

# The Leeuwin

A Monthly Magazine



Vol. I.  
No. 3

DECEMBER

1910

PRICE  
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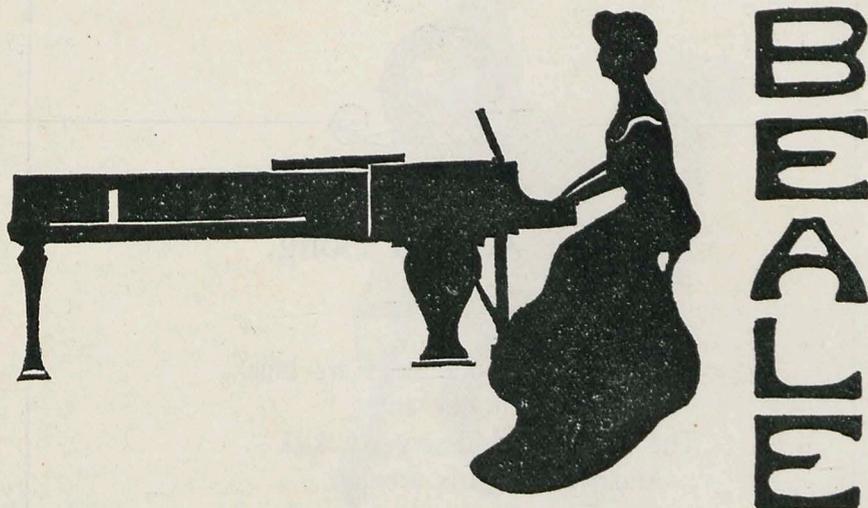
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## An Austral Song.

By Alfred Chandler.

O Austral boys, the skies are blue,  
The call is in the air;  
The blatant ball deserves a kick—  
And Austral girls are fair.



O Austral girls, the wattle blooms  
Are bright with golden lure,  
Where gaily sings sweet Mag o' Morn—  
And Austral boys are dure.



O Austral boys, your mother's hair  
Is gleaming white as snow  
Around the fond old eyes that light  
With dreams of long ago.



O Austral girls, your fathers' steps  
Are slower day by day,  
But brave they fare to reach anon  
The blue hills far away.



O Austral girls for Austral boys,  
While Austral skies are blue,  
But fair and strong, be strong and fair  
Should roses turn to rue.

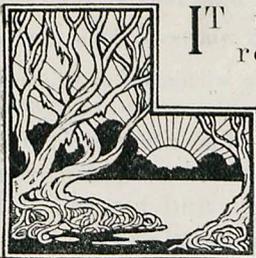


## The Romance of Westralian Mining.

From Bayley's to the Bullfinch.

By Spinifex.

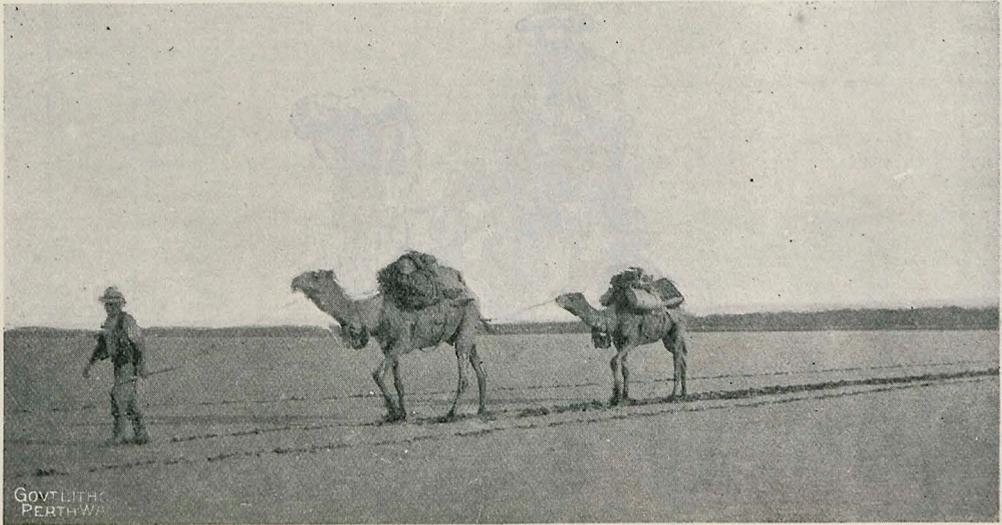
The siren Gold has me in thrall  
And I enchanted hear her call;  
For I would dare the world so wide  
To find the place where she may hide.



**I**T is a marvellous romance, this golden story of the West, but we are still too close to it to see the glittering fascination of it all. We realise, however, that two names were conspicuously associated with the early history of the Eastern goldfields—Bayley and Brookman. One found the famous Reward

Claim at Coolgardie, the other pegged the wonderful Golden Mile at Kalgoorlie.

Arthur Bayley was a typical, roving, adventurous Australian, lured by the glitter of gold all round the island continent, from Victoria to Queensland, across, by Palmers-ton, to Kimberley and Pilbarra, down to Nannine and Cue and thence to Southern Cross, and out into the waterless wilderness east till he and his mate (Ford) struck Fly Flat where they picked up



THE DESERT TRAIL.

nuggets of gold lying about on the surface of the red soil. He had grit and determination and resource, for in his days there were no camels in the West, and he had to battle to the back of beyond with nothing but a hardy little W.A. brumby.

Bayley's was a great adventure, a fight against hostile nature, a pushing out and further out with an audacious intrepidity that was heroic, inasmuch as he dared the dragon thirst and the deadly bludgeon of the smiting heat demon. Cannot you picture him eighteen years ago striking out into the unknown, never certain for one day where he would get water for the next? And then follow him with your mind's eye along that lonely trail when he stole into Southern Cross with his first wallet of golden slugs and stole away again into the lonely silence, his only companion being the faithful brumby. Every trip meant 240 miles and occupied from ten days to a fortnight. Every day

was a solitary march through the salmon-gum forest, or the poverty-bush scrub, or across the stunted pine sand plain.

And think of the monotony—no mountains, even in the blue distance; no brooks or running water, no singing birds to break the murmurous stillness—nothing but the everlasting sameness, nothing to suggest idealisation—

"Where early in the morning when the rose-lights tint the East  
We watch the blue-hills smiling, from the gaoler Night released;  
The while a soft wind whispers, like a faintly echoed song,  
Thro' wilds of waking wilderness and lispings Kurrajong."

Nothing but the eternal foreground of gums or bush; nothing but the wilderness and himself. Of course, Bayley had the exhilaration of knowing that he had hit upon a world mine, and that thought was a great companion. There was the certainty that he was going to be rich, with all the excitement of speculating how rich.

It was on the 17th of September, 1892, that he made known his sensational discovery which was soon to be talked of from one end of the earth to the other. Before Christmas the world had been given a new and magical word—Coolgardie. Bayley sold his mine to Sylvester Browne for £8,000 and some 30,000 shares in the projected company. Within a week Browne knocked off enough gold from the outcrop on the

stolen as was credited to the company. The gold was so plentiful that it seemed no sin to annex some of it. Down to a depth of 300 feet a succession of jeweller's shops astonished the world and made Bayley famous, and it was a marvellous thing for W.A. The Prince had come along with the golden slipper and found that it fitted Cinderella, and hey, presto! she was transfigured.



A PROSPECTING PARTY.

Reward claim, and a new shoot struck about a hundred yards away to pay for the mine, and still left strings of the yellow metal in sight. It was the richest "pothole" show ever found in this State and probably in Australia.

We shall never know the quantity of gold obtained from Bayleys Reward, for it is estimated that during the first two years as much was

But the same romantic surroundings do not attach to the name of Brookman. Though prominent in the early history of Kalgoorlie, W. G. Brookman never did any prospecting or pioneering. With Sam Pearce, an old gold follower, he arrived at Coolgardie with the general rush early in 1893 and went on to the new find at "Hannan's" where he did a most remarkable



AN OUTCROP.

thing. As nearly as possible he pegged the now famous Golden Mile, including the Great Boulder, the Lake View, the Perseverance, the Ivanhoe, the Associated, and several other leases of less note. Excepting the Golden Horseshoe and the Kalgurli, Brookman and Pearce staked out the richest 300 acres of auriferous ground on the earth's surface, and they didn't know it. At one time the market value of that area was over £20,000,000. If the original shareholders in the syndicate which sent W. G. Brookman over had retained their interests, each would have been a millionaire, and would have drawn a million in dividends.

One of the principal promoters of the syndicate was G. P. Doolette, a name which is now destined to be doubly associated with the romance of mining in Westralia. G. P. Doolette was commissioned by his

colleagues to go to London for the purpose of placing the Great Boulder and other leases on the market. Speaking at a banquet in Perth a year or so ago, he said that he went to the great world metropolis intending to return in three months, but he had stayed on and on until his presence there became a necessity. It was undoubtedly a conspicuous compliment to the Australian promoter that he should have been asked to remain and take the Chairmanship of the Great Boulder Proprietary, and it is almost a greater recognition of his ability that he should have retained that position ever since.

About the time that he set out for London his son threw up his medical studies at the Adelaide University and joined the tidal wave of gold-seekers that was rushing West. Those were the days when a passage on the coasting steamers was a

prize, when a seat in the train from Albany was a privilege, when men were glad to pay a couple of sovereigns to have a rug carried from Northam to Southern Cross, when a bed was a forgotten favour, and tinned butter a luxury. D. L. Doolette, albeit his father was floating the Golden Mile in London roughed it across the sandplains with the rest, and when he reached the golden zone started out to explore the great unknown in search of another Bayley's Reward.

The glamour of gold was over all. Seen from the summit of a soak rock the "blue hills far away" seemed to hold hearts of gold and promised untold wealth. Some of them fulfilled the promise, but others—well, the rhymer has put it thus—

"May be when we've crossed the plains and reached the hills of blue,  
We'll find them brown and barren and cruelly untrue.

The vision will be shattered and sweet hope  
will shiver cold  
Upon the stony ridges where there's never  
heart of gold."

Even in a great auriferous region like the Westralian goldfields the romance fluctuates. Battlers like Bob Frost, Jack Reidy, Menzies, and the whole tribe of mulga gipsies struck out in all directions and hit Kurnalpi, Darlot, Siberia, and all the lesser patches. The Londonderry was sold for £180,000 cash and much scrip and promptly petered out; Jack Dunn found the Wealth of Nations 35 miles North-West of Coolgardie, and sent a thrill through the great camp by producing Big Ben, a mass of quartz and gold that weighed 1 cwt., and fascinated the level-headed watchmaker, Charlie Kauffman, who had refloated the Lake View and Ivanhoe; and Jack Hayes brought in his



WATERING AT A GNAMMA HOLE.

[The foregoing illustrations by courtesy of the Govt. Geological Dept.]



BAGGED ORE, BULLFINCH. D. L. DOOLETTE IN CENTRE OF GROUP.

pack saddle full of beautiful specimens from the Hit or Miss. Big displays of rich quartz exhibited from time to time in Coolgardie—that hive of adventurous rovers—sent the tremour of romance through every breast, and strings of camels loaded with tucker and swags might be seen almost weekly starting off on the outer pads.

Amongst that legion that never was listed was Dorrie Doolette, who with Charlie Northmore and a couple of camels went wandering through the untrodden scrub beyond the Ninety-Mile what time Bob Menzies discovered the Lady Shenton. The two young Adelaideans proved that they were plucky and hardy prospectors and keen bushmen, and eventually they located the Niagara country, taking up a large number of leases which they

floated in London. That was away back in '95. Since then Dorrie Doolette has prospected, worked on the Great Boulder, managed the St. George at Magnet, and has all the while "kept himself poor to find the Bullfinch."

But he has found it, and all the world is to-day talking about it. And look at the romance surrounding that combination of luck and pluck. Southern Cross was really the mother of the Eastern Goldfields, but for 18 years she has been despised and neglected and passed by. Now the gipsies are crowding back and old Yilgarn is alive once more with the soldiers of fortune as well as the camp followers. This is entirely the result of Dorrie Doolette's faith and determination. For four years he prospected the Golden Valley district, and

for nearly twelve months he kept Charlie Jones pegging away on that bit of country and W.A. has to thank him for supplying the stimulus to our mining industry that everyone has been praying for these five years past.

Twenty-two years ago men walked over the Bullfinch, prospected over it, slept over it, and dug potholes in it, and only a few feet below was one of the richest ore-

by a hair's breadth. Dozens of flying prospectors napped the wrong side of the Londonderry reef with the "yellow vixen" smiling at them a few feet away, and so the Bullfinch would be unheard of to-day if it were not for the pertinacity of one man—pertinacity that means courage and costs money. The old sensational "finds" were standing up out of the ground inviting discovery; this one had to be looked



A BULLFINCH GOLDEN HOLE.

bodies that has ever been found in this great gold State. So over forty years ago Hunt and his party, looking for pastoral country, passed between Bayley's and the Londonderry, and just missed the outcropping quartz on either hand that was banded together with gold and defied the aeons of erosion. Hunt went within half-a-mile of Fly Flat where Bayley and Ford picked up nuggets as we gather mushrooms. He passed untold wealth and fame

for, delved for, and literally dug out of its hiding place. But it has repaid its prospectors and has called the rovers back to the old Cross.

The story of the Bullfinch is quite as romantic as that of Bayleys. Where in the wide world has there ever previously been offered half-a-million of money for an undeveloped mine. Put it another way, America, that land of big things, cannot show one man who within six months rose from a salary to refuse two and a-



THE CAMP, BULLFINCH.

half million dollars for a 100 feet hole in the ground. America cannot produce one man, who, by legitimate enterprise, left his job and found himself a millionaire within half-a-year, and yet that is what has happened in connection with the Bullfinch.

What further riches the mine may contain passes all guessing. But it carries in its beak at least £500,000 worth of gold, and if the perky bird

has lived on that sort of seed its "crop" should be a glittering one, and its plumage bright—so bright as to add a brilliant feather to Cinderella's sun hat.

A century hence Westralia's golden history will read like a fantasia from the Arabian Nights, and standing out in the story will be the three names—Bayley, Brookman, and Doolette.



# Pipes and Perversity.

By F. A. Milliar.



AD fate decreed that Kitty Manger should be born in England there is every possibility that she would have become a militant Suffragette, but being destined to first see the light in Western Australia this outlet for superfluous energy was denied her.

Not that she could really have shone as an adherent of that notable body, for in the first place, Nature had endowed her with a far greater share of good looks than appears to be meted out to the average franchise-fiend, while, in the second, there was, in the inmost recesses of her heart, a lurking suspicion—rigidly suppressed—that the tyrant Man might, under certain conditions and with suitable assistance, develop into a respectable member of society.

Possibly these weaknesses were responsible for the fact that, at the age of two-and-twenty Kitty Manger disgraced herself in the eyes of her bosom friend and confidant, Agnes Dawson, by rendering up at the altar that freedom which the latter had urged her to maintain till death.

“I didn’t think you’d do it, Kitty—I really didn’t,” she exclaimed as she assisted the bride to array herself in travelling attire. “Why, you even said ‘obey’ quite audibly and distinctly!”

Mrs. Evans smiled with just a suspicion of that patronage which

young matrons are apt to assume towards their girl friends, as she replied—“It was quite needless to make a fuss in church for I have already explained to Frank that I haven’t the slightest intention of being ruled.”

“And of course he vowed he would never attempt such a thing. Oh! I know their little ways quite well,” cried Agnes vindictively, and not with absolute truthfulness, for her experience of the male sex was—and appeared destined to remain—of the most meagre description.

Kitty’s pretty face flushed slightly. “No,” she returned, “he didn’t say that. He just laughed and said he’d chance it.”

It was now her friend’s turn to smile, and though she made no verbal comment that facial contortion acted as the first drop of gall in the little bride’s cup, casting a shadow over her honeymoon and marring the first few months of domestic bliss.

There are times when silence is more exasperating than the most bitter invective, more cutting than the keenest sarcasm, and that smile translated might have read somewhat as follows:—

“Poor simpleton! You fancy that with your pretty face you have won the devotion of the noblest of beings. Nothing of the sort! You have merely attracted an ordinary male human who requires a cooking and button-sewing machine, and

naturally prefers an ornamental to a plainer—and possibly more serviceable commodity. A few weeks, and you will have sunk to the level of the majority of your sex, and will be reduced to the position of a mere tool and chattel.”

All this and more the sensitive Kitty fancied she read in the sphinx-like countenance of her friend and hastened to reassure her with the defiant addition, “You may rest assured that I shall assert myself from the outset.”

It was therefore with this object in view that Mrs. Evans started upon her honeymoon; it loomed before her as a duty she owed to her sex in general and to Agnes Dawson in particular, until by dint of constant contemplation it assumed gigantic proportions, rendered none the less awesome from the fact that she found it absolutely impossible to lure her husband into an angry discussion on the subject of woman’s status. He persisted instead in treating the matter as a huge joke, and listened with amused amiability to her emphatic statements concerning feminine superiority.

Well, little woman,” he would say, “let’s hope so. There is room for any number of immaculate people in the world.” Or, pushed into a corner by the demand for his private opinion, he would rejoin cheerfully, “Perhaps I don’t see matters in quite the same light; but stick to your own opinions by all means since they give you pleasure.”

Evidently her superiority must be manifested in deeds as well as words; but, alas! Frank Evans was

only too pleased to indulge his pretty wife to any reasonable extent and instinct warned her that, despite his good humour, it might not be wise to test his endurance too far.

Affairs had reached this stage, when Miss Dawson paid her third call upon the happy couple and greeted Kitty with an air of abstraction which warned the latter that she was upon the war-path once more.

“Do you allow Frank to smoke in the sitting-room?” she asked almost before she was seated, indicating a pipe which lay upon the chimney-piece.

“Yes; I don’t mind it.”

“Yet you used to say you detested the smell of tobacco and would never marry a man who smoked.”

Mrs. Evans bit her lip. “I am quite used to it now,” she returned with assumed carelessness.

“No doubt you have become accustomed to a great many things, my dear, including the subversion of your principles. Really, Kitty,” she concluded with sarcastic vehemence, “you have developed into a model wife,—content to do just as you are bid like a helpless child. I imagined you had more spirit!”

This was too much for the bride. “Frank has never bidden me to do anything,” she cried, hotly, “and if he did I simply shouldn’t do it. I do exactly as I please, and the only reason there is no friction is because he has the good sense not to make a fuss.”

“Of course, one can force oneself to be pleased with anything—even tobacco smoke,” was the acrimonious rejoinder.

Casting prudence to the winds the young wife made the bold assertion—"I could make him give up smoking if I wished."

"Do you really think so?"

"I don't think—I am certain; and what's more I intend to do it."

"How plucky of you! Now, if I were in your place, I should commence by burning that pipe—but I suppose you wouldn't dare?"

Kitty looked irresolute; it was Frank's best meerschaum. "Would it not be best to allow him to give it up gradually?" she asked.

Miss Dawson's lip curled. "If you really intend to assert yourself, the quickest way is always the best; but, of course, if you are afraid—"

For answer, Mrs. Evans dropped the pipe upon the blazing coals, after which heroic deed she scarcely heard the lavish commendations bestowed upon her by her friend, so preoccupied was she in wondering how best to explain her action to her husband. She was manifestly relieved to be left alone once more, and not until they were seated at the tea-table did she broach the subject nearest to her thoughts.

"Frank! I think you ought to give up smoking," she commenced decidedly.

He glanced at her whimsically. "Since when, Kitty? I suppose your friend has been here this afternoon."

"Yes," she admitted, "but that has nothing to do with it. The habit is dirty, extravagant, and unhealthy and—in short I won't have it done about my house."

He raised his eyebrows. "Did you pay the rent this week, Kitty?"

"Of course; why?"

"Only I thought I remembered writing a cheque for that purpose, and I wondered why you had not used it."

"I gave it to the landlord, of course; but I see what you mean. Though you always tell me that what is yours is mine, yet now when it comes to the point you deny it."

"Please don't curl your lip; you have such a pretty mouth it is a pity to spoil its shape."

Mrs. Evans grew desperate. "You are going to give it up right away now, aren't you, Frank?" she pleaded, coaxingly.

"Well, not right away, little woman; but if you dislike the smoke I will go on to the verandah."

He rose and approached the mantel-piece. "Hallo! Where's my pipe?"

"I burnt it," said Kitty, trying to speak calmly, though she was conscious of a curious constriction at the throat, and her heart beat like a sledge-hammer.

Evans gazed at her in blank amazement. "Are you jesting," he said, "or do you really mean you have burnt a new twelve-and-six-penny pipe?"

"I really mean it, for you see it won't be wanted any more as you are going to give up smoking. Just think how much it will save in a year, to say nothing to the benefit to your health——"

But her flood of eloquence received an abrupt check for at this juncture the door slammed behind her husband's retreating form, and a moment later he passed the window smoking a short French briar.

It was midnight when he returned, and though in order to show

her independence Kitty had retired early, she lay awake wondering whether, to mark his indignation, he would return home intoxicated. According to Agnes Dawson married men invariably vented their spite thus, and she was not a little reassured to hear the firm, unhesitating footstep and to perceive that he experienced no difficulty in locating the keyhole.

No further allusion was made to the pipe incident on the following morning, nor for several days, until Kitty could almost have persuaded herself that Frank had forgotten it, but for the fact that he invariably chose the verandah for his evening smoke, and that his pipes no longer graced the chimney-piece nor were visible in any part of the house. Opportunity for further conflagration there was none, and in this dilemma she consulted the oracle once more.

Miss Dawson was encouraging, for that amiable lady considered herself in her element when engineering matrimonial differences.

"You have made a protest and that is much," she said, "but it must not rest there. You should tell him plainly that he must renounce the habit if he values your companionship, and if he refuses you can stay with me until he comes to his senses. If he has a particle of affection for you, he will soon accede to such a trifling request."

Mrs. Evans' vanity was not proof against this final strategical remark, and accordingly when Evans reached home that evening and, little dreaming of the recent conspiracy, kissed his wife in the hall, she repulsed him with the indignant

exclamation—"Frank! your clothes are redolent of stale tobacco! Please don't come near me; I wonder even you can stand it!"

"Pray, who is to blame for that?" was the good-humoured retort. "Since you have compelled me to turn myself into a walking pipe-rack it is hardly to be wondered at."

"I compelled! How?"

"I am not rich enough, Kitty, to buy a new pipe every day, and since I have been married my belongings are apparently not safe even in my own house!"

"You mean," she replied, icily, "that you refuse to give up smoking even to please me, and that you wish you had remained a bachelor?"

"I mean that I like my property to remain undisturbed. But it is cold and draughty in this hall; suppose we adjourn the discussion until after tea."

"You may take your tea alone," said his wifeloftily, "I won't trouble you with my presence further, as I am going to stay with Miss Dawson. May you enjoy your houseful of pipes—no one will disturb them now!" Then, being fearful lest she should spoil the effect by a burst of tears, Mrs. Evans flounced into the bedroom, and locked the door, but not before she had overheard the audibly muttered exclamation—"D—that woman!"

Not till afterwards did Kitty connect it with the mention of her friend's name; but, considering it aimed solely at herself, she promptly dried her eyes and commenced to gather up the few articles she deemed necessary for a brief sojourn in James Street.

Six weeks past, and still Mrs. Evans waited vainly for the capitulation of her refractory husband. Agnes urged her to hold out till the bitter end, and her own pride restrained her from returning without his expressed wish. She shared the room in which her friend batched, but after the latter, who was a typist, had departed for the day, the hours dragged on with excessive weariness. She hated herself for the part she had played—in her secret heart she blamed Agnes for her share in it—but she yet feared the scathing comments of the latter should she show herself desirous of extending the olive branch.

Knowing instinctively that Evans would be loth to cross the threshold of the Dawson domicile, she had on several occasions even gone out of her way to intercept him on his way to business; but though he stayed to chat amiably on indifferent topics, he made not the slightest allusion to her desertion, nor hinted a desire for her return, while she strove to appear equally unconcerned.

From the outset she had insisted on defraying her own expenses, and by this time her funds had reached low water mark.

“I would sooner starve than appeal to him for money!” she exclaimed vehemently, and the sentiment was hailed as a suitable expression of righteous wrath, though mentally she had concluded with the words “after treating him so shamefully!”

Miss Dawson was, as usual, equal to the emergency—in fact her resourcefulness in keeping husband

and wife apart was becoming almost proverbial. There was, it seemed, some typing to be given out by the firm by whom she was employed, and Kitty, being well-accustomed to the work, had thus an opportunity of earning at home sufficient to meet her few requirements. The task occupied her thoughts and caused the ensuing weeks to pass more rapidly; but as Christmas approached the longing to know how Frank fared became irresistible, and during his absence she not only visited the little house in Subiaco, but contrived to burglariously effect an entrance through the kitchen window in order to view the landscape.

The room looked untidy and neglected, dirty even—for Evans was no domesticated man—and Kitty deftly set to work to clear up the accumulation of unwashed crockery which spoke of many comfortless meals. Then, having rendered the house more habitable in many ways she returned to await events. But no events ensued. Only, when on the following day she met her husband in Hay Street, he remarked with a sly twinkle:—

“A strange thing happened yesterday. You must know that I always save my household cleaning for a Saturday afternoon’s treat; but yesterday morning some unauthorised person performed it for me. It must have been the woman next door, and I shall thank her to restrict herself to her own premises for the future.

Whereupon Kitty returned home crestfallen, devoutly thankful that Agnes was ignorant of her escapade.

On Christmas Eve Mrs. Evans glanced irresolutely at the typewriter; but, after a moment's hesitation, she seated herself before it with a sigh. An hour later, impelled by some sudden impulse, she pushed it from her, and, rising, drew from her slender store the sovereign she had religiously reserved for some unforeseen emergency. Then donning her hat, she approached the business thoroughfares and boldly entered a tobacconists shop.

A few hours afterwards Frank Evans, returning from a busy day's work, entered his own abode with tardy step and disconsolate expression and espied beneath the letter-

box a small package bearing the inscription—"With best Christmas wishes from—Kitty," which parcel he had no sooner opened than he turned "right about face" and retraced his steps with an alacrity scarcely to be expected from his previous movements.

Shortly after dusk the little gate swung open to admit two heavily-laden but smiling young people, and when, supper being ended, Evans carefully filled the roomy bowl of his new meerschaum, Kitty herself deftly ignited the noxious weed. But from thenceforward Miss Dawson refused to enter an abode which sheltered so unworthy a disciple.



# The Death of Adam.

By Wallace Nelson.

**I** CAME to Western Australia nearly ten years ago to conduct a labor newspaper. I cannot truthfully say that my career in connection with the journal was one of unsullied joy. On the contrary it was so much otherwise that when, in less than two years, I handed in my resignation, I penned, in the paper itself, the following pathetic words of farewell:—

I know not what fate the future has in store for me. But this much I can say with confidence—I may in time become the future hangman, but I will never, if my reason holds out, again be the Editor of a Labour paper. I may add that should I ultimately be induced to occupy the highly responsible position of executioner, I feel confident that I will be able to perform the duties of his office with much greater comfort to myself and considerably more satisfaction to my clients than I have ever found possible on a Labour paper.”

As a matter of fact, I had not long commenced my editorial duties before I was in hot water. The Labour party, which I was supposed to represent, was divided into two sections, which seemed to agree in nothing except in making me unhappy. The moderates denounced me because I was what they called a pro-Boer, and the extremists denounced me, still more virulently, because I gave journalistic support to the Parliamentary Labour party.

To make matters worse, the finances of the paper were in a shaky condition. Indeed, I discovered to my dismay, on the first week of my arrival, that there was no money to pay wages. Fortunately, however, some good fellows—for some labour men are the best fellows in the world—came to the assistance of the directors, and the wages were paid.

In order to help the finances of the paper I determined to make a new experiment—to publish a Christmas number. I practically did the whole of the work in connection with the venture. I went round the shopkeepers and got the advertisements and to this day I blush for the lies of which I was then guilty. I wrote, under various names, all the stories, and—may a merciful heaven forgive me—all the poetry as well. As for the blocks for illustrations, they were mostly borrowed from the capitalistic newspaper which I used to weekly, but not weakly, denounce. The happy result of the venture was a special profit of about £70.

But, alas, dark clouds soon began to frown about my editorial head. One of the stories, entitled “The Death of Adam,” gave umbrage to one of the contributing unions—or, rather, to a small clique of persons who took the trouble to attend the meetings. Those persons ordered the secretary of the Union to write to the Board of

Directors and demand my instant dismissal. To their credit, the directors ignored the demand. As I was anxious to conciliate the recalcitrant unionists, I informed their secretary that I would be very much obliged if my critics would kindly permit me to attend one of their meetings in order that we might talk over the matter in dispute in a friendly way. The secretary submitted my request to the unionists, and they decided by vote to refuse to hear me.

However, I possessed my soul in patience, and my turn came at last. The unionists who desired to dismiss me had got them built a new hall, and they determined to celebrate the opening by a social gathering. Of course, they could not very well avoid inviting the Labour editor to the opening of the Labour Hall. Accordingly I was invited to the function.

My opportunity had come and I seized it. I was called upon to reply to the toast of the press, and I did so in a somewhat original manner. I poured out in ten minutes, to the amazement and consternation of a certain section of the audience the pent up indignation of months. "You plead for fair play from your masters," I cried. "Well, you are my masters, I am your servant. And how do you treat me? You seek to dismiss me, and when I ask for an interview that I may be heard in my defence, you deny my request. I here tell you to your faces that you are insolent tyrants, a thousand times more guilty than the employers of whom you are constantly complaining. And I tell you here, the only op-

portunity you have given me of meeting you face to face, that I despise you, and that I would rather die of starvation than sell my soul to such as you."

I must frankly confess that my remarks were loudly cheered by the majority of those present, who recognised at once that an act of injustice had been done. The consequence was that a special meeting of the Union was convened.

There was a crowded meeting, and I received a most sympathetic reception. "What's this 'Death of Adam?'" they cried. I told them that it was a little story I had written for the Christmas number of their paper. "Let's hear it; let's hear it" came from all parts of the room. "I think I can almost repeat it from memory," I said. And as they insisted on hearing it, I repeated to them as faithfully as possible the following story:—

#### THE DEATH OF ADAM.

Adam had finished a hard day's work and sat half asleep in his arm chair. He was 930 years of age, and consequently was beginning to fail somewhat. He had nearly dozed off when Mrs. Adam entered and handed him a letter. He at once opened it and read aloud as follows:—

Land of Nod,  
March, 930.

Dear Father,—

I take this opportunity of penning you a few lines. I wrote 400 years ago, but perhaps the letter miscarried.

I often think of you and mother, and would like to hear from you now and then—say once a century.

I have not forgotten that unfortunate affair with brother Abel. I know

it was wrong of me to kill him, but it was very provoking to an enthusiastic agriculturist like me to see providence accepting his half-starved sheep, and rejecting my champion turnips.

I have got married since coming here, and am now the happy father of three. My eldest, a boy, will be 400 years old next September. He is beginning to think about the ladies. My next, a daughter, was 150 last October. She goes messages and rocks baby. Baby, dear thing, is 50 years old, this very day, and is getting over the teething beautifully.

I am,

Your loving son,

CAIN.

On reading this letter Adam began to sob bitterly, exclaiming every now and then, "My poor Cain! My poor, poor Cain!"

"Come, come," said Eve, reproachfully, "don't be a softy. You've got nothing to make you cry like a big baby."

"That's no way to talk to an orphan like me," said Adam petulantly.

"Well, what makes you carry on so about Cain? I think we have reason to be thankful that he has got married and settled down comfortably."

"My lass," said Adam, "it's the thought of his being married that cuts me to the heart."

"In other words," Eve retorted, sarcastically, you have experienced matrimony to be a curse. Thank you, sir."

"You don't understand me."

"That I don't."

"Well, I made you," said Adam, taking Eve by the hand, "Am I not the first man?"

Eve smiled affirmatively.

"And you the first woman?"

Eve assented.

"Well," cried Adam, "can't you see that our poor boy when he went to that Land of Nod must have married an animal of some sort.

Here Adam began to cry aloud in his great grief, and eventually he fainted. Eve would have sent for a doctor, but there were no doctors. She would have unfastened his shirt collar, but for the fact that he had not got one.

Adam eventually passed quietly away, having reached the ripe old age of 930 years.

The sad event filled every heart with sorrow except that of the undertaker. The unseemly callousness of that gentleman may be condoned when it is remembered that Adam's demise furnished him with the second order since he set up in business. It is calculated that if Adam had lived another week this worthy person would have been bankrupt.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is only fair to add that the "Death of Adam" was immensely enjoyed, and that the crowded meeting unanimously carried a vote of confidence in my Editorship.

# The Manly Poetry of Western Australia.

AS WRITTEN BY

“Dryblower”                      “Prospect Good”  
“Crosscut”                        Andree Hayward  
“Bluebush”                        And Others

## A Survey and Criticism.

By A. G. Stephens.

### III.

We were sired by Bold Adventure,  
Our mother was Romance;  
We were bred on Glamour's borders—  
Nursed on the knees of Chance;  
We were schooled by Adversity  
Teacher of discipline,  
To take our luck as we found it  
And fight—or lose or win.

We longed for the wide horizon  
The low, long skyline meets,  
For the reeded open roadways  
In place of narrow streets;  
And the open roads they lead us  
From Clunes to Kimberley;  
By the cross-roads we have freed us  
From city slavery.

So we felt no pang in parting—  
Watching the town lights fade,  
For we sought the glister golden  
Our sire, Adventure, bade:  
Sought—and some died in the seeking—  
Gleam of a Golden Grail,  
Oh, we were true knights of fortune  
Knowing no backward trail.

Bright stars made our beacons,  
The mirage led us astray,  
The graves were we left our comrades  
Like milestones mark the way.  
Some fell by the traitors' bullet,  
Some by the myalls' spear,  
And dream in their lone camps ever  
A comrade's camp is near.

And the gold we got by seeking  
We lost again in quest,  
From the first find in the fifties  
To the last found in the West.  
But, lose by hazard of fortune  
Or gain by turn o' luck,  
We kept our place in the forefront  
And left the rest in the ruck.

But the cities rise with their houses  
In place of tented camps,  
The quiet bush goes echoing  
To rhythm of roaring stamps;  
Prideless hirelings are at our heels,  
Fettered to wage and due,  
*Now must we march in quest again  
Through wilderness anew.*

PROSPECT GOOD.

**F**REDERICK William Ophel, who has written over the signature of “Prospect Good” in *The Sun* (Kalgoorlie), *The Spectator*, (Perth), and elsewhere, yields a stronger poetical vibration than his Western Australian compeers. Our own by birth, he springs from many generations of Englishmen; he has the English character, and utters his emotion with the English diffi-

culty. The light eloquence, the facile aptitude of Murphy and Bourke are not in Ophel's gift. While they are “dryblowing” he is “dollying”—pounding his gold from the reluctant rock. His harsh verses are born with a pang; they seem to struggle to light almost in spite of their maker. Yet, with all their uncouthness, they are virile. Their rude melody has a real thrill; the misshapen stanzas live.

In Ophel's work the West is not sung about; it is endured and seen. The despair of the desert seems to speak not in him, but through him, as if he had drawn it into his blood and were exhaling it unconsciously with every breath, in every line he pens. Ophel was a true prospector, always craving to be on the outside line, always fighting for his own hand and his mate's, and never taking a wages-job till he was compelled. The atmosphere of the wilderness is in his verse: if he could but express himself fully, as a man who has fought the wilderness! But his life of struggle has given him no opportunity to cultivate art; for lack of language he stammers the syllables that come to him, half-consciously. Yet by the depth of his feeling and the breadth of his vision he is poet, unuttered, all but abortive.



### Poetical Bricks and no Mortar.

To us, the schooled, we see so clearly how the thing is done, yet are so rarely able to rise to the height of the doing, every missed poet brings a regret. Ophel's virtue is often wasted for lack of a little skill in measures, in rhymes, in words. Schooling worth while has never come his way. He was born at Point McLeay aboriginal station, Lake Alexandrina, S.A., on 3rd December, 1871. At fifteen he commenced that varied career which so many Australians follow to the amazement of a home-keeping Englishman, born to a class and a niche in a class. Office-work, wool-picking, navvying, photography, and half-a-dozen other jobs occu-

pied Ophel in South Australia and New South Wales. Then he found his vocation as gold-seeker, and pursued it East and West till his return to South Australia some years ago.

A geological history of poetry could be written from the West Australian records. In the most primitive era there are no fossils; it is an era of men who never write, or whose writing is never printed. In the next era we reach writers who are printed with amazement, like T. Breen in *The Sun* recently.

Wooramel is a rich pastoral country, 'way up in the Nor'-West,  
Where flies and mosquitoes are ofttimes a terrible pest;  
Called after the river that meanders close by  
'Midst wattle and gum-trees tapering up towards the sky.

The principal station is owned by Snook, Waldeck and Co.,  
With grass two feet high wherever you go;  
With sheep rolling fat, some eighty pounds and over,  
With cattle too heavy to be driven south by the drover.

Thirty miles up the river is "Meeds," owned by J. and F. Monger,  
Both strenuous workers—especially Phillip the younger,  
Who is only at ease when mustering cattle or sheep,  
And there are jokers who say that he has never been known to sleep.

Fifteen miles west of "Meeds" is "Marron," owned by Joe and Guy Sholl,  
One broad and fat the other thin and tall;  
Both very prepossessing, particularly Joe,  
And great favourites with the ladies wherever they go.

Ten miles from Sholl's is "Wahroonga," owned by Davis, Hankinson and Co.,  
Artesian engineers who have made good water flow  
From depths of five hundred to three thousand feet deep,  
And converted parched deserts into oasis for cattle and sheep.

At the mouth of the river is the town of Gladstone,  
A large iron building by itself all alone,  
Erected in boom times by Snook and Waldeck,

And lying alongside is an old wooden ship-wreck.

A ship that has oftentimes battled the breeze,  
When commanded by Von Bibra with his crew  
of Chinese,  
Till one night she came to grief in a fierce  
hurricane,  
And all but the commander were ne'er seen  
again.

Twelve miles south-east of Gladstone is Shaw  
Bros.' new Yankee bore,  
Who are in daily expectation of striking a  
million gallons or more;  
And if they succeed they intend very soon  
To build a nice homestead and have their  
honeymoon.

You can't miss the P and T.O., which combines  
A postmaster who operates and looks after the  
lines,  
While his wife attends to office very often alone  
When there's a fault on the line, and connects  
on the 'phone.

And travellers oft remark there are few  
women braver  
Than Mrs. Breen with her children living three  
miles from a neighbour,  
Now, Mr. Editor, I think I have given some  
geographical news,  
And hope when you read it you won't get the  
blues.

I have the honour to be, sir, yours sincerely,  
T. Breen,  
Pretty well known from Eucla away up to  
Nannine;  
Once a miner and prospector, and soldier so  
brave,  
And the only man in W.A. who has dug his own  
grave.

I avow an honest human regard  
for T. Breen, because his prosy  
poetry is so honestly human. All  
that he knows about verse is that it  
is written in lines, and that the lines  
begin with a capital letter and end  
with a rhyme. But observe that he  
is interesting and lively; he has  
things to say that are worth know-  
ing, and he says them. When he has  
no more to say he stops, quite dra-  
matically. If you wish to know how  
T. Breen dug his own grave—and  
lives to tell us—you must read the  
footnote to his poem in *The Sun* of  
4th September last.

### The Gloomy Side of Life.

Then two or three stratas above  
Breen, we come to Ophel, who had  
poetical ideas to express. But  
rhyme and metre hamper him, and  
sometimes he has tried to evade  
them. For example:—

#### Betrayed.

She watches. The eventide  
Fades into gloomy night,  
As the crimson west turns grey.

She watches. The yellow owl  
Leaves the hollow gumtree  
And vanishes in the dusk.

Overhead, on some high branch,  
The harsh cicada sings  
His death song. And he comes not.

Along a neighbouring road  
A horseman gallops past;  
The sound grows faint with distance.

Round about her, the kine answer  
Their young. No answer comes  
To the watcher's prayer—she turns

Homeward a pace—then again  
To the shadowy tryst.  
He will surely come—the shame

If he comes not. A footfall  
On the dim bridle path.  
Night hides the flush and the tears.

Sirius burns in the sky.  
And the clustered seven  
White Pleiades are trembling.

The footfalls have turned aside.  
A sudden fitful wind  
Sobs through the shivering trees—

A blood-red star has risen  
And stares at her. The dew  
Glistens redly on the bush.

And he comes not. The sad owl  
Has returned to her tree  
And sits moaning in the wind—

Sirius has set. Yet she waits,  
And each sigh is a prayer  
Pitying night alone hears,

And the moaning owl. At last  
She rises. And the night  
Is dark as death—with despair.

Down the path, sombre gumtrees  
Point gaunt fingers at her—  
Grim potent of the morrow.

This is only the raw material of poetry; but you observe that the material is there. That little picture is felt keenly and expressed truly. The tone is gloomy, as in all Ophel's verse; he turns instinctively to the tragic. The gloom is reflected partly from his life, often solitary, sometimes pushed close to the fatal precipice; yet rather, I think, from his English character. He has the fundamental Northern melancholy; his temperament is not the resilient temperament that we are learning to select as typically Australian.



### The Real Australian Attitude.

The opinion is debatable; but I would say that the characteristic Australian attitude in face of the bones of a lost pioneer is represented by words I heard long ago from the lips of an old Palmer hand, an old Gympie hand, a grizzled veteran who had roamed all over the Gulf country in search of gold:—

And there old Bill lay, not a mile from the waterhole; he'd made about fifteen mile north and come right round again. It was thick scrub, and the crows missed him; but he hadn't a rag on him, and he was all over ants, filthy. So I scooped a hole and shoved him in quick, and then I thinks, what about praying over him? Well, I'm no hand at praying; but I stood over the hole and I say "Well, Bill," I said, "you poor old devil, you're gone; but you know I'd just as soon it was me, and you know I stood to you square, and you know it's your own fault, you old devil, you ought to have seen it was no good going north, the way the trees was pointing. So here you are, and God help you, because I can't, but you know I would if I could, you old fool."

I reckoned that was about enough of a prayer, so I said, "So long, Bill," and I hoofed it, and I thought I'd seen the last of him, and that's nine years ago. But, look here, there's lots of nights at turn-over time, just about two o'clock in the morning, old Bill comes and talks to me, just the same as I'm talking to you—squats down on the ground and argues the point—says he had a right to go north, and I ought to have known he'd go north, because I

knew he was just the kind of—old fool that would go north when he had no right to. Argues it over and over again till I get tired of him and go to sleep, and leave him sitting there arguing. Poor old Bill."

I think that little bit of life shows Australian character, with its essence of "What's done can't be helped; and what's the use of grieving? My turn next!" But Ophel will brood, and will grieve, and of that brooding poetry is born. It is said, for example, that "in the first rush to Coolgardie, pegs were found which had apparently been in the ground for some years, the notices on them (then illegible) being written in red." And Ophel writes this dirge of "Pioneers."

### Pioneers.

They said, "Now here is gold;  
The cloth of gold unrolled  
Lies spread about our feet,  
Now fortune smiles and sweet."  
The mulga hid the face of Fate  
Watching with ruthless eyes of hate.

"Now wealth is ours," they said,  
"Great wealth and riches red.  
Our journeying is done,  
Guerdon and gold are won."  
Red were the written words they signed;  
And, scenting blood, the wild-dog whined.

They said: "Now ours is fame;  
An honoured glorious name—  
The name of pioneers  
And honour as of seers."  
They turned to take the homeward track,  
And dreamed a joyous welcome back.

No man knows where they lie;  
None heard their last death-cry;  
Unmarked their grave by mound,  
But at the last trump sound  
Perchance some God who all things hears  
Will give them praise as pioneers.



### A Poet of the Baffled and Beaten.

There is stern quality in that little piece. Again and again Ophel recurs to the theme. "His Epitaph" is perhaps the most significant of all

the verse I have been pondering; how well the scene and the atmosphere of the scene are recreated in a few words, and how powerful is the message! Rugged, reticent, yet full of noble meaning, I have no hesitation in ranking it technically with the finest work of its kind. See the curious plastic quality; it is a man's gesture above a grave.



### His Epitaph.

He lies here. See the bush  
All grey through grief for him;  
Hoar scrub—like ashes cast—  
Sprinkles the valley grim.

The saltbush is his shroud,  
Wide skies his only pall,  
And "in memoriam,"  
A thousand stamp-heads fall.

Gold-lured to death—and yet  
He would have had it so.  
Say mass, sing requiem  
With the grey bush—and go.

Quietly he has found  
Here in the Golden West,  
The long-sought-for at last,  
An El Dorado blest.

I could cite "Stranded" in further proof of what has been said—a chant of stranded vessels up-cast by the tide, a symbol of human distress.

We watch our sisters pass, our hearts  
Are where our keels should be,  
Swung clear in open oceans' deeps,  
Down with the fishes free.  
The surf seethes through our calkless seams,  
Our masts gone by the board;  
Our tangled gear swings in the gale  
That strains each whining cord.

The buoys toss idly now above  
The moorings we once knew;  
We'll never see the wharves again,  
Or hear the jolly crew  
Their wild sea-chantey shouting sing  
Above the calling wind,  
As, anchors raised, they warped up out  
Fresh sea-ways for to find.

Our helms swing idly to the lee,  
We cannot swing in turn,  
Our strength went with our fires, we left  
Our liberty astern.

Hopeless, imprison'd, oh! our hearts  
Are where our keels should be.  
And while we watch we envy them,  
The wrecks who rove the sea.

Everywhere Ophel has the same deep note, the same surging under-current that sets a reader's blood surging. Of "Australia" :—

She lies at large amid the seas  
That wreath with surf her shores,  
And come the old world sons to ask  
Admittance at her doors.

They reach her ports from all the world,  
Across the sundering seas,  
From each far clime, by each good ship,  
That feels the Southing breeze.

For many come, but few depart:  
The spell of her blue skies  
Is o'er them cast—and round their feet  
Most wondrous woven lies.

Her strange meshed nets of many strands,  
Golden and opaline,  
Silver and green, and scented with  
Sweet eucalypt and pine.

She holds them close in freedom's thrall  
And none would wish them free;  
Her nets in-woven are with love,  
Her gyves are liberty.

And many come, but few depart;  
For love and life they find  
In the deep quiet of her groves,  
And know her good and kind.

She lies half-veiled in mystic haze,  
The wide seas round her marge,  
Yet may bush-lovers understand  
Her tender heart and large.

Yet may they lift the veil and see  
Her loveliness undimmed,  
And through the radiance of her youth  
A greater glory limn'd.

Or again:

Far reaches now our margin  
To run with tide and wave;  
Bush sons—our mother taught us,  
Largess of love she gave;  
Breadth from her wide horizon,  
And length that love may go  
For burning leagues outstretching,  
All that the bush-born know.

There is patriotic exultation and exaltation here.

### “Crosscut” Wilson.

I turn to the work of another Englishman, a Kentishman, Thomas Henry Wilson, who has familiar Western celebrity as “Crosscut.” Mr. Wilson dates from 1867, and writes from a surveyor’s camp 80 miles from Dumbleyung, farther out than any other party has travelled from the Great Southern Railway. “After having walked a dozen miles through tangled scrub, laid down a couple of miles of chainage, felled several gumtrees in assisting to clear the line, and carried a 20 lb. water-bag and a few instruments”—he writes (though on a more leisurely day), for example:—

#### The Poverty Pot.

Did you ever hear of the “poverty pot?”  
 When the stone is sampled and crushed and panned,  
 If your prospect’s dollying rich or not,  
 You’ve always the “poverty pot” on hand.  
 And the blood may leap in each pulsing vein  
 As a glittering “tail” shows all you wish;  
 Or lag, as the glint of a single grain  
 Looks up from the lap of the swirling dish.  
 But whatsoever the luck you’ve got,  
 It all goes into the poverty pot.”

Through saltbush stretches and ranges grey,  
 When the dews of the morning gemmed our feet,  
 Where bell-birds piped at the break of day,  
 And the smell of the scrub was wild and sweet,  
 We’ve tramped to the tune of a swinging lilt,  
 And the hills sent back the tuneful clink  
 Of the knapping picks, as the Sun god spilt  
 His glory of gold o’er the morning’s brink.  
 And the mists of the night, diaphanous  
 Rolled back—and the day was there for us!

And then when the evening shades grew long,  
 With a slower step on the backward track,  
 While hearts and lips weaved a fairy throng  
 Of glittering dreams round the specimen sack.

The “leader” we struck in the ironstone—  
 The reef we found in the diorite fall—  
 (Oh, the sunset gleams on the hills alone)  
 But the dish and the dolly have proved them all.

The dreams and the hopes—they are half forgot,  
 But the gold went into the “poverty pot.”

There’s a “poverty pot” for us everyone.  
 It holds no sparkle of gilded ore,  
 But the gem of a kindly action done  
 May help to fill it with wealth galore.  
 The cheery smile or the shilling to lend,  
 The word that heartened a faltering mate,  
 The blow that was struck for a feebler friend,  
 The burden lightened of half its weight.  
 They are gems of gold, tho’ we know it not—  
 And they all go into the “poverty pot.”

And so when the last lead peters out,  
 And we cast the hammer and drill aside;  
 We’ll turn our faces with hope or doubt,  
 To the dim grey hills of the Great Divide;  
 We’ll know at the end when the Battery Boss  
 Has cleaned us up, and our luck is told,  
 If life’s long battle has won but dross  
 Or crowned our days with unfading gold.  
 And if we crush but a low-grade lot—  
 Perhaps we’ll be judged by our “poverty pot.”

“Crosscut” is the Saxon Englishman, not the Danish. He is toiler rather than adventurer, optimist rather than pessimist, taking life kindly, and moralising over it cheerfully. He has spent fourteen years in the West as surveyor, draftsman, timber-worker, prospector, miner, wood-chopper, navvy, railway official, journalist, and so on. As a writer of verse he handles ballad measures skilfully, and is fond of a ringing refrain. His stanzas are smoothly shaped, and have a content that is worth shaping: Often he seeks successfully to extract the philosophy from a life of labour. Wilson’s humour does not sparkle, it glows; good humour, good sense, good melody, and a good moral make his verses readable and rememberable. The editor of the *Kalgoorlie Sun*—that home and refuge of Western poetry—likes especially “The Poverty Pot.” Mr. Wilson possibly prefers “Trampish”:

**Trampish.**

It has come like the smell of the trees and the rain,

And the desert lies rolling before me;  
And I'm tramping the track thro' the salt-bush again,

For the spell of the mulga is o'er me.  
And out on the plains where the quivering haze,  
Is dancing afloat in the shimmering blaze,  
Here's ho! for the pride of the long lusty days,  
For the mulga is calling, is calling.

The spinifex plain, all empurpling to seed,  
Thro' the mist of the distance is waving,  
And a patchwork of forest, and flower, and weed  
In a ripple of colour is laving,  
Where wild everlastings are snow to the sight,  
And the path of each footstep is dappled in light,  
In a tangle of scarlet and yellow and white,  
Where the buds of the mulga are falling.

And in the wild depths of the deep breakaway,  
There are cool caves of limestone lie darkling;  
While dim peaks in solitude rise far away,  
Like isles in a blue ocean sparkling.  
And silence so musical lingers around,  
That melody whispers in every sound,  
And tremulous echoes of silver resound  
Where the note of the bell-bird is calling:

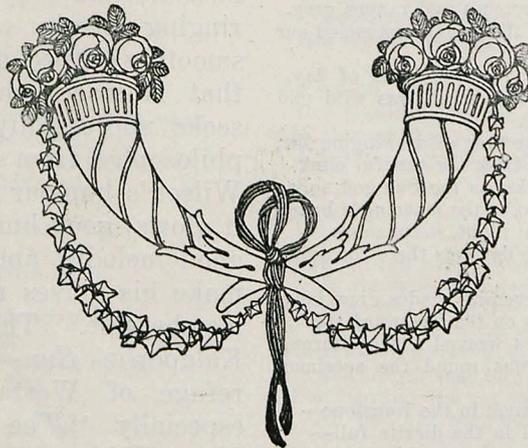
Or out where the ridges of diorite grey,  
Thro' desolate regions are lying,  
And white fields of quartz give a glint to the day,

As the last crimson rays are a-dying.  
While stars in their gleaming of sapphire and white,  
Besprinkle the darkness with silvery light,  
And the incense of camp-fires enriches the night,  
When the gloom on the spirit is palling.

It has come like the smell of the trees and the rain,  
And the desert is rolling before me;  
I am crushing the leaves of the salt-bush again,  
For the spell of the Mulga is o'er me!  
I know 'tis a glamour that soon will have died,  
When I turn from the towns to her bosom so wide,  
She will take me and break me and cast me aside—  
But the Mulga is calling me. Calling.

So evenly does "Crosscut" write—so regularly does he appeal to one's liking for a strong idea or a good picture or both together—that preference must remain a matter of personal taste. I am content to proffer both sets of verses, with acknowledgment to Mr. Wilson and *The Sun*, as "manly poetry" that further justifies the title of this article.

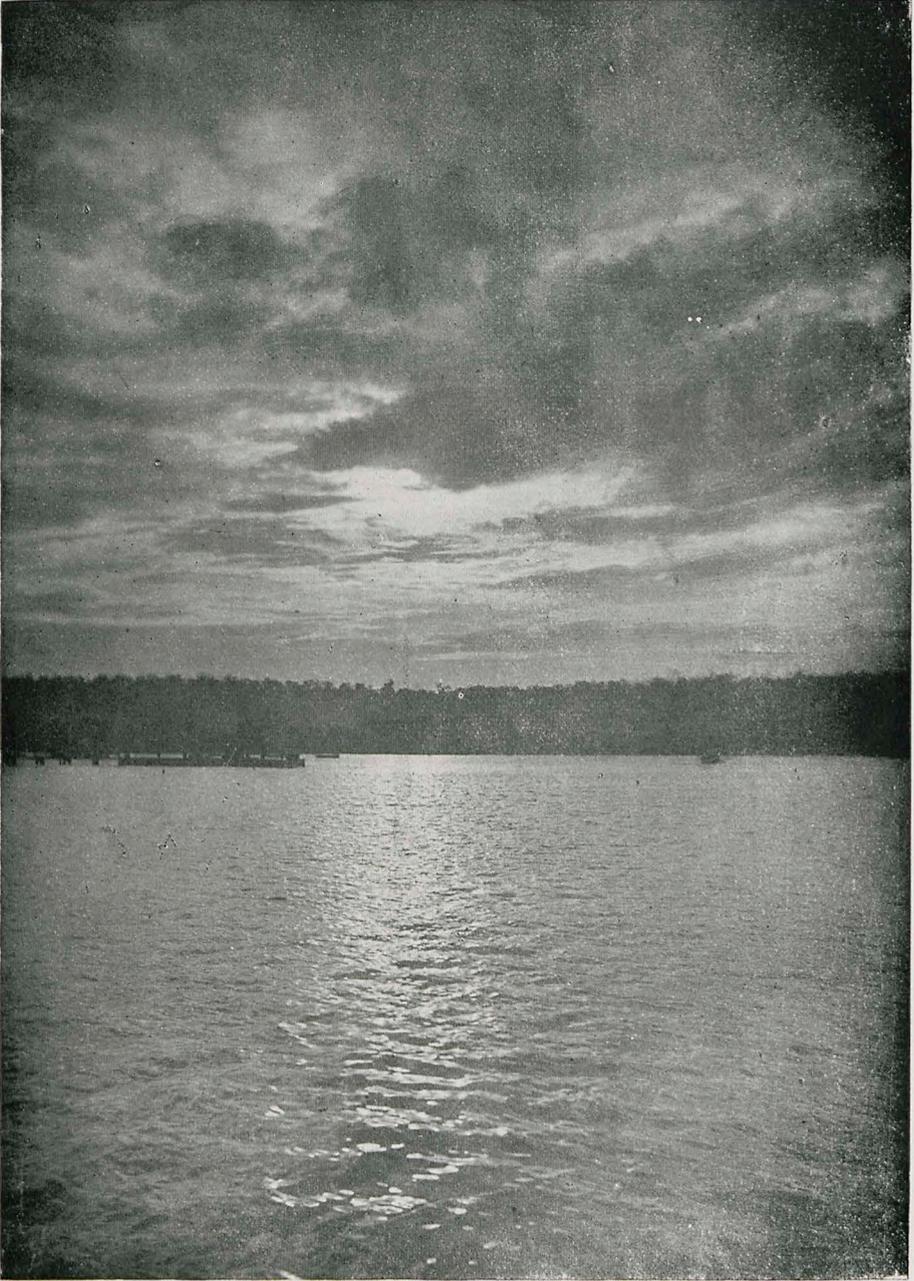
(Mr. Stephen's next article will deal with the work in verse of Mr. C. W. Andree Hayward and J. E. Webb.)





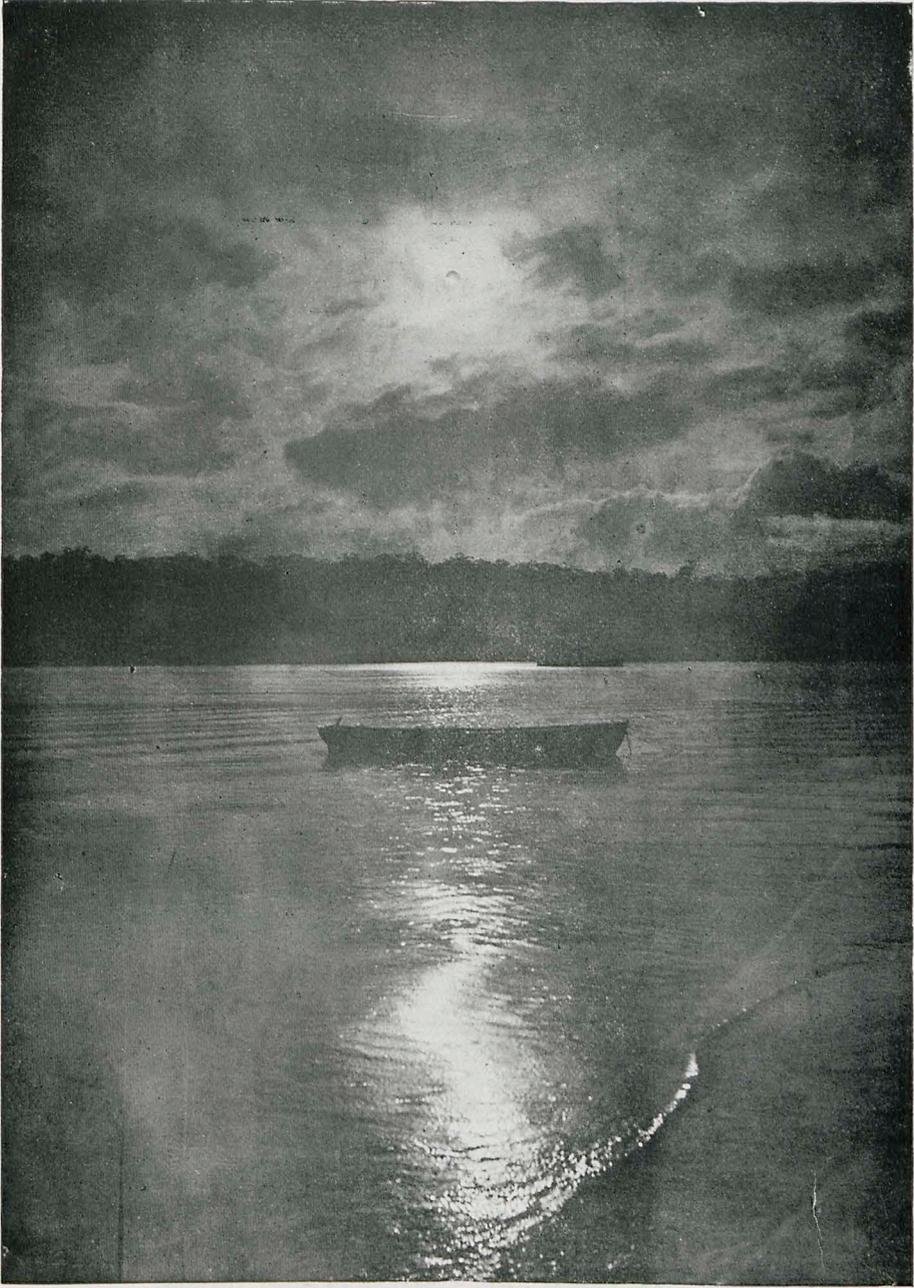
[Photo. BARTLETT].

“ SPRING.”



[Photo. BARTLETTO.]

MOONLIGHT ON



THE SWAN RIVER.

[Photo. BARTLETTO].



## Karalee.

By D. L. Doolette.

We watched the stars fade, one by one;  
The pallid brides of night, who flee  
At dawn's resplendent pageantry—  
The swift, sure onset of the sun.  
And as his ruddy fingers drew  
The veil of darkness from the blue,  
I know one heart leapt up to see  
In dim, but certain outline rise  
(Long sought for by our eager eyes)  
The peaks that girdle Karalee!

They stand like capes athwart the deep  
Of desert whose encroachments run  
Upon each fretted bastion;  
But where the tallest windy steep,  
Slow-changing with the changeless years,  
Against the dome of Heaven rears  
Its proud and purple promont'ry,  
Rock-born, rock-cradled, clear and cold,  
The clefts and caves of mountain hold  
The shining springs of Karalee.

We were as sailors spent with swell  
Of wild mid-ocean, worn and pale  
With labor on the volleying sail,  
Who view their island citadel,  
When through some rift of tempest gleams  
The white-walled harbor of their dreams,  
And know their travail done, the sea  
And all its hungry fury past—  
So we looked forth and knew at last  
The haven-hills of Karalee.



Behind, the leagues of desert lie  
Unnumbered as its sands, that lift  
Their eddying spirals, drift on drift  
Across the steely arch of sky,  
And Desolation's spirit broods  
Above untrodden solitudes—  
Ah! little hope was ours that we  
Should ever lift those hills again,  
And mounting from the billowy plain  
Ride down the range to Karalee.

For many days we rode as though  
We were but shadows of a dream,  
And all the burning earth did seem  
In waves of heat, above, below,  
Beneath the noontide's flaming breath  
To dance a frantic dance with Death—  
Grim leader of our company ;  
But now no longer side by side  
With us his phantom horsemen ride  
To-night brings rest by Karalee.

Perhaps at daybreak we shall hear  
The brumbies' bells, and start from sleep,  
Expectant of the sandy deep—  
And see the ranges frowning near,  
And watch the winds of morning cool,  
Break on the well-remembered pool,  
And ere we rest again shall see  
How fetlock deep the ponies run  
In valleys hidden from the sun—  
The grass grows green by Karalee.



[Photo. BARTLETTO].

# TYPES OF FAIR



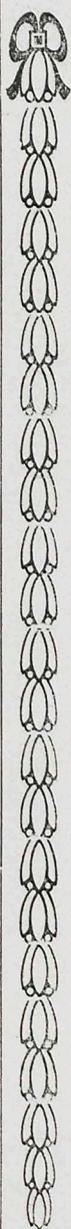
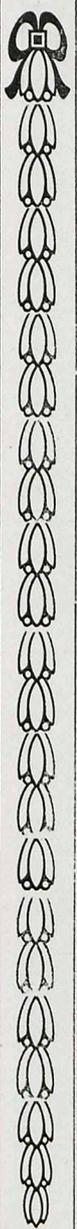
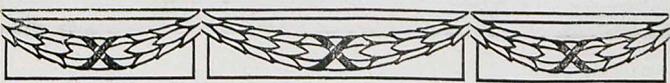


PHOTO. BARTLETT.

WESTRALIENNES.





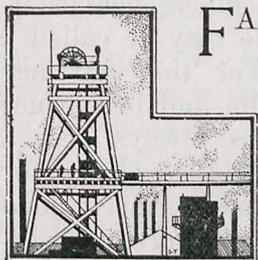
WESTRALIAN WILDFLOWERS.

A SPRAY OF CHRISTMAS TREE.

[Photo. by Mr. BERNARD WOODWARD.]

# Kalgoorlie the Queen-maker.

By W. Siebenhaar.



**F**AR East in the red-ochre and brown-green desert stands Kalgoorlie, the gold-city.

As the night-train scurries and hustles along by rise and fall of the undulating plain, and the weary passenger, after an uneasy slumber, seeks the fresh air on the carriage platform, the biting wind blows cold into his face, and pierces searchingly through overcoat and scarf.

The sun rises gorgeously in a cloudless sky, revealing wide horizons, broken here and there by isolated hills.

What is that standing out on the Eastern skyline, phantasmal as a weird cloud-form? Is it the pyramids and sphinxes of the Egyptian plain that rise into view?

Nearer and nearer we approach, and now we distinguish the conic precision of the gigantic grey dumps, each with its queer, craning hook at the summit, and the tall chimneys, and the hanging steel cable tramways, and all the huge machinery of the two mining townships.

The plain is strewn with streets and houses and humpies.

Such are Kalgoorlie and Boulder!

Less than two decades since this was virgin scrub. But seventeen years ago the first rush brought life

into the wilderness. The trees began to disappear, and soon the ground became honeycombed with holes. It was the time of the wild cats. Company-mongering was in full swing. Ere long the batteries were thumping night and day.

Perth, the far-away little capital, was perturbed as by a volcanic eruption. Everyone shared in the excitement.

I still see the horse and camel caravans starting through the scarcely paven streets of the diminutive city, to plunge boldly into the wilderness. The erstwhile quiet, sleepy township was in a turmoil of unrest. Cinderella began to realise that her prince had appeared, and that in course of time she might yet be a queen.

Men were unsettled, the public-houses were filled with them; prospectors, share-gamblers, scoundrels and thieves, and eager, ignorant victims, all "shouting" in turn or out of turn, and drinking, all talking at random, or whispering mysteriously. Champagne flowed like water, and, from its quality, some of it deserved no better fate. Among the initiated, promoters of schemes and companies, there was, spite the pretence of comradeship, nothing but mutual distrust, deceit, intriguing, and recrimination.

Women were more or less infected with the disease of gold-intoxication. The bait offering, some, who took it, were ready enough to follow

the traditional course of selling themselves into the slavery of marriage with blackguards who had suddenly sprung into wealth. Nor was the sadder feature wanting of willing girls being sold into similar bondage. The moral atmosphere of Perth, if not of Western Australia, as never fails to happen when countries pass through these phases of existence, seemed poisoned.

Meanwhile, out in the wilderness, the rush continued. Caravans poured through the scrub. Along the track the handful of old settlers who had chaff, oats, or hay to sell, coined money. Gradually, this trade became centralised, and Northam grew prosperous on the spoil. The cereal areas in the line of passage were awakened to productiveness, the hillsides stirred into smiling fertility.

The whole country was feverishly trying to make money. Merchants flocked in from elsewhere poor, and accumulated wealth in amazingly short time by the importation of stores, which they sold on the gold-fields at fabulous profits.

Immigration increased apace, and far outsped the growth of accommodation and of openings for settlement. Yet hardly a newcomer failed to get some small share of the abundance that from the new Golconda flowed through the length and breadth of the country. If but few made fortunes, all succeeded in making a living. And thus the comparative somnolence of the old colony was stirred into an activity which her shrewd administrators led into channels of all-round development, a development that has now finally

culminated in that of her most lasting natural resources, those of agricultural production.

In very truth, therefore, if Western Australia now bids fair to become a queen among her sister-States, Kalgoorlie may be called a queen-maker. Yet the marriage between Cinderella and her prince has by no means always been a happy one. And, except for princely wealth and a princely good opinion of self, it is, moreover, perhaps rather inappropriate to speak of Kalgoorlie as a prince. In aspect manner and bearing, it certainly is more often unprincely. How, indeed, could much princeliness be expected in one of the palaces of Mammon? There is, as everywhere, some of the best material mixed with the indifferent. But that the latter prevails, witness the condition to which the few poorly accommodated sea-side places of Western Australia are reduced during a summer which, in the interior is unbearable, when families with hordes of ill brought-up children begin to swoop down on every available habitation on the coast. Even in this little particular the marriage is not always a happy one.

No, the marriage has not been uniformly happy. The disagreement was most acute when, in the now almost forgotten Umbrella-Revolution, Kalgoorlie defied the powers that were looked upon as an unsympathetic hierarchy. It asserted itself at the time of Federation, and delivered Cinderella bound hand and foot to the Commonwealth, the lamb to the lion.

But a wealthy spouse it has undoubtedly always been, and as such has made the name of Western Australia one of world-wide renown.

What is it that has made it attractive to the adventurous? Apart from its wealth-producing powers, it has a natural charm for the Bohemian savage. Though the biting blast may rave like a maniac over its wide plain, and make life unbearable to the delicate, though natural beauty, such as we are accustomed to recognise it, be absent from its scrub-grown monotony though the ease and refinement of civilisation be practically unobtainable, though the cost of living be abnormally high, yet Kalgoorlie presents features that strongly appeal to some dispositions. There is a sense of immensity and freedom about its wide, undulating areas, a brightness in the atmosphere, a feeling of healthy crispness and exhilaration in the cold winter air, a sociable bonhomie amongst its population, which, to those who are strong enough not to mind the discomforts make it a place of very real delight.

And as to its wealth, let a few figures speak:—

Of a total gold production for Western Australia to the value of ninety-two million pounds, from the time of the first find to the end of 1909, the East Coolgardie goldfield, that is, practically, Kalgoorlie, was during the sixteen or seventeen years of its exploitation, responsible for more than half. The greater portion of twenty million pounds paid in dividends to British, foreign and other investors

from all the West Australian gold mines came from Kalgoorlie. Nearly all this wealth is traceable to "The Golden Mile," at Boulder. From 1886, the beginning of the State's gold production, to 1909, nearly twenty-two million oz. of fine gold were brought to the surface. East Coolgardie's share of this amounts to between 11 and 12 million oz.

From the ninety-two million pounds worth of the above entire gold-production, take the twenty million pounds worth paid in dividends, then assume that probably about twelve million pounds worth was expended on machinery, and some sixty million pounds worth remains as the general share of those engaged in the production of all this gold. Say an average of some 20,000 people in all were directly engaged in the industry for about fifteen years, and the average earnings per annum per head will be found to have been about £200. Had these producers also divided the twenty million pounds paid away in dividends, their average earnings would have been £267 per annum.

A few more points about the dividends may be of interest. No less than 74 companies contributed to their total, but of these only 20 were still paying dividends in 1909. The largest contributors in that year were the Great Boulder Proprietary, £262,500; the Ivanhoe, £240,000; and the Golden Horseshoe Estates, £240,000. The dividends of the first two have been very steady, the highest annual amount for the Great Boulder Proprietary being £284,375, both in 1904 and 1905, and that for the Ivanhoe £250,000 in

1900. The highest amount for the Golden Horseshoe Estates was £375,000 in 1899. Other companies have greatly fallen off. The most striking example is the Lake View Consols, which, in 1899, paid the highest annual dividends ever divided by any one company in Western Australia, viz., £625,000, but which, in 1909, only paid £17,500. The largest total amount of dividends paid by any company during the whole term of its existence is that of the Great Boulder Proprietary, viz., £3,169,300 from 1895 to 1909, or an average of over £200,000 per annum. Its record is also that of longest continuance. The first dividends in the State were paid in 1890 by Frasers, at Yilgarn. Not one company has paid continuously from that time.

A gauge of the importance of Kalgoorlie as one of the world's gold-producers is afforded by the following table:—

producer, it being responsible for nearly 1-3rd of the production. The United States come next, with about 2-9ths of the total. Both countries have of late years rapidly increased their output. The low figure for the Transvaal in 1900 was, of course, due to the war. The Commonwealth of Australia, which comes third, with about 2-15ths of the total, is in the unenviable position of showing decreases since 1903. Of the Australian output the Western State yields more than half, but here also a decrease is noticed, as is the case with the East Coolgardie goldfield, whence in its turn more than half the West Australian production hails. The bulk of West Australian dividends is derived from East Coolgardie.

This, then, is the financial record of the so far most important gold-producing centre of Western Australia. It is made by a population of only some 20,000 people.

YEAR.	*VALUE OF GOLD PRODUCTION OF:						*DIVIDENDS PAID IN:	
	The World.	Transvaal.	U.S.A.	Australia.	Western Australia.	East Coolgardie.	Western Australia.	East Coolgardie.
1897 ...	48,196	11,654	11,787	9,890	2,565	1,140	508	383
1900 ...	51,515	1,481	16,269	13,578	6,008	3,081	1,396	1,172
1903 ...	66,650	12,628	15,122	16,295	8,771	4,890	2,024	1,496
1907 ...	84,904	27,401	18,583	13,515	7,211	4,106	1,738	1,490
1908 ...	91,450	29,973	19,566	13,059	7,000	3,932	1,487	1,209
1909 ...	92,930	30,926	20,213	12,580	6,776	3,938	1,359	1,179

\*In units of a thousand pounds sterling.

In 1899 the West Australian dividends totalled £2,069,640, of which amount East Coolgardie's share was £1,815,894.

It is seen that the Transvaal is at present the world's largest gold-

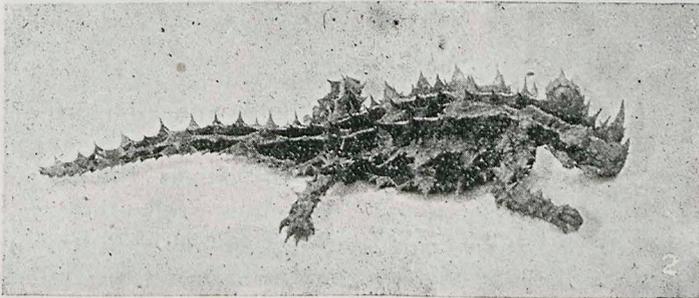
Whether it is the presence of wealth that may sooner or later be accessible to anyone, or the bracing atmosphere, some cause or other undoubtedly makes them people of a cheerful, though not always

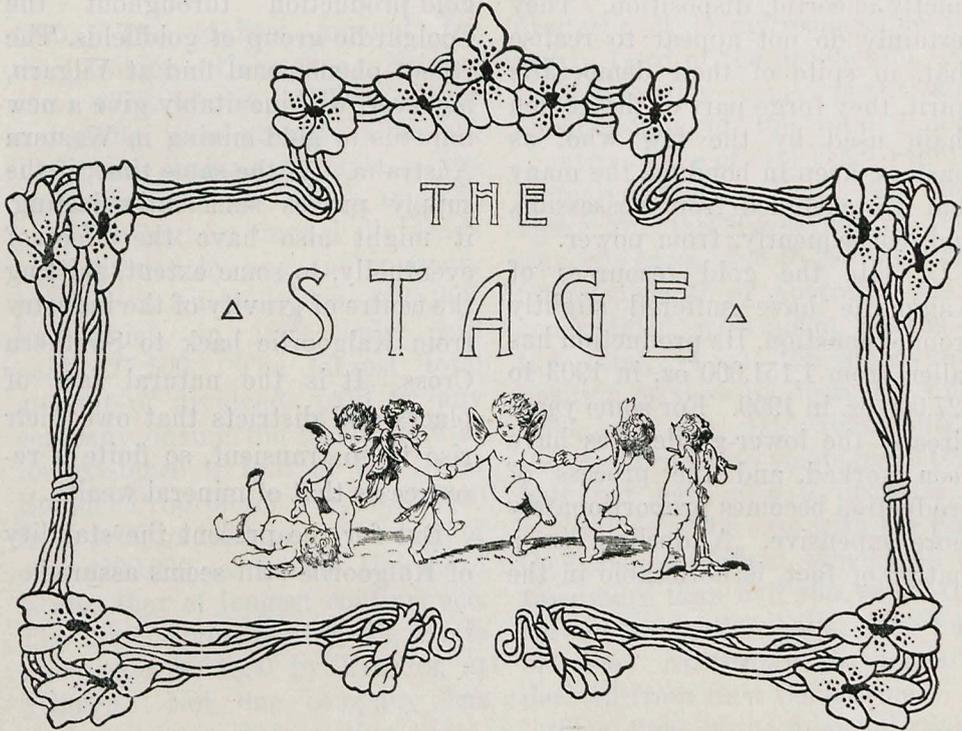
quietly cheerful, disposition. They certainly do not appear to realise that, in spite of their democratic spirit, they forge part of the golden chain used by the few who, as masters, keep in bondage the many that are excluded from possession, and, consequently, from power.

Of late the gold resources of Kalgoorlie have suffered slightly from exhaustion. Its production has fallen from 1,151,000 oz. in 1903 to 927,000 oz. in 1909. For some years already the lower-grade ores have been worked, and the process of production becomes proportionately more expensive. A decline, as a matter of fact, is noticeable in the

gold-production throughout the Coolgardie group of goldfields. The recent phenomenal find at Yilgarn, however, will inevitably give a new impetus to gold-mining in Western Australia. At the same time, if the supply proves sufficiently lasting, it might also have the effect of eventually, to some extent, shifting the centre of gravity of the industry from Kalgoorlie back to Southern Cross. It is the natural fate of places and districts that owe their rise to so transient, so finite a resource as that of mineral wealth.

But for the present the stability of Kalgoorlie still seems assured.





## A Chat with Miss Lulu Benstead.

By "The Rover."



**H**OW old are you, Miss Benstead?"

"Well, as I am not yet out of my teens, I can be very brave and tell you. I shall be nineteen next birthday."

"And your birthday might be 11 months and 29 days off. In that case you would be only just over 18."

"Let us leave at that."

"What—for ever?"

"Oh! I suppose I shall get older some day, but it would be lovely to

keep young, and yet have the experience and victories of age."

"Ah! that has been the cry of the mortal since the very dawn of conscious reflection. It was the object of the philosophers' stone, it is the longing of the disciples of Fletcherism and the consumers of Bulgarian sour milk. Goethe epitomised it all in Faust."

"Is it so dreadful as all that? I thought it was a perfectly innocent desire to wish for a long, long youth with achievement before one is too tired to care."

"You are right. That is the spirit which achieves achievement. I know

WILLIAM B. ...



MISS LULU BENSTEAD,  
WESTRALIA'S SOPRANO.

a friend who is gifted, but he refrained from giving expression to his gifts until he thought he had ripened his talents and developed them to the utmost. And when he felt he had cultivated his gifts to their highest perfection, he found he was too tired to do any more. It was evening and he was sleepy, and he wanted rest more than anything else in the world."

"I think he was very—foolish."

"Perhaps. It was as if he had learnt how to mix paints, and experiment with the wonderful effects of colour schemes, but never painted a picture."

"Well, wasn't he foolish?"

"He got a lot of pleasure out of the years of self-culture. But he was wrong. We should accomplish as well as dream. Now, you are a young Australian with a voice that has been highly appraised by the best judges, and we want to see you win successes, not only for your own sake, but because you are a daughter of the Sunny South."

"Yes, I am that. There is plenty of sun where I was born. It is always sunshine there, always—except when a big black cloud comes down from the North and great big rain drops fall, like giant's tears."

"Where is that?"

"At Alice Springs, right in the very centre of Australia. It's on the I.O.T. line, between Port Darwin and Adelaide. I was the first white girl born there. I'm really a Centralian, but I'm mostly a Westralian because I came to the dear old West before I could walk."

"Or sing!"

"Oh, I don't know about that. They tell me I could sing magnifi-

cently at the early age of one month."

"That was before Stefani had taken you in hand? And that brings us to the point. Stefani is a master, and he has confirmed Madam Clara Butt's opinion of your voice, has he not?"

"Yes, Stefani has been very good to me. I studied under him for nearly two years in Sydney, and then he said 'I can do no more. You must go to Europe and get the experience, the atmosphere, the emulation! And that is now my ambition.'"

"You are going?"

"Oh, of course. I must. I want to achieve something. I shall get away in February next.

"And how long do you expect to study?"

"Two years."

"And then?"

"Grand opera."

"That is aiming high. Well—good."

"True, it is ambitious; but Stefani says I should go in for grand opera, and he knows."

"He is a great voice virtuoso?"

"I think he would be famous as a teacher anywhere. He thinks so well of my voice that he has offered to teach me in Paris himself—free. I must be guided by him. You know, Stefani is returning—he is going through by the Mooltan early in December. You should see him—he is worth while."

"Well, Miss Benstead, THE LEEUWIN wishes you the greatest success and all the good fortune that can help you. THE LEEUWIN would like also to be the intellectual Voice of Westralia."

# Birds of the Suburbs.

## The Kingfisher.

By C. Hamilton.



THOUGH West Australia is popularly supposed to be poor in bird life, such is not the case. Indeed, many parts of the State boast a great variety of birds, though the casual observer might

our larger birds are esteemed as food, and you "can't keep your cake and eat it too." The game laws of the State are almost inoperative, to our shame be it said, so that our most valuable birds are harassed and destroyed at all times of the year. A more enlightened public sentiment on the matter of bird protection is urgently required, for without it little can be



THE HAUNTS OF THE KINGFISHER.

travel through a whole district without seeing a dozen species. The spread of settlement is doing much towards increasing the numbers of our smaller birds, while on the other hand the larger ones have become in most places exceedingly scarce. The latter fact is unfortunately due to the circumstance that most of

done to save the finest of our bird fauna from the total extinction which at present threatens it.

In and around Perth, birds are still fairly numerous, in spite of the attention of cats and small boys. The former destroy great numbers of small birds, especially those which live or feed upon the ground.

Many cats give up the pleasures of home for those of the bush, following the present fashion of going "on the land," but they make the most undesirable of settlers. The small boy about Perth, it must be admitted, does far less damage than in many other places; but there are too many pea-rifles and catapults, whilst each locality boasts one or more families of birds'-nesters, whose trail of desolation may be followed each spring.

During the past year, it has been my pleasure to record the bird visitors to a large suburban garden, overlooking the river, and containing many native and introduced trees. During that time no less than forty-five species of birds have been observed in and about the grounds or on the river adjoining.

latitudes. These last are the tourists of the bird world; they never settle down, but look in for a while, departing as mysteriously as they came.

The permanent residents include the magpie, crow, sacred kingfisher, singing honeyeater, butcher-bird, silver gull, and the introduced cinnamon dove. Of these the magpie, kingfisher, honeyeater, butcherbird, and dove nest in the grounds.

The sacred kingfishers used to visit us during the breeding season, but the place evidently suited them, for a pair have been with us through the past two years, bringing up two broods a year in the hollow spout of an old gum tree. Familiarity has bred contempt in their case, for they are most companionable birds, allowing one to

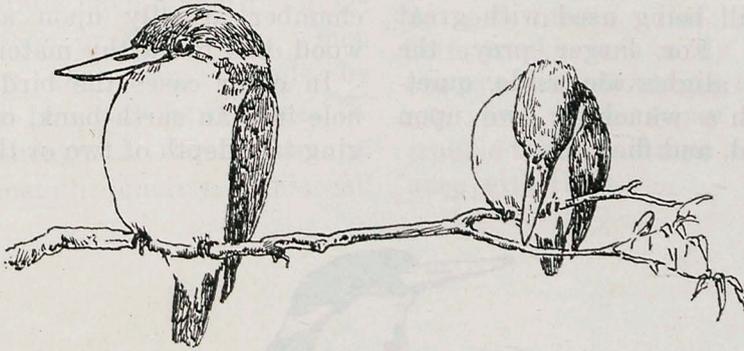


Many species are permanent residents, others come regularly at certain seasons, while a third group consists of rare or occasional visitors who have travelled into strange

approach within a few yards. Slight uneasiness is shown when one goes near the nest at breeding time, but this is the case with almost all birds. His quaint shape, gay

colours and interesting habits make the kingfisher a noticeable neighbour. His green coat and cap, white collar and creamy vest look quite striking when the bird is in the open, but perched upon the

other small deer form the major portion of his dietary. He still shows signs of the fishing habit, for one often surprises him perched on an overhanging bough watching for small fish, crustaceans, or shellfish,



branch of a leafy tree he is almost invisible until a movement of the head betrays his presence. He is somewhat of an anomaly in the bird world, for most of his fishing is done on land, as an Irishman would say. He is first cousin to that pious fraud, the goburra or laughing jack of the Eastern States. Another species is the red-backed kingfisher, found further north. In Eastern Australia is found a true kingfisher—blue and orange—which haunts the streams and lives according to the true fashion of the family. Our sacred friend must have found it easier to obtain his food on land, and was not afraid to depart from established customs. He is an indefatigable forager, with an apparently insatiable appetite, for nothing that is alive and small enough to swallow comes amiss to him. Beetles, grubs of all sorts, moths, grasshoppers, frogs, snails, little lizards, and

to obtain which he throws himself boldly into the water, dashing up a small cloud of spray, and emerging damp, but triumphant, with his strong beak firmly closed over the wriggling prey, which he proceeds to batter into unconsciousness upon a convenient branch.

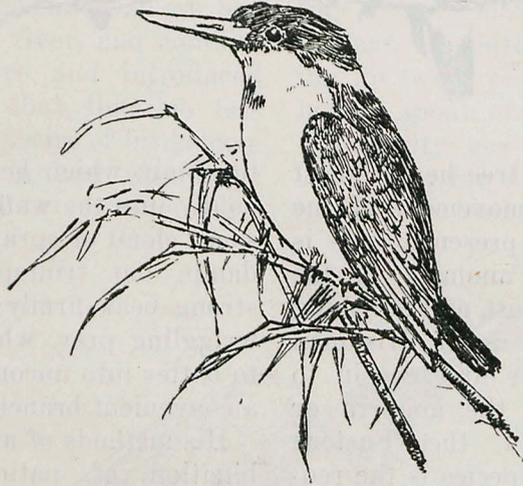
His methods of attack are a combination of patience and bold movement. To see him motionless upon a branch, with his head tucked well down between his shoulders, is to imagine him either asleep or in profound meditation. Nothing could be further from the truth, however, for that wonderful brown eye of his catches the slightest movement of plant or animal at almost incredible distances. A quick turn of the head shows that something is in view, a long stare makes sure that the something is edible, and down he darts, quick as a flash, upon the victim. However small the prey may be, it is seldom

swallowed at once, but is carried to the perch, pounded into a sufficiently pulpy state, and swallowed whole, with every appearance of satisfaction.

Moths, beetles, grubs, and grasshoppers are often snatched up as the bird flies past; the unwieldy looking bill being used with great precision. For larger prey, the kingfisher alights alongside, quietens it with a whack or two upon the ground, and flies off.

All that is needed is the hollow branch of a tree with an entrance large enough for the birds to enter. The opening is smoothed and enlarged if necessary by the strong beak, and a clutch of three to five large, rounded pinkish white eggs is laid upon the floor of the nesting chamber, usually upon a bed of wood dust or earthy material.

In other cases the bird drills a hole into an earth bank, often digging to a depth of two or three feet,



The birds may usually be found in certain spots, the usual point of outlook being a bare branch with a background or overhanging cluster of green leaves, from which an expanse of clear ground may be surveyed. The kingfisher forms a good example of what is known as concealment colouration, the colour scheme being so arranged as to render the watching bird inconspicuous to its prey.

The domestic arrangements are very simple, not to say primitive.

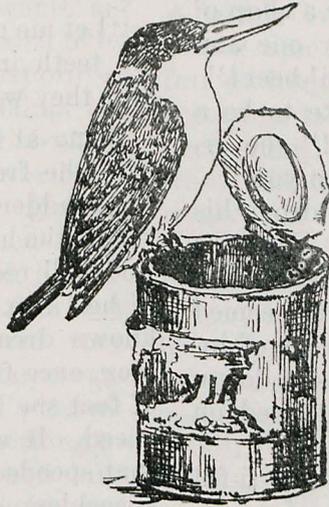
while a termite's nest, either on the ground or on the branch of a tree, is looked on as an eminently desirable family residence. The labour of digging often wears away the beaks of the birds to a considerable extent; the same thing occurs to the bee-eater (known as the "golden swallow" or "gold digger"), which also makes a hole in the ground for its nest.

The young kingfishers are curious looking creatures, with heads of abnormal size and shorter beaks than

the parents. They make great demands upon the latter, who must work hard indeed to satisfy the healthy appetites of so vigorous a family, which may be heard squawking for food from daylight to dark.

The adults have a sharp call, repeated four or five times, which resembles the sound made by knocking two very hard stones together, though the sound has an almost metallic quality. This call

is varied by a long-drawn shrill cry, which appears to be used as a warning call, or to denote the bird's whereabouts to its mate. In spite of his tameness, the kingfisher is more often heard than seen, for he is somewhat furtive, and does not thrust himself upon your notice as do some others. But by taking a little trouble it is easily possible to observe his interesting little ways, and few birds repay better the trouble taken to scrape an acquaintance with them.



# The Turning Point.

By W. C. Thomas.

## I.



WELL, I suppose yer've done wi' Lance arfter 'is bender over at Wandalup—eh?"

The girl's eyes flashed indignation and disgust. "Coward," she said. "Lance's faults are his own. They inflict no hardships on you."

"But do they on you? Ha! you make me smile. An' yer'd think just as much of 'im if'e lay drunk in the gutter ev'ry day of the week. Yer really don't mean to say, Meg, yer've got any regard for a chap o' that sort, who's got only one ambition—to fill 'isself up wi' beer?"

Meg felt she would like to be a man for a moment. "Go!" she ordered, "I will not listen to you."

Bodshall, the teamster, drove his teeth deep into his lip. He was angry. His grey eyes dilated, and he breathed excitedly. He seemed about to burst into a torrent of invective; but he shook himself down, laughed derisively, and flopped on to a lump of dead timber.

"Oh, 'e'll make yer a be-ew-ti-ful 'usban'. Yer-ve noticed, no doubt, a lot of the big pots about Wandalup and Ginggerring won't 'ave nuthun to do wi' Lance—the Simpkinses, the 'Ardlingses, an' the Wagstaffs; they don't never invite Lance 'Older to their parties—cos why?"

Bodshall leapt to his feet. His face was livid, and his eyes startling

as he reached out his broad, heavy, hairy hand and grabbed Meg at the elbow.

"Will I tell yer—will I tell yer why? Yer don't wanter know. Ha! yer've lost yer colour, and yer don't look a bit pretty wi'out it; an' yer'll want a 'eap of it when yer've married Lance 'Older—yes, yer will; more colour, and more cheek to face the people o' Wandalup and Ginggerring as Mrs. 'Older. D'jer know why? Well, I'll tell yer; it's only right yer should know——"

"Let me go—let me go, or I'll dig my teeth into your arm as far as ever they will go."

Being at the apex of venom, taut with the frenzy of disappointment, and maddened with a desire for revenge, the horror of the threat made Bodshall recoil and unlock his hold of her arm. Terrified with an unknown dread at Bodshall's words, Meg, once free, fled with a fleetness of foot she had never before experienced. It was the flight from fear that speeded her steps. A minute of speechless chagrin possessed Bodshall, then he held forth his big, clenched fist, menacingly, in the direction of Meg. Just over the hill in sight of the homestead, Meg reached the stables. Her father met her, and she half collapsed in his arms.

"Goodness me, Meg; what's happened?"

“Nothing, father,” she falteringly replied; “nothing much.”

“Well, whatever it is, out with it, girl, and let me judge.”

“I can’t tell you now, father; and please, please don’t press me to say anything. My head is in a whirl.”

“Oh, very well,” he answered, gravely, meditatively; “but it’s not like you, Meg, to be in trouble and not let your dad know all about it.”

## II.

“What have you been telling Lance, Mum? He’s as mad as a hatter, and talks about knocking the life out of Bodshall.”

“I have told him very little—there is very little to tell as Meg does not care to explain matters beyond a word or two. At first I would not speak to him because I wanted to let him see that I strongly disapproved of his behaviour at Wandalup, but he was so worried and distraught about Meg that I had not the heart to ignore him any longer. He was desperately anxious to know what the trouble was, and I think he suspected that Bodshall had been speaking to Meg. He tried very hard to get her to tell him everything, but she steadfastly refused. She told him, however, something to the effect that Bodshall had hinted that he never went amongst the best people in Wandalup and Gingerring, and Lance scented something at once. He swore that Bodshall had been threatening her, bullying her because she would not give him up, and out of spite and a revengeful spirit he had concocted some slanderous story about him. When he came to me he was almost

beside himself with rage against Bodshall, and I could see by his eyes that he was worrying a good deal about Meg, and what she might be thinking of it all. It is quite plain that the brute Bodshall has been threatening the girl, and you will have to take some steps to put an end to it or Lance will be taking the law in his own hands.”

“Which I think he has already decided to do, if I am any judge of temper. Bodshall is a coarse brute, and even if Meg had any such regard for him I’d never let him have her. But I’ll have to follow Lance. I don’t quite like the look in his eyes—he means mischief—and it is just as well that he should have someone to see that things don’t get too bloodthirsty. A fight is certain. It’s been brewing a long time, and I’m not against a fair and square set to, when it’s according to something like Queensberry rules; but you never can tell what will happen with two bitter rivals like Bodshall and Lance. Bodshall’s big enough to knock Lance out with a single blow, and he strips like a Johnson. And Lance, bless me; he’s little more than a lad; but he’s got his dad’s grit and keenness of eye. Eye counts for a lot in a fight I’m told—”

“But you won’t encourage them to fight, Harry?”

“They won’t want any encouragement. Relations have reached the breaking point, and if they were a more equal match, I’d welcome it as a way out of the difficulty. But I’d better go or Lance will be at Wandalup, and the fight over before I am half way there.”

## III.

When Meg broke away from Bodshall, and he had got over his verbal explosives, he turned on his heel, and picked up his team which was enjoying a spell a little way down the road and went on to Wandalup, a couple of miles distant. He bounced into the bar of Wandalup's hotel with his customary bombastic style, and blustering airs, which were passively resented by the half-dozen or so already in there. He was too powerful for them to engage in active disapproval. He was entirely mannerless, and brusque to a degree. One of his first acts was to smash several records of a phonograph which had been giving harmless if strident entertainment to several youths.

"I can't stand them 'ere whangin' things. Gi' me some Green-and-Gold collar—the reel stuff, d'jear?"

Bodshall was plainly overstrung, and those in the bar remarked that he was rather more savage and noisy than usual. He helped himself to a rather liberal quantity of "Green-and-Gold," and vetoed with an oath a tame proposal from a musical youth to have "She sells sea shells" on the phonograph.

"I'll sweep the blarsted contraption inter the street if yer let it screech agen while I'm 'ere. Gi' me that bottle agen."

Bodshall by this time had exhausted the patience of everyone, including the landlord. They were all glowering at him and itching for reprisals, but none moved to effective resistance. They looked at his shoulders and realised their propelling force.

"How's things?" the landlord ventured, temporisingly, thinking to humour him.

"Rotten," was the blunt, snappy reply, at which the landlord winced.

"Not well, Bodshall?"

"What the devil's it goter do with you?"

"No harm, I hope!"

"Well, just yer mind yer own bisniss. Give's th' bottle. Say; what tricks 'ave yer bin up to wi' this fusel? It's 'alf meferlated, if I'm a judge."

This was more than the landlord could tolerate even from Bodshall.

"Look here, Bodshall, if you are spoiling for a fight you are going the right way to provoke it. You'd better cart yourself out of this or——"

It was at that moment that Lance Holder swept into the bar, antagonism impressed in deportment and eye.

Bodshall saw him the moment he came in sight by the door.

"Now, that's what I call funny. Come an' 'ave a drink, 'Older; I've got a pritty yarn ter tell yer. What'll yer have?"

"I'll have something more than a drink with you, Bodshall," Holder said, ominously calm, but with biting emphasis, the import of which went home to Bodshall's understanding.

"W—whadjer mean," he stammered, wheeling round with his back to the bar, and knocking over the phonograph, which went down among some bottles with a shatter and a clatter.

"I mean that I'm going to try to knock a bit of that brutality out

of you—do you understand? You've been saying things to Meg, and you've got to take them all back."

"What 'ave I said to 'er?"

"You know well enough."

"I've said nuthin, leastways nuthum that——"

"You're a d—d liar, and if you deny it again I'll knock you over that barrel."

"Ho! ho! ho! with a fist like a 'en's egg. Ho! ho——"

The next instant Bodshall had been caught well under the chin by Lance, and being unprepared for the attack was lifted off his feet and fell of a heap behind the barrel he was standing by. Holder's coat was off in an instant, and he stood firm and resolute and watchful. Bodshall gathered himself together quickly. The venom was in his eyes, and he breathed stertorously. He crouched, gorilla-like, for a moment, then sprang at Lance as if to grapple and squeeze him as a bear would a child; but the "Green-and-Gold" had dulled his wits and unsettled his vision. Lance watched his opportunity; it came, and again Bodshall fell of a heap against the barrel. He cursed and cursed, uttering words which sent apprehensive shudders through Lance and brought amazed expressions in the eyes of those who witnessed the fight. None ventured to interfere; but the landlord posted himself at the door to watch for Wandalup's only constable. On his feet again, Bodshall abandoned the wrestling tactic and aimed vicious blows at Holder's head and body; but they were wild and untrue, and Lance diverted them. Bodshall, realising that he was making no impression

where he had plumed himself he would be easily triumphant, grew desperate, and making one wilder lunge than ever received in return from Holder a blow which was impelled by the coolest calculation, and he went down to the floor with such force that he was stunned. The fight was finished, and Holder put on his coat again and left Bodshall to his humiliation and discomfiture, and gained the free fresh air outside, where many hands came to congratulate him, for a community dearly loves to see its bully defeated. It helps to put the social relations on an understandable basis.

"I'm proud of you, Lance. I can forgive you a lot after the way you settled Bodshall."

"You?"

"Yes, me. I followed you, Lance—just to see fair play; but you didn't want a referee or timekeeper. It was good going; but I was skeered a bit about Bodshall's drives. He's a mighty tough chap to tackle."

"He's a coward at heart; but tell me, Mr. Brayton, how much truth is there in that yarn about my father being a murderer. Probably that's what he told Meg."

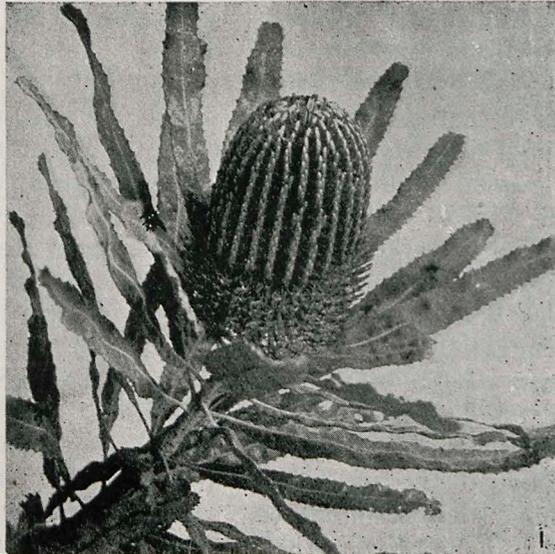
"No truth at all, my boy. You were a bit of a nipper when it happened, and were living with your aunt at Branchdale. When your aunt died, Mrs. Brayton took you over as your dad went to Victoria and died there soon after. It was all about a farmer named Skegley. He accused your father of swindling the Government over a bit of land, and your father went over to his farm and challenged him to prove

himself a man in the true British style, just as you did with Bodshall to-day—indeed the whole thing looks like history repeating itself, only I don't think Bodshall is thin-skulled like Skegley. Before ever a blow was struck Skegley sort of fainted, and, in falling, he struck his head against a stone. Your father was the only other person there. He picked old Skegley up and drove him to Gingerring, 10 miles off, where the hospital is, but Skegley never breathed again. They arrested your father. He told them about the quarrel, and they concluded he was responsible for Skegley's death; but the doctors soon settled the matter. They proved that Skegley had an unusually thin skull, and the jury believed your father's story that he never so

much as struck him. Nobody about here ever thought any more of it, and we didn't want to distress you by telling you the story. But you know it now, and you've nothing to be ashamed of—nothing, my boy, to prevent you becoming Meg's husband. Yes, Lance; I am not going to worry over the little benders you've had lately; you'll settle down all right. You're only a lad yet, and lads must have a bit of a fling. Well, it's with yourself to say just when you think the dance can stop; but Meg's yours whenever you ask her. The girl just worships you in spite of your faults."

"Well, then, the benders shall end here and now."

"I'm glad to hear it. Let's get home before it's dark."



# Linguistic Curiosities of the South Pacific.

By A. G. Plate.



IN most parts of the South Sea Islands, notably in Polynesia, every resident European at least acquires sufficient knowledge of whatever the language of his particular island or group may be, to suffice for his needs. An exception to this rule is the north coast and archipelago of New Guinea, where the warlike nature of the natives has prevented much intercourse among the tribes, and has been the means of creating a great diversity of dialects each spoken only by a handful of people. Thus it is that few Europeans take the trouble of studying a dialect with so limited a range, and, though the parts of which I speak are under German rule, an island variety of the unlovely jargon known on the China coast as "Pidgin English" has firmly become established there, and is now the sole medium of verbal intercourse, not only between the white man and his black plantation labourers and the natives, but also among the "boys" themselves, recruited as they are from all parts of Melanesia.

And here it may be mentioned that the word "pidgin," used in this sense, has no relation whatever to the bird that furnishes the toothsome pie, but in the *Lingua Franca*

of the Chinese coast, stands for "business."

This extraordinary polygot is by no means as easy to acquire as might be supposed, and some experience is necessary before becoming sufficiently expert to unravel its mysteries.

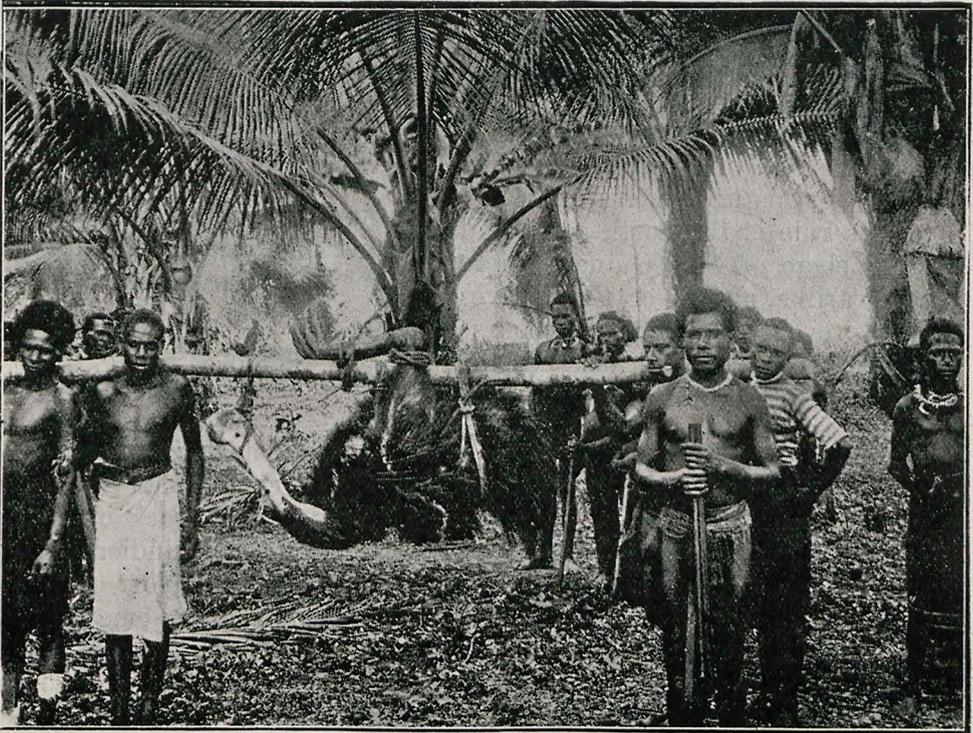
For example, your Chinese cook's announcement: — "Fish - pidgin - woman stop bottom-si(de)," which conjures up visions of some curious species of winged mermaid, merely means that the fish-wife is downstairs.

The English vocabulary of the Papuan is naturally somewhat limited—exceedingly so in most cases—and he has to display considerable shrewdness in order to make his small stock of words go round; often with ludicrous results. He has evolved a sort of grammar of his own. Like some Australian blacks, he prefixes "pfellah" to everything tangible—which seems a cumbersome way of doing things—and thus a plain cocoanut to him becomes "one pfellah cocoanut," a woman "one pfellah Mary," and a man "one pfellah man." This jovial method of expression does not, however, prevent him from occasionally appreciating his "fellow man" best in a roasted state.

The "boys" employed on the trading schooners and plantations, who continually come in contact with Europeans, are, of course, the

linguists among their fellows, and their way of combining words to express a meaning is often very ingenious, if not always remarkable for brevity. "Brother-belong-tomahawk-he-come-he-go" is their way of describing a saw; and an Eau de Cologne bottle I have heard described as "bottle-belong-stink."

be recognised. A newcomer of rather short and nuggetty build, with exceptionally broad shoulders and short neck, and who might, with a stretch of imagination, have been likened to the square receptacle of the "J.D.K.Z." Geneva, had to submit to the sobriquet "master - ollasame - bottle - belong -



"CATCHUM BIG PFELLAH PIDGIN."

PLANTATION "BOYS" RETURNING FROM A CASSOWARY HUNT.

A shoe is a "box belong foot," and a piano, musical box, phonograph, or a tin whistle are all "box belong cry."

With a caricaturist's knack of seizing on their victim's unusual physical features, the "boys" will generally succeed in so aptly describing a person whose name is not known to them that they can at once

gin," which was conferred upon him without any intention of disrespect on the very day of his arrival; while a bald-headed official was known as "master-cocoanut-belong-him-grass-he-no-stop." "Grass," to the exponent of the New Guinea brand of "pidgin English" is, in short, almost everything that grows upon something else. Down and



NATIVES OF TUMLEO, NORTH COAST OF NEW GUINEA.

leaves, hair and feathers, all are "grass." And the fact that his master's field-glass case has become mildewy he would express as "box-belong-look-see-stick too much plenty pfellah-grass he stop."

Where their English fails them, they resort to native words. "Long-long" in portion of the Astrolabe Bay expresses foolishness or a clouded intellect, and the fact that the observant savage bestows on what there does duty as an hotel the uncomplimentary epithet "house-long-long," would suggest that some of its patrons at times drown their sorrows more completely in something stronger than tea than is essential for their well-being.

Birds, from the humming bird to the cassowary, as well as insects, I have heard them indiscriminately refer to as "pidgin," and a floating log, which often serves as a resting place for sea fowl, is always described as "canoe-belong-pidgin."

A young savage, yeleft Gunuma, who once acted as general factotum for me on a shooting expedition at Erima, and whose knowledge of English was even more than usually limited, with complete impartiality described all animals not covered by the term "pidgin," as "pish" (fish), be they crocodile, mangy native dogs or tinned sardines. This last-named member of the tribe, by the way, found a very warm spot in his affections.

The uncultured Papuan, who has had little or no intercourse with Europeans, still regards the white man with a good deal of awe. In the neighbourhood of Cape Cretin, for instance, he is still known as "boom boom," obviously from his association with the report of firearms; and at Bongo, in the Astrolabe Bay, they have for the European the curious designation "gare-lili-tamo," *i.e.*, the man within a rind (clothes).

This descriptive manner of coining words is, however, common to all primitive peoples. R. Sadleir, in his "Aborigines of Australia," tells us how, when the first stray bulls were seen by a native tribe, they, thinking them demons, decamped in great terror, naming them "wunda wibjere," *i.e.*, beings with spears upon their heads. In the Fiji Islands a pearl is prettily described as "mata ni civa"—eye of the pearlshell; a certain supposed spirit which is said to have its habitat in the sea, is referred to as "luve ni wai"—child of the waters, and "tina - ni - virita - lawa," literally "the-mother-who-weaves-nets" is, if a somewhat lengthy, a more poetical designation for a spider than one would expect from a race that once had the reputation of being the most fierce and blood-thirsty cannibals in the Pacific.

Remarkable also is the primitive method employed by the Jabims, a tribe on the North coast of New Guinea, for expressing numbers. Their numerals, properly speaking, range only from one to four, after which hands and toes are brought into requisition. The numeral five, for instance, is expressed by the word for hand ("leming deng"),

while the figures 6, 7, 8, and 9 are produced by adding the requisite number of fingers. Thus 6 becomes "leming deng ngamu ta" (a hand and a finger), 7, "leming deng ngamu luaki" (a hand and two fingers), and so on up to 10, which is "leming lu" (two hands). By repeating the above system with the difference of prefixing "two hands" to the number of fingers, the difficulty of expressing the consecutive numbers up to 14 is surmounted, while 15 again is expressed by "leming tilia" (three hands). Again the same process is repeated until with the number 20 all the fingers and toes have become exhausted. This is, therefore, termed "ngasamu" (a whole man).

With the help of hands, feet, and toes the Jabim thus contrives to solve his simple arithmetical problems to his entire satisfaction, and can, if necessary, climb to a considerable numerical altitude by the ingenious use of his various members. He expresses the number 100, for example, quite reasonably, with "ngasamu leming deng"—whole man, whole hand, *i.e.*, five times twenty.

But the custom of having the term for hand synonymous with the word expressing the numeral five, is not confined to New Guinea. One finds it all over the South Pacific, and indeed it is in almost every instance the same word, derived from the Malayan "lima." The common root is easily recognisable in the Jabim "leming" and the Rotuman "liam," and in most Polynesian groups the original form "lima" is still retained unaltered. Innumerable other Malay words can be traced all



"SUENA," A SAMOAN BELLE.

over the South Seas as "mata" (eye), which has the same meaning in nearly every island language; "utchan" (Chamorro), "uha" (Tongan), "ua" (Samoan), and "uca" (Fijian) for rain; "moa," "manu," "manok" (fowl); "waia," "guaiha" (crocodile), and so on. In the Mariane Islands, isolated as they are, away in the Northern Pacific, I found a great number of words familiar to me from the Malayan and Polynesian, and was thus enabled to make myself reasonably intelligible within the space of a few weeks. But to enlarge on these ethnological features which merely help to still further cement the theory of the Pacific Islanders' common Asiatic origin, hardly comes within the intended scope of these jottings, and would be of interest only to the student of anthropology.

Many incongruities in nomenclature occur on early maps of the islands. This is, no doubt, owing to the inability of the officers in charge of survey parties, who, as a rule, were ignorant of the native languages, to make themselves understood to the inhabitants. Some curious answers were therefore only to be expected to their enquiries regarding the local names of the various physical features of the land, and such replies as "that is a river" or a hill, as the case may be, were often given, and subsequently appeared on the map as the name of that particular spot, while names signifying "I don't know" and "I don't understand" are also of frequent occurrence. On the island of Rotuma, a high peak is charted "Vae Pipiko"

meaning, "I have a sore leg." This appellation most likely arose through an officer pointing to the hill, and asking its name from a native afflicted with "that tired feeling," who, fearing that he was required to guide the party to its summit, lost no time in excusing himself with the plea of a sore leg.

Away from the islands also the fascination exercised over the minds of some people by some exotic names, had sometimes made "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and I once noticed that a (rejected) contributor to a prominent Australian journal—a lady judging by the pretty sounding name—had chosen for her pen name a word that would bring a blush into the face of the most hardened Samoan damsel. I fancy she would have hesitated to adopt it had she known the meaning. But it is not only the European who is liable to be thus misled. "Bulamakau" (pronounced Booloomakow) and meaning literally a bull and a cow, has now become the almost universal term for horned cattle and tinned meat alike in the Pacific, while in Samoa tinned meat of any description goes under the name of "Pisupo" (peasoup). The Rotuman name for dog is "Komia" (pronounced "come here"), doubtless because the natives heard the first canine that came to the island thus addressed by its owner.\*

All islanders are sailors by nature, but it is not always easy to train an island crew of "freshly caught" recruits, who, as a rule, are innocent even of a superficial knowledge of "pidgin English." The

\* Portions of the foregoing paragraph are reprinted from the *Sydney Bulletin*, where they appeared under present writer's then nom de plume "Tusi-Ata."

captain of a particular trading schooner, on which I once made a voyage, prided himself, however, on his sympathetic understanding of the native mind, and made it a boast to be able to "lick his—bushmen into shape" in record time.

On the occasion referred to a raw lot of "Buka" boys had just been shipped, and had been quickly initi-

pass, excepting North, which, by reason of its distinguishing, broad, ornamented head, rejoiced in the name of "big-fat pfellah," were indiscriminately known as "long pfellah," the principal intermediate points, as N.E., S.W., etc., as "big pfellah," the dividing points between them again as "short pfellah," and so on.



[Photo. A. WATERS, Suva].

FIJIANS IN FULL WAR PAINT.

ated into the mysteries of the compass, the method being to confine the tuition to a quarter of the latter and divide it, according to the various lengths of its points, into "long pfellah," "small pfellah," "big pfellah," "little pfellah," "tall pfellah," "short pfellah," and whatever else it was. Thus the main points of the com-

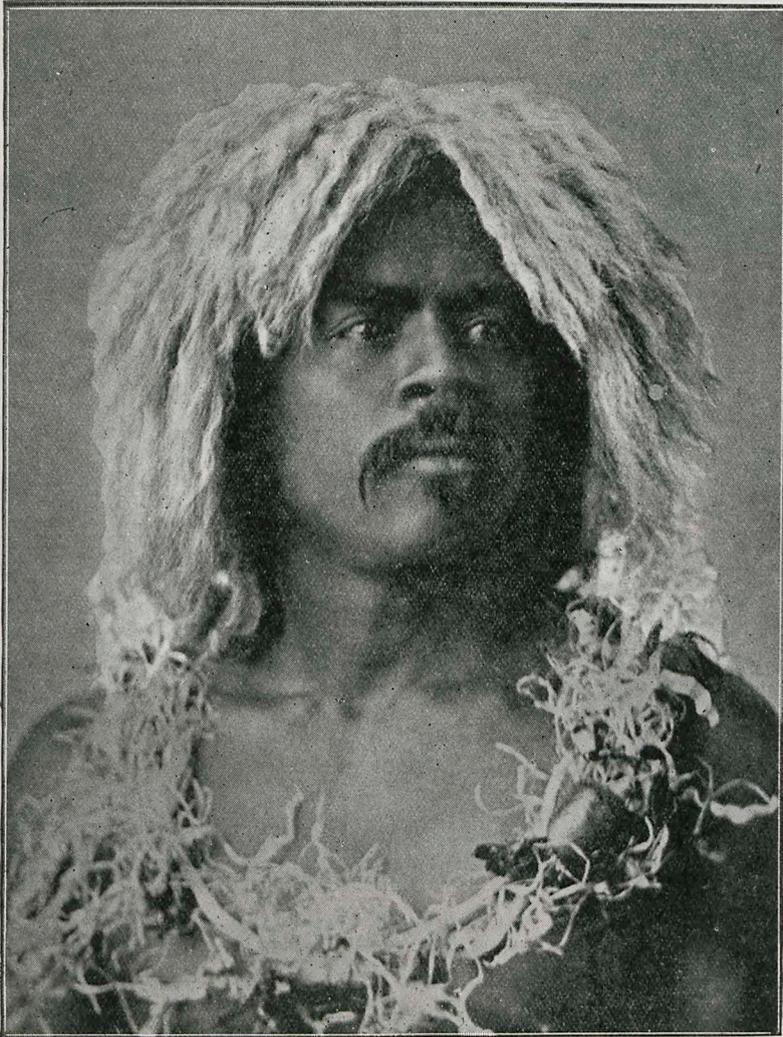
This was at last comprehended and seemed to answer the purpose.

One evening, however, when we were below at tea, just after Tommy, our least intelligent acquisition, had relieved the wheel, we were startled by the flapping of sails and the erratic behaviour of the vessel.

One jump brought the skipper on deck, closely followed by the mate and myself.

A glance at the compass, and a

followed the given course, "short pfellah stop along big pfellah?" The trouble was that on loosing his first point, which was, say, S.E. by E., he

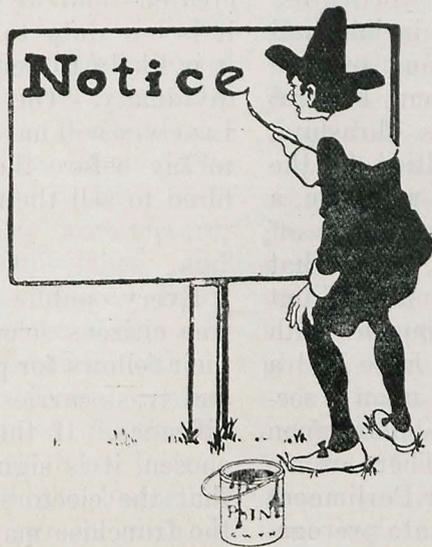


[Photo. A. WATERS, Suva].

A FIJIAN MOUNTAINEER. THE HAIR IS DYED A PALE YELLOW WITH LIME.

resounding box on the ear was bestowed upon the astonished Tommy. This he accepted with the air of one deeply injured. For had he not

had calmly annexed the next one of similar length, and was only eight points out of his course.



“Which I wish  
to remark.”

By Q.E.D.

I WOULD sooner be born a lucky prospector than be the heir of an acquisitive gold bug, for the romance of life is worth all the inheritances in the rusty rights of primogeniture. That's one deadly argument against socialism. If what a prospector found became the possession of the social State, there would not be any prospecting and there would be no discoveries. There must always be an incentive to individual effort—it is the force that drives the machine. Without force there is no movement, without steam the engine is motionless, and without an incentive there is no effort. Socialism, like freetrade, is beautiful and unanswerable in theory, but it will not work out in practice. So the Beatitudes are perfect as philosophy, but are impossible as rules of life; so G. B. Shaw glorifies the common ownership of everything, and yet threatens to fatally assault any poor wretch who attempts to take a portion of Shaw's plethora. No, no

—golden-haired Romance will always be the victor of pale-faced Socialism.

\* \* \* \*

But, I had hardly intended to get on to this controversial by-path. I wanted to assure you that I would also sooner be an optimist than a Schopenhauer. The optimists are the creators of schemes and plans and progress, and all that tends to impart a zest to life. If it were not for the sanguine men and women the race would have committed suicide long ago. It is the optimists who keep the cradles full and win the battles of the world. They are

Intoxicated with the joy of life,  
The poise of strength, the rush, the strife,  
The clash of arms, the onward sweep  
That ends in triumph up the steep  
Where rapt in ecstasy that fills  
The storm-cleared air or radiant hills  
Comes exultation of achievement won  
By strenuous deeds infallibly done.

\* \* \* \*

The foregoing is by way of introduction. Now we know each other and can talk freely, and there are

many topics that are worth discussing—national, provincial, and civic. For the past four or five months we have had our Federal and State Parliaments thrashing down the seas of politics to the havens of recess; and we have a right to ask are we any better off for all this legislation, and what are the great issues that confront us. So far as the Commonwealth arena is concerned we have had a third land tax imposed upon a section of the community—blister upon blister upon blister. There is no doubt that the Federal Parliament has encroached upon State prerogatives, and to dab a Federal land tax on top of a State land tax is piling Pelion on Ossa with a vengeance. But this danger has got to be fought. The producers, the men who are pioneering in the development of Westralia, and the reflective workers must stop to think about the effect of the recent Federal legislation.

\* \* \* \*

Not only has the Federal Parliament committed political burglary, but the Government in Melbourne is now seeking to take away from the States the right to manage their own local affairs. Supposing the referendum to be taken next year endorses that annexation of State functions, it will be good-bye to home rule. The Parliament in Melbourne will dictate what price we shall sell our products at and what wages we shall pay. There is no doubt that the referendum to be taken is an attempt to centralise all power in Melbourne—or the Federal capital, if that artificial city is ever

created—and we have a right, and it is our duty to consider whether it is likely to benefit the States individually. On this subject THE LEEUWIN will have a good deal more to say before the people are mustered to sell their birthright.

\* \* \* \*

Every public election wherein free citizens select one or more of their fellows for positions of honour and trust carries with it some significance. If the best man is not chosen, it is significant of the fact that the electors—no matter what the franchise may be—are indifferent to ideals or the morality of the suffrage. The people should have but one principle in elections and that is to vote for the best.

\* \* \* \*

Now, in the recent Mayoral election for the city of Perth, idealism had no place. The issue was personal, and the result was neutral. The ratepayers chose a man who holds nebulous ideas in regard to a Greater Perth, and yet they gave a great majority vote in favour of the Greater Perth scheme. It is anomalous, contradictory. THE LEEUWIN puts the idea of a city beautiful far in front of the individual. This magazine would like to see Perth made the most beautiful city in Australia, and it can be done. Presently THE LEEUWIN will endeavour to show how this may be accomplished, for now is the time while the difficulties are less than they ever will be—if the project is delayed. With our riverscapes, the King's Park, wooded suburbs, and background of hills, the Queen of the West can

be made to rival her sisters of the East.

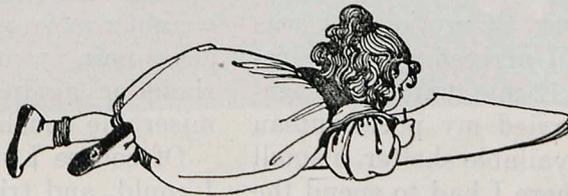
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And while endeavouring to create a beautiful city we must not forget that there is a lot to be done in beautifying our public life. It would be extremely anomalous to have wide thoroughfares, chaste architecture, open spaces, clean lanes, and avenues of "mazy verdure," if, in the halls of Legislature, a man can sling the mud of innuendo without the manliness to justify his reckless libels. It is the most despicable form of cowardice to throw insinuations from behind the hedge of privilege, and no person with a spark of self-respect in his character would descend to such verbal meanness. These things leave a smudge upon our public institutions which we should try to hose off. If a person has got a story of Governmental abuse let him come out in the open and tell it, and we don't care whether he drops his H's or not, he will be applauded as a public benefactor.

\* \* \* \*

What we claim is that the public should get the best of everything—

the best of Government, the best of clothes, the best of food, the best of pleasure, and the best of life. The public should also have the best in its literature, which Matthew Arnold described as a criticism of life. It is all very well to get your morning news, damp from the great rotary press, telling you everything that has happened within the previous twenty-four hours; but that is merely literary photography. As a film of world events it is very wonderful, but it is not literature, and it is seldom intellectual. You may get the spicy details of sordid and sensual divorce trials served up with your morning tea, but that is not elevating, nor is it calculated to produce a community of ladies and gentlemen. It is not calculated to inspire a clean and honourable respect for sex-relationship, or for the essential glory of chivalry which is the birth-right of every boy whether he cleans a locomotive or drives his own motor. Yes, we are getting back to the beginning—Romance and chivalry are not dead, but are the very spirit of progress and human relationships.



[Literary Competition.]

Prize Story.

A CHEQUE FOR ONE GUINEA HAS BEEN POSTED TO MR. J. MACLEAN.

## The Bank Manager's Story.

By J. Maclean.

IT was rather thrilling, even though the thrill came in the wrong place. It happened in Maoriland, about twenty years back, when, after serving some time as a cashier in the B.N.Z., I was sent to open a branch bank in a remote bush township that had lately shown symptoms of developing into a place of some importance—incidentally I was to carry a thousand sovereigns to start business with.

These were enclosed in the usual style of bullion case, which I stowed away among my underclothing in a well-worn portmanteau. The possession of the sovereigns did not worry me, New Zealand not being a crime-soaked locality, and I had often before been the travelling custodian of larger sums, but still I slipped a loaded revolver into my breast-coat pocket in case of possible contingencies.

The first part of my journey was by rail, and I arrived at the terminus about 12 p.m. without adventure, and carried my portmanteau to the only available shelter, a small bush pub, where I had to spend the night, going on by coach next morning.

The landlord, a rough looking customer in shirt sleeves, was passably civil, though he seemed to regard my demand for a bedroom all to myself as an offensive piece of snobbish exclusiveness.

When, however, I agreed to pay double tariff, he conceded the point, and conducted me to a bare little den, that seemed to contain nothing but two single stretchers, covered with coloured blankets.

I was too tired to be hypercritical and, having shot the bolt on the door—there was no lock—I put the portmanteau under the bed, the revolver under my pillow, and was soon in the land of Nod.

I must have been asleep some hours when I was awakened by the door being violently crashed in. Next instant, something huge, soft, and heavy was flung on my head and chest, and I began to feel all the disagreeable symptoms of death by suffocation, besides which the weight was so great as to cause me acute pain by pressing one arm and shoulder against the side of my miserable couch.

Of course I struggled as hard as I could, and tried to reach for the revolver, but one arm was completely pinioned, and the other,

being well tucked under the blankets, it was some minutes before I could get it free—and then, somehow, in the middle of it all—the revolver went off.

Instantly the load on top of me slid to the floor with a sounding thud, and, as the first of a series of long-drawn, horrible groans reached my ears, I realised that the pressure had been caused by the weight of a fellow-creature, who now lay wounded, perhaps dying—his blood on my head.

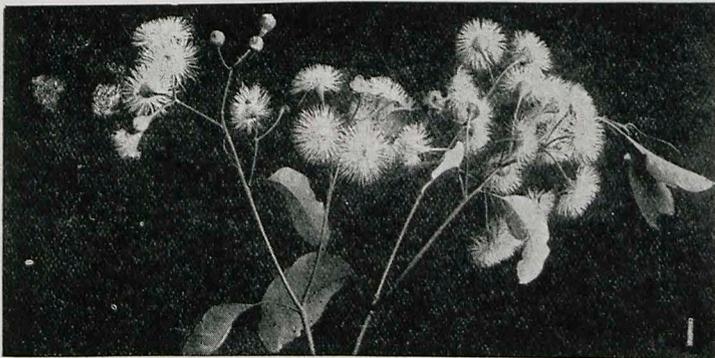
The sound of the shot had roused the house, steps and lights came hurrying along the passages, and soon the room was filled with a startled and excited little crowd.

They looked comical enough—the landlord, his missus, the barmaid, the slavey, and several other toughs, all lightly attired in sleep-

ing apparel, not remarkable for either cleanliness or quantity, but I was in no mood to be amused then—not till afterwards, when we discovered that my midnight visitor was not dead, nor even wounded, but only dead drunk. The bullet had gone through the roof.

He was, moreover, a very decent and law-abiding citizen, the local blacksmith, but, as he hailed from the land of cakes, he had been keeping Hallowe'en after the fashion of his native land.

It seemed that, having been accustomed to sleep on the other stretcher in the room, and finding the door fastened, he had heaved it open, staggered in, and fallen across my bed—that was all—but when I think of what might have happened with that confounded revolver—that's where the thrill comes in.



[Literary Competition.]

## An Adventure in a Mine.

By J.F.

I HAVE been prospecting for some years now—it's no game.

Don't let the dream of easily becoming rich and having the world at your feet lure you from the desk and student's pen, for it is only a dream. However, that's another story. What I want to tell you of, is a thrilling adventure that happened to myself. Somehow one gets used to blasting accidents, being buried under earth, sudden and often fatal falls from breaking ropes or machinery going wrong. Well, they are nothing to make a fuss about; but the last little trick fate played me took my pluck and shattered my nerves.

My mate and I were working in an old shaft on the mainland at Lake Austin. It was 50 feet deep, and we had a primitive windlass. We went up and down with one foot in the bucket, holding on to the rope. One morning, after setting a charge to start a new shoot, I gave the signal to haul up. Ascending slowly I felt a tremor in the rope, and looking up, there I saw on the rope above me a black snake.

My heart stood still with horror, for I knew it was of the deadly kind—and it was slowly slipping down towards me.

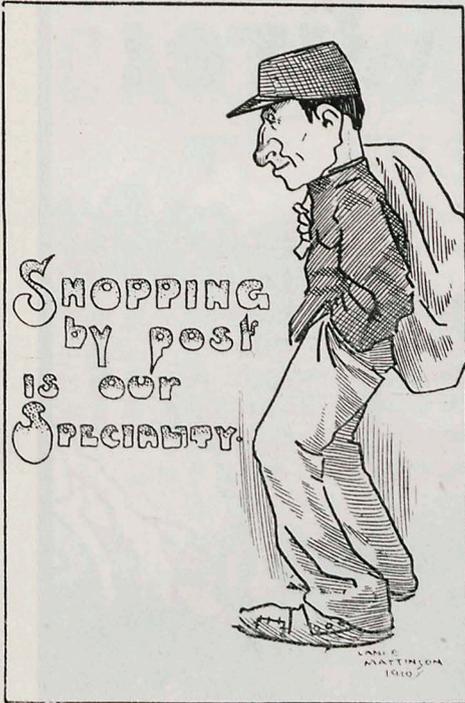
I tried to call to my mate, but no sound came from my paralysed lips. Besides the windlass creaked so much that it was doubtful whether

he would have heard me. Beads formed on my forehead, for death seemed certain—as either the snake would slip down to me, or else my mate, when the reptile appeared over the edge of the shaft would be seized with sudden fright and let go the windlass, dropping me and the snake to the bottom of the shaft just as it would be about time for the charge to go off.

Imagination is a terrible thing—blessed is he who has it not—I saw my past life flash before me, everything I'd wish undone. Oh, for another chance! And I saw my mangled body with fragmentary snake mixed up with shattered diorite.

I tried again to call, but could not—agony held me dumb. The snake was almost level with the top of the shaft, when my mate out of sheer exuberance of spirits gave a mighty hoist and cut the beast in two between the rope and windlass before he saw it. He cried out in amazement, but by that time I was on top, one half of the snake striking me as it fell.

It took me some time to recover. I quite expected my hair to be gray, but it was not, though I've not the nerve I once had, to go up and down old shafts for the memory of those few seconds—which seemed hours—is much too vividly impressed on my mind.



**Advertising Design Competition.**

The four designs reproduced on this page are the best of a large number sent in. The prize of One Guinea is awarded to Mr. Lance Mattinson for his design "Shopping by Post is Our Speciality." The two lower designs do not comply with the conditions and are therefore regretfully disqualified.

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