

ly supposition, and is greatly exaggerated, because even supposing the Auckland Racing Club benefited to the extent of what Mr Mitchellson said it would through the expulsion of the bookmakers, where are the facilities to handle the extra amount of money? It could not be done under present conditions, so how could the Auckland Racing Club benefit to the extent of £10,000 if it is impossible to put that extra amount through the machine? Mr Mitchellson is evidently labouring under a delusion, and his figures are crude and inaccurate. He also states £1000 was put on Krenolin with the books at the Winter Meeting; but as Krenolin did not start, he evidently means the Easter Meeting. I am not in a position to state the exact amount put on Krenolin with the books at that meeting, neither is Mr Mitchellson; but this I am sure of, a large amount of money was put on the machine that was awarded with the books on Krenolin. Mr Mitchellson does not mention that fact. He also does not mention the large amount put on the machine by the bookmakers to reimburse themselves and the amount they sold. This the machine would never handle, even supposing they were not there, I can assure Mr Mitchellson the bookmakers often handle money the machine would never see, which fact he has failed to grasp. Referring to Mr Mitchellson's figures, if 11 bookmakers had £2000 each race, they would handle the enormous sum of £25,000 per day, which is almost too absurd to refute. Evidently Mr Mitchellson has again made a mistake, but a statement that is issued previously by a committee of the Auckland Racing Club, especially when it involved men's livelihood, should be accurate.

Mr Mitchellson has stated in an interview that according to Judge Edwards' remarks the sale of the club would be approved by the expulsion of the bookmakers. I wish to refute that by stating his remarks were not directed against them, but against the totalisator. I contend strongly that bookmakers have not lowered the dignity of the Auckland Racing Club, but have always upheld it by their behaviour and their mode of doing business. I also contend it was too important a question, the addition of the bookmaker, for the Hon. E. Mitchellson to decide by his casting vote on his own motion, and was a very unusual procedure, and against all established precedence, and contrary to the usual custom. In all important matters the established rule is, unless under very extraordinary circumstances, to refrain when it comes to the casting vote, invariably gives to the things to remain as they are, and not to alter them. I maintain that is what Mr Mitchellson should have done, as there were no extraordinary circumstances to induce him to do otherwise; the fact that so many men's living were at stake, men who had been part and parcel to the success of the club that Mr Mitchellson was chairman of, and now that always considered the club as their own, should allow them to the rules of racing and laws of the land, should have appealed to Mr Mitchellson, even if he did not wish to give his casting vote in their favour, to refer them to a general meeting of the private members of the Auckland Racing Club. Then if the majority of the members were against bookmakers, it would have been more satisfactory and convincing they were not desired then as things are now. The casting vote of the Chairman is not insignificant enough that a change involving thousands of pounds and a club's standing—it might lose its status through the change—is a wise one, and should not be lightly considered. The morals or finances of the Auckland Racing Club are not going to be improved by removing those that helped to foster them. I am prepared to state the experiment that Mr Mitchellson has caused the Auckland Racing Club to try will end disastrously. I have many reasons for believing that the chief one is the notorious totalisator has failed, and will continue to do so, if the Auckland Racing Club persists in excluding the bookmakers from Ellerslie. Before concluding, I would like to point out the unbecomingly way the bookmakers were deprived of their calling. It was done without a moment's notice. Surely they deserve a timely one to allow them to provide for the change which would have enabled them to make provision for their wives and families, and taking into consideration the amicable and harmonious feeling which existed between the Auckland Racing Club and the bookmakers, and in view of past services, the bookmakers were entitled to a little more consideration than they received.—I am, etc.,

J. BECKETT.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

(By "Old Salt.")

Another attack upon the liberty of the press. After protracted litigation in the Christchurch Courts between Warner's, Ltd., and the "Lyttelton Times" Proprietary, a majority of the Full Court decides that the thunder bawling processes of the "Times" do disturb certain bedrooms and their contents, and directs that, in the future, the Archimedeal lever must slip its fulcrum at an hour not later than nine p.m.

Take heed, ye pressmen, scribes, and compositors! Beware of the Archimedeal lever. When in operation the fulcrum must be put on such night as nine. The warning (unless Warner!)

From the other point of view, visitors

to Warner's hospitably may consider themselves upon a good wicket. An undisturbed night's sleep is most desirable at any time; but a man who returns to Warner's after the "ball," or one who has been out on a bit of a "bat," may well congratulate himself that "Warner won the toss again."

\* \* \*

Captain Scotland, of the s.s. Kumara, which recently arrived in Wellington, explained, in reply to the complaint of steerage passengers as to the quality of the food supplied on the passage, that when it was discovered that some of the provisions were bad, others were substituted. What more could the most exacting require? It is my belief that ships' cooks spoil so much good food they do not recognise bad when they smell it. When serving my apprenticeship in the Mercantile Marine I learned the disabilities of a haughty stomach. On "pork" days, which were, and still are, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, when the pea soup was merrily bubbling in the galley copper, with the festive pork "bobbing up and down" in the middle of it, no matter if one were working in the cross-trees, or on a royal yard, one could detect the moment that copper lid was lifted. As we used to say, the smell was strong enough to heat up to windward; but nobody "discovered" the provisions were bad.

\* \* \*

A reminiscence occurs to me which may be some comfort to the Kumara's passengers—it is so nice to know that things might have been worse. When on a voyage to the East Indies the cook spelt us youngsters by indulging us two or three times a week with that deep sea luxury, "cracker hash"—this, be it understood, is a hash in which broken biscuits take the place of potatoes; the supply of vegetables was generally exhausted about the second week out. On the return passage (from Calcutta, I remember, bound to Dundee) no cracker hash graced our board, so a deputation, of which I was spokesman, waited upon the cook, who, by the way, was a Jamaica negro of more than middle age. "Look here, doctor, you gave us cracker hash coming out; now, we're nearly three weeks out of the river, and have not seen a plate of it. What's the matter?" "Cawn't make a cracker-hash," he mumbled; "cawn't break a biscuit up. Beef all gone to—"

\* \* \*

In matters of diplomacy I do not think the Chinese have much to learn, even from their astute neighbours, the Japs. The boycott of American goods and attitude, which may fairly be classed as one of passive resistance, have won for the Celestials, if not a victory over the U.S. Immigration Restriction Bill, such a modification of the original proposals as to alter the entire situation. President Roosevelt, in his latest public utterance, says: "We come short of our duty towards China, and ought to operate the exclusion law with as little harshness as possible, showing every courtesy, consideration, and encouragement to the Chinese, and guaranteeing all, except coolies, the same right of entry and the same treatment as we guaranteed the citizens of any other nation." Surely this spells peace, with honour to both parties. All that is wanted now is an authoritative ruling as to the proper and legal definition of the word "coolie." As far as I know, from meeting him as he is in his habit lives, it simply means labourer, and it seems incredible that a democratic country will welcome to its shores the class that will not, neither spin, and exclude those who are prepared to earn their bread in the sweat of their brows. While waiting enlightenment upon this point, it is interesting to note that quality, shared by the nation and the individual, the most desirable quality of adaptability which I might illustrate by means of an anecdote. Towards the close of the civil war a Northern skipper successfully ran the blockade of a Southern port with a cargo of shoe pegs, only to discover that infantry operations had been almost abandoned, that cavalry were bearing the brunt of the fighting, and consequently shoe pegs were in a falling market. Was the skipper defeated? No, with true Yankee shrewdness (and adaptability) he set all hands to work, sharpened the blunt ends, and sold them for nails.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

Her Majesty The Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of the following poem:—

Our Southern Land.

"Give me a blessing, for Thou hast given me a south land."—Judges I, part of verse 12.

PROLOGUE—

"Give me a blessing," Caleb's daughter cried  
While humbly kneeling at her father's side;  
"To me a southern land by fate is given,  
A goodly tower bequeathed by thee and Heaven;  
Yet fields and cities, brooks and murmuring rills,  
Broad flowing streams, rich valleys, vine and glad hills,  
All these to me are nothing worth unless  
Thou'lt deign thy suppliant loving child to bless."  
Thus spake this maid—her sire the boon bestowed;  
Blessed in the name of Israel's God, she rose.

NEW ZEALAND'S PRAYER:

And as I pondered 'er this ancient tale,  
I saw, methought, in vision dim and pale,  
New Zealand, Abilou's daughter, bend the knee,  
To Him who rules o'er earth, and sky and sea,  
And ask a blessing, riches, honour, fame,  
For those who'd sought her shores in England's name.  
"Father above," she cried, "This southern land  
Appeared 'mid ocean's depths at Thy command;  
Thou, Thy pleasure did'st these isles create,  
Help Britain's sons to make them truly great,  
Teach them, O Lord, that lasting glory springs  
From those that mind not earth's but heavenly things;  
Show them that fame and greatness take their rise  
Not in proud buildings towering towards the skies,  
Nor in the pomp of wealth and sordid gain,  
Nor freighted ships that plough the distant main;  
But teach them, Lord, that nations rest secure  
When all their thoughts and all their aims are pure—  
O lead them onward with Thy guiding hand,  
And bless and prosper this our southern land."

NEW ZEALAND'S WELCOME:

She ceased from prayer—again I heard her voice  
Greet Britain's sons and bid their hearts rejoice.  
"Hail, friends and brothers, ye have wandered far,  
Old England's brave and sturdy race ye are;  
Hither as welcome travellers have ye come  
To found upon these distant shores your home.  
A sacred trust I place within your hand:  
The future greatness of this Southern land;  
Here 'neath the bright and sunny Austral sky,  
God waits to see fulfilled his destiny.  
So strive, so live, while passing ages roll,  
That Heaven may lead her on to virtue's goal.  
And then, though kingdoms fall and men decay,  
New Zealand's light shall still with brightness shine:  
First among nations whom the Lord will bless,  
Because her ways are ways of righteousness."

PRAYER OF THE COLONISTS:

Once more she ceased—and to the sound of prayer  
Arose from England's sons assembled there—  
"God of our sires," they cried, "Whose guiding hand  
Has onward led to fame our mother land,

Heads of this benighted isle beyond the sea  
We now thy suppliant creatures bend the knee,  
And ask that in Thy own good time and way  
Thou'lt grant us all we need from day to day.  
May we like ancient Israel safe recline,  
Beneath the fig tree's shade and sheltering vine;  
Our gardens full and yielding plenteous store,  
Our wine and oil pressed down and running o'er;  
May harvests prosper, may our flocks increase,  
And every home be filled with joy and peace.  
O lead us onward, till this land shall rise  
A greater Britain 'neath these southern skies!"

CLAUDE C. WILSON.  
(Aged 17 1/2 years.)

Trafalgar Day.

Fame, with her trumpet at her lips,  
In Old St. Paul's to-day,  
Pebbs such a blast that all the world  
Has turned to look that way.  
Fame, with her trumpet at the grave  
Of England's sailor son,  
Over the laurel and the bay  
A hundred years have run.  
A hundred years whose waves have rolled  
His words on every strand—  
A hundred years whose winds have told  
His tale to every land.  
O great, and grim, and terrible  
Are Britain's walls of steel—  
Their firm first course was laid eight true  
In the gallant victor's keel.  
Thrice happy noon whose light fall  
So set the globe a-fire,  
That all the bells of history  
With one accord must ring.  
And thus they peal, and thus they chime,  
In peace or war's combustion—  
"Britannia, Britannia,  
Britannia rules the ocean."  
Thrice happy oak whose boughs waxed strong,  
In sun and rain spread wide;  
Till they upbore the Empire's weight  
Upon Trafalgar's tide.  
Of all the crafts of olden time  
That glaucly glided the sea,  
There is no ship so often seen  
As Nelson's Victory.  
With shattered mast, and battered poop,  
And cockpit smeared with blood,  
In every port, the Victory  
Disabled rides the flood.  
The sailor sees it looming dark  
Against the moonlit sky,  
The lonely shepherd holds his breath  
As the phantom passes by.  
The schoolboy mutters in his dream  
Of signals down the line,  
The veteran's hoarse "Ay, ay," betrays  
His thoughts are in "Auld Lang Syne."  
The hero won his wreath of bay—  
Short life and deathless fame;  
Gleams rely on the dizzy crag—  
Nelson's immortal name.  
The spell of that high, perilous path  
That leads to death and glory,  
Is on us as again we trace  
Trafalgar's thrilling story.

ROSLAN

Auckland, 23rd October, 1905.

Stranger: "Is the cashier of the local bank a tall man?"  
Native: "Physically speaking, yes."  
Stranger: "Physically speaking!"  
Native: "Yes; otherwise he is short—something like fifty thousand dollars. That's why he has taken a trip abroad."

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