



## ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING.

PUT not your trust in peelers! Here is a story of what happened recently in one of Auckland's fair suburbs. A.B., a respectable workman, owned a dog with a hitherto blameless character for mild inoffensiveness. One day a gentleman in blue informs A.B. that his dog has bitten a little girl, and that he must report the matter to head-quarters. A.B. makes enquiries, and elicits the following facts:—Some children, in charge of a perambulator half a mile from A.B.'s dwelling, teased and provoked a dog until the animal, resenting the insults, seized a little girl by the thigh. The result was a bruise through the clothes, the skin being unbroken, and not a drop of blood drawn. The parents of the child had no intention of taking any steps in the matter, seeing that the injury was but slight. Some neighbours, however, informed the local constable. A resident of some standing in the neighbourhood had witnessed the affair. His statement was that the children had provoked the dog, and that he would not swear to the animal which, however, resembled A.B.'s dog. Upon this slender evidence Mr. constable proceeds to frighten A.B. The latter consults a solicitor, who advises him to wait until he is summoned; that he will probably hear no more on the subject, but if he should receive a summons the case should certainly be defended. A.B., who is morally certain that his dog was near the spot where he was working, more than a quarter of a mile distant from the scene of the alleged assault, agrees to act in accordance with his solicitor's advice. Next, Mr. constable again interviews A.B., and tells him that if the dog is destroyed; nothing further will be done in the matter. A.B., being a mild-mannered, law-abiding citizen, obeys, and the poor dog is put to death. Immediately afterwards A.B. is summoned. He is so disconcerted thereat that instead of going to his solicitor, as arranged, he attends the Court, pleads guilty, and is fined twenty shillings and costs. On telling this to his solicitor the latter discovers that the information had been laid wrongly, and could easily have been upset on legal grounds. Besides this technical defence, in view of the strong doubt as to identity, coupled with the previous inoffensive character of the dog, no Bench could have done other than dismiss the case.

Moral: "Cave Robertum!" Beware of the bobby!

The cricket match between Otago and Canterbury leads one to believe that Auckland has at least as good a team as either. Small scores on both sides, and no remarkable feats. It was a singular coincidence that each should make 101 in the first innings, and that the match should be won in one innings; that is to say *singular*, because of the recurrence of the figure 1, which is a singularly poor joke, perhaps. Moss, the fast bowler, was ill, and could not play. The usual growl is going on over the selection. It does seem queer that so good a club as the Midland should be entirely unrepresented. What we lament is the abandonment of the proposed visit to us of a Canterbury team. If only Otago, flushed with victory, would pay us a long-owed visit, we might be consoled. If they come, and it

should rain, we will stretch a point, and allow them to use oatmeal in place of saw-dust. Noble Scots! Won't that offer tempt you? You shall have much Glenlivet into the bargain.

Auckland C.C. v. Gordon was greatly spoilt by Captain Edwin on Saturday. Auckland played twelve men, which was hardly fair. The veteran "Bob" was the extra man, who lent not physical, but intellectual, aid. When Williams was caught off Neil's second ball our Bob's musical tenor voice lifted itself up and cried, "There! Did I not tell you to go for catches on the off-side!" However, when Auckland's wickets fell in turn with fatal facility Bob held his peace. It was too sad. Throughout the week he had been imparting to the Auckland bowlers an infallible method of putting out each individual Gordon man, being intimately acquainted with their frailties as batsman from having carefully watched eight of them labouriously and painfully acquiring four hundred and eighty odd runs against his own club. Alas! Bob; you should also have taught the Auckland batsmen how to play Gordon bowling. The truth is the wicket was mainly responsible for the poor scores. A curious ridge ran across the pitch at one end. More rain than people imagined had fallen. Fowke was doubtless right in taking the innings, but the rather heavy surface turned fours and threes into twos and singles. When the sun began to take effect upon the pitch the ball began to do queer things, and this accounts for the speedy downfall of Gordon's last five and Auckland's first six wickets. The combined hang and bump mainly caused all those uppish strokes. Goulston's catch at long leg has never been surpassed on the Domain ground. Just now it looks like a guinea to a gooseberry on Gordon. But cricket is a funny game, and Jack Arnel, short of practice though he be, is always a dangerous man. Gordon must not be over confident. The wicket may be better next Saturday.

Now that our athletes are in active preparation for the Intercolonial Championship meeting in February, any hints and tips in regard to training, etc., will doubtless be welcome. With regard to the long jump, Philpotts, of Oxford University, who though but a dwarf in stature, cleared over 21 feet more than once by practicing an original method. His style was to start some thirty yards behind the take-off, gradually increasing the pace until he reached the jump, when he launched himself high in the air, and flew like a ball until just before landing. In practice he frequently placed a hurdle some ten or eleven feet from the take-off. This he was bound to clear, or come to sad grief, which he never did. The effect was to force him to jump high, and the momentum gained by his lightning run carried his little body to a surprising distance for so tiny a fellow. Another good device for lengthening the stride is also the invention of an old Oxonian. Mark out 50 yards, run over it at a good pace, counting the number of strides. Repeat the run presently, and endeavour to cover the distance in a few strides less. After a few evenings devoted to this system the runner will be much surprised to find how palpably improved is his stride. It is a fact well known to sprint runners that when going

at full pace the sprinter's stride is longer than ever. This can be tested by running on a level strip of tolerably hard sand from which the tide has receded. First run 100 yards at a good smart pace, and finish with a spurt; then carefully measure the distance between the foot-prints, and note the result. Again, in putting the 16lb. shot, knack and method will often defeat brute force. The run is seven feet. Stand on the right foot, with the left off the ground, somewhat curved; then poise the shot and bend and balance the body; next hop with the right foot; step with the left, and then a short jump will bring you to the mark with a good momentum; open the legs, and bend the body; then close the legs, and shoot your muscular effort upwards until it reaches the arm and shoulder. Then let fly the shot, and if you have the knack it will travel better than you ever hoped. This method is recommended to Tim O'Connor. He will find it worthy of a trial. The hurdle for the long-jump practice might be of service to Uphill. With regard to the high jumpsplendid work has been done by running sideways at the jump, and throwing one leg over, followed by the other. These suggestions are at least well intended.

## MISS CUNARD.

Miss HELEN GORDON CUNARD's singing at the Harvey Brothers' entertainment on Monday night was an artistic treat. It is often said that the unexpected always happens. Well, it happened to those who heard really high-class vocalisation at a variety show. The lady has undoubtedly been trained according to the one sound method, *i.e.*, in the true Italian school. Her voice, a naturally fine one, has been scientifically developed in all its registers. Her compass is wide in range, and the *timbre* is good throughout. The clearness and accuracy of her runs, the distinctness of the staccato passages and the elegance and correctness of her phrasing is admirable. Good as her *cantabile* is, her *fioriture* is still better. A *scena* from Rossini's *Semiramide* was sung in a style which vocalists, who herald their advent with sounding pæans of self-praise, might well envy. It is refreshing to hear an artiste who does not open her mouth as if she wanted to swallow a tennis ball, and thereby effectually close her throat; who is not incessantly using the *portamento*; who does not mouth her words, and who is absolutely free from that pestilent vice—the *vibrato*. The one thing to be regretted was the absence of an orchestra. Possibly Miss Cunard might be persuaded to sing with an Auckland orchestra if an opportunity should occur. This must not be taken as a reflection upon Professor Riedle, who accompanied with taste and discretion throughout the performance. But the piano is at best a poor substitute for an orchestra.

The *Canterbury Times* states that "Dr. Ross, in the course of a private letter, says the newspapers seem to know a great deal more of his business than he knows himself. His visit to Auckland was altogether unconnected with the Sylvia Park sale, and he did not make a single bid for Nordenfeldt. He valued the horse for a buyer at 4,000 guineas, but thinks that the son of Musket brought more than his worth in the world's market."