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FANCY BOXES CHOCOLATES

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MUSINGS OF A MODERN CYNIC.

Nowadays one can't live because of the Income Tax, and daren't die because of the death duties.

Cynicism is merely the art of seeing things as they are, instead of as they ought to be.

It is easier to preach than to practice. That's why so many people go on preaching.

No man envies a dead one until he marries his widow.

Some people are so honest that they won't even take a hint.

Women cannot suffer in silence, it takes all the pleasure out of it.

There are two ways in which a woman loses her lover. One is by marrying him; the other by retaining him as a friend.

Passing Notes

BY JACQUES.

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

What is the matter with our Town Council nowadays? It seems to have donned the dull robe of respectability, thereby robbing us of much fun. What promised to be a fine healthy breeze the other night fell away to a most disappointing little zephyr. Tramway matters were under discussion when a suggestion from Cr Miller drew from Cr Martin the tactless and childish taunt that if he (Cr Miller) knew so much it was a pity he did not have the Tramway Engineer's billet. We held our breaths for a moment, expecting ructions, but Cr Miller contented himself with the retort that "Cr Martin was very rude." It was disappointingly flat, and recalled, by very contrast, the good old days when the council chairs were occupied by —, and —, and —, and — (your memory will supply the names). They were mighty men of war in those days, and such a taunt would have been the signal for "wigs on the green," and a little gleam of brightness would have crossed our chronic gloom. But no matter. Cr Miller will bide his time. He is a vet., and may yet be called in to attend Cr Martin. And then —!

Speaking of the Council! I see that they intend adding to the number of our tramcars, in order, presumably, that the regulations against overcrowding may not feel hurt. Apart from the folly of buying, as is proposed, in the American market, where the rate of exchange is so much against us as to make us feel ill, what is the matter with motor busses. Half-a-dozen of these would supplement our present tram service, relieving congestion at busy times. They could be diverted during slack hours, to parts of the town that just now get no benefit from the trams. They could be used, with considerable profit to the town, in taking passengers to the racecourse, Riverton Beach, and other places of amusement and recreation, which are, for the most part, at present almost inaccessible. And think of the possibilities of a regular and cheap service to the "depots" and Wallacetown. Why, our rates would fall to nothing.

The average missionary is never so happy as when he has something to be miserable about. Even when trouble is sleeping, he prods and pokes it, until, at last, it stirs—and he gets a little of what is owing to him. Then he squeals for help, and our gunboats are sent to extricate him from his mess, and, often, better lives than his own are wasted in the process.

The Boxer rising is still fresh in memory, and now he is "at it again"—this time in Korea, where he is deploring the ruggedness of Japanese morals, and painting lucid pictures of vice commercialised under the Jap. regime. The Japs naturally resent this missionary meddling, and angry words are flying about, and worse things are easily possible. When will these missionaries get sense? We all know that the Japanese are not, by any means, a moral people—no more so, in fact, than ourselves—but, like ourselves again, they do not like to be told so. So the action of the missionaries in Korea is about as wise, and as well calculated to promote "peace on earth," as singing "The Boyne Water" to the Hibernian Band on St. Patrick's day would be. Besides, the Japs know something about us now. They have seen London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Chicago, and hundreds of other "Caucasian" cities, and their knowledge will make the missionary's hypocritical assumption of superior morality the more irritating to them, so that they will probably end by kicking the aforesaid missionary, bag and baggage (out of Korea. Then we shall again have the usual diplomatic trouble, possibly worse.

Speaking of the missionary. Some time ago the "Literary Guide" published an article on him from the pen of one who claimed to have exceptional opportunities of observing the working of the missionary system. The writer declared that the moral and spiritual and other activities of the average missionary were frequently most mischievous. His blunt conclusion was that the missionary was superfluous; that he was nowhere wanted, either by his fellow Europeans or by the heathen themselves. For my own part, however, I cannot unreservedly subscribe to that con-

clusion. There are times and occasions when the missionary may prove very useful and, as the papers say, "fill a long felt want." For example:—

GRACE AND MEAT.

Elijah Bung, they tell us, A servant of the Kirk, Was particularly zealous In his missionising work. He crossed the briny sea, then, To a distant tropic place, And to the dusk heathen Spoke pleasant words of grace. The heathen gathered round him, And knocked him on the head; In the oven nicely browned him, And sumptuously fed. With abdomens distended, And smiles serene and sweet, They said, "The grace was splendid, But we much preferred his meat."

Hospitality and loyalty, like all other virtues, may be carried to extremes. It looks as though the good people of Napier were bent on killing our princely visitor with kindness, as it were. The Hawke's Bay club have directed a Dannevirke pork-butcher to kill and cure the best bacon big procurable "for the Princes' consumption in Napier." This is a pretty tall order, considering that his stay in Napier is limited to a few hours, and a good sized baconer is really more than a fair feed for even a nigger navy. Napier friends evidently regard the coming visitor, not so much as the Prince of Wales, as a whale of a prince. It may be that they want to see what he really can do in the way of eating. Perhaps some of our sports hope that he will succeed in breaking the record of Albinus, the Roman, who, we are told, breakfasted lightly on 500 figs, 100 peaches, 10 melons, 20 bunches of grapes, 100 small birds and 400 oysters. On the other hand, it—but surely no one in Hawke's Bay would be so base as to intend a practical joke on our beloved Prince. It has been claimed you know, that our Royal Family is descended from King David.

TWELVE MILES INTO THE EARTH.

SIR CHARLES PARSON'S SCHEME.

Sir Charles Parsons, lecturing at the Royal Institution, referred to his proposal for sinking a bore hole 12 miles deep into the earth. He said that the cost of boring the hole would not be so very great.

The deepest single-stage shaft on the Rand is the Hercules, 4500ft deep vertically and rectangular in section. The deepest shaft in the world is the Morro Velho in Brazil; its bottom is 6400ft vertically below the surface, and it has been sunk, and is worked, in stages, two of which are about 1200ft vertical. The deepest shaft designed on the Rand is one of the City Deep Company's 7000ft vertically, of circular section, 20ft in diameter, and to be worked in two stages of 3500ft each.

In countries where the atmosphere is dry the sides of the shaft are cooled by sprinkling them with water, the evaporation of which cooled the rock. This effect might be augmented by artificially drying and cooling the air before passing it down the mine. With still greater depths of shaft further methods of cooling would probably be necessary. The heat might be carried upwards by means of brine circulated in a closed ring of steel pipes with a rising and descending column, or a simpler method would be to arrange for a rain of liquid air down the shaft. When sinking the deeper portions of the shaft, probably shields would be required to protect the miners from the splintering of the rock, since the intense compressive stress splits off scales from the surface, sometimes with considerable violence.

When Sir Charles Parsons first brought forward his suggestion in 1904, the estimate of the time required to sink a shaft twelve miles deep was eighty years; but with improved machinery and methods the records have been so much lowered that he now thinks an estimate of thirty years reasonable. At the Crown Mines, 310ft of a circular shaft 20ft in diameter, were sunk in a month.

TELEPHONES: 736 & 1136.

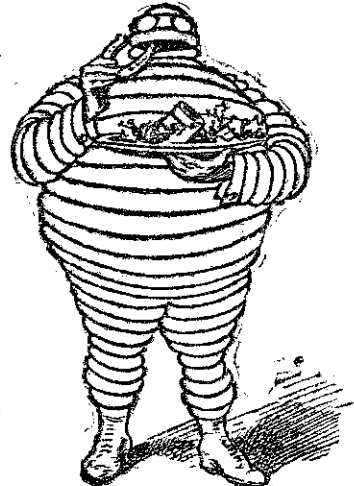
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