairyland.

MR. R. O. COURTENAY (3YA).

NEW ZEALAND and Australia occupy the proud position of producing the largest and most valuable wool clip annually of any continent in the world. The merino was first introduced into Australia a century and a half ago, being brought from Spain by Captain Waterhouse. Captain McArthur was also one of the founders, for he purchased several shipments, and after experimenting for some years it was realised what extraordinary possibilities there were for this suitable breed. Australia has something to boast of that she has advanced so rapidly and built up her flocks so successfully that to-day her carrying capacity numbers well over 100,000,000 sheep. What wonderful men these early pioneers were, who with great determination, utilised their skill and meagre financial resources to achieve the backbone of the country's industry.

MONA TRACY (3YA).

IN the days before the world went to war and life became for us all so infinitely complicated, I used to go, springtime after springtime, to a river of North Auckland. This river has, after the fashion of the north, a Maori name; but since that name is almost unpronounceable by the average European I shall present it to you in translation as Snarling River. Possibly the Maoris so named it after seeing it in flood time; but, as I remember it, it was always a gentle stream, wimpling in its upper reaches over grey boulders, and fringed by bush whose beauty caught the breath.

THERE was a year when the spring and I arrived simultaneously at Snarling River. The first cuckoo sang through a week of golden weather, which brought out of the bush bright-eyed wekas, peering inquisitively from the edges of the clearing. This fluted from the puriri trees, while upon every mangrove along the river perched a kingfisher, intent on the water below him, the slightest ripple sending him darting down, a flash of emerald and blue. The yellow kowhai was in bloom. It seemed as though the year, miser-like, had hoarded up his treasure, until becoming suddenly spendthrift, he had squandered it, flinging his gold upon the bush with a riotous hand. Like minted gold the blossoms glistened and quivered in the false, warm wind that fanned Snarling River.

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