

# The Motorist.

(By "Spark Intensifier.")

On Saturday, July 25, nine cars attended the meet, which was fixed for Newmarket. Dr. Purchas was absent, and also Dr. Knight. It had been arranged to run through to Howick and back, but such descriptions of the bad roads were given to some of the members that we decided to go only as far as Panmure. This was done, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent. I noticed that Mrs Rayner, wife of the Association's President, was driving, accompanied by Mr David Nathan. Mrs Rayner took and maintained the lead well throughout the whole run. A very merry party sat down to tea at the Panmure Hotel, and afterwards six very excellent photographs of the cars and their occupants were secured. I would remind the members that copies of these photographs may now be purchased at Holland's Victoria-street. Some little amusement was caused on the run home by the endeavours of the hon. secretary and the hon. treasurer, whose respective cars had each an attack of the "slows" trying to pass each other on the hills, and there really was not much difference; in fact, as far as slowness went, it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

Mr Arthur Cleave intends to leave for the South this week. The trip will be made on his Locomobile, which he himself will drive. He has my best wishes.

Next month there will be a number of Darracq cars landed in Auckland, most of which, we believe, are already purchased. The new type of Oldsmobile and the Oldsmobile Torreau 10 h.p. cars should also be with us very soon.

On Sunday last, four of the Association ran through to Howick. The weather was perfect, and the roads they found to be perfectly good all the way—that is to say, good for Auckland. Mr Warren Blythe was driving his Steamobile on Sunday. It is a very pretty, comfortable little car, and does what is required of it very well. I see that it seats four. If Mr Blythe makes the rapid progress that other owners of steam cars have done here in Auckland, he will no doubt soon be an expert driver.

There is rather a neat anecdote of a motoring Parson. He was one of those men who imagined that a motor car went when you pressed a button, leaving the engine to do the rest. His motor was delivered to him resplendent in all its first paint. He stepped into it, turned the handle, and expected it to go. But no. Then he began to tinker with it, pouring in oil here and water there. Still no response on the part of the car. Lastly, in despair, he rang up the firm from which he purchased it, and told them that his motor would not go, adding in a sweetly innocent voice, "by the way, I put some water in the Naptha tank, I suppose a little thing like that doesn't matter!" The opinion of the firm is better left out of print—it might scorch the paper.

The Government of West Australia are the first to move with a view of adopting automobile traction. The first experiment to be carried out will be in the carriage of produce in agricultural districts not touched by the railways. The experiment will be watched with interest throughout New Zealand.

Recent statistics gathered in London show that people are killed annually on

the road as follows:—70 persons by vans, 43 persons by carts, waggons, and drays, 19 persons by cabs, 17 persons by omnibuses, 6 persons by private carriages, 4 persons by cycles; and 1 person by light locomotives (automobiles).

In a motor bicycle race from Paris to Bordeaux, 46 machines started, and 14 finished. Bucquet won in 8hr 57min 1sec for the 342½ miles. His machine weighed only 110lb.

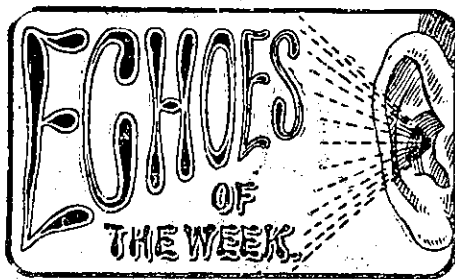
Spectators of the first section of the Paris to Madrid motor race state that, owing to cars travelling in a continuous stream at one minute intervals, the road was under a perfect fog of dust, and it was impossible for the drivers to see where they were going. This was the cause of several collisions among the competing cars, as well as other accidents. In the Gordon-Bennett race there were but 12 motors engaged, as against upwards of 200 in the French contest, and the intervals between each were of seven or eight minutes.

The Olds Motor Works, of Detroit, Michigan, has produced a curious 10 horse-power skeleton racer. It was ridden (or driven?) for the first time by Mr H. T. Thomas in the recent speed trials on the Daytona Beach, Florida. Thomas, on his 10 horse-power skeleton Oldsmobile, in his attempt on the straightaway mile record for machines weighing less than 1000lb (standing at 1min 27.3-sec, to the credit of Longuevez, on a De Dion), covered the distance in the sensational time of 1min 6.1-sec! Thomas sits low down in a seat placed behind the rear axle, and steers through a steering wheel and a steering pillar with considerable rake.

The Australian riflemen put up a very fine performance when shooting for the Kolapore Cup, which they won. Bradley scored 102, which is the best total in any team's match yet shot at Bisley, while Carter and Ison with 99 each were close up. The total score was 771, which put the team eleven points ahead of Great Britain, who got second place. Canada, Natal, and the Channel Islands followed in that order.

Many years ago Mr Chamberlain was delivering a rousing political speech in Birmingham. The hall was so packed that not one more human being could jam in, nor could anyone get out. Suddenly, in the middle of the hall a scowling man rose, and howled, "What did Mr Gladstone say in 1872?" "Shame!" "Put him out!" yelled the crowd. Three men hurried the interupter a few yards, and more and more hustled him to the street. As he was picking himself up and brushing off the dirt, he grinned pleasantly at a man who had followed him comfortably from the hall, and asked, "What did Mr Gladstone say in 1872?" "Oh, I don't know," he replied, "and I don't care. I had a terrible toothache, and I couldn't butt my way through the crowd, and the only thing to do was to get thrown out."

The Judge on the bench, the lordly M.P.  
The man on the stage, whoever he be,  
The lawyer so grave, the jolly Jack Tar,  
The stern visaged soldier who's been in the war,  
The hard-working man, the knowing M.D.  
All happen on this one point to agree:  
That for very bad colds the thing to procure  
Is W. E. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



(By "Ithuriel.")

The white elephant known as Admiralty House has been offered to the Government by the Harbour Board at cost price, but nobody, not even the members of the Board can suggest any purpose to which the Government could put the edifice supposing they took it over. Some of the more humorous proposals have been noticed in former notes. The latest, from outside, is that it should be utilised as an inebriate asylum, or as a sort of house of detention and examination for supposed lunatics. A wag suggests that the first detainees should be the members of the Harbour Board.

A somewhat unique condition of affairs prevails in the parish of Holy Trinity, Devonport. The relationship between the vicar and parishioners has never been what may be termed cordial, and it is probably more agreeable now than at any previous time. The Rev. Mr Hawthorne went to South Africa as chaplain to one of the contingents, and since his return it has been borne in upon him that it would be for his and the parish's advantage if he were to resign. There is, however, a little matter of £150 or so, arrears of salary, to be considered, and the parson has offered to send in his papers provided that sum is forthcoming on the 1st of August. Whether the parishioners will rise to the occasion remains to be seen, but to an outsider it seems that failing compliance with the vicar's terms the position will be much more awkward in the future than it has been in the past.

The tramways are now running with much less friction than at the beginning, both mechanically and in a socio-commercial sense. The Onehunga Council has come to an amicable arrangement with the Company, and the trams will soon be running to the wharf. Also other local bodies are pretty well satisfied with the proposals of the Company with reference to season tickets, concessions for workmen and school children, etc. The trams have taken their place as a permanent institution of a quite indispensable character, and what confusion would result from the suspension of their running for a day is manifest from the enormous inconvenience that follows the interruption of the current for half an hour or even a few minutes.

We are not quite satisfied with the postage stamps invented for us by Sir Joseph Ward, but we are in heaven compared with the people of the Commonwealth. This is how Postmaster-General Drake's first effort is described:—"The latest achievement, in the shape of a Federal stamp, has been the scoff and derision of the city since it made its public appearance early in the week. 'Where did he get it from?'

has been the question. 'Does it owe its origin to the jim-jams or an intensified form of artistic dementia?' As a specimen of suggestive skill in design it is poverty made manifest; it is a pictorial penury in allegory; it is constructive failure figuratively expressed; it is Lazarus resurrected by lithography; and in the general estimation it is a miserable miscarriage, that constitutes an outrage on good taste. It is worse even than the Daubrey Wierdsley Commonwealth seal, with its distorted obverse in the shield bearing milkmaid on the impossible horse, and its grotesque reverse grouping of totemic shields. If his fancy runs to non-descripts and monstrosities, that is no reason why he should foist them on the Commonwealth, which is expected to father them, and the protest against the discreditable reflection upon Australian artistic capacity and designing skill, which it constitutes, has been so generally reprobated that even the Ministerial perpetrator of the outrage has been impressed. Perhaps the following resolution, passed by the Council of the Royal Victorian Society of Architects the day after the caricature appeared, may have helped to this effect:—"That this council, representing the members of the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects, desires to place on record its deep regret that the first Commonwealth postage stamp should be so utterly weak and inartistic in design; and also to express the hope that it will be withdrawn from issue, to prevent our Australian designers being held up to ridicule; and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Postmaster-General and to the press." It is understood that the design was adopted because Mr Drake discovered it on some old American or Canadian document he had in his possession. 'What name do you give this child?' inquired the priest of the woman presenting her infant for baptism. 'Erysipelas.' 'What!' 'Erysipelas, so please yer riverance.' 'Well, now, that's a quare name to give a Christian. May I ask ye, my good woman, where ye got it from?' 'Af ye please, yer riverance, me daughter found it on a physis bottle.'

"The New Zealand Illustrated Magazine" for August, which is just out, is of special interest. The frontispiece is the last photo taken of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., with his last prayer. An article of special interest is "A Plea for the Study of Natural Science," by Herbert Barraclough. The writer announces his intention of offering a prize of Five Guineas to those whom he calls embryo naturalists—men who do not hold scientific appointments—for the best Essay dealing with scientific investigations, the prize essay, and any others deemed worthy, to appear in future issues of this Magazine. "Cockfooting on Banks' Peninsula" graphically describes the curious method of harvesting this seed, whereby some thousands of men are employed annually. "Spirit Slate Writing" explains how easily those who believe in Spirit Manifestations are gulled by clever manipulation. In "The Training of Teachers" L. F. de Berry finds great fault with the system of pupil teachers now in practice, and calls attention to the number of children whose education is spoilt by their inexperience. There are a number of capital stories dealing with different phases of life. A new department has been added. Under the heading of Music, the life of Beethoven is given. The usual features—My Lady's Bower, The Stage, Literary Chat, etc., etc., complete a number which will well repay perusal.

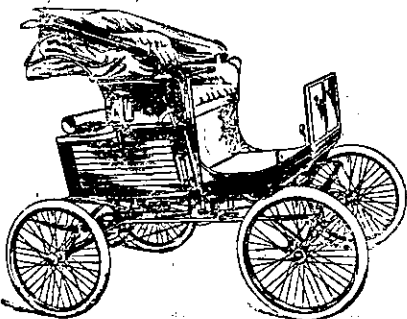
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