

TO-DAY'S DIARY OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN

Limerick and No. 13

A SUPERSTITIOUS punter points out—apropos of Limerick's near-accident on landing—that it was the champion's thirteenth trip across the Tamar; and there were thirteen horses aboard.

Old Speed Boats and New

IN a photograph of Invincible, hanging in an honored position on the walls of the Royal Motor Yacht Club, are three picturesque spangles of foam, thrown up as the speed boat swirls through the water—at 16 miles an hour! To-day Mr. Robert Walder's Century Tite, and others, could run circles round the Invincible. Her name seems but a spluttering challenge; but it is to be remembered that she was the first speed boat on Sydney Harbor, and a sensation in her era. Her owner, Mr. C. H. Rolph, was a proud man as he passed craft as if they were anchored. To-day—well, three spangles of foam stretching back into the pioneer past, encasing a memory.

The Yachting Arnotts

Among portraits on the walls of the Royal Motor Yacht Club is one of Mr. Sam Arnott, a former commodore, and father of Mr. Percy Arnott, who won the Sayonara Cup with Vanessa. Father and son are remembered happily in every haunt of yachtsmen. Mr. Sam Arnott, nowadays, is seen out occasionally in his yacht, Comecoba, which, I believe, is the native name for Newcastle, where the foundations of the Arnott family's fortunes were laid.

Captain Hill Ashore

WHEN Captain T. V. Hill, of the Niagara, comes ashore on leave, he tries to get as far away from the sea as he can. This time, while awaiting the next sailing day of his ship—undergoing overhaul—he is making trips inland with friends, and generally getting the ozone out of his system. Next week he will start on a motor drive through the North Coast districts to Brisbane, calling at Coff's Harbor on the way. This will be the only nautical touch of the trip, and, if he survive the hospitality of that embryo port, he may be expected to give a good account of his trip to Brisbane. Long ago, the Vancouver liner called at Brisbane, but that was when "Mick" Hill was a second mate on the New Zealand coast, so nobody will know him or remember him; which is what he seeks, in these landward holidays.

Spending Brewster's Millions

TO modernize "Brewster's Millions" I suggested that Leon Gordon, in the title role, might increase his debit—since he has to spend so much in such little time—by seeking the co-operation of Mr. Stevens, the Treasurer, by way of a stage jest. Had Leon Gordon thought of this, on the opening night, someone suggests to me that Mr. E. J. Tait might have walked behind scenes and given a further cue: "Don't forget to include the Amusement tax, and a super-tax on Talkies!"

Trapping Pigeons at G.P.O.

MEMBERS of the Wild Life Preservation Society complain that though the whole of the County of Cumberland has been proclaimed a bird sanctuary, G.P.O. officials are

of the County of Cumberland has been proclaimed a bird sanctuary, G.P.O. officials are trapping pigeons in the heart of Sydney and allowing their young to die miserably from hunger and cold.

What Happened at 'Frisco

AS a contrast to what is being done in Sydney, it is told that a bird, of no value, became entangled in a piece of string on one of the highest bulwarks in San Francisco. The Mayor, moved by feelings of humanity, turned out the fire brigade, and the bird was set free.

Surprise for a Doctor

WHEN Dr. Colin Ross, the distinguished Austrian writer and traveller, arrived in Sydney he gave a surprise to a Macquarie-street specialist, Dr. Baur, by handing to him two pictures, painted in oils by his brother, Mr. Baur, a noted artist in Germany. Both pictures showed in serene splendor the beauties of the famous Black Forest, and a pastoral study in Dr. Baur's home land. Dr. Colin Ross believes in travelling in out-of-the-way places of the world. Accompanying him are his wife, a graduate of one of the German Universities, and his two children. While Dr. Ross was hunting elephants in Africa his three-year-old son disappeared, but was found in the company of six-foot natives, who were charmed into sympathy by the trusting faith of the little one.

In Old Calwulla Days

ONE who sailed in Sayonara Cup races—and won them—in the great days when Mr. Walter Marks, M.P., was at the helm of the Calwulla, was Mr. W. J. Dalgarno. Nowadays, he is content mostly to make a picnic of yachting, while reserving his racing for the Royal Motor Boat Club. The other night, at a club function, "Dad" was accorded a hearty reception as he stepped up to receive a prize.

Many, Many Years After

RECENTLY Mr. Dalgarno took his mother, who is 84 years of age, back to see Brighton-le-Sands and the hotel where her honeymoon had been spent. "Walter," she said quietly, "it hasn't changed very much."

Praised by the Treasurer

SELF-DENIAL is the secret of real economy, and this maxim guided the Government Premier, Mr. Kent, when he was asked by the State Treasurer, Mr. Stevens, to cut everything to the bone. Mr. Kent had previously given evidence of his organisation and the minimum of expense with which he was running the printing office, but he responded to Mr. Stevens' S.O.S. word without, and saved a sufficiently large sum to win the approval of the Treasurer, who sent along a personal letter of thanks. This is Mr. Kent's good year, as, a few months ago, he received the Imperial Service Order from the King.