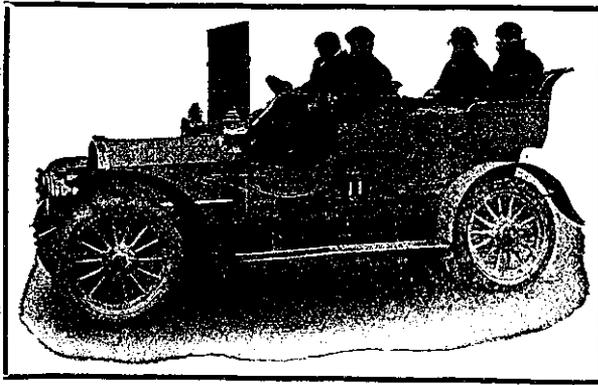


Motors



Motoring

The Royal Automobile Club.

This Club House, said to be easily the most costly and sumptuous in the world, was opened very "warmly" early in February last.

The club house stands upon the site of the old War Office, and is one of the most prominent buildings in Pall Mall. It has cost £250,000. The frontage is 230ft. long, and the building has an average depth of 150ft. On the ground floor there are the three principal club rooms, all approached from a central vestibule. These are the restaurant on the east (to which ladies will be admitted), the club room on the west, and the lounge hall on the south. All three rooms open on a terrace overlooking Carlton Gardens and St. James' Park. In addition, there are reception and strangers' rooms and accommodation for porters, messengers, a post office, telephones, hats and cloaks, etc. The restaurant is served direct from the kitchen by means of a staircase, and no service lifts are used. The club dining-room occupies the space over the restaurant on the first floor. There are also on this floor a card room, a billiard room, the library, committee rooms, and accommodation for associate members of the club.

The second floor contains a terrace room facing south, and giving access to the terrace over the lounge hall. This terrace overlooks St. James' Park. Accommodation is found on this floor for the various offices and departments which constitute the business side of the club, together with a certain number of bedrooms. The third and fourth floors are entirely occupied by bedrooms. On the fifth floor are the servants' rooms and a photographic studio, including enlarging and dark rooms, for use of members and their friends. In all there are about 100 bedrooms. The building is served by means of two principal lifts—one on either side of the entrance hall—and three staircases, the principal one being in the centre, and the others at the east and west ends of the building. In the basement there have been provided a marble swimming bath, 90ft. by 30ft., a Turkish bath, gymnasium, three racquet courts, and dressing rooms for the use of members. There is also accommodation here for boilers and the other machinery necessary for the working of the club. On the lower ground floor is a gallery, which overlooks the swimming bath, gymnasium, and racquet courts. The principal cloak rooms and lavatories are also on this floor, and there are also kitchens and servants' departments. There is a service room on each floor, with service lifts and a servants' staircase running from top to bottom of the landing.

The bare enumeration of the accommodation afforded will denote the variety of the luxury and the cost of the premises—a quarter of a million sterling—will, together with the ornate character of the architecture, readily enable the imagination to fill in the numerous details. The racquet courts in this connection show that this old game still retains its popularity against the fascination of golf and tennis, while the mention of cardrooms makes one wonder why ladies, who are certainly the best bridge players of the day, are only admitted to the restaurant.

Valves, clinchers and strokes are mechanical jokes;

Ratios, mathematical fakes.

Garages, speedometers, gasoline tanks,

Vibration, displacement and sprays,

Bolts, rivets and chains, co-efficients and strains,

I can talk of in technical phrase.

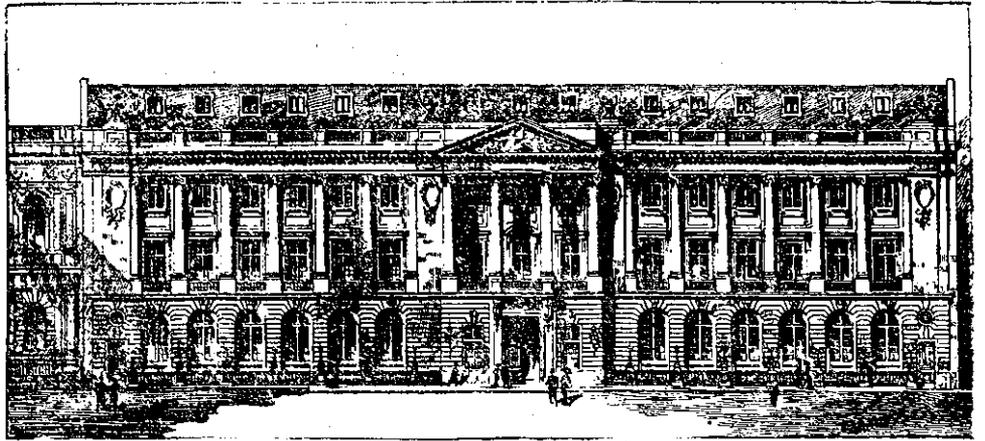
There's only one thing I am waiting for now,

'Ere my knowledge can fully prevail;

If I only could steal an automobile!

I have cribbed all the rest by mail.

—*The Motor in Australia.*



PREMISES OF ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB, PALL MALL. The finest Club House in the World.

The Modern Mechanic.

HERE AND THERE.

(Compiled for PROGRESS.)

Oh, I'm a professional auto-man,
A driver of daring and skill.
In goggles and cap, I'm a stunning chap.
Gotten up in a style to kill.
I know all the merits of each machine
In every particular part;
There isn't a thing from a spoke to a spring
That I haven't got down by heart.
In friction, ignition, combustion and power,
In sprockets and ratches and cams,
I'm right up in front and can do every stunt
When the what-ye-may-call-it-em jams.
Rarefaction, velocity, fuel, viscosity,
Cylinders, throttles and pumps,
Are simple to me as A, B and C,
When the thingumbob splutters and jumps.
Of jack and packing, connectors and sectors,
Flanges and bevels and joints,
Of shaft revolution and weight distribution,
I know all the decimal points.
Selective control is dead easy to me,
The battery simply a snap;
The plug of the spark I could see in the dark,
Fix the nozzle while taking a nap.
The mudguards I know from the lamps at a glance,
The tires I can tell from the brakes;

Motor-cars move the electors nowadays. Yet they are not infallible. Every one, remarks a recent writer, recognises their value, and candidates are apt to worry their friends who own motor-cars, and who often look woefully at the appearance of their vehicles on their return from the political fray. Apparently there is often as much perversity in the car used for such purposes as was a source of trouble in early days. The other evening Mr. Manfield, campaigning in Northamptonshire, was delayed an hour and a half owing to his car refusing to take an uninviting bill leading from Creton to Guilborough. A hired car from Northampton the same evening jibbed at Holloway Hill and the passengers had to complete their journey on foot. The opposing party had equally bad luck with their vehicles. Going into Denton, Mr. Guy Paget's car came to a sudden stop owing to a carrier's cart being observed just ahead without a rear light—as usual. After the meeting the car refused to take a hill in the district, and the candidate remained in the village for the night. This is but one of several such incidents reported during the last few days.

But with all their faults, what a differ-