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TUBERCULAR PATIENTS.

CASE OF RETURNED MEN.

"AFTER CARE" PROPOSALS.

The future of returned soldiers with tuberculosis was discussed at a meeting of those suffering from the disease, held in the Chamber of Commerce recently. The secretary to the Auckland Returned Soldiers' Association, Mr E. F. Andrews, presided.

An outline of the policy of the Dominion executive of the Returned Soldiers' Association in regard to the after-care of tubercular men was given by Mr H. J. Aekins, who explained that he had been deputed by the executive to tour the Dominion and collect information in connection with the matter. He said that while the sanatorium treatment was satisfactory, the vocational training of the patients should be taken out of the hands of the Defence Department and entrusted to the Repatriation Department. Too many men, after receiving treatment, were left to hunt for work. It was proposed to ask the Government to appoint four men who had had personal experience of sanatorium treatment as tubercular patients to supervise and direct the repatriation of the sufferers. The Government would be asked to give a full pension for 12 months subsequent to discharge from the sanatorium, after which each man would be examined by a chest expert and his disability gauged and permanent pension fixed accordingly. The Repatriation Department's training farm near Featherston offered an opportunity for twelve months' training in bee-keeping, poultry-keeping, or general farming. The association's scheme was that tubercular men should be given 5-acre sections for kitchen-gardens and the like, not necessarily on the "colony" scale.

Two speakers asked what chance they would have against Chinamen.

Mr Aekins replied that the market gardens would be situated in various parts of the Dominion, and must be of the best land. If the Chinamen were going to be an obstacle, an Act might be passed putting them out of New Zealand. The Government had no policy, and would be pleased to get definite suggestions, because the tubercular cases were its greatest worry. The five-acre scheme was the only solution of the difficulty. In regard to the appointment of four former sanatorium patients to supervise the repatriation patients, he stated that no man suffering from tuberculosis cared to discuss his case with anyone who was not a similar sufferer.

Mr Andrews said the public attitude toward them was absolutely scandalous. Whenever there had been any talk of starting a convalescent home for tubercular cases, the public objected, as if the proposal was to introduce smallpox into their midst. Many of the men who had returned to New Zealand, and who were alive to-day, had given more than those whose bodies were lying in France, Mesopotamia, or Gallipoli, because the permanently disabled men would suffer all their lives.

Mr Aekins said it was now recognised that the tubercular patient was as permanently disabled as the man who had lost a limb.

The meeting endorsed the policy of the Dominion executive as outlined by Mr Aekins.

DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

WELLINGTON DOINGS.

Although the war has been over for eighteen months and nearly all of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force have returned home and been demobilised, the work of reinstating soldiers in civil life is in no way yet complete. The Repatriation Department continues to receive numerous inquiries from discharged men in search of employment, and now that winter has come the officials of the Department are anxious that employers shall not be tardy in assisting to place all unemployed men in suitable occupations. This is the first "post-war" winter in the true meaning of the term, for last winter some thousands of the N.Z.E.F. were still abroad and peace had not received official recognition. Therefore, for this reason, alone, no effort should be spared in seeing that unemployment of discharged soldiers is reduced to the smallest extent possible, if not altogether.

—Rate of Absorption Slowing Down.—

Discussing the question of employment of returned soldiers, Mr C. W. Batten, District Repatriation Officer, remarked that there appeared to be a tendency on the part of employers to slacken off in the support they had accorded the Department in the past. The rate of absorption of unemployed men was slowing down, and it was thought that employers were "tight-

ening up a bit." "The Repatriation Board wishes to acknowledge the support of employers in the past," said Mr Batten, "but, although the position at the present moment may seem satisfactory, the Department is very anxious that no men shall be employed during the winter. The Wellington District Repatriation Board, therefore, appeals to all employers to assist the Department to the utmost in finding situations for men during winter months."

Mr Batten mentioned that there were at present 60 names on the Board's "Employment Wanted" register. These included men who, by reason of the injuries they received in the war, could perform only light duties. Men in this category were being discharged from hospital every day and they were all anxious to do something. Some of these unfortunate fellows had the appearance of being able to undertake heavier work, but it was unfair to judge them by their looks; many big men were so unfit that they were in receipt of full pension. Previous to the end of February last, the local office had been placing over 350 men per month, but now the figures had dropped to a little over 280.

—Employers To Be Interviewed.—

Mr Batten stated that an officer of the Department was being sent round the city to interview employers direct with a view to inducing them to help the Department in its task of finding employment for all the men who applied for situations. "Nothing is more discouraging to men than to be told at the Repatriation office that there are no jobs for them," continued Mr Batten. "Any employers who have positions to offer should communicate with us at once. Although good work has been done up to the present in absorbing thousands of men, we should not rest content while one man is out of a job, and until all men have found employment the work of repatriation cannot be said to be complete."

STORIES FOR ALL MOODS.

It is only small and narrow-minded people who believe that they have given an adequate definition and account of enterprising law-breakers when they have described them as wicked men. The great public which has ever displayed an almost morbid interest in the minutest details of the lives of great criminals has a far surer instinct for the significant than have these narrow-minded ones. Charles Whibley's "Book of Scoundrels" appeared twenty-two years ago—some of it a little earlier, when it was published in serial form in the New Review under Henley's editorship. Like all Mr Whibley's books, its most striking characteristic is over-brilliance; as of an acetylene lamp, the steady glare of which is interrupted by a constant succession of squibs, crackers, and rockets. Whibley's book is very good reading, for all that, and presents in just perspective interesting and vivid pictures of some of the more notorious and romantic figures in the Newgate Calendar. The whole book is a series of stories at once interesting and suggestive.

MOLL CUTPURSE.

How amateur and Philistine seem our modern Bohemians when we read of Moll Cutpurse, the "Roaring Girl" of Middleton's play! She was, perhaps the most industrious woman in England in England's most illustrious time, courted alike by thief and poet; is said to have "come into the world with her fists doubled," and later was one of the greatest organizers of theft in our island's history. Outshining all competitors not only in the magnitude of her enterprises, but in the magnificent success with which she brought them to a conclusion, "she died in her bed, full of years and honours, beloved by the light-fingered gentry, revered by all the judges on the Bench." Her brazen vigour was beyond all parallel in her time. For the clothes of her sex she showed an indifference, or rather a contempt, which in those days implied qualities very different from those now indicated by a similar manifestation. "The petticoats seemed too tame for her stalwart temper"; "if a gallant stood in the way she drew upon him in an instant." "Like the blood she was, she loved good ale and wine," and she regarded it as one of her proudest titles to renounce that she was the first of women to smoke tobacco.

MOLL'S BET.

Her companion in many a fantastical adventure was Banks, the vintner of Cheap-side, that same Banks who taught his horse to dance, and shod him with silver. The vintner bet Moll £20 that she would not ride from Charing Cross to Shore-ditch astraddle on horseback, in breeches and doublet, boots and spurs. The hoyden took him up in a moment, and added of her own devilry a trumpet and banner. She set out from Charing Cross bravely enough, and a trumpeter being an unwonted spectacle, the eyes of all the town were clapped upon her. Yet none knew her until she reached Bishopsgate, where

an orange-wench set up the cry, "Moll Cutpurse on horseback!" Instantly the cavalier was surrounded by a noisy mob. Some would have torn her from the saddle for an imagined insult upon womanhood; others, more wisely minded, laughed at the prank with good-humoured merriment. But every minute the throng grew denser, and it had fared hardly with roystering Moll had not a wedding and the arrest of a debtor presently distracted the gaping idlers. As the mob turned to gaze at the fresh wonder, she spurred her horse till she gained Newington by an unfrequented lane. There she waited until night should cover her progress to Shoreditch, and thus peacefully she returned home to lighten the vintner's pocket of twenty pounds.

IN A WHITE SHEET.

But the fame of the adventure spread abroad, and, that the scandal should not be repeated, Moll was summoned before the Court of Arches to answer a charge of appearing publicly in mannish apparel. The august tribunal had no terrors for her and she received her sentence to do penance in a white sheet at Paul's Cross during morning service on a Sunday with an audacious contempt. "They might as well have shamed a black dog as me," she proudly exclaimed; and why should she dread the white sheet, when all the spectators looked with a lenient eye upon her professed discomfiture? "For a half-penny," she said, "she would have travelled to every market town of England in the guise of a penitent," and having tipped off three quarts of sack she swaggared to Paul's Cross in the maddest of humours.

JONATHAN WILD.

A far less attractive character was that of Jonathan Wild another of the crowned heads of crime. Readers of Fielding's study will know how despicable was this "great man." False alike to his accomplices in crime and to the police, to whom he readily sold himself, his life was ended at Tyburn, amid the execrations of all.

In fifteen years he claimed £10,000 for his dividend of recovered plunderings, and who shall estimate the money which flowed to his treasury from blackmail and the robberies of his gang? So brisk became his trade in jewels and the precious metals that he opened relations in Holland, and was master of a fleet. His splendour increased with wealth. He carried a silver-mounted sword, and a footman tramped at his heels. "His table was splendid," says a biographer, "he seldom dining under five dishes, the reversions whereof were generally charitably bestowed on the Commonsense felons. At his second marriage his humour was most happily expressed: he distributed white ribbon among the turnkeys, he sent the prisoners of Newgate several casks of brandy for punch."

One of his most lucrative activities was the restoring of stolen goods to their owners on payment of a suitable reward. "He was known to all the rich and titled folk in town, and if he was able to give them back their stolen valuables at something more than double their value, he treated his clients with a most proper insolence. When Lady M—n was unlucky enough to lose a silver buckle at Windsor, she asked Wild to recover it, and offered the hero twenty pounds for his trouble. 'Zounds, madam!' says he, 'you offer nothing. It costs the gentleman who took it forty pounds for his coach, equipage,

A BONNY BOY.

Nowhere is the popular love of the picturesque better illustrated than in the fascination exercised by even such a complete blackguard as Gilderoy:—

"Gilderoy was a bonny boy, had roses till his shoon,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doon"

This is the sort of bonny boy he was:—

"His father's death was the true beginning of his career. A modest patrimony was squandered in six months, and Gilderoy had no penny left to satisfy the vices which insisted upon indulgence. For a while his more clamant needs were fulfilled by the amiable simplicity of his mother, whom he blackmailed with insolence and contempt. And when she, wearied by his shameless importunity, at last withdrew her support, he determined upon a monstrous act of vengeance. With a noble affectation of penitence he visited his home: promised reform at supper, and said good night with the broken accent of reconciliation. But no sooner was the house sunk in slumber than he crawled stealthily upstairs in order to forestall by theft a promised generosity. He opened the door of the bedchamber in a hushed silence; but the wrenching of the coffer-lid awoke the sleeper, and Gilderoy, having cut his mother's throat with an infamous levity, seized whatever money and jewels were in the house, cruelly maltreated his sister, and laughingly burnt the house to the ground, that the possibility of evidence might be destroyed.

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