The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

ISHOP NELIGAN," remarked the journalist, "has a happy knack of drawing out that mysterious person who writes letters to the papers. I think the society of journalists should give him a testimonial on his return to our shores. Good correspondence is a most valuable thing to any daily, but it is not very easy to get. Even the most experienced pressuan can never tell for certain what will draw. Often-subjects we think of great importance fall absolutely flat, while a comparative trifle will produce shoals of good and interesting letters. Look at the gallons of ink that were spilt when dumbo was sold by the authorities of the Lendon Zoo. Could any mean have forescen that the sorrows and wors of an elephant would have produced choquent epistles from such men as Roskin and Matthew Arnold? The people seem to have resented being called pagins, but there was some trith, I suspect, in his lord-slip's indictment, or it would not have met with so much criticism. If he had said we were all drunkards, and that the results of licensed houses were glassity, and that Prohibition alone could save the colony, prople would have patied him on the back and said 'Good boy,' because, as a matter of fact, we know that most of us lead a soler, if we do not lead a godly and righteous, life." great importance fall absolutely flat,

"Our chief aim in life." replied the cy-nic. "is to move with the tide: We strongly object to a man who has either principles or ideas of his own. The postrongly object to a man who has either, principles or ideas of his own. The politician, the parson, and the pressman are all expected to echo public opinion, not to lead it. Find out, what the masses think about any question, and then put their thoughts into your own words, and you will be spoken of as an able man of commanding genius while you live, and promptly forgotten when you are dead. The fitting reward bestowed by mobs on, their popular idosis after and complete oblivion when the idei is consigned to the tomb. Thus are wise men made to smile. But the real fault of the present generation is not paganism—would it were -but common-sense. Common-sense kills all the other senses, and is in itself the most ghastly thing with which the individual or the nation can be cutsed. The eye bees it power of seeing, because beautiful seemery gives place to the exigencies of factories for turning out potosi silver and mink nills, the ear loses its ful scenery gives place to the exigon-cies of factories for turning out potosi-silver and pink pills; the ear loses its power of hearing because the song of the herald angels is drowned in the din of the gramophone. Did you ever meet a practical man or a man of great com-mon sense who was really happy? I never did, and never hope to.?

"Your cynical epigrams, my dear fel-w," answered the dominic, "often hit low," answered the dominic, "often hit the right nail on the head. The aim of most people is to kill the soul, expecting to that happiness in the body, and so we kill all that really makes life worth living. A girl is taught to sacri-fee love for social position: a boy is taught to sacrifice culture to worldly adtaught to sacrifice culture to worldly advancement. When we have got our way we are not happy. We wonder why people with an unch less of this world's goods seem to get so much more joy out of life. We feel at times that we would gladly retire from purchased glades and mansions if we could stand as we once stood: loyat, brave and true. Happiness lies in the expression—not the suppression of our individuality—in the affections, in the enjoyment of senty. And common series too often —in the affections, in the enjoyment of hearity. And common sense too often means subordinating the higher to the lower, putting the things which are seen above the things which are not seen. At present we worship material com-fort and the means of attaining it. We have no great poets, no great musicians, no great painters. As à consequence we have no great religious feeling, for religion is a reaching-out towards the un-The very churches are infected with the 'time-spirit, and rely more on organisation than spiritual power. Refinement, culture, delicacy, are all being trampled under foot by the Juggernaut of Philistinism."

"We pay for these things," said the ductor, "not merely by the loss of the capacity for enjoyment, but by the loss of health. We no longer indulge in sport, of health. We no longer indulge in sport, we indulge in the luxury of watching professionals play games for us. We seldom walk or rider we prefer to be whiled clong in motors or transats. We live our lives in a stuffy office, and leads replained yard. Ledgers dull our brains; detected to the paragraphs of the transaction to the control of the profession to the transaction. land repraced to published and lone brains, electric light rains our eyesight, hustle and be the distray our mirror, and the adoption build is ever busy cutting out markets and the caured by our artificial to the control of the control of the control of the control of the caured by our artificial caured by our artificial caured by our artificial caured by the control of the caured of the cau companies Eulie is ever busy cutting out the crisking cannot by our artificial modes of living. The phase is not new, and of course it will pass away again as it has done before, but the bell of ma-terialism sceme to me much worse than even the material hell of the Middle Ages?

"My dear doctor," remarked the onic, "you and the dominic are really getting most horribly serious. You will never impress the masses with your will never impress the masses with your views, and that at least ought to cause you joy. There is nothing more distressing than to find one's views meet with universal approval. It is such a humilitating confession of stupidity. Why try and draw the multitude away from the series contemplation of their hoped-for heaven, which seems to consist of a place where they will eat not fat pork off gold plates in the company of prosperous retired grocers. The great questions of the day are no longer political, literary, or religious. We prefer to discuss such communities as "Whea is a shughterman?" "What is a shughterman?" or "To coupon or not to coupon." This last: by the way, seems a delightful problem. We could extend the system so indefinitely. We could put a coupon in the plate at church, we could post bakers' coupons to the paging letter writers we suspected of wasting money in drink, we could civilise the magna of the back. views, and that at least ought to cause we suspected of wasting money in drink, we could civilise the pagans of the back blocks by extending to them the in-estimable blessings of the coupon."

"What I like about the present day," suggested the lawyer, "is the practical use to which we put the fine arts. Poetry no longer deals with either love or nature, it finds a higher sphere in singing the merits of Red Arrow ointment or Sapon Soap. To the maker of Limericks is given the seat of honour in the temple of the Musea. Painting and sculpture alike proclaim the merits of soap and pills. "The more practical we make our education the better will the people like it." was the wise statement recently made at a college meeting. We need not give up the classics sttogether—we could bring them up-to-date. Our oid friend Xerxes could be ttur old friend Xerxes could be utilised thus:

"The Greenins would never have conquered Xerxes
Had he used so and so's Reliable Teas."

You could point out that the prophet Elisha would not have been called a bald head if he had used Thutchemquick! You could explain that Virgil's line 'Yet tears to human sufferings are due' was written before we had learnt that backache kiduey pills were better than tears. You could still read Shakeneare if you added practical notes. 'Oh that this too, too solid fiesh would melt' might have as a commentary 'so it would

have done if he had used anti-fat.' We could combine the old and the new to the infinite advantage of an age that has learnt to despise sentiment and value only the practical."

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"They complain," said the schoolmaster, "that our children are overworked-We could easily remedy this by introducing the practical education of 'Dotheboy's Hall'-"W-i-n-d-e-r, winder. Now go and clean them after learning how go and clean them after learning how to spell them. That is my idea of really useful training. Whackford squeers was in advance of his time. He would be bailed as an educational reformer nowadays. I often think the old pagons must smile us they look down from the Elysian fields on our wholly incomantic and therefore joyless age. How insulted they must feel at being compared to us. Socrates preached a gospel of the immortal heauty of the soil, we preach a gospel of stuccoed villas and bile beans for biliousness."

Our Illustrations.

MOTOE-CAR GYMKHANA AT NAPIER.

A very successful motor car gymkhana was recently held on the Recreation Ground at Kapier. A procession formed of over twenty cars, and headed by the president of the Automobile Club, in his fine car, lined up near the Marine Parade band rotunda, and drove round to the Recreation Ground, where an interesting sports programme was gone through. The principal events resulted as under:—

as under;—Appearance Parade,—"A" Class"; M. Thomas, 1; G. L. Mackersey, 2. "B" Class: D. Bernan, 1; N. Kettle, 2. Bending Race.—F. Wilson, 1; C. Dun-

can. 2.
Tortoise Race.—C. A. Hawkins, 1; J. H. Edmundson, 2; F. V. Kettle, 3.
Starting and Stopping.—F. V. Kettle, 1; F. Wilson, 2; N. Mackersey, 3.
Turk's Head and Pig Sticking.—F. V. Kettle, 1; A. Joseph, 2.
Potato Race.—T. Renata, 1; W. Robin,

Tilting at Rings .- W. Robin, 1; J. St. . Hindmarsh. 2. Glass of Water Race.—G. Duncan, 1;

J. E. Skeals, 2.

Lady Passenger Race.—W. Robin, 1;
F. Wilson, 2.

OBITUARY.

MR. G. G. STEAD.

Mr. Geo. G. Stead, a leading citizen of Christeburch, died on April 29th. Mr. Steed sustained a sudden seizure a few days ago, from the effects of which few days ago, from the effects of which he nevr recovered. The deceased was born in London in 1841, and came from an old Yorkshire family on his father's side, his grandfather being Mr. Mark Stead, of Richmond, Yorkshire, and from a Scotch family on his mother's side, his grandmother heing a Fraser, a direct descendant of the noted Simon Bruser, Lord Lovat, the last man beheaded in the Tower of London in the year 1747. Mr. Stead, in 1849, accompanied his parents to South Africa, where he companied his Mr. Stead, in 1849, accompanied in-parents to South Africa, where he com-pleted his education at 8t. Andrew's College. In 1865 he returned to England, but, on the recommendation of several friends, he decided to settle in New Zen-land, where he arrived in 1866. Since and, where he arrived in 1886. Since that date he has been a prominent figure in commercial and sporting circles. Mr. Stead took a leading part in the raising of a Canterbury contingent during the Boer War, and subscribed £504 towards the fund. In addition to holding the position of Chairman and Honorary Treasurer of the Canterbury Club, Mr. Stead also, held the following appointments: — Chairman of Directors of the "Christchurch Press" Company, Chairman of Directors of Manning and Co., Chairman of Directors of the Christchurch Gas Company, Chairman of Directors of Warmens, Ltd. Chairman of Directors of Warmens, Ltd. Chairman of Directors of Warmens, Ltd. Company, Deputy Chairman Alliance Assurance Co., Director of Mason Strathers, Ltd., Director of the New Zealand Shipping Co. He filled the position of President of the Christchurch Chamber of Commerce in 1880, 1885, 1886. He was one of the Governors of the Canterbury College from 1891 to 1899, when he resigned.

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Whangaround Mangarount

For Whangaruru, Helena Bay, Tutukaka, and Whananaki. ROA......Mosday, 18th May, 1 p.m., For Great Barrier.

AUPOURI.... Every Wednesday, inidnight,

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ROTOMAHANA: Tues., 28th April, 11 a.m., ROTOMAHANA.....Fri., 1st May, 2 p.m.,

LEAVE COROMANDEL, VIA WAIHEKE. ROTOMAHANA, Wed., 29th April, 6 a.m. ROTOMAHANA, Sat., 20d May, 7.30 a.m.

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