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Anything AND Everything

SOME two or more years, days or decades ago—*console Planco*—three frisky matrons concocted a cunning plot. They had heard of an especially charming Hebe, who, in a snug little bar, ministered to the wants of a circle of admirers. The ladies suspected the loids of their bosoms, and determined to bowl them out in a fashion not unlike that pursued by the jealous wives in "Pink Dominos." Being all three tall and of a commanding presence, they artistically disguised themselves as men, and one evening strolled into the bar with a jaunty and masculine swagger. Three brandies and sodas were ordered to be set out in a row, and the fair roysterers dipped their beaks without exciting suspicion. An attempt at chaffing the barmaid, however, fell rather flat. Unfortunately the husbands were at that moment enjoying an innocent rubber at their club, and the plotters failed in their designs, having the bar to themselves. Presently, however, a gentleman entered the snugger, and being a somewhat acute member of the legal profession, noticed something unusual about the manners and deportment of the trio. Before long, notwithstanding wigs, beards, and mostachios, he recognised all three, and guessing their design, determined to counterplot. Slipping out quietly for a few minutes he returned, and calling one of the ladies aside, informed her that not only had he penetrated their designs, but a detective also had followed them and was waiting outside. He moreover, in feigned consternation, drew a cruel picture of the probable ending of their freak. They would be arrested, immured in a cell for the night, and in the morning charged with masquerading in male attire with felonious intent. So scared were the poor ladies that they at once threw up the sponge, and begged Mr. Blank to help them out of the mess. He consented to do his best, took them out into a back yard, and with the aid of a ladder assisted them to scale a high wall. After politely escorting the crestfallen and terrified dames to their homes Mr. Blank read them a lecture, and retired to relieve his pent-up emotions. After such a *fiasco* those errant dames were content to abandon the rôles of Rosalind, Viola, and Nerissa, and leave bars and barmaids unmolested. The exact who, how, when, and where of this little story we leave our readers to discover, assuring them that is not a fiction.

We have received from Mr. G. M. Main, of the *Herald* staff, an interesting leaflet containing a brief history of the press in Auckland from the date of her birth. The particulars given appear to be accurate, and Mr. Main has evidently spared no pains to render the little brochure useful for reference. As our old identities are fast dying out they should be encouraged to follow Mr. Main's example and preserve all incidents of our early history by communicating them to the press in good time.

Of the annulling of bankruptcies there would seem to be a coming shower. Following Mr.

Firth comes an announcement that Mr. Slavin, the eminent pugilist, having paid twenty shillings in the pound, has succeeded in having his bankruptcy annulled. Mr. Harrow too, without judicial assistance, has annulled his self-declared bankruptcy, paying his creditors in violets. Mr. Abbott even is quite satisfied, and he really should be, seeing that he received *scent per scent*!

THE opening of "The Wyndham Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths" is announced in our advertising columns. These baths supply a much-needed and long-felt want in the centre of the city, and Messrs Mays and Fenton, the managers, deserve every success for their plucky venture, as neither pains nor expense have been spared in the fitting and furnishing of their handsome and complete premises, which are 110 feet by 24. A wide corridor runs up the centre of the premises, covered with linoleum and two narrow strips of cocoanut matting, while here and there we find, tastefully arranged against the varnished bath room partitions, a number of green pot plants, the whole making up an exceptionally clean, cool, and neat appearance. The twelve baths are large and comfortable, and the bath rooms are commodious and furnished with every possible requirement. Every attention has been given to ventilation, so that none of the objectionable smell of steam, usually apparent in such establishments, is possible. In the rear of the baths is a large room containing the boiler, 15ft 6in long, with tankage for 2,500 gallons of water, the apparatus being so arranged that as the hot water is drawn off the boiler refills itself. This room may also be used for the training, etc., of athletes, to whom the managers intend to make special concessions. Reading and waiting rooms are set apart, where all the papers of the day will be filed. Messrs. Mays and Fenton intend to make a speciality of their towels, a large stock of which they have in hand. Spray baths, etc., are to be fitted up in the rear where the lavatories, etc., are fixed, and a wash may be obtained at half the cost of a bath. There is no doubt these baths will be a great convenience to people after a hot, dusty afternoon at the races, as well as to others after a hot fatiguing day's holiday. The premises are only three doors from Queen-street, and we confidently recommend our readers to pay them a visit.

THE Auckland Amateur Rowing Association have decided to give Mr. "Tom" Sullivan a complimentary benefit on Lake Takapuna on Saturday week, the 26th inst., when no doubt a large number will avail themselves of a trip to the beautiful surroundings of the Lake; especially as their visit would also be a mark of their appreciation of the abilities of Auckland's talented young oarsman. Mr. Sullivan will take part in a Handicap Sculler's Race, and will also give an exhibition of his starting and sculling prowess. We beg to draw the attention of our readers to the advertisement which appears in another column, and commend the same to their favourable notice.

In another column will be found an advertisement from Mr. W. T. Crosher setting forth the advantages of his sixpenny luncheons at his rooms, Victoria-street East.

Music & Drama

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?

THE Auckland Orchestral Union on Thursday evening last gave the third concert of their second season in the Choral Hall. The house was well filled and the concert was an unqualified success. Gounod's overture to "Le Medecin Malgré Lui" was the first number of an excellent programme. This work, an exceedingly fine example of the composer's melodious and scholarly style, being rich with elegant orchestral effects and splendid passages, especially for the strings, was well rendered by the orchestra and loudly applauded by the audience. Mrs. Burgess followed with Pinsuti's chaste and tender song "Charity," which was well suited to display the lady's full and true contralto voice. Mr. Triphook accompanied on the piano with taste and discretion. The orchestra next scored its success of the evening with Svendsen's No. 1 of his Suite of Norwegian Rhapsodies. At the Society's last concert the No. 4 of the Suite charmed the audience, and the No. 1 on this occasion suggested memories of past enjoyment. It reveals similar characteristics, being replete with quaint weird melodies and original orchestral effects, all of which were effectively realised by the band under Mr. Paque's baton. Mr. S. Jackson followed with one of his exquisite clarinet solos, an excerpt from Weber's No. 1, Op. 73. It was played with the delicacy of tone and taste and the wonderful facility of execution which we always expect from so gifted a performer. In response to prolonged and general applause Mr. Jackson bowed his acknowledgements. The band next played a "Divertissement Des Esclaves Persannes," from Massenet's "Le Roi De Lahore," a somewhat difficult work in places. Although some defects in intonation were noticeable, especially among the strings, the performance on the whole was a good one. J. F. Barnett's "Elfland," a pizzicato with wind accompaniment, which immediately followed, at once sent the King of Lahore and his Persian slaves into banishment. It is a charming movement, graceful, harmonious, and quaint. The orchestra gave an exquisite rendering, and received a vociferous encore. Flotow's overture to "Stradella" opened the second part—the solo for the French horn being admirably executed by Mr. R. Craig. The work, which ranks with the composer's best efforts, was a complete success. Mr. T. M. Jackson followed with a plaintive and emotional ballad, "My Heart's First Home," from Wallace's "Lurline." The opening recitative is extremely pleasing, and was capitally sung. Although not quite in his best voice, Mr. Jackson won a tumultuous encore and repeated the number. The orchestral accompaniment, arranged by Mr. Clough, went very fairly. Mr. Windsor then, in a neat little speech, announced that the concert would be repeated on Thursday evening (to-night) for the benefit of Mrs. Sibbin and family, when I trust to see an overflowing house. Not only the object but the entertainment offered thoroughly deserves a liberal patronage. Miss