

THE :: PASSING :: SHOW

TOPICS OF THE WEEK, BY A CAUSTIC CRITIC.

Labour Day this year turned out fine—after a morning shower had fallen to lay the dust—and all the toilers—that were not earning "time-and-a-half wages"—toiled hard to enjoy themselves, in fact several pubs reported record business. The "Old Dutchs" got through more washing and made a start with their spring cleaning, while the kiddies tired themselves out picnicing. Several hundred excursionists to the Great Barrier laoured laboriously reaching—for the tail of the rainbow. It was a new pastime for many, but hardly one they would take for choice again—so they say.

The day that we shirk all manual work

And devote to athletics and play,
With a seeming misfit, though it isn't a bit,

We consistently call Labour Day.

The arrival of "Tommy" Burns had nothing to do with promoting a match between Joe Colvin, the all-weight champion of Buller and George Clifford, the Baronet of Chokeybore, for the catch-weight slanging championship.

The debate—or to be more correct, unseemly wrangle—in the Talking Shop over the last report of the Racing Commission was a most discreditable show. Because Colvin, of Buller, reckoned the commissioners examined the Westport course by motor lamp—fancy our "Johnnie" Rowe as a Diogenes!—he therefore moved that the report was a breach of privilege, and actually carried his point so as to give Sir George Clifford a stinging blow under the fifth rib.

The worst feature of the debate on Colvin's breach of privilege motion was the unsportsmanlike attitude of several members, who pose as "sports," but are no credit to the "fraternity." It was even left to a wowser to administer a well-deserved scolding. This is what L. M. Isitt had to say:—"Sir, I am of that genus contemptuously termed a 'wowser,' and I have heard constantly of the superiority of the man who calls himself a 'sportsman.' Yet you shot at these commissioners, imputed to them all sorts of ulterior motives, and referred the report back for their reconsideration. What are they answering? They are answering your charges; justifying their actions; defending themselves against your imputations; and you are noble enough and sportsmanlike enough to try to exclude their defence on a point of privilege. If you are men you will waive your privilege and allow these men to defend themselves."

What is Auckland doing to promote the local branches of the Sports Protection League? Isn't it about time some of our local sportsmen got busy and organised matters? The apathy of those whose pleasures and liberties are being undermined by the kill-joys is pitiable. Now is the time for sportsmen to raise their voices and consolidate their voting strength at the ballot boxes so as to show the wowser that they are still a power in the land, and are prepared to defend their sports and pastimes against any further interference.

Overheard in a tram. "You never hear that good old-fashioned racing phrase 'Riding for a fall,' applied to the present Government, and it seems most appropriate just now." "No, blow 'em," growled the silent man in the seat behind, "they're always riding for a foul."

It was a horny-handed son of toil, musing over the philosophical promptings of "er 'alf pint," who informed a friend that he was going to have a "cut" at Parliament this election. "What," asked his sarcastic friend, "has put that blanky notion in your thick head?" "Well you see there's £300 in the job, and all a feller has to do is to work his jaws a bit." The friend was not satisfied, and wanted more information, so he asked: "But what do you want to go there for?" "Well you see," answered the patriot, "I've tried nearly every public house in the blessed country and

I may as well give this one a turn. Bear in mind, my hearty, that Parliament is the only place left where drink may be lawfully sold without a licence. No prohibition orders to block you there!"

What is a "wowser?" There have been many definitions offered, but so far we have not come across a suitable one. The latest addition to the list comes from a parson in some remote hamlet in the Motherland. He says the wowser is "a keeper of his own conscience, and a keeper of his own soul." This is a bit too vague in these days of straw-splitting, but no one would object to the wowser if he kept to that, and that only, but he is always wanting to keep other people's consciences and souls, and often has no objection to keeping their pocket-books when he gets a sly chance.

The wowser is a psychic robber always, a physical robber by opportunity. He is never contented except when he is interfering in his neighbour's concerns, and using the whip ecclesiastical and the whip political. The wowser, who has had an evil reputation for centuries, has belonged to all the denominations, and proved himself mankind's curse in them all. We have numerous specimens in this benighted country as virulent, useless, and injurious as any that ever flourished, but luckily they are known for what they are, and the whips now crack and clash with only little effect. Of course, they are all for goodness, and they would not have bar-

Some months ago Auckland was visited by W. W. Naughton, an old Auckland boy, and perhaps one of the best-known sporting writers of the day. Instead of Mr Naughton being met by a recognised body of Aucklanders, representative of those branches of sport to which he is most intimately associated, it was left to a few of his old-time friends and local sportsmen. That these few "sports" acted the part of entertainers most admirably is testified to by the appreciative articles Mr Naughton contributed to American and Australian papers on the way he had been made welcome in our city.

Still we contend it is hardly fair to either the voluntary hosts or complimentary to guests that the receptions should take such perfunctory and unofficial forms. Besides, when no recognised organisation exists it is always possible that certain local sportsmen, who would and should be associated with such receptions, are overlooked. Further, the fact of these functions taking the form of private and impromptu gatherings excludes many would-be representatives of sport in Auckland from extending the welcome they might otherwise be prepared to do, for the reason that once a visitor is taken in hand by an individual others do not care to "butt in," as the expression is.

Only this week still another striking example came under our notice of a visitor of world-wide repute

spurs as one of our leading public men, for the manner in which he stepped into the breach this week; but it behoves Aucklanders to make some move to form a sporting club that may in the future set up entertainment committee, representative of all branches of sport, so that visitors may be officially entertained and facilities given to enable them to meet the local leaders in their particular cult.

There has been a change of personnel in the "Herald" sub-editorial den. The new cable-sub. is surely a facetious chap. This is the way he treats—in glaring head-lines—the treacherous and bloody war Italy is waging against the Turks.

A Turkish Sally.

In Quest of a Friend.

Wants an Allay.

(Poor Lonely Girl.)

Any Offer to Pay?

(Our Office Boy is Game.)

Lady Missionary's Ordeal.

Fears for Mytelene.

(What have these Italian ruffians been doing now?)

Italy to Seize Mytelene.

(All's fair in Love and War—but why mix 'em?)

"Your husband says he leads a dog's life," said one woman.

"Yes, it's very similar," answered the other. "He comes in with muddy feet, makes himself comfortable by the fire, and waits to be fed."

Some men mean all right, but others are mean, all right.

If no one ever had a drink,

How very sad the world would be!

This wilderness—how sad to think.

If no one ever had a drink!

Wowzers would unmolested slink

And play the deuce with you and me.

If no one ever had a drink,

How very sad the world would be.

—"The Triad."

Music has charms, but a rag-time selection played on the tuneless St. Matthew's chimes isn't music.

In these times of political strife

there is bushels of wit being sown

broadcast by candle-box orators,

which escape the stay-at-home electors.

We can recommend a Sunday afternoon

at the foot of Queen-street

or a Saturday night at Gray's statue

to those in search of native wit—

sandwiched in with what anyone but

a butcher would call tripe. Last week

we entrapped this bright gem as it

fell from the lips of a voluble orator.

"Gentlemen," he roared, "there's

three people I should like to see 'ung

—Sir Joseph Ward, Sir John Findlay,

and Joseph Powelka." Then came a

sympathetic voice from the crowd,

"Well, what's poor Powelka done?"

At election times the facetious man

must come to the fore.

This is indeed the age of precocious

youth. The father of three boys, dis-

covering the eldest, aged sixteen

smoking a cigarette while hanging

over a stone-wall at Ellerslie

watching the early morning gallops,

called the three together for a lecture

on the evils of narcotics. "Now, Jack,"

he said, in conclusion, to his young-

est, "are you going to use tobacco

when you get to be a man?" "I don't

know," replied the eight-year-old, so-

berly, "I'm trying hard to break my-

self of it."

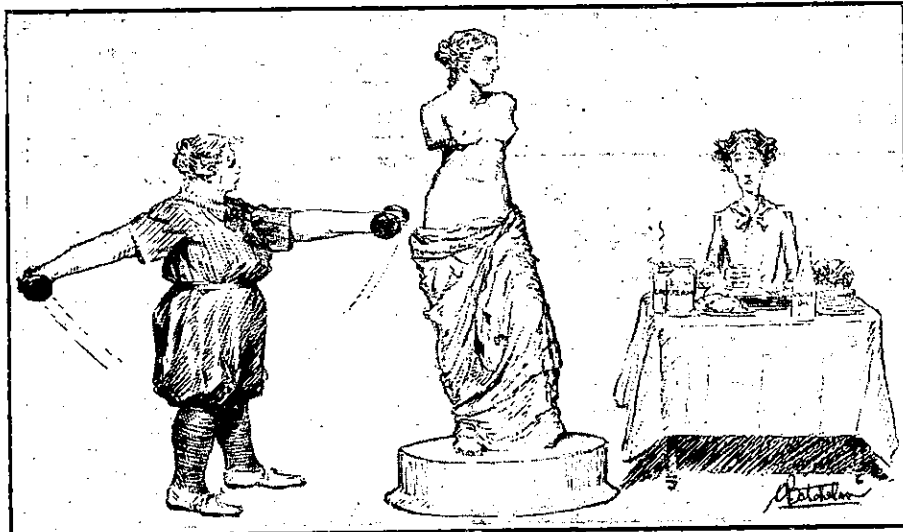
The Doctor: "I had a great many

more patients this time last year. I

wonder where they have all gone."

His Wife: "We can only hope for the

best, dear."



"TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT."

maids in the bars, although we who know feel assured that barmaids do much to counteract any of the small evils which, as in everything else, imperfect in the world, may accompany the drink traffic.

"Sammy" Dickson is making solid headway in his candidature for Parnell. When the Seatless Knight announced himself rumours floated round that the Independent candidate would drop out. Of course, like most rumours of the kind, they were set adrift by people with an ulterior motive, and without any reference to the man most concerned. Despite these unfair tactics, "Sammy" has worked on quietly, and has gained some solid support by his pertinacity and pluck.

It is no credit to a sporting centre such as Auckland that we have no recognised sports club at which visiting athletes and sportsmen can be made welcome when they happen to arrive in Auckland on a visit. It is, however, to the credit of many individual Aucklanders that when a distinguished visitor does arrive on our shores that they respond most generously and entertain sportsmen from the outside world. In saying this we cast no reflection on any of the existing sports organisations; but we consider the time has arrived when our various sports clubs should combine, or the Sports Protection League should embody in its constitution, some provision that would enable reception and entertainment committees to be appointed to meet and entertain visitors worthy of our hospitality.

arriving in Auckland on a fleeting visit of a few hours only. We refer to "Tommy" Burns, the ex-champion boxer of the world. He arrived from Vancouver by the "Makura," on Tuesday morning, and left again the same evening for Sydney. Had it not been for one or two local boxing enthusiasts—not officially associated with the Northern Boxing Association—meeting the "white champion" he would in all probability have been left to "shift for himself," and left these shores without having met half a dozen of our leaders in the fistic world.

But for the spontaneous and most generous hospitality of Mr J. C. Gleeson and a few personal friends, Tommy Burns' visit, as we say, may have been anything but the enjoyable sojourn his worthy, if unofficial, host extended to him. As it was the ex-champion and his two American colleagues were entertained most generously to a luncheon, a delightful motor trip, an impromptu reception at the police barracks, and afterwards an evening at the theatre. In this case, as in others we could mention, the visitor was made welcome by big-hearted and true sportsmen, so that he will long remember with appreciation the pleasures of his short stay in Auckland.

Is it right that the city's reputation for open-handed and full-hearted hospitality should fall on the shoulders of individuals, however willing they may be to bear the financial burden. We answer, No. Every credit, of course, is due to our enthusiastic and enterprising young Aucklanders, who are fast earning his