

THE CLUBMAN.

DEATH OF THE "FATHER OF AUCKLAND."

Sir John Logan Campbell is dead. Auckland's greatest benefactor has paid his debt to Nature after a long, faithful and honourable life. His demise has cast a shadow of gloom over the beautiful city he played a leading part in founding. His memory will remain as green as the verdant slopes of One Tree Hill, where the "Father of Auckland" has been buried. There on the summit of the stately hill, overlooking the Queen City of the South, will be raised a memorial that may serve at once as a lasting tribute to an estimable man and a monument to inspire the highest ideals of citizenship in future generations of Aucklanders.

The name Campbell will ever remain a byword for those worthy traits of character that prompt men to exert their best energies and steadfastly work for the common weal, without thought of personal gain or self-aggrandisement. Sir John received his grandest reward for his beneficent services to his fellowmen when he gained the universal goodwill and esteem of all sections of the community. Other honours came to him, but none so deeply impressed the recipient as did the proud knowledge that he was held in universal esteem by the colonists who arrived after him on the shores of the Waitemata and are carrying on the noble work of building a great city on the superstructure erected by the early pioneers, of which he was a noted craftsman. In the circumstances was it any wonder Sir John Logan Campbell was affectionately known as the "Father of Auckland."

To give a detailed biography of the late Sir John Logan Campbell is outside the scope of this journal; besides the daily press has fully apprised the public of the interesting career, munificent works and noble attributes of the departed citizen. We can only add our humble tribute to the memory of one whose life affords so worthy an example of a generous, public-spirited, tolerant and far-seeing man, whose chiefest aim was to provide for the rising generations free scope to develop their bodies and train their minds on the lines that make true sportsmen, because such, after all, make the most desirable citizens. His magnificent gift of Cornwall Park to the Dominion affords the best testimony to the fact that he wished the unborn citizens of this fair country to enjoy to the full those blessings of Nature that allow rich and poor alike perfect freedom to follow their sports and pastimes.

In years to come, when Auckland has grown to be a populous city, the generosity and foresight of Sir John Logan Campbell, in presenting Cornwall Park to the people will be a priceless possession. For this reason it is most fitting that the mortal remains of the benefactor should find a resting place on the summit of the hill overlooking Auckland's future playground. The heritage will tend to stimulate the young to high ideals of citizenship, stir the old to unselfish efforts, and give the masses inspiration that must tend to lift humanity above the commonplace meanness of ordinary life.

The other evening "The Clubman" had a quaint experience, which certainly had its humorous side. In response to a personal invitation from a member of the Auckland Arts and Crafts Club I attended an exhibition held to initiate the first monthly gathering of the club. After a short space a sour-visaged individual with shifty eyes, lank hair, a ferret-like nose, and drooping mouth, whose elongated, angular frame was clothed in ill-fitting evening attire, stalked up to me and demanding in an insolent tone: "Have you an invitation to be here?" I expressed my resentment by asking: "What the devil has that got to do with you?" The reply came back arrogantly: "I'm running this show." I was quite unprepared for this shock, because I had naturally supposed that my acceptance of an invitation kindly extended to me by a member of the committee did not mean that I was to attend a show "run" by an insolent potentate. I

tended to the members, who will have to live down the indiscretions of a tactless clown. I am not surprised an apology has not been tendered by this individual for his reprehensible behaviour, although I have accepted with full appreciation the ample apologies of members of the club, who deeply resent the boorishness of one who knows no better.

I have found it necessary in the discharge of a duty I owe my readers to repeatedly admonish and expose the duplicity of this fellow; but, contrary to his belief, I harbour no personal animus against him for the simple reason that by nature and temperament he is too small to worry about, while his lack of manners is more his misfortune than his fault. To show my sympathy with the weak I would counsel this delinquent to occupy his spare time in making himself familiar with the first principles of "How to Behave

race the abolition of the bookmakers and the reduction of totalisator permits will not deter them.

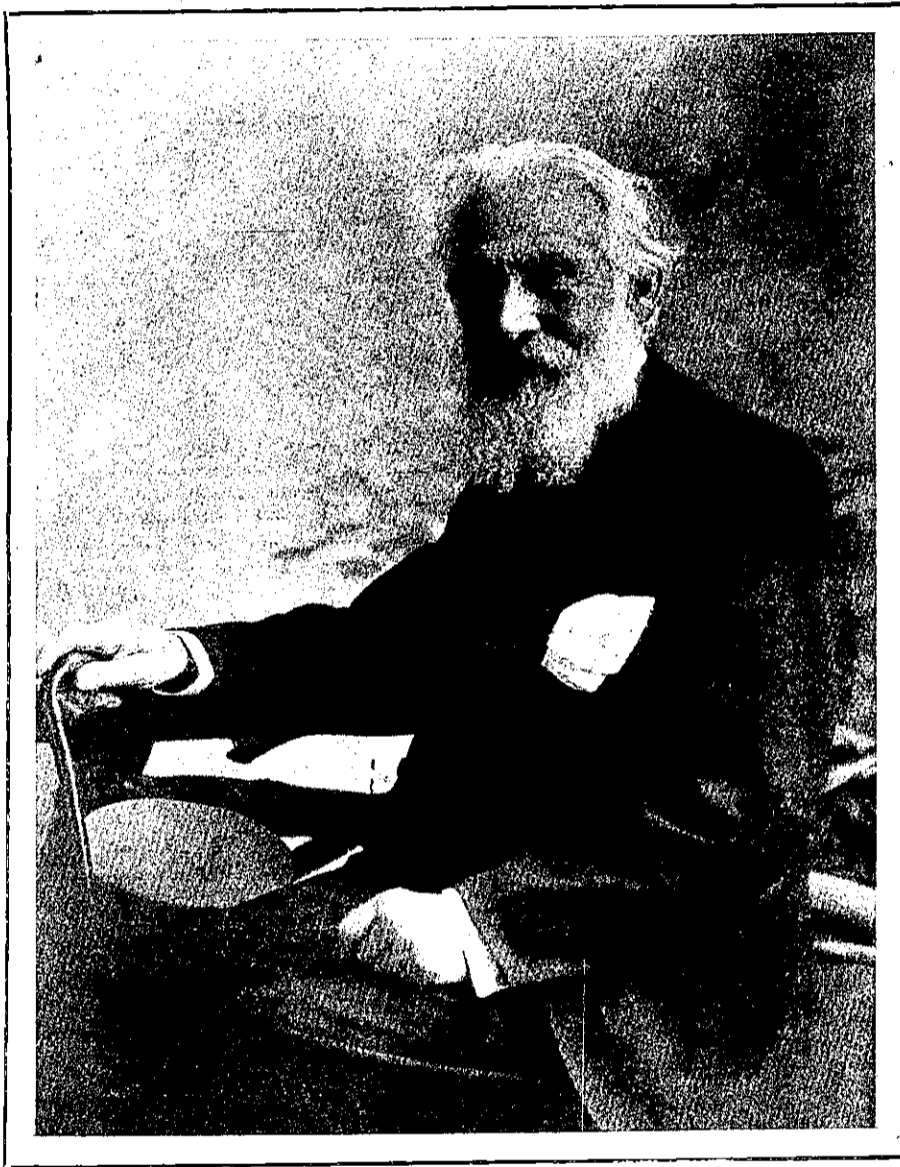
In a memorandum sent to the Totalisator Minister, the wowser-bosses in Wellington said:—"The anti-gambling leagues of this land view with much apprehension the attempts that are being made by constant deputations to secure an increase in the number of the race days sanctioned for this Dominion. The slight reduction effected by the recent Act by no means met the urgency of the claim for reform. Gambling in this land is assuming such large proportions that it threatens the commercial stability as well as the moral integrity of the people. The country suffers not only from a licensed totalisator, but also from an unlicensed and (in the present condition of legislation) an irrepressible horde of bookmakers. . . . There are, we assure you, in this land great numbers of people who regard the gambling evil and the existing legislation regarding it with the utmost apprehension. We do not express any opinion as to the justice of the division by the recent Commission of the permits among existing clubs, nor do we express any hostility to a rearrangement of permits on the basis of the present number of race days, but we assure you that any proposal to increase, by however small a number, the race days allowed by the last Act, will be met by an agitation and by a storm of protest that will be felt throughout the land."

It is worthy of note that our wowser friends on this occasion are not directly attacking the totalisator, but the legislation they themselves promoted. The Gaming Act of 1910, was introduced by a spineless Government, pandering to the dictates of a loud-voiced agitation by a section of extremists. The statute was so slovenly drafted that it has failed ignominiously. Even in the above memorandum this is admitted, because it was claimed at the time that the primary object of the Act was to check gambling—not betting—and now the wowsers trot out one of their set phrases,—which by the way is becoming quite threadbare—and say: "Gambling in the land is assuming such large proportions that it threatens the commercial stability (etcetera ad libitum)."

Yankee devices are finding greater vogue in this country every year. Some of them are clever and time-savers; they are being fully utilised by our men of business. Some of them only create an idea of cuteness to the unsophisticated without conferring the benefits so extravagantly claimed for them; they are bought up with avidity by Government Departments. The loan money we get from Uncle Cohen in London we hand over to Uncle Sam in New York and get in return what the cute Yankee "drummer" likes to dump here. That our Cabinet Ministers tell us is, spending money reproductively.

The latest "clever contrivance" has been introduced into Postmaster-General Ell's department, and takes the form of cumbersome registers to tell the good people who send telegrams the cost of their wires—as though they wouldn't know when they shell the coin out of their pockets! Or is it to prevent telegraph clerks from using the money for gambling? Surely Ell's "edict" to the Service on gambling should be enough to make a saint of every employee in our Post and Telegraph Department. Perhaps Minister Ell does not know that the tinkle of the register bell is likely to prove an incentive to gambling because there is nothing it resembles more than the fascinating tote bell. And, of course, any barmaid can tell Mr Ell that the cash register will not stop "polling."

Miss Violet Vanbrugh says that in stage attire white muslin, black velvet, and a little ingenuity go a long way. The classical dancers must wonder why the muslin and the velvet are dragged in.



THE LATE SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL.
Born Nov., 1817, died June, 1912.

[Schmidt Studios, photo.]

could only remark caustically that in the circumstances I exceedingly regretted being at such a function as the uninvited guest of an insufferable mountebank, who claimed the exhibition as "my show." Doubtless he fully convinced himself that he was "the only toad in the puddle," and I did not wish to hinder him splashing to his heart's content; although, of course, I had my own ideas as to his "sovereign rights." I retired, knowing that in the fulness of time the potentate would find his true level.

The incident was regrettable, because the new club has many estimable and genial people associated with it, with laudable objects to achieve. Seeing, however, that the members allowed themselves to be dominated by such an ill-mannered fellow—which is more than doubtful—does not augur well for its future welfare. As to the individual himself. I have known him for quite a while, but have never been able to discover any of those attributes that go to popularise any organisation he has been connected with, and, therefore, instead of feeling any personal ill-will against the Arts and Crafts Club my sympathies are ex-

posed to the members, who will have to live down the indiscretions of a tactless clown. I am not surprised an apology has not been tendered by this individual for his reprehensible behaviour, although I have accepted with full appreciation the ample apologies of members of the club, who deeply resent the boorishness of one who knows no better.

The Wowser has arisen in all his wrath once more and threatens "a storm of protest that will be felt throughout the land," because our Totalisator Minister has suggested that Parliament should grant a score more totalisator permits so as to satisfy the legitimate demands of a number of country racing clubs that were deprived of their rights as a result of the last wowser crusade. On that occasion the wowsers declared if the number of racing days were reduced and bookmakers were done away with the alleged gambling spirit of the New Zealander would be curbed. This has been proved to be without the slightest foundation in fact; indeed since the passing of the last Gaming Act the totalisator returns have increased very considerably, which goes to show that the people of this Dominion will not tolerate their liberties to be curtailed, and if they wish to have a bet on the result of a horse