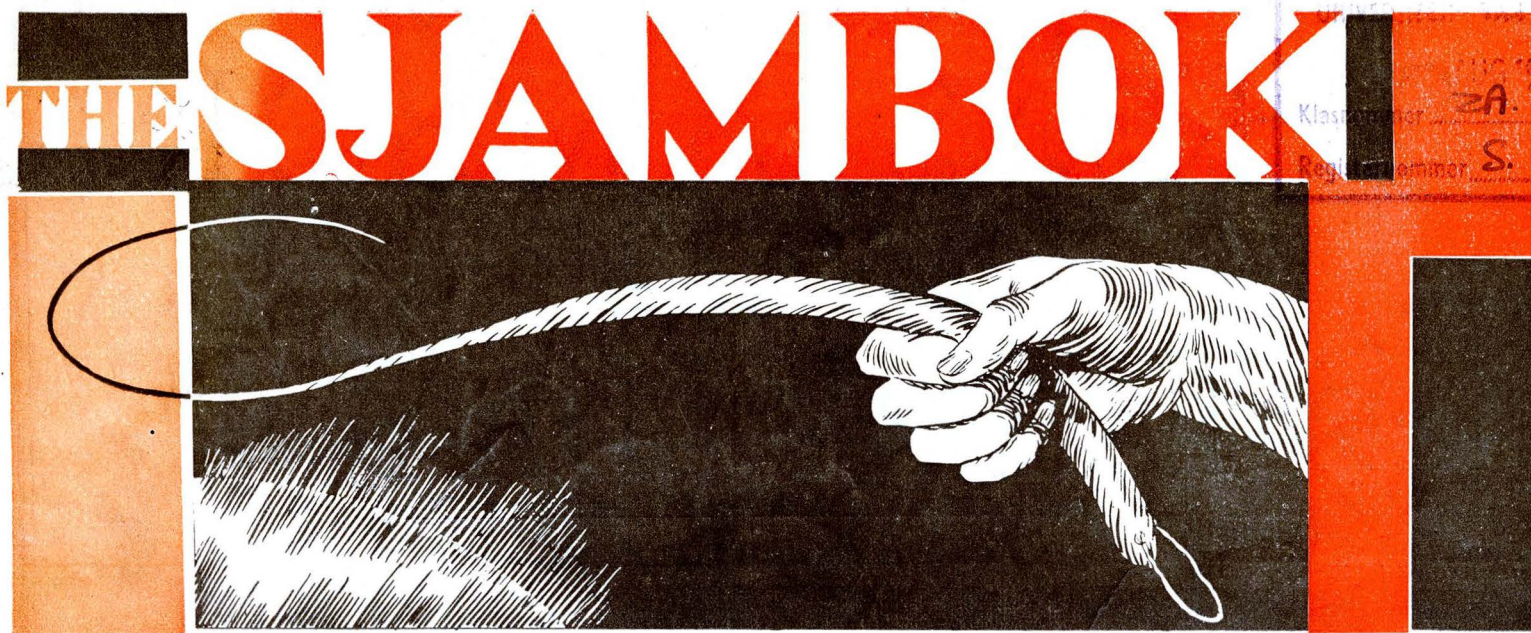


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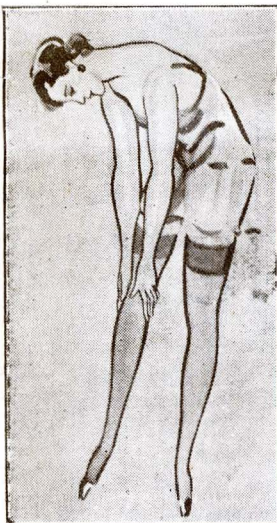
EDITED BY STEPHEN BLACK.

Vol. 1. No. 2.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1929.

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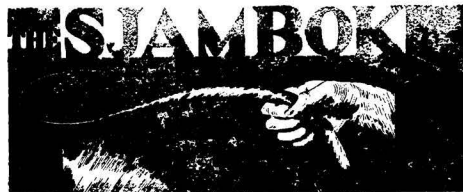
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FLICKS

Wanted: Work for Workers.

Statistics goes to show that, with a European population of 1,800,000 the Union boasts 120,000 unemployed. The thought is one that should offer our politicians, were they possessed of conscience, many sleepless nights. However, people have long since come to recognise that the vote-canvassing orator is a different person from the the gentleman who reclines, inarticulately and complacently, on the benches of the House of Assembly, and casts his vote with an entire disregard of unfulfilled promises.

Four years is a comfortable stretch for day-dreaming on the soft back benches, and we have had ample evidence of the lure of "office," to fill which a man will not only turn traitor to his cause and constituents, but will forsake home, wife and child and soul in the process. And, while members snore and ministers feather their nests, what of those 120,000, those voters whose inarticulate pitiful cry "Give us this day our daily bread," goes unheeded in the orgy of racialism and party politics.

There is something wrong in a society that leads to such a state of affairs side by side with the potentialities and wealth of this country. Every section and party must face this acute position now. A starving family cannot await the results of the next election, especially with past examples before it. Work or relief must be provided, and this immediately, for those who can work, who want to work, and who are not allowed to work.

On Anonymous Letter Writers.

The proof of success is in the number and quality of anonymous letters you receive.

* * *

The meanest thing on earth is the anonymous letter-writer. He lacks the courage of the pick-pocket, the sneak thief or the blackmailer, all of whom take certain risks.

* * *

The anonymous letter-writer (and since the coming of machinery the anonymous letter-typer) is so far beneath contempt that he incurs no risks whatever.

* * *

When people leave you in peace know that you are a failure! When they write you insulting, anonymous letters know you are a success!

* * *

"Willing to wound but yet afraid to strike." Such is the epitaph of the anonymous letter-writer.

"Willing to wound but yet afraid to write." That is the epitaph of the anonymous letter-typer.

* * *

Some poor thing struggling with a poison pen sent an insulting typed letter to the Sjambock because we hadn't heard of the death of our friend Lady van Hulsteyn.

* * *

Do only women read the Births and Deaths columns of the newspapers?

* * *

We had failed to do so . . . not for the first time. Was it male or female who did it for us . . . or only one of the third sex?

Circumstantial evidence points to the fact that it was not a man.

* * *

Our advice to anonymous letter-writers and typers: If you want to insult anybody say the opposite to your desires. Anonymous insults are compliments and compliments are insults.

* * *

What's in a Name?

The death of Sir Hildebrand Harmsworth makes one think of how families adopt Christian names that fall in the same group. I can't remember all the Harmsworths' names, but they were of the Vere de Vere type nearly every one. I suppose a strong-minded mamma sets her trade mark on her offspring. The Stents of Pretoria have names like Vere and Guy; the Hymans of Johannesburg are Sydneys, Aubreys and Edgars; the Jutas of Capetown have the artist touch about the children's labels. Another well-known family that comes into this group is the Kellaway family, who are Cecils and Berties.

* * *

To be Presented at Court.

"The Star" is perfectly thrilled by the news that Mrs. Louw, the wife of Mr. Eric (van Kalabas) Louw, is to be presented at Court.

We understand that though quite a number of local ladies are to be presented at court this morning, nothing has yet appeared about it in the social columns of "The Star."

IAN COLVER, "The Passing Show" says, is a leader writer and poet of talent.

Another one we know of is IAN COLVIN.

* * *

Reuter declares that "parents are devouring their children in China."

It may be the horrible truth but parents, we had always heard, are usually devoured by their children.

* * *

The Spanish Dictator has declared there are too many lawyers in Spain.

He should come to Johannesburg for a change.

* * *

"Techniques of Income Tax," is how the "Rand Daily Mail" described Mr. W. Patrick Jones' lecture of last week.

* * *

A tax whose technique certainly is in the plural.

* * *

A young man, of the Christian Brothers College at Kimberley, jumped 5 feet 3 inches last Saturday and "The Star" gave him a big black headline "High Jump Record."

More "Nigger Heaven."

* * *

You've only got to be a Christian nowadays to get into "The Star." One upon a time you couldn't get in unless you were a Jew.

* * *

A feature of last week-end's church adverts was:

STEPHEN JEFFREYS' Evangelistic and divine healing campaign.

More opposition to our own Stephen's little healing campaign?

Still there is room for both of them, though in this world the Sjambok seems more efficacious than the Bible.

That at all events is the opinion of Mr. Justice Solomon and The Star's editor, both linked with the clergy.

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for
LADIES & GIRLS
STOCKINGS
E. TYRRELL,
WE STOCK
STOCKINGS ONLY
And make them our study.
5 Royal Arcade, Fritchard Street,
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We'd Like to Know

How Rutledge ever came to beat Alan Prior? ?

* * *

Whether the Union shouldn't be proud of her amateur cueists?

* * *

If there has ever been more public interest in billiard playing in Africa?

* * *

If it would not be better to hold the Union Defence Annual Training Camps at Easter?

* * *

Why people are so ready to believe the thing they want to?

* * *

Whether this wasn't the reason for the wild but dogmatic rumours that Captain Campbell had paralysed all records?

* * *

Whether "The Sun" didn't feel a little cold in the face of the clouds of Sjamboks sold last Saturday?

* * *

Whether the meteor-like appearance of The Sjambok didn't indeed produce a total eclipse of "The Little Man's" Pretoria friends?

* * *

What answer Mr. Schlesinger will give to our questions on another page?

* * *

Whether indeed these questions aren't so inconvenient that Mr. Schlesinger this week should be our "Fortunate Celebrity"—in going away?

* * *

Whether the referee of the Rugby Riot last Saturday doesn't bear out the Sjambok's report; and whether certain spectators are not the cause of poor Rugby, as they are the cause of poor boxing in the City Hall?

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CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, CATARRH, THINNESS, CHRONIC TROUBLES.

Why not live in the highest realms of Health, Happiness, Beauty and Usefulness? Take this sure-footed step to regain Radiant Health.

Send or call for this wonderful New Health Book B.F.T. To-day.

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Dear Sir,

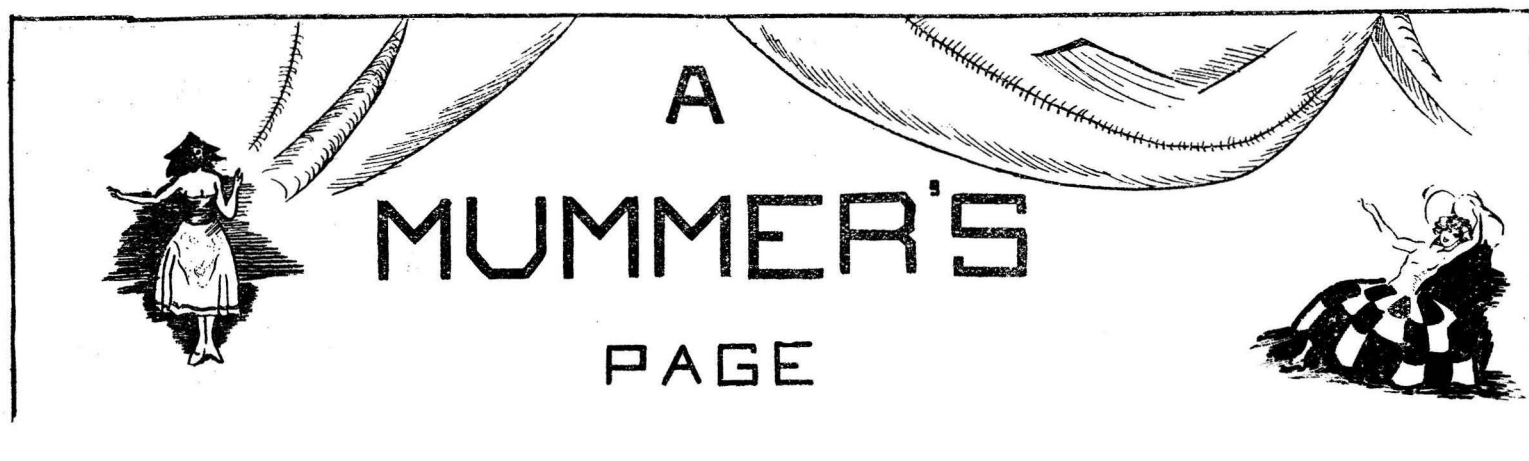
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Name

Address

My trouble is

FREE



By "CAUSTIC SODA."

Scandalous !

Somebody has been saying that "The School for Scandal" is the last great play written.

And this by the way reminds me of a good story told against my friend Hamilton Fyfe, once of the London "Daily Mail." Fyfe met the late J. M. Solomon, of this town, in Rome and in conversation the name cropped up of Herbert Baker. "Oh, yes," said Fyfe, "splendid fellow. One of the world's three greatest architects."

"Who are the other two, Fyfe?" added Solomon.

Of course Fyfe didn't know. Nor do I.

* * * * *

But if "The School for Scandal" was the last great play which were the other great plays that preceeded it?

* * * * *

Poor little Ibsen and Strindberg, and Porto Riche and Shaw, and Sudermann and a hundred others, what of them? Has none written anything to equal the artificialities of "The School for Scandal?" Not the artificialities of language, which were of the time, and of the satire, but the artificialities of emotion. Take for example the way Sheridan shows us that Sir Peter and Lady Teazle can't help quarrelling. Surely the brusque, needless way that Sir Peter adds his provocation to the £200, would never be passed by a competent dramatist of to-day? It could so easily be made plausible.

Not for a moment does one feel reality about "The School for Scandal." Brilliance, yes, and a certain sense of distorted character, but truth never.

* * * * *

That delightful Madge Compton makes everything she does palatable. Her Lady Teazle is as charming and interesting as the aristocrat she represented in "Monsieur Beaucaire." A woman like Marie Tempest, whose nose inclines upwards, can make me believe anything, even when she is fifty. But the woman whose nose inclines otherwise must be possessed of the most diabolical attractiveness if she wishes me to judge her art sympathetically. Well, Madge Compton, despite her aristocratic nose, can make me believe anything. I believe I would think "The School for Scandal" a great play if she truly said she thought so.

* * * * *

Is Charles Surface a good part? I should hate to play it if I were Gerald Lawrence. Sooner a thousand times the obvious and deeply-dyed Joseph which, by the way, Mr. Ralph Richardson carried off with the fervent cynicism of a believer. You see it's possible and even easy to believe in villainy, and so very hard to believe in virtue. Yet Mr.

Gerald Lawrence was an excellent Charles—handsome, gay, decidedly a "dog" of those times. But most of any man in the cast I liked Mr. Wilson Coleman, whose rich comedy gifts again delighted me. If I could get Mr. Wilson Coleman for a future play I'd be resigned almost to the loss of Mr. Sam Turtis! Mr. Turtis, by the way, is quite at home in "A School for Scandal." He moves a chair from one corner of the stage to another with most sensitive art.

* * * * *

I simply loved, if I may be so West Endishly perfervid, the north country Moses of Mr. Denis Roberts. Sheridan might have objected to the accent, but a Jew is universal and Mr. Roberts, at all events, is full of unctuous humour. Mr. John Lancaster has his admirers, male and female. I am one of them. Yet in a way the actor with the most distinctly marked personality of the company is Mr. Alan Sawford Dye, modern if you like for Sir Benjamin Backbite but full of acid.

As a production "The School for Scandal" is quite upper-class and none of the "Ladies and Gentlemen" mentioned at the foot of the programme need blush to be in such surroundings.

Very "High Jinks."

"High Jinks" (or some of them) pass at Beauville which, judged by the palm trees, is on the Riviera, and from the dialogue is in the north of France. Anyhow what does it matter? The chorus boys would go on wearing top-hats if the scene were transposed to the Equator or the North Pole; the chorus girls would go on talking of the Folly Birgeer, if Beauville were in Massachusetts. Don't blame the British for all this—"High Jinks" in my nostrils smelt suspiciously like an adaptation from the French. What surprises me is that amateurs love this sort of show, even when they profess devotion to the memory of Gilbert and Sullivan. I had already seen "High Jinks" sufficiently ill-done by amateurs in Salisbury and was interested in making a comparison with the local players.

Apotheosis of the Dorp Spirit.

Amateur play-acting often is too only the dorp-spirit in its most violent form. The success of the amateur depends largely on the amount of importance he enjoys in the town he plays. When the town is very large the amateur is very small beer. The smaller the town the larger the amateur. Johannesburg is too big ever to be an amateur's paradise. The centre of the town is not so easily found as, shall we say, Bloemfontein or Bokfontein.

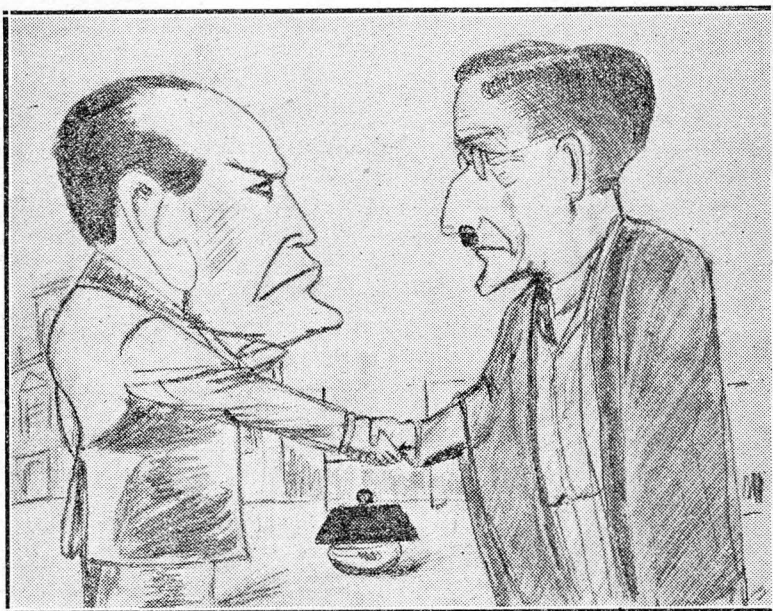
(Concluded on page 9.)

DESPOT DAVIS

THE AMAZING CLAIMS OF KING EDWARD'S SCHOOLMASTER.

"Thou shalt play no other game but mine."

THE deeds of Mussolini and Primo de Rivera, Dictators of Italy and Spain, supply almost daily food to the local press but a petty despot reigns in Johannesburg whose goings-on are of equal interest. We mean Mr. Desmond Davis, headmaster of King Edward's School. For not only does Mr. Davis claim the minds and wills and hands and feet of his 450 pupils during school hours, but he claims also the right to tell them what they may do *out of school hours*, over the week-ends, on Saturdays, Sundays, etc., etc. He will no doubt control them in the next world also but while his despotism will (it is said) be undisputed there, Johannesburg contains a number of blasphemous fathers and sons who deny the right of Mr. Desmond Davis to play God or Mussolini on this earth.



Mussolini: "I congratulate you brother despot."

(A drawing by a pupil of King Edward's School).

To put the case in a nutshell Mr. Desmond Davis says to the boys of King Edward School: Thou shalt have no other God but me. Thou shalt play no other game but mine. Thou shalt play for no other club but ours. Thou shalt play "soccer" only. Thou shalt not play Rugby football.

And to the protesting or pleading parents and pupils he says: Thou shalt not argue with Desmond Davis. For the Lord thy God . . . and so on.

With the respective merits of Association and Rugby football we have nothing to do. Each game has its adherents—one is the sport of the English working man and all his masses; the other is the sport of a majority of college men and the professional element, or, if you like, the classes. Both are excellent games. The point at issue is whether the master of a public school has the right to dictate to pupils and parents upon what they may or may not do *out of school hours*.

King Edward's School, apart from the Preparatory, has about 450 pupils, mostly day boys. It has nine Association teams, which give physical occupation for roughly one quarter of the students. Few of the teams ever play on Saturday afternoons. Now, the parents of some boys who have shown neither taste nor talent for cricket or Association football, desire to give their sons congenial, healthy occupation over the week-ends, and had arranged for these boys to join the well-known Pirates Rugby Club. The Pirates, we may explain, are Pirates only in name, as the Diggers are Diggers in name. The Pirates don't actually do any pirating any more than Diggers do digging.

With the object of keeping the idle King Edward's students and other boys together the Pirates Club entered a special scholars Rugby team in the Under 19 competition, and this team was placed under the special charge of Messrs. Cyril Veale and J. F. Francis.

The hitherto idle young men were delighted. Those who had for the want of better occupation taken to smoking, gave up the stunting weed and began to practice scrumming, and wrestling, and they started running at nights. They wanted to get fit for the fray and were keen as mustard to develop their lungs and their muscles.

The boys were no happier than their parents, who saw in all this a healthy outlook for youthful unused energy. The first match was set down for last Saturday. An atmosphere of wholesome excitement prevailed.

Then the blow fell. Last Thursday the boys were informed that they were forbidden to play. Mr. Desmond Davis "took them on the mat," tackling each as to his intentions. He accused them of "disloyalty to the school." He pointed out the evil of their ways. He didn't forbid them to play, oh dear no . . . he wanted them to give up their evil intentions of their own free will! They must voluntarily retire.

He wouldn't interfere with their liberty of conscience or of action . . . but if they persisted in wanting to play Rugby then he *would* forbid them to play; and if they still exercised their free will contrary to his wishes, he would take disciplinary action. Which in other words means, we suppose, that he would expel them from the school.

The parents then intervened and waited in a deputation on Mr. Desmond Davis. They pointed out humbly that they had never abandoned to the master of King Edward's their rights as parents, and they claimed to be proper judges of the behaviour of their sons outside of school hours. They reasoned that as the masters had the responsibility of the boys for only a quarter of 168 hours per week and the parents for the remaining three-quarters, that the progenitors of the pupils ought to be allowed to decide whether or not the boys might play Rugby over the week-ends.

But no, Mr. Desmond Davis was despotically adamant. "We recognise," said the parents in effect, "that the school has first claim on the services of the boys, but when they are not wanted, not given places in the teams, and are left without occupation, we prefer to see them happily playing Rugby to sulking or smoking or picking up other vices."

No ! No !! No !!!

Mr. Despot Davis would not permit it.

He claims to be supported in his anti-Rugby attitude by the masters of other schools—as if Mussolini would sink so low as to accept mere support from anybody!—but we have good reason for stating that Mr. Davis allows his colleagues to exercise **their** free wills as much as he allows his schoolboys to use theirs. He is a strong, masterful, dogmatic person, who knows what he wants and sees that others want it too.

Whether he will be allowed to exercise this despotic attitude over the parents of Johannesburg young men remains to be seen. For, put in another form, Mr. Davis claims the right to select the medium of his pupils' expression. Now the law has distinctly laid down that a child or its parents may choose the medium in Government schools of South Africa. Would Mr. Desmond Davis, on behalf of his children, submit to such tyranny as he is trying to inflict? If he were told that his boys must learn in Afrikaans when they wished to use English, would he agree? What we have all fought for on the broader question of language Mr. Desmond Davis is now fighting against on a question of football.

If it were not so monstrous it would be laughable.

Mussolini—in the words of America—has “nothing on” Mr. Despot Davis. He should go and open a school in Italy.

A PIOUS 'FRAUD.

When all his friends and neighbours said
 “Anatole France should not be read;
 He is not fit to read.”
 The Vicar paid no heed.
 'Twas not till he had reached the stage
 When he had read him through and through,
 And very much enjoyed him too,
 Down to his latest page;—
 'Twas not till then the Vicar said
 “Anatole France should not be read.”

THE SACRIFICE.

I dined with Lady Jane last night;
 A fascinating friend of mine:
 I'd almost give my life for her:—
 I'd almost go again to dine.

—From “Half a Hundred Epigrams,” by H. V. F. Somerset.

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A Column for People without Cars

The Joys of the Suburbs.

By “£500 A YEAR.”

You look at the clock. It is half past seven, ample time to be at a theatre by eight! Really it is no distance, as simple as if you were living right in the centre of the town. You hesitate—tram or bus? Well, a bus is quicker. Then you have time to make yourself look nice and walk leisurely to the bus stop. But you walk a little *too* leisurely and your bus overtakes you. You make a dash but *just* miss it. Never mind, there is heaps of time and many more buses, in fact one passes every five minutes. You wait. The trams, visible three streets further down, pass in twos and threes, but they are so slow and if you walk to them you will probably miss the bus. Two bright lights appear in the distance. A bus for certain. But somehow as it gets nearer it gets smaller. By the time it reaches you it is merely a large car. You wait with slightly less patience. Surely the five minutes have passed ages ago; it would be foolish now to walk to the tram and just miss the faster vehicle, especially as you have no time to waste. And still the trams pass temptingly near.

Two very dazzling lights appear in the distance; a bus. Yes . . it must be a bus because you have been there much more than five minutes and they pass at this interval. But by this time the bright lights have become much less imposing, and reach you transformed into one of those wretched baby cars! By this time it is past eight. You consider the advantages of taking a tram compared with those of the bus due nearly half an hour ago. Very dim lights appear in the distance. By this time you have lost all hope, but unlike the others they grow brighter as they get nearer. The bus—at last—bearing a large label “full.” Exasperated you rush to the tram-lines, and just miss a tram. You wait God knows how long — trams must be sociable, either they go out in twos or threes or not at all. The bus passes three streets up. You have just decided that it is better to go home at once and save yourself from further loss of time and temper when the tram arrives. Seats outside only. You shiver as it threads its lazy way towards town, but miss your stop and get off miles further than you intended. A wild dash for the theatre. “I am so sorry. We have just sold the two last seats in the house.”

It would be imprudent to answer. Shivering, feeling idiotic, turned like beggars from the door, you reach the stop just in time to miss the tram home . . .

TO R.J.T.G.

I've read your “Martyrdom of Joan”
 Acts one, two, three and four;
 And I must own
 I've never known
 Joan martyred so before.

—From “Half a Hundred Epigrams,” by H. V. F. Somerset

Mr. Schlesinger and the Nationalist Government

What is going on?

The occult science of Government-Finance.

The departure for Europe of Mr. I. W. Schlesinger is announced in the Press. The news that Mr. Tielman Roos will remain in Europe for a considerable time has also been announced.

"There's an affinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

Is it possible that this affinity will bring about a meeting between Mr. Schlesinger and the man who is generally admitted to be the live wire of the Government?



MR. I. W. SCHLESINGER.

Last Saturday and Sunday there appeared for the first time a new Nationalist paper "The Sun." In it Mr. Tielman Roos wrote, or signed, an article to bolster up the Nationalist Government at the expense of the Rand Press.

There are rumours in circulation that Mr. Schlesinger has invested a fairly large proportion of the £50,000 deposited at Pretoria for the support of this English Nationalist paper. If he has, there is a reason for it, though we doubt if Mr. Schlesinger will get as good value for his money as is usually the case.

Rumour goes further and says that Mr. Schlesinger has representation on the Board of the new paper and that one of its directors is an assiduous Parliamentary lobbyist in the pay of Mr. Schlesinger's companies. People have long heard of Mr. Schlesinger's sustained desire to be associated with an influential newspaper, and they will be inclined to give more credence to the present report than to most of the canards flying about from time to time in connection with the name of this astute financier. But where there is so much smoke it is reasonable to assume there must also be some fire.

Let us examine the situation. The Nationalist Party has done much for Mr. Schlesinger and, perhaps, with a sense of gratitude rare in financiers, Mr. Schlesinger has come to the conclusion that the time is ripe for a manifestation of gratitude. Or—perish the thought—is it possible that Mr. Schlesinger's gratitude is a pawn in the game . . . on the eve of the most momentous election in the history of South Africa? If the Nationalist Party is returned to power may we not (please Mr. Schlesinger pardon the use of a theatrical term!) perhaps see the "Little Man" "presented" as an example of the "Strong Man" Act, an act already demonstrated by that expert gymnast Mr. W. B. Madeley?

Let us recall Mr. Madeley to an ungrateful public, which seems to have forgotten him. When Mr. Schlesinger applied for the Broadcasting Monopoly, it was our Mr. Madeley who considered it. Mr. Madeley who moulded one of his habits, and one only, on the Prime Minister of Britain, first declared emphatically that he would never grant the transfer to any private individual of the Broadcasting Licence from the Johannesburg Broadcasting Company. According to these first vows, Mr. Schlesinger was very definitely rejected. But Mr. Madeley proved to be only human in the face of the seductive Mr. Schlesinger and

"Whisper'ing I will ne'er consent . . . consented!"

[Never mind Mr. Madeley, better and chaster virgins than you have been lured by the voice of the siren Schlesinger.]

And so next day South Africa was startled by Mr. Madeley's masterly revoke, and when people murmured he said "only a strong man" could have turned such a somersault. Strong? Well . . . perhaps not strong, but athletic certainly. The strange thing is that Mr. Schlesinger didn't ring up his vaudeville manager and give orders to book Madeley as top-liner for the Empire. Was that base ingratitude or a momentary lack of business perception on the part of "the Little Man" of Big Ideas?

Everybody knows that the Broadcasting Monopoly should never have been given to a private person. Even Mr. Madeley knew this! And he was only a Cabinet Minister.

Broadcasting is a national asset and not a National Party asset. What were the whys and wherefores of that occult bargain between Messrs. Madeley and Schlesinger? How did the little Mephistopheles overcome the scruples of the Pact virgin? And Mr. Tielman Roos was in it, was in everything, even unto the Carlton Hotel suite people say. Unfortunately walls have no ears, despite a lying proverb to the contrary. But is it too much to ask that after the elections, when "The Sun" has set, Mr. Schlesinger with nothing to hope from a cold and extinguished asteroid, will draw the curtain and show us how "strong men" operate?

Mr. Schlesinger is an astute man. He is a first-class bargainer, well able to look after his own interests and those of the innumerable companies to which he plays Pooh Bah and Mussolini. And certain members of the Nationalist Government are excellent business men too.

Why, for instance, did the Government so obligingly run a branch line to Zebedeila? Can other people get rail-ways taken into the voorkamer like this?

Is it possible that Mr. Schlesinger, working subterranously behind the shadow of his useful and mysterious lobbyist, has helped "The Sun" to rise and assisted you and me to become "Little Sunbeams"? Is he helping to spread by means of the accursed English taal the anti-English sentiments of the Nationalist Party?

And what shall we see if the miracle happens and Messrs. Hertzog, Roos, Malan & Co. come back to power? Will Mr. Schlesinger and Oom Tielman discuss this great problem in Germany, where both are equipped by language for the task?

But of course there are many "ifs" in the case. Mr. Schlesinger may be "the uncrowned king of South Africa," but he can't dragoon people into returning the Nationalist Government to power, not even by making them a gift of "The Sun" for tuppence—incidentally because "The Sjambok" is on sale at a like price and between the two papers there is no possible comparison.

Oh yes, if the Nationalists come back, *if, IF*, we may see some glorious manifestations of gratitude. For Mr. Schlesinger does nothing for nothing and "damn little for sixpence"; and though his object may not yet be apparent, it is there. "Concessions for Pals" may replace "Jobs for Pals" in the vocabulary of the Government, and we may witness many other strange things. The Shipping Contract? Who knows. It nearly came off recently. Stranger things have happened than a strangle-hold on the shipping trade by "The Little" Octopus.

Keep an eye on Mr. Schlesinger and on Oom Tielman during the next couple of months, and if you hear that "the Little Man" has gone to Carlsbad for the cure, or to Baden-Baden for the waters, ask yourself whether the waters you hear about are not the waters used for eye-wash.

Writer: Stephen Black, 2a Harrison Street, Johannesburg.

A MUMMERS' PAGE (concluded from page 5).

There are many people in Johannesburg who have never heard of most of the actors and actresses in "High Jinks."

* * * * *

I had never heard of Miss Letty Campbell and yet she is an artiste of quite considerable attainments, not an amateur in technique, as anyone could see the moment she walked on the stage. Nor had I heard of Gladys Deane, also with the professional touch sticking out all over her.

* * * * *

But I had heard of Tommy Thompson. Why? Because he wasn't an amateur perhaps. An excellent get-over-the-footlights performance, Tommy my friend, but you can't speak American and you can't sing any better than I can. Yet, thank God, you don't speak of "Robberlay" as most of the others do. Why will adapters take over French names that no English tongue seems to be able to get round?

A most excellent performance was given by Mr. Sam de Leeuw as the doctor. Mr. de Leeuw is one of the best amateur actors in South Africa and (wonder of wonders) he pronounces French properly. Of course he has the advantage of being Belgian, which is nearly French, isn't it? "High Jinks" was well put on, but I don't like seeing amateurs of the weaker sex disporting themselves half nude in Jazz bathing costumes.

"So This Is Love."

When a production enters on its sixth week and still draws one may exclaim very justly "success." The strength of the revue at the Empire undoubtedly lies in its humour and dancing. As for the dancing, well, Robert Seille and Annette have an international reputation to live up to and do. So do the Tiller girls. Looking at this troupe and remembering others, one recalls Browning's line "Oh the little more, and how much it is!"

Orpheum.

For the first half of the week commencing April 29th, the Orpheum will have the screen version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," a little satire on the American gold digger, which is said to lend itself perfectly to filming.

On Thursday, May 2nd, the Orpheum will show Reginald Denny in "The Cheerful Fraud." The plot is full of comic and complicated situations which Denny unravels with breeziness and humour.

Bijou.

The Bijou is featuring for the whole week "Sunrise." The picture is the story of a man's temptation, and of his wavering between sacred and profane love. Old yet moving.

Carlton.

The Carlton has two films for the week commencing April 29th. Till Wednesday it is screening "Figures Don't Lie," a tale of business life and the activities of Cupid in the Office. The situation dealt with both seriously and humorously, is one that often arises in actual life, and is therefore all the more interesting.

Optimists!

Nearly a thousand actors and actress are out of work in London and yet there are young South Africans of no marked talent who think the West End is waiting for them. It was good to hear the sensible views of Judy Grace, who is more endowed than most, in last Saturday's "Star." This young lady modestly fears she "hasn't a hope" over there.

The dreadful thing about London isn't so much the number of people who have talent as the sum total of mediocrity that blocks up the way of those who have. Young artists don't get a hearing so quickly as in this sparsely populated land of ours! To succeed in London several things are essential—patience, pertinacity, money from home, tact and sometimes even talent.

The Meanderings of D'Arcy

No. 2 — He goes Horse - Racing

"**R**ACING is not a woman's game!" I delivered my judgment with just the correct degree of emphasis and severity. It was positively the longest speech I had allowed myself at my morning meal since the occasion when a millionaire uncle had ruined my rosy chances of inheritance by marrying one of the world's oldest profession and dragging her down to his own level. "Most emphatically not!" I capped my statement succinctly, and left the house.

The reprimand was occasioned by my wife's altogether uncalled-for suggestion that I should "flutter," as she was pleased to term it. "It would be such fun," she had trilled. "I just know you'd win—you're so lucky at Coney Island and Mah-Jong. I thought of putting a few shillings on a horse to-day."

"Which horse?" I enquired darkly.

"Oh, any old horse!" she chirped inconsequently; and it was at this juncture that I had felt constrained to put my foot down.

Removed from my wife's influence, however, my superiority complex had faded rapidly. I remembered the petulant droop of her small mouth. Perhaps, after all, she was right. Why should I not judiciously increase my small hard-earned savings? Many of my friends contrived to "flutter" with incredible success. The thought engendered a warm spirit of recklessness within me. Then my habitual caution reasserted itself. Was I becoming soft under pressure of my wife's persuasion and innuendoes? It is incredible the acts of foolishness that men permit themselves through the persistence of their women. I am confident that Columbus would have remained placidly at his fire-hearth and America remained undiscovered—which might have been as well for everybody!—had he not possessed a nagging wife. Certainly, if it had not been for mine, I would have proceeded otherwise.

Arriving at my office, I surprised my staff busy over the morning paper. "Fancy Girl, seven to four on! Red Knight, ten to one—that's my fancy!" My office boy caught my eye and busied himself with an invoice-book. Seated at my desk I fell to meditating. My mind had registered "Red Knight, ten to one." Surreptitiously I jotted it down on my shirt cuff, and settled down to the correspondence before me. But I was unable to concentrate on the business of the day. My typist entered mincingly, and drew my attention to some detail or other. I answered her vaguely; she moved away. "Er! Miss James—hm! that is, don't you know, do you by any chance frequent the race-course?" The question was out before I could restrain myself, and I realised that my behaviour was entirely unprecedented.

"Oh, yes sir! I couldn't keep myself in undies on what you pay me."

I coughed nervously. "I see—oh yes—thank you!"

At the door she paused. "I've a good tip for this afternoon—Silk Garter at fifteen to one! My gentleman friend says it's the lettuce's lymphatic!"

Silk Garter! I mopped my brow feverishly as the door closed. This racing craze was taking me into unknown depths with my typist. I scribbled the name on my cuff. Two minutes later I had a business call on the phone. When my client rang off I had added "the goods" in the form of Horsey Girl and Honey Bunch to my list. My wife's brother Jack dropped in and relieved me of a fiver and left me three "alligator's gaiters." Some business at the

bank resulted in two "absolute cinches" from the manager, and a "bit of awlright" from the man at the door. Ascending to my office, the liftman passed me two "certs," and the janitor one "breath from the 'orses' nostrils." Everywhere I went people seemed only too willing to pass on secretive bits of information. There appeared to exist a glorious and entirely whole-hearted freemasonry between tipsters and punters. Johannesburg suddenly appealed to me in a new, unknown light.

Hence, by the time I arrived at the Turffontein Race Course, my cuff resembled a pretty snappy cross-word puzzle.

The first race had begun, and I was heartened to find that one of the names on my cuff corresponded with that of the winner. For the next race I had received no tip, so I decided to restrain my impatience until the third race. As the names of the starters appeared on the board, I consulted my list, to discover that I had no fewer than three fancies. Swiftly I decided to abide by the spin of a coin. This proved disastrous, for I missed the half-sovereign in the air, and was chagrined to see it disappear down a gap in the guttering. There was no time to be lost, so slipping the names into my hat I drew for it. Merry Soul at fifteen to one. I rushed out and put on a fiver. I found that the horse stood at three to one. I was still debating the point when the race started. As the horses flashed by the post I looked in vain for Merry Soul. I shall draw a veil over the subsequent happenings of that deplorable meeting. Someone had impressed upon me the necessity for a system—"Keep on doubling, old boy?" I gave it up at a hundred pounds. My cuff gave me two or three winners for every event, and in each case I selected an "also-ran."

I was leaning, dank and despondently, on the rails, when my typist appeared at my side. She had won thirteen pounds. "But here's where I intend to collect. Look—Silk Garter still twelve to one, and Knickerbocker at eight to one. I'm trying for a double. I'll put a pound on for you—just for luck and because you're rather an old dear!" I blushed violently, but she was gone. At the end of the last race she bore down upon me in triumph. "Didn't I tell you! Here you are: collect at the tote!" and she thrust a slip of cardboard into my hand. I gazed at it incredulously. I stood to collect one hundred and twenty pounds. In a dazed fashion I fell into the queue. It was, of course, impossible for me to accept this money from my own typist. I would collect and return it to the girl on Monday morning. While I waited, a young thing beside me exclaimed suddenly, "Gee, we'll be here all night! Ah, I see someone I know at the top end of the queue. I'm going to slip him my ticket—he'll collect for me. What about you? Shall I get him to get yours as well?" I thought it very friendly of her, so I thanked her and handed her my ticket. It was the last I saw of either!

It was as I left the grounds, after a fruitless search, that I came upon my wife. Unbeknown to me she had made up her mind to "flutter." She radiated excitement. "How did you get on?" she enquired.

"Not too badly," I muttered vaguely. "You?"

"Oh I have won fifteen pounds! Isn't it too easy? I just looked at the gee-gees in the paddock and I backed the one that matched my dress."

LITERATURE AND ART.

NEGLECTED MASTERPIECES.

Is Tolstoi's "Resurrection" Greater than the Book of Genesis?

By THE EDITOR.

Recently my attention was drawn to the fact that a film had been made of "Resurrection," and that this great, great novel could be seen in the space of an hour or so for a shilling or so! Prodigious. Although not in the ordinary way what you would style a "movie fan," yet what a lure was this thought of seeing *Katusha Maslova* and Prince *Dmitri Nehludov* moving before me as I had pictured them ever since I first read "Resurrection."

There is one test of any great book—do you remember it? There is another test of a great book, or indeed, of any great work of art—do you learn to love it more with time—or less? How true this is of music and of pictures and, alas, of people. Of the facile, first-five-minutes' charm that certain things exert upon you, beware! Of the tune that at once catches your ear, of the picture that seems so "pretty," of the woman that seems so sweet . . . beware, beware!

The book that grips you more and more as you enter its depths, the melody you couldn't at first hear, the picture you saw nothing in but have grown to love and to live with . . . these have some quality in them of greatness. And when you find you can't remember a book, don't try to; it isn't worth the effort. A great book can't be forgotten.

"Resurrection" is one of such books. I had not seen it for many years but the film brought it all back to me and now, as I writ, it is stark and clear before me as the bottle of ink upon the table.

Why argue whether the film were well or ill done? Why complain if Tolstoi's son (his father's double in everything but genius) drives pegs into boots? Or say that the film has no ending? The novel really has no ending either. Life has no proper ending. People die when we feel they ought to live and live when we think they should die. That other great Russian masterpiece, "Dead Souls," by Gogol, has even less symmetry towards the end than Tolstoi's novel.

Personally, I found the film version of "Resurrection" surprisingly like the novel. Surely it is as near the original as any producer in Hollywood will permit a film version to be like its original? The proportions of this novel are all wrong for the screen. There is no time to develop the psychological changes that take place in Prince *Dmitri* after he has realised what his lustful selfishness of youth has done to *Katusha*, followed by the miserable blunder of the jury in allowing her to be sent to Siberia for a crime of which they did not believe her guilty.

But I must say that nobody seeing only the screen version of "Resurrection" can have any conception of the genius lavished upon the novel. In Tolstoi's later life he made a pose almost of scorning his early work, and often his later and very best work. He would not allow a good

word to be said for "Anna Karenina," and he selected, with religious frenzy almost, a few of his little tales in biblical manner, fables and allegories, for immortality. His attitude towards "Resurrection" I forget, yet I believe it was contemptuous. But Tolstoi by now held such strange theories on the purpose of art, which he said must be entirely ethical and religious, that none is disposed to accept his judgment, even of his own work.

Yet no novel ever written is more fundamentally ethical than "Resurrection." It is the greatest gospel preaching against the sex-selfishness of man and the ruthlessness of the procreative instinct. The seduction of that lovely young girl differs as much from the classic seductions of literature as from the commonplace seductions of life. There is no *Don Juan*, no *Mephistopheles*—the young people start level, he as innocent of evil as she, and gradually life corrupts him and then he corrupts her.



Katusha Maslova
as
performed
by
Dolores del Rio.

And now again see the difference between the Russian giant and a genius of our own race, *Thomas Hardy*. For if you wish to compare an English novel with "Resurrection" I suppose "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is as good a comparison as you will find.

TWO POEMS BY THEODORE VAN BEEK.

A SOUTH AFRICAN POET.

I sang a little song,
And it sighed
In the deep, vast night,
And was lost.
I plucked a little flower,
And it died
In the white starlight,
And I tossed
All its petals to the wind;
But I know,
Where my song is they will go.

For I sang the song to you,
O my sweet,
And I sent the petals, too,
You to greet;
And return unto their source,
All things must:
What are you but Beauty now,
That were dust?

ECHOES.

My little boy is shouting by the sea,
My little boy;
He races with the waves that leap for joy,
So happy he !
And one I love romps with him ; her black hair
Is spread upon the wind ; eyes dark and kind
Are merry with the mother-love. I know,
Glad Earth, that this is so.
For all day long I see them at their play
In the city smoke, wreathed silver-grey,
And all day long their golden laughter peals
Above the song of wheels.

Theodore H. Van Beek.

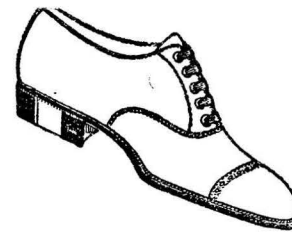
LITERATURE AND ART—(Concluded from page 11).

The seducer of Tess is an inhuman and stagey figure, though the method of his seduction is as true as life. Nehludov is not that sort of man at all; he is the sort of man we meet daily, inasmuch as the evil he does is mostly thoughtless, passionate evil which, once realised, scourges his conscience so that he suffers as much as his victim. It is in the presentation of Prince Dmitri's tortured soul that Tolstoi's genius is most revealed, and this the film cannot show. What the film does show beautifully is the visual, picturesque, flesh and blood of "Resurrection." Nothing, for instance, could be finer than the vision of Maslova which Dolores del Rio gives. Truly I think it is the finest, most sensitive, artistic playing I have ever seen on the screen, and, what is still more wonderful, is the visualisation of the character that Tolstoi created. Dolores del Rio is exactly, *exactly*, as I saw her when years ago I read the novel.

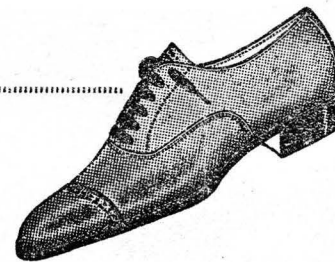
Is it not strange that woman, according to the Scriptures, was the first seducer, yet in literature and, alas, in life, it is always man? The unsullied virgin does not tempt man, actively I mean; it is man always who tempts her. And so, I think, it should have been in the Garden of Eden, and probably was. Some reporter of the past wrongly took down the words of an ancient Hertzog, or deliberately distorted the facts of the first seduction. For Genesis, as it is, is less true than "Resurrection," and Tolstoi reads more logically than Moses.

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Woman, lovely Woman!

By "One of 'em"

SHAKESPEARE AND JO'BURG.

A fellow named Shakespeare is supposed to have said "All the world's a stage." Believe he is right! Some of us get the limelight! And some poor devils only get a black-out.

"Life is the play on the world's stage." We poor women have to spend the best part of ours trying to look beautiful and get the right clothes to wear, and after all Eve did as much damage in a fig leaf . . .

Jo'burg this week is as flat as Vernneuk Pan. No dances, no nothing. See that there is to be a dance on May 31st for the Radium Fund. African Theatres sportingly gave up their right to the City Hall for that date. The Earl of Athlone is giving his patronage. That means that all the "heads" will be there. All the people in Society! Bow-wow!!

What is this society they talk about? Just a lot of women always changing their clothes and husbands, and a lot of men running away from their pasts.

There's good and bad in this society business, believe me. There's one I've heard of that's a "goer." She plays men as carefully as she plays bridge. I was reading to-day that the modern girl's clothes only weigh a pound. The clothes this one wears weigh heavier than that on the mind of a certain big Jo'burg business man, I can tell you. And she's not the only one.

HE RATHER LIKES FLAPPERS!

After all, one knee is just like another!

The Women's Reform Club and National Service Fund are having a meeting on April 26. The idea is to get at the bigger things in life. The trouble is that the big things don't always look like big things; that's how some of us miss them. Still, it's no use grouching. We don't ask to be born. And some of us don't find it too pleasant to be alive anyhow. Still, I suppose people must go on being born if only to make flappers for business men. Someone told me once to get an ideal, place it on a pedestal, and keep looking at it. I tried it, but only got a crick in the neck.

There's been a lot of fuss about a book called "Wells of Loneliness." Funny, but it's easier for a book to make a fortune out of sin than out of morality!

Went to see "So This is Love" at the Empire. Good comedy, good dancing, but when the leading lady said that she couldn't marry a fellow because he had too much money, I lost interest. It wasn't human. I'd like to have just enough money never to think about it again. Wonder when the gay young sport I saw in a box there with a gold-digger twice as old as himself is going to wake up?

MAY AND THE GREEK KALENDS.

It's nasty enough to see an old chap of sixty with a flapper, but when it's a woman of forty-five with a boy of twenty-four, it's ghastly.

A fellow named Cochran who runs shows in London says that chorus girls must get fat and have curves. Gee! What a beauty chorus he could get in Jo'burg!

I know one woman who is making a fortune showing girls how to get the fat off. Have they never heard of



Cochran? One very large lady does her hop, skip and jump every day. Diets herself for a week, then goes to the St. James and has everything on the menu, followed by exasperated magnesia for indigestion. Laugh and grow fat?

Some of the Jo'burg women's lives must have been one long giggle!

There is a play at His Majesty's—"School for Scandal." Haven't seen it, but I bet it has nothing on Jo'burg.

THE MONOTONY OF DIVORCE.

Heard of three divorces coming off in one family. One lot of them has been married for years. The longer a marriage lasts, the harder it is to break. After five years you know what to expect; after ten years you don't expect anything.

It's like looking in a shop window. If what you want isn't there, you don't go inside to look for it!

Men, as a rule, are not good payers where women are concerned. The woman pays in full always, they say. Man only pays . . . at times.

One woman I know says she is in love with two men and she spouts some poetry that goes like this:—

"How happy I could be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer way."

I say, give me both, and give me more; and that's that.

By the way, while on the subject, I heard this little song the other day and went to the trouble of writing it down:—

It's a curious coincidence,
A tantalising fact,
That everything I ever want
All other girls attract;
A blouse at one eleven three,
A pink and white chemise,
An orchid in a hot-house
Or Sir Harry Lauder's knees and (chorus)
All the nice men are married,
All the best boys are paired,
If you see a chap you fancy,
He's sure to be shared!
So girls stand together,
Just do what you can,
Vote for polygamy

Or pinch some other girl's man!
At first I fell in love with Jack
And then I worshipped Harry;
They were well-dressed motor salesmen,
So of course they couldn't marry!
Paul was poor but passionate,
And Perce so well connected,
I had to give them up, alas,
Because their wives objected.

Chorus: All the nice men, etc.

Pages from the Diary of a Gold Digger.

By Betty Blond.

Me and Rita was cross after that night when she goes off with the gutter-sheik, and I was real fed up. Not that I care a damn for Rita; in fact, there's many a time she's made me ashamed of her ways and habits . . . if you can call them that. But a girl can't go out by herself very well, for then everybody thinks she's cheap, and if there's another girl with you then, even if you don't want to put the brake on, you do feel as if you can put your foot down if you want, if you see what I mean.

What's very funny to me is that fellows won't come and take girls out by themselves except when they're true-loving, and sometimes not even then. Why it is's got me beat. I think it's because of the money. Nine times out of ten the fellow who knows the girls has got no cash and his pal who's got the money don't know the girls, and so they work it between them. Or perhaps when a fellow takes a girl out by himself then he knows he's got to pay for everything out of his own pocket, but if there're two fellows and two girls then the one fellow always thinks the other fellow's going to pay, and he tries to make him, too. It's funny what a good time you can have if only one of the fellows 's got money, because then the other fellow keeps on ordering everything because his friend's got to do all the paying. Reminds me of the story about the two fellows and the twins . . . my one's dead . . . you remember?

Anyway, there was me without Rita, so I thinks I'll stay home for the first night. When my old man (that's my father) sees I'm not going out he nearly throws a fit. He don't say nothing because he's afraid to start trouble with me, and he knows there'll be trouble if he asks me anything. So he just looks at me fierce-like when he thinks I'm not looking, and when I catches his eye he gets up and walks out of the room, but is back again in a minute walking all round me and looking at me hard. I could see he was thinking I was sick or something, and then I could see that he wanted to row me, because he didn't know what else to do. But I just sits still and takes no notice.

But the second night I couldn't stick it no more, so I goes down to the house of a friend of mine called Jessie. Jessie's married, and I knows that she and her old man would both be home. They goes out to bioscope one night a week and then they stay at home because Jessie's old man, Tom, is afraid Jessie will pal on to somebody if they goes anywhere. Tom and Jessie's only been married a couple of months, but me and Tom've been friends for a long time.

Well, when I comes into their house Tom's face is 's pleased as pleased, and when Jessie sees this she smiles at me so that she could eat me and says sort of sarcastic, Funny you aren't going anywhere to-night! But I tells her quite cool like, Well, a girl must look up her old friends, even if they is marriedd. And I smiles sweetly and makes soft eyes at Tom so that Jessie nearly goes mad. Well, I did enjoy that night; so did Tom. When he asks Jessie, What about some tea, I nearly dies laughing. Jessie's afraid to ask Tom if he will make it, because she's afraid I'll go and help him and then we'll be alone together in the kitchen; and she's afraid to go herself, because then

me and Tom will also be left alone together. So she thinks a bit and then she says, Yes, I was forgetting. And then she turns to me and she says, Won't you come and help me, dear. But Tom wasn't having any and he says, You know you can't ask a visitor to help you, Jessie. Then Jessie looks as if she's going to have a fit and then she goes into the kitchen. When she comes back me and Tom's sitting on the couch and I makes as if I'm quickly smoothing my dress and putting my hair straight; and every time she comes in I'm doing the same.

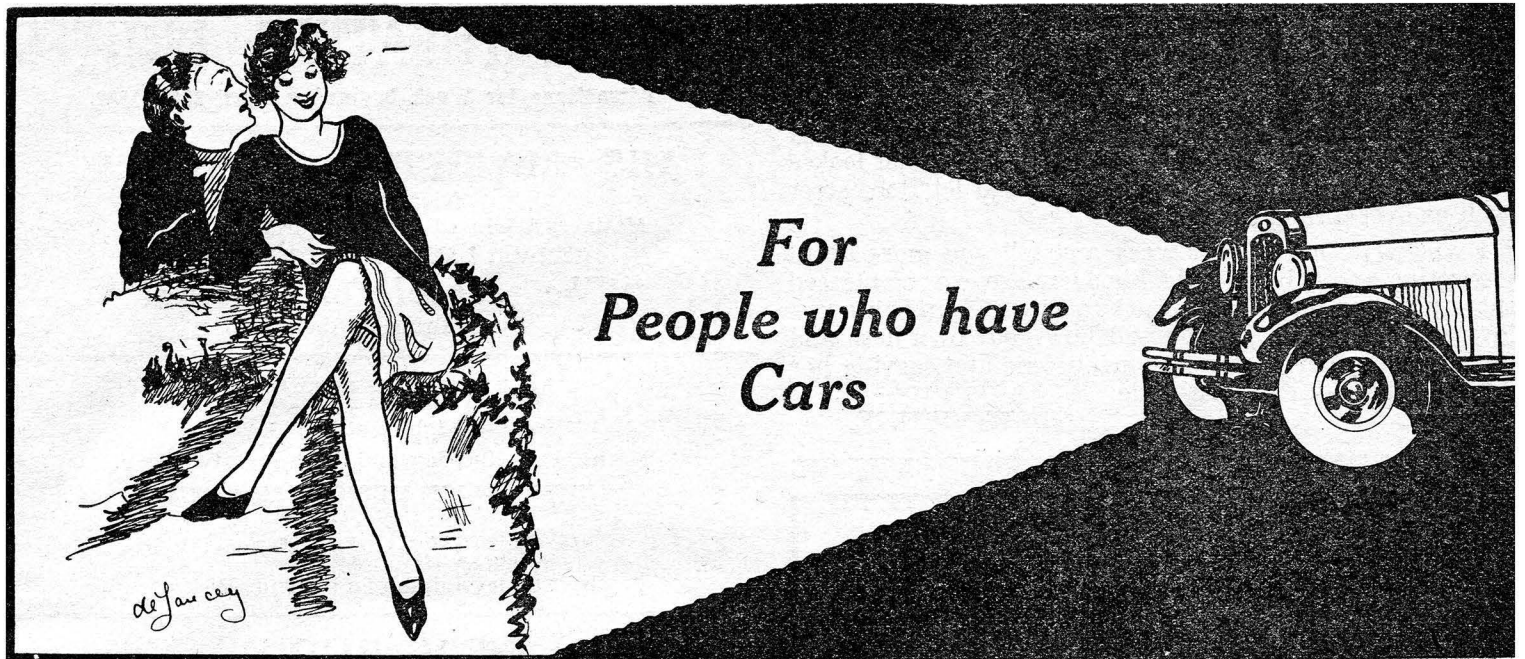
That was a jolly night, but the next night again I didn't know what to do, and when I sees my old man looking at me again I gets up and takes a tram into town. I didn't know what I was going to do, but I couldn't stick at home, that was certain, and so I had to go somewhere. But I was fed up.

When I gets out of the car and after I walks a little way I hears a voice saying soft-like, Excuse me, miss, could you tell me the way to the Beejou? I turns round and there was a fellow looking like a Rugby forward but with a nice face and nice clothes standing by my side. I says quickly, That's funny, I'm going there myself; I'll show you. So we walks along together. He didn't sort of seem to want to talk, so after a while I says, It's such a lovely picture to-night that I makes up my mind to go by myself to see it when I find my friends can't go. We're near the Beejou then, and he says, all slowly as if he isn't sure what I might say to it, that he'd be pleased if I'd let him get tickets for both of us and we'd see the picture together. I says, Well, that's nice of you. And when he gets the tickets I says, You shouldn't you know; I'm sure you've other friends you'd rather go with. And I goes in quickly and I says to him, Where shall we sit?

Well he was really very nice, and after he takes me home with the last car we stand and talk till we hear the last car going back to town. He says he's staying with friends and he mustn't keep them waiting. But I had my arms round him and I says he must come in. He hangs back a bit and then we goes inside, and I says ther he shouldn't keep his friends up like that, but he just looks at me, and we sit down on the couch.

What was the matter with my old man that night I don't know. It was half an hour later, when he should have been asleep a long time that he comes into the room. Didn't I get a fright! I wants to jump up, but my friend he won't let me go. Before my old man could say anything my friend says to him, cross-like, What the hell do you want here?

My pa starts, and swallows and turns red, and then he says in a funny voice, What the hell d'you mean carrying on with my daughter like that? But my friend he gives 's good's he takes and better. How the hell was I to know this lady was your daughter? he says. And he tells my old man he ought to be ashamed of himself interfering with a stranger like that. He was real cross and he tells my old man off a treat. And in the end my old man says, I'm sorry. And he goes away and leaves us.



Vyviene Goes Ferreting.

THE HIGHER PURCHASE SYSTEM

Nunkie dear,

I am doing what you suggested, striking while the iron is hot and all that and carving out a career and making a stitch in time save nine, so that when you see me again you won't know me because Jo'burg has that effect and I know you want me *not* to hide my light under a bushel, so that when I met the positively *too* divine Mr. Stephen Black—and when we had conversed together subtly for a while and he suggested I should keep a fruity eye on Motortown and write about its snappy doings and what-nots, I accepted although as you know I am not very good about them—cars I mean—and always praise the wrong part, but I thought well Nunkie will be pleased if I become a real live journalist. So he can read things in the Sjambock (such a nice crackling name for a paper!) that he never knew before about cars and crank shafts and Straight-Eights and not too straight glamorous evenings, but . . . O-O-O I'm to be ever so careful and not say names and things because of the people who might be there and shouldn't be there, and who might want to damage Mr. Stephen Black or sue him for damages (I think they call it that) and Nunkie can point to them (the articles of course) and say my niece wrote those. Well, to cut a long story short, all I have to do is ride about Motortown from Monday to Saturday and ferret out *all* the bits of news no one wants any one else to hear and just run and tell Mr. Black. And an easier job as he explained you couldn't find because naturally no one will think I am ferreting and will only be too eager to tell me all about the things I want to know and I shall simply be a second Sherlock Holmes, in no time he says, writing books about Motortown, and all through Mr. Black being clever enough to recognise my talent.

To-day has been a very *lovely* day and Bobs asked me if I would go motoring with him, so I said yes because I felt it would be the beginning of my career as I know Bobs knows more about people in town than anyone else because he is a motor salesman, which is the easiest way of making

money and always means you have a car. Bobs told me I looked *too cute* in my new woolly suit because to-day we went into winter too. Reluctantly we started off and Bobs was in a very conversational mood so I felt the afternoon would be a success as well as helping my career and when Bobs said a penny for your thoughts I said are there so many rich people in Johannesburg? and he said are there? and I said yes rather, just look at the number of cars on the Pikkie Vale road and he said oh that's due to Higher Purchase.

Now, I am always interested in what the Americans call uplift, so I asked him to explain the principle of Higher Purchase and it seems that all you have to do if you really want a car is to pay a teeny weeny little bit of money and then pay more money so much a month, and in about ten years or so the car is yours, or if you get tired of the car or it gets old-fashioned or your family increases, you just take it to the garage and they give you a new one—not a family, a car I mean—and you just pay a little more and on you go again and you keep on doing this and never keeping your old car and that is why nearly everyone in Jo'burg seems so prosperous and rich and I think it shows a very generous and nice spirit amongst the Garages, and I don't wonder they call it the Higher Purchase System. Well, I know you are very keen that I should help any deserving cause, so I asked Bobs if he thought I might join the Higher Purchasers and he said why, of course—get your rich old uncle to cough up a few dibs and I'll see you get the nicest bus in town so do you think you could Nunkie? But we said well perhaps I had better learn to drive first, so Bobs said better late than never, and began to teach me. Well, by the time I helped Eleanor bath her new twins I thought I had never assisted at anything so complicated, but I would rather bath *triplets* than drive one car; why there are so many things you mustn't do and so many cadgets and what-nots that work at the same time, or not at all, that I got quite exhausted and Bobs said perhaps I had better just

steer and he'd do the rest, so we went along very well until I got some oil in my eye and then we nearly pushed a positively noble looking car into a ditch and as Bobs said it would have been awkward as the man was quite a pot from the Corner House—not the Half-Way House—and simply dripping with outputs and importance and the typist looked so positively annoyed that I got nervous and let Bobs steer as well as everything else.

I will write again next week and tell you more about my ferreting and driving and I hope you are ever so pleased about my career and don't forget to buy a Sjambok every Friday so you can see for yourself how your own flesh and blood is keeping her nose to the grindstone and carving her way to the top,—Your own little

VYVIENNE.



237

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The Nurse at Play

The long bare ward is hateful in the heat,
Trebled because the merciless sun will beat
Down on the corrugated roof of iron.

A gramophone shatters the listless air.
The faded flowers are falling, everywhere
Untidy petals spoil the symmetry.

Ashtrays are cleaned, straightened each vacant bed,
The white sheet turned down on the quilt of red.
And the long, long afternoon goes on and on.

How ugly are the pale and sharpened faces
The wasted bodies of "the serious cases,"
Spoiling the order with their tumbled beds.

A nurse goes wearily down the polished floor
And sets a chair right. Finds an apple core
Upon a locker where it should not be.

Of course the broken femur wants a drink.
She gets it at the greasy kitchen sink,
Warm water in a heavy china mug.

He gulps a little, while his warm hand grips
And creases all her sleeve. She wipes his lips
And pulls the clothes up neatly o'er his chest.

And she could shriek and shriek. Her nerves are torn
Not by the sight of wounds or by long drawn
And shuddering sobs. . . 'Tis the unseemly beds.

And all the scattered petals and the white
Glazed china mug. How can these things be right,
Spoiling the order of the tidy ward.

M.C.

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LIFE AS REVEALED BY FICTION.

THE SHORT FUSE.

A TALE OF RHODESIA.

SOMEHOW JIM FERRIS never got the knack of handling his "boys." He frightened them with his quick temper, and hurt them with his strong arms; but he could not get them to work in the way that Bob Smith's boys did on the claims over the river. Bob was Jim Ferris's partner, and each man worked a different end of the claim, sinking small prospecting shafts and cutting trenches in the rubble to look for a reef. Everybody in Rhodesia looks for a reef, and nearly everybody lands on one in the end—though not the sort of reef he expects.

Jim Ferris was an obstinate, amiable Englishman. He had been in Rhodesia over a year; so he knew all about it (or thought he did), as anyone could see when he cursed his boys and applied the boot to their indolent forms. Still, at heart he was not a bad fellow, and if he liked a boy was the best boss imaginable. The trouble was that Jim would not take advice from people who knew Rhodesia before he knew his mother, and he went on hammering the boys more and more, while they worked less and less.

For, like most Englishmen, Jim Ferris began life in South Africa by patting the native high on the back, and ended by kicking him in that spot lower down which many colonists think has been specially designed by God for their educational purposes. Jim at first spoiled his boys by ultra kindness; then he met one of the hardy billiard-room prospectors in Bulawayo and gathered that the only way to handle a Kafir was to "tshaya" him. In the district that Jim was now working with Bob Smith, the Kafirs had given him a name that sounded like "singorangotsir," and meant a sort of wild and wilful devil.

Naturally the boys did not stay long with him, and this was serious, for in Rhodesia a man's existence depends entirely on his labourers; you estimate your neighbour's property by the number of Kafirs working for him. Jim's boys rarely stayed after their tickets were full.

The ordinary Mashona is the meekest and most submissive creature on earth. His strength and working capacity are equal to that of a white child of ten; but the settler to-day finds him as inoffensive as the Phoenicians did when they mined for gold in the days of the Queen of Sheba. Nor on the whole can the Matabele be accused of real violence or vindictiveness. Rhodes knocked the nonsense out of them years ago. Yet among a man's boys there occurs now and then an East Coast cook or a Barotse driver, or some other nigger with a big dash of the evil spirit under his skin; and it was one of these that gave Jim Ferris all the trouble.

Canteen, the Barotse, turned up one evening while the boys were getting their tickets marked up and their rations of mealie-meal handed out. It being the night for nuts as well, the niggers were in good spirits, and one asked leave to let the stranger sleep in the compound for the night. Jim Ferris said "longeeli," and told the boss-boy to sign on the newcomer if possible. Boys being always scarce, this was the invariable custom. On looking at Canteen's ticket next morning, Jim saw that it was in order, the last rate of pay being set down at 20s. per month.

But Canteen, who claimed to be a good hammer-boy and said he could "strike very strong," stuck out for a rise of 5s. Jim took no notice of this request (he knew the niggers too well) and signed on the Barotse for three months at a pound a month; and as Canteen sulked and loafed, in consequence of the doubt existing in his mind, he was re-named Hamba Gaashly, a piece of inspired nomenclature used by every Rhodesian.

When the month ended Hamba Gaashly refused to take the proffered pound and asked Jim to "bala" his ticket. The white man instead of doing so, kicked Hamba Gaashly out of the kia and sjambokked him. The other boys laughed.

That night the Barotse disappeared from the compound. Jim sent a written complaint to the magistrate, and the police caught Canteen without his pass, which had been left behind when he cleared from Jim's claims. The boy got a month in gaol, and was sent back to work out the balance of his ticket (two months).

Hamba Gaashly returned to Jim Ferris a different boy. He was industrious and merry all day long, to the best of people's knowledge. Jim said: "Ah, it's the thrashing and the month in gaol. Nothing like the sjambok for a boy?" It was his pet theory. And generally he was right—a dose of rhino hide worked wonders with a loafer. Gradually Jim forgot about Hamba Gaashly's little trouble and saw only that the Barotse was becoming a splendid hammer-boy. He could drill two 36-inch holes into the hard reef regularly each day, and then throw out his own debris.

Hamba Gaashly was a smart boy, too, and, as Jim soon found, could charge his own holes, work which on small properties in Rhodesia is sometimes done by Kafirs, though contrary to law.

Once or twice Jim booted Hamba Gaashly out of his way down the stope, not because it was necessary, but because it was good practice and kept the boys up to the mark. The Barotse said nothing, but in the darkness of the little mine his eyes gleamed like a cat's.

As for the Mashonas, Jim kicked and sjambokked them, and made copious and emphatic use of the words "tshaya wena," also "mompara" which is always applied to the waste rock and the bad workers of the mine. When Jim kicked the Mashonas, they jumped and hailed him "Inkos." Hamba Gaashly laughed in a queer sort of way.

Bob Smith disliked the Barotse, and told Jim to watch him. "He's a bad-looking nigger, Jim."

"All niggers are bad-looking," replied Jim Ferris. "The only good niggers are dead niggers." He said this as though it were an epigram created by himself. They argued it out for a while, and then went to bed, Jim winding up: "I have tried all ways of handling niggers, and I've found the only way is to tshaya them."

Bob said it was not. He found it difficult to explain himself, but knew that it was a matter of will and character—which count as much with Kafirs as civilised men or wild animals.

Hamba Gaashly's ticket had nearly expired when the hut in which Jim Ferris slept burned down one night. The dogs barked before the fire was much advanced, and Jim got out in time and saved his kit. Nobody knew what caused the flare up; Jim surmised it was a spark from the big fire which they lighted near the huts each night to keep off strolling lions. But Bob Smith did not believe this, and he questioned all the boys in a roundabout way, hoping to find out something. The answer was always the same. "I don't know." Bob Smith had been in Rhodesia before the Rebellion, spoke both Chakarange (the language of the Mashonas) and Matabele, whereas Jim only spoke kitchen Kafir, at which among ourselves, the boys laughed.

"If a white man wants the respect of the native, he should never talk kitchen Kafir; use an interpreter or learn the pure tongue," said Bob. "There is no dignity in pidgin English or witchen Kafir."

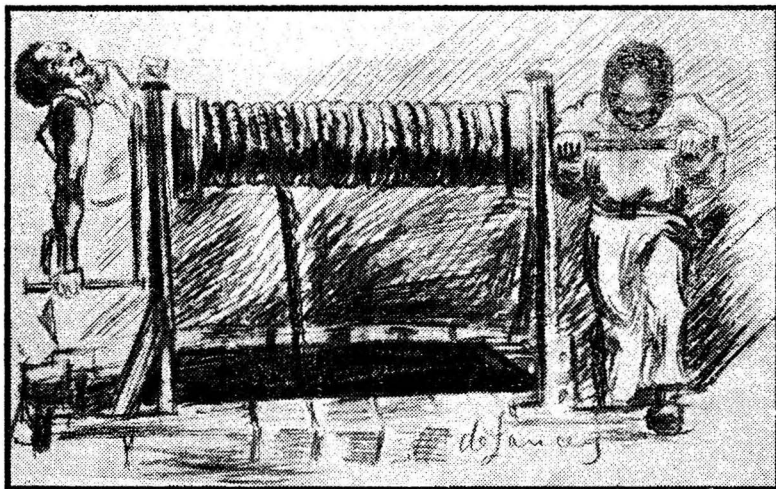
In spite of Bob's inquiries, nothing came out, and the matter dropped.

Then an astounding thing happened. Hamba Gaashly asked to sign on for another three months when his ticket expired!

Jim Ferris simply screamed with laughter, and after writing out the new ticket called the boy a "skelm," and jocularly kicked him in the favourite spot. And he was more than ever convinced that he knew the way to handle the natives, and that his methods were better than his partner's.

Bob frankly did not understand the thing at all. He shut up, and listened while the young man expounded his theories for extracting work from the niggers, for he could not argue against the obvious, even if Jim could.

And not only did Hamba Gaashly stay, but a few days later he got another big nigger to sign on as well. The new boy was one of Hamba Gaashly's brothers (all natives from one kraal or village being called brothers), and he proved to be as good a workman as the badly-named Barotse.



After this the exuberant Jim kicked the boys more than ever, and his little shaft grew deeper. They cut Mopani poles and fixed up a nice little windlass with which to haul out the dirt and to lower the boss when he went down to show the boys their holes or to light the fuses.

The two boys working on this little shaft were Hamba Gaashly and his brother, who had been placed there because they could not get on with the Makalangas and Matabele. These two were the only Barotses on the claims.

One morning Hamba Gaashly and his brother, Umpoonzi, finished their holes a little later than usual. Hamba Gaashly went over to Jim Ferris' hut and said, "Paleeli holes," which meant that they were ready for the dynamite. Just then a boy struck a vibrant piece of iron, which indicated that it was time to stop work for food, and Jim swore at Hamba Gaashly for being late. When he got to the shaft, he kicked Umpoonzi so neatly that this boy jumped exactly like the little brown buck after which he was named. The picannins on the dump had already gone to the compound for their food, and Jim told the two Barotses to "panzi bucket."

Down into the little shaft went the white man, standing with one foot in the bucket and kicking off from the walls with the other whenever he touched the sides. Then the bucket bumped into the

bottom of the shaft, fifty feet down, and Jim shouted a long "longeeli," which came faintly upwards to the perspiring boys. Hamba Gaashly had now to clamber down as best he could, for Jim did not let the boys ride as he did. As he climbed over the edge of the big hole, Hamba Gaashly looked steadily at his brother, and then bit deeply into two sticks of gelatine and a short fuse, which he did not usually carry. Down at the bottom Jim Ferris was already charging the first hole, for he had taken down his own fuse and dynamite. "Tshe-tshe mompara," he said, when Hamba Gaashly got there. Jim was hungry, and he could not go up until the four holes were charged and the Kafir had climbed back to the surface to help in hauling up the boss.

Hamba Gaashly, working unseen and swiftly in the dark, rammed the four sticks of gelatine firmly into one hole, the last piece being attached to the short fuse, which (owing to the extra dynamite in the hole) looked the usual length. Jim, who had now finished two of the other holes, now examined the boy's work, and concluded it had been well done.

"Hamba pezoola," he said, and the Barotse started climbing for the light above, where Umpoonzi was softly singing a song of his country.

Jim began filling the fourth and last hole.

When the Barotse had got a little way up, he turned back to the white man and called out, "Hamba gaashly, Inkos." Ordinarily this meant "go slowly," which to a native is going well; and Jim thought the boy was warning him to be careful. But there is another way of using "hamba gaashly," which is then equivalent to our "God speed" when one sets forth on a journey.

"Hamba gaashly, hamba gaashly!"

It echoed and re-echoed with sad and solemn significance up the passages of the little mine.

The Barotse crept slowly nearer to the light above, and when he reached it Jim Ferris put out of the first of the candles by whose light he worked. Then he shouted, "Hey, wena; bamba peezola," at which the wire rope tightened up and jerked the bucket into the air. Jim took the last candle, and with it quickly touched fuse after fuse, which spluttered as the flames ran down the inside of the white cords. Little puffs of smoke came in quick waves.

The hole prepared by Hamba Gaashly had been lighted first, as it was furthest from the bucket.

Jim Ferris was never in a great hurry about getting out of the shaft after lighting the fuses, for he was naturally reckless, and he had as little belief in a running fuse as in a revengeful Kafir. He stepped leisurely into the bucket and shouted, "Pezoola."

Had the bucket not moved, Jim might have become alarmed. But the two Barotses pulled, and though the creaking bucket moved slowly, the white man was not perturbed.

He was half-way up the shaft when the two Kafirs stopped dead, and as Hamba Gaashly said "manjee" (now) they lifted their hands off the windlass, jumped from the whirling handles, and ran madly for the bush. Like a stone, the bucket with Jim Ferris dropped back to the spluttering fuses.

Jim was tough, and the fall of 20 feet only dazed him. The wire cord hung limp above the overturned bucket. He shouted, but the echo of his voice was the only answer. Meanwhile the fuses were spluttering.

There was no time to lose. Jim Ferris realised that he would soon be faced with death. Luckily he always used long fuses that burned two minutes. Should he risk climbing up as the Barotses had done and leave the fuses to burn? No, he'd draw them while there was time. It would cost those four holes, though, for the boys could not drill into them again. "Damn the swine! I'll give them hell when I get out!"

He started quickly drawing the fuses, and cursed heartily. But as he groped in the corner where Hamba Gaashly had worked, the spark of the short fuse reached the cap of the double charge, and Jim Ferris' body and soul dissolved partnership for ever. . . .

* * * * *

At the inquest it was found that some white miners were in the habit of allowing their boys to work with dynamite. The magistrate passed severe strictures on this breach of the mining law, and the inspectors looked into things for a time afterwards.

And Hamba Gaashly, having proved "a fool at handling dynamite," took service as a houseboy with a family in Bulawayo, and now nurses the baby girl. The lady of the house says James is such a gentle, kind, devoted nurse-maid that the baby will miss him dreadfully when they go Home.

Feminine Flops.

How old will you be next year?

* * * * *

What is your age? No, I don't mean according to your birth certificate.

I mean how old are you according to your looks?

* * * * *

Age has no visible advantage to offer to any right-thinking person, yet we bring it on by fuming and fretting over every little worry.

* * * * *

To make the eyes bright and keep the face unlined, look forward, and feel that the future holds something worth possessing, let the present moment drop without a fear or regret.

* * * * *

Even the best silk elastic wears out if stretched too often and too much, so why play havoc with your facial muscles by frowning and fretting?

* * * * *

The philosophy of life! Does it ever occur to any of us that we need a new one to make us understand our own characters?

* * * * *

Don't centre on self. The man or woman who does that lacks courage. Change your perspective. Look around! Hundreds of people have worse worries than you.

* * * * *

Don't sigh for the days of your youth. Callow youth is only green fruit without flavour.

* * * * *

We inherit our instincts, but we make our own character.

* * * * *

A New Complex.

I have discovered a new complex, and it was while waiting for a bus at Juta's corner that I made the discovery.

For want of a better name I have called it the Ex-cel-sior complex.

The first one I noticed I thought was an exception, but it was borne upon me that nine out of every ten women have this complex and that a woman cannot board a fairly well-filled bus without relapsing into barbarism.

There came a sweet gentle creature.

Now! I thought, she will prove to be the exception.

But no! she had the complex badly.

The moment she decided to board that bus she was transformed into an unmitigated savage.

She did not take part in a scuffle; she created one.

She got on board, leaving behind her a collection of smarting corns, bruised ribs and indented faces. Having "got there," she became once more a gentle charming creature.

My bus drew up and, mindful of the horrible examples I had seen, I leisurely proceeded to mount the steps in a perfectly lady-like manner, but was propelled forward by a suitcase being placed in the small of my back, whilst a huge parcel tilted my hat over my eyes. Then I too scrambled, and know now that you cannot board a bus successfully unless you too have the new complex.

Pavlova: Artist and Woman.

The news that Pavlova is again about to visit South Africa is good news.

The telescope occasionally shows that a supposed star is in reality a constellation. There are instances of multiple personality. Anna Pavlova is not one artist, but several. Several different and distinct premieres dansueuses.

Pavlova makes few changes in her repertoire, yet she remains inexhaustibly new. Whenever one seems to approach the boundary of her art a new field has revealed itself.

Her beautiful hands. Those hands equally effective as transmitters of emotion, or receiving instruments of expression, or both at once.

Pavlova, "the woman," visits her orphans-of-refugees home at St. Cloud, where she spends much time and a great deal of money.

Always in my memory will remain my first impression of "the world's greatest dancer." The darkened theatre, the music of "Le Cygne," then Pavlova, "The Swan." On she floated like a white feather gently blown by the wind. The ethereal grace, the elusive charm, the "something" that only Pavlova has. "Pavlova," true artist and true woman.

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Another Free Fight on the "Veld."

PROFESSIONAL PUGILISTS OUTDONE BY
AMATEUR RUGBY PLAYERS.

"Onlooker" writes:

A more disgraceful episode than the series of free fights in the match between the Simmer and Diggers teams at Ellis Park last Saturday, has surely never before been seen on a Rugger field! During a long and intimate acquaintance with South African field sports, it has not been my lot to see such a display of bad sportsmanship, on a Rugger field anyhow.

I was watching the Quins-West Rand match from the main stand till half-time and I heard that a scrambling game, mixed with a bit of temper, was happening over the way. Accordingly I crossed over to the bench stands that divide the two playing fields so that I could see both games, more or less, but I wish it had been less, Diggers began to assert superiority of play which was apparently galling to their opponents after previous supremacy. Soon they assumed a comfortable lead while tempers were "simmering." There was no need for spectators to shout "feet" in the loose scrums for feet, hands, and boots were in constant use and not always on the ball. Both sides were "digging-in" to a rough-house game with a vengeance.

The big ideal of Rugby is the moulding of national character. To learn to take knocks with serenity, and not to allow tempers to become frayed under any circumstances. And it takes two to make a fight.

A good shouting match in which there appeared to be thirty captains with occasional flashes of Rugby, ended in this unseemly brawl. Schoolboys sitting near me said: "We have been told not to talk on the field but just listen to this."

In the hurly-burly I could not distinguish with any certitude who was to blame for first using the fist. But it was apparent that some of the Simmer players did not like the sudden development of Digger superiority. To me it seemed Diggers were too keen on the ball with hands and feet, in order to win the game, to waste time on punching at individuals. When the referee at last ordered an offending Simmer man off the field my impression seemed to be confirmed. But the drastic action of the referee had little effect, and soon boots and fists were busier than ever.

Owing to the field of play not being roped in spectators "rushed" the game, at least on two occasions, and a general melee seemed likely, while a policeman was kept busy separating the scrappers. This was too much for the long-suffering and indignant referee and he walked off the ground. He was followed to the pavilion dressing-rooms by both players and spectators, still arguing like a lot of schoolboys in need of a caning. More than once en route to the dressing-rooms a resumption of hostilities seemed imminent.

Neither of the teams is renowned for soft play, and the Germiston cracks have quite a reputation for rough-and-ready play. But in my opinion the incident was aggravated by reason of there being nothing to prevent the crowd from encroaching on the field of play. All through the game players were being harassed by the spectators. Backs trying

(Concluded at foot of next column.)

A Bilingual Volkslied

The following curious composition in English and Afrikaans is full of simple truth and unconscious rustic humour. We hope it will give offence to none and help towards better mutual understanding between the Dutch and English stocks.

God save our most gracious king,
Laat ons maar almal same sing.
Long may he hold his gracious sway,
Maar dit, Heere ook nog daarby,
Oe'r a free people let it sway,
Dat vrye, vrye volk syn wy.

May God curse all his enemies,
Met sware slag en groot verlies;
And confound all their politics,
Al help daar die gebede ook niks.
And let Britannia rule the sea,
Want daar het ons ook niks op tee.

May God protect our noble king,
En ook sy heel familiekring.
May his deeds be ever straight,
En vry van ongeregtigheid.
In the Home Land may he be dear,
En hou hom fris-gesond, O Heer.

Upon him let Thy blessings flow,
Hy wiet mos hoe om woord te hou,
And no more blood shall here be shed,
(Maar tog kan niemand daarvoor wed!)
Let no more knavish wrangling be,
Want ons is moeg van die geskree.

May our ensign be one of peace,
Ja, amenja, mog dit so wees.
Teach us to pull all one right way,
En op te hou om te baklei,
En let all at the end be well,
Met niemand meer om uit te skel.

Let our headman be sober men,
So dat ons kan sien wie sal wen.
May goodwill in our land soon reign,
En maak 'n end aan al venyn.
And may we live to see the day,
Dat Boer en Brit nie meer sal stry.

May they be to each other true,
Maar hou tog hulle monde toe.
Teach them always to give and take,
Sonder mekaar suur aan te kyk.
Let Smuts en Hertzog, all of them,
Ophou met stry en same stem.

Let Englishman as well as Boer
Onder een vlag hulle haat versmoor,
Let them to hate all say good-bye,
So lank die nuwe vlag sal waai,
And if alone for friendships' sake,
Laat ons maar eer die Britse Ryk.

S. J. L.

to find touch had to kick into the "blue," simply because they could not see the white touch-lines. A roped enclosure would have prevented the rush of a mob of excited spectators amongst the players, and a tall policeman's helmet on the scene suggested the worst.

Something has to be done to keep the fine old game out of the mire. There must be no recurrence of Saturday's pot-house play even if the remedy be something with boiling oil in it. It was a disgraceful exhibition of bad sportsmanship, bad temper, and bad management.

The Rugby Union have, since the above was put into type, taken the drastic step of suspending every player who took part in the game, and it is apparent the trouble is going to be traced down to the roots. But it seems a bit absurd to order the two teams to fulfil next week's fixtures, obviously with players not implicated in last Saturday's fracas. Rather debit the teams with a lose.

General Sporting Notes.

By CAPTAIN PEPPER.

Vivid sport is on us with a vengeance! After a tame opening, keen public interest has developed early in the season as a result of the almost over-keen rivalry in all branches. With the soon-to-be added interest in the doings of our cricket and tennis teams overseas, there will be nothing lacking in "kick" throughout the winter season.

Last week-end there was decided "liveliness" in all phases of sport! The total eclipse of Mr. W. E. Coles, the English amateur champion cueist, by that dour and stubborn chap named Hayes from Kangarooland, simply astounded us—and, curious to say, seemed to disappoint the crowd that packed the Carlton Hotel basement.

Then we had the eclipse of Rand Rugger by the highly efficient Quins from Pretoria, who mercilessly "put it across" the promising West Rand team. The losers had impressed the week before by beating University, which team at its best is considered by most to be a Rand best also. And yet the League champions of last year compiled a cricket score of thirty-seven points to four! Gee whizz! The big score scored against them does not mean that West Rand played badly, or even like a beaten team. They had almost as much of the game as their more finished opponents. During the first twenty minutes of the second half West Rand had Quins pinned down on the defence. But some brilliant combination and first-class individualism amongst the players from the Capital did the trick. Every team on the Rand will need to get a big move on to prevent the cup going back to Pretoria again!

Quins were first to score with a fine break through the thick of the defence, followed by a drop at goal that gave the champions a useful lead early in the game. A fast hustle developed, in which the less-balanced West Rand team more than held its own for a while. Their full-back had a shot at goal, which hit the upright. It was spectacular play beloved by Rugby enthusiasts, the only apparent superiority being in the more finished individualism and combination of the men from Pretoria. Anyhow, West Rand kept pegging away and never looked like the badly beaten team indicated by the score-board. They are going to take a lot of licking by any other Rand teams, anyhow!

Some scribe prophesied that Human, of West Rand, would be the Transvaal full-back for the year. I hope this same writer saw Quins' first two tries on Saturday, and has now made up his mind whether Human is worth his place, as far as defence is concerned.

The next "liveliness" in order of welcome importance was the out-and-out defeat of the Arcadians from Pretoria by Germiston Callies. Both teams emerged from last year's League struggle unbeaten and shared League honours. So that to be defeated 4-0 by their last year's rivals was an acrid pill for the Capital-ists to swallow. A Rand victory over Pretoria teams is due and welcome. For some years past their teams have been inclined to crow over the Reef teams, and these seem to be on their metal to balance up a bit. Good old Germiston Callies! The result has imparted some new interest into team building for the coming tour of the English Leagues team.

Bad passing, hard yet often ineffectual tackling, vigour of play were the only redeeming features of the Pirates-University match. The dropped goal came from the foot of an unmarked man. The one brilliant bit of work was a fine swerving run through the field by Kirsch. And yet both teams scrummed hard, and were fairly well served at the base of the scrums. The ball too often travelled

quite prettily along the three-quarter lines without gaining much ground, the movement breaking down before the ball reached the wings.

The one bright spot was Kirsch's try, a real gem. Pirates sadly lacked condition. They have a good side but they faded away, and after looking like winners, could not stay the course. Johnny Morkel is still a fine hooker, but he must reduce his waistline.

The Wanderers-Railway affair was even more scrappy than anticipated. The sooner Francis realises that matches are won by hard work and training, and not by reputation, the better. It was a disappointing game.

The "box-fight" between Simmer and Diggers is dealt with elsewhere.

* * * * *

Evolution of School Soccer.

By CAPTAIN PEPPER.

[In regard to a few pointed remarks on another page about Mr. Desmond Davis, headmaster of King Edward's School, a correspondent supplies the following facts relative to the predominance of Association football in the schools of the Witwatersrand.]

The Boer War left in its train several "soccer" masters, and these introduced the dribbling code to Jeppe's Grammar School and Johannesburg High School, now King Edward's. Both these schools were small fry in those days. Marist Brothers, the leading school, played both codes, and were the holders of the Junior Rugby Cup at the outbreak of the Boer War, St. John's played Rugby.

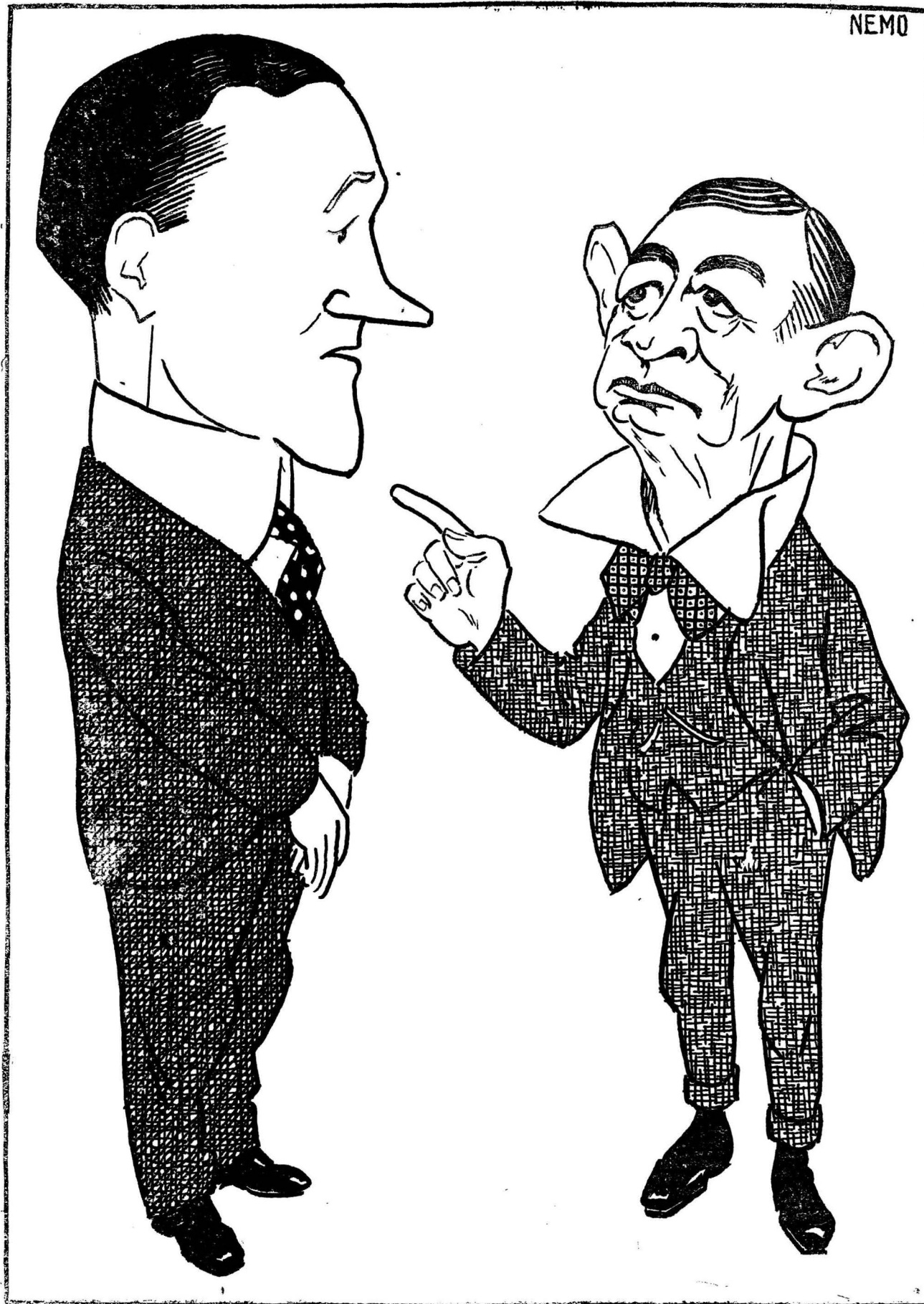
When Rugby administration was reconstructed in 1902, Jeppe's and Johannesburg High under their "soccer" masters were playing "soccer." The then sitting chairman of the Rugby Union rather tactlessly ignored them, and stated "that if they don't play Rugby now they will damn well have to very soon."

Several years ago, when Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr was principal of the Witwatersrand University, the question of playing "soccer" was raised. Students of the University pointed out that as they were getting no recruits from the Johannesburg High Schools they had to husband all their resources for Rugby, but were prepared none the less to support both codes, provided the High Schools did the same. A very fair proposition. A meeting was duly held between certain Rugby men and masters from King Edward's, St. John's, Marist's and Jeppe, with Mr. Hofmeyr in the chair. Every phase of the question was raised by the Rugby men. The suitability of the game for boys, its possible danger, its development of physique, its moulding of character, suitability of grounds, etc.

All the Rugby men asked for were equal facilities for both codes, and they offered to put the school grounds in order for the purpose. On every argument against, the masters were defeated, and eventually on the suggestion of Mr. Desmond Davis the discussion was adjourned for a week, to enable the masters to consider what had been said. The following week there was no further discussion, but the meeting was presented with an ultimatum prepared by Mr. Davis, and signed by others, which in short stated that after the Boer War a special meeting of masters had been held, and for very good reasons it was then decided that "soccer" was the most suitable winter game for schoolboys, and Mr. Davis saw no reason to depart from this decision. It will, indeed, be interesting to see the records of this alleged meeting.

Anyhow to-day as ever, the boys wish to play and the parents wish them to play. In England to-day there are only four public schools not playing Rugby.

Celebrities—Fortunate and Unfortunate.
By NEMO.



Nos. 2 & 3.—Messrs. Havenga and Burton.
Learning from each other about deficits and surpluses.

Cocktail Love.

The post-war woman and her illimitable amours.

By PSYCHO-ANALYST.

Is the modern girl foolishly aping the sexual intemperance of her wartime sister, without the excuse of an emotionalism that developed during a period of devastating upheaval?

The "manliness" of the war time woman and girl was one of the remarkable manifestations of those days; at the beginning of hostilities woman's determination to "do her bit" to win compelled our admiration.

When the toll of war had decimated the ranks of the older armies and the loss of man-power began to agitate the military mind, some so-called strong-minded woman went the length of urging upon women their duty to have children at all costs to replace the men slaughtered in the trenches. It may have been an unbalanced shriek of feminine hysteria, but the suggestion coincided with the beginnings of an intensive and extensive sexual demonstration on the part of women of all ranks of society, of all nations.

In the aftermath of war, while millions of men were unable to find work, or even a bare living, women were taking a larger share than before in world work as wage earners. A natural consequence was the evolution of an independent attitude of woman towards men in regard to what they themselves styled self-expression, with a resulting freedom of sex expression that ever since has disturbed fathers and mothers and most thinkers who look forward to a time when civilisation will again justify itself.

To allot blame to either sex for the lowered tone of public morality would take one no further. History tells that man has always assumed a Sultan-like attitude towards women in the expression of his own sex desires because of his physical and mental supremacy. The evolution of present day feminine freedom has been a slow process because of the laws made by man and expressed through both Church and State, and decreed by society itself. Woman's subsidiary position was due to her physical handicaps and the limited environment forced upon her by man. But to-day she has developed mentally and physically and now claims equal status with man in every phase of life because of her fitness to take her place in world competition independent of sex distinctions.

Yet despite her notable development woman has natural limitations she can never overcome and man will always be her master physically. Not is there evidence that man will assent to this demand for sex equality, let alone predominance, which is what present day feminine self-expression really amounts to. For though reason compels man to admit woman's theoretical claim that chastity should be equally obligatory on both sexes, it will always be the woman who will pay for its non-observance.

Nor is it likely that man of the future will be content to accept as his equal woman who like himself and his forefathers had exhausted herself in sexual indulgence, and the loss of her feminine charm and human appeal in the sowing of wild oats. Shrugging his shoulders to-day at woman's wilfulness he avails himself of her placidity and extracts such pleasure as promiscuous love offers. But the aim and desire of man always has been and always will be for his own one woman for most men are monogamous in European conditions.

In effect modern woman is shortening the period of her appeal to man. Her younger sister will soon oust her from dominance in the lives of casual lovers. The *blasee* woman of to-day will soon be relegated to the kitchen, as George Moore insisted recently, and be the hewer of wood and drawer of water as the unfettered selectiveness of man develops in accordance with her very own desires. Put in another way it would seem that women are rapidly descending, or ascending towards native tribal conditions where the latest wife is waited upon hand and foot by her predecessors in the kraal menage! Society is beginning to react against the woman profligate, just as women themselves are now in protest against man's sexual tyranny, a tyranny blessed by both Church and State, as well as social usage!

A notorious sexual novel recently under the microscope of public criticism "A Sleeveless Errand," touches at the very strings of the causes and consequences of woman's descent from her old pinnacle to the lower levels where man stood alone. The banned book according to a woman reviewer in a London weekly "is an extraordinarily

acute novel, full of terrible things, but with unmistakably constructive vision." As the reviewer points out "A Sleeveless Errand" according to the Oxford Dictionary, is "An errand ending in, or leading to nothing." The writer of the novel draws a terrible picture of the rapid life led by the younger set who pursue nothingness all their lives.

The heroine, Paula, the self-expressionist of the story, is cast aside by her casual lover whom she still loved and she decides to kill herself. How typical this is of the type of young woman under dissection. What man has not met a young woman of personal charm and vividness of expression at the bottom of her soul sick and tired of a lewd existence and who asks the casual man acquaintance for the easiest way of dying! Miss James, the writer of the banned book takes a woman war-worker as her type and draws a sad picture of the falseness of the life lived during post-war reactions.

It is probable that the banned book is too sensually realistic in its general tenour, and likely to pander to readers of depraved literature. Reasonable people agree that such books are unfitted for general circulation on bookstalls and in public libraries. But whether or not the book has been wisely banned it contains some excellent philosophy, which, read without the possibly demoralising context, would undoubtedly prove an antidote to the dissipation of the young women of to-day who are spoiling their lives by self-indulgence.

Listen to the following description of a night "night out" when Paula has taken a chance companion, a disillusioned husband, "to strange places and among strange people. They go to a popular cafe, where they meet Paula's crowd. 'They're all what I call the damned,' she whispers to her companion."

"They don't know it, but they are—most of them fairly intelligent, some really clever, but the whole crowd are damned because they either know what they want and can't get it, or they don't know what they want, but know it's something. They drink because their nerves are so rotten and their nerves get worse because they drink."

"Why don't they work a bit? They'd have less time for drink and rotten nerves."

"But they do work—and a lot of the women even have a child or two. If the child is boarded out, it generally means that the woman has a job. All the men work. Yet they hardly sleep at all and are like this as a result . . . The Crowd are held together by sheer boredom. They run away from themselves into this. We hate each other, but we can't stay away."

"They go on to a little sordid public-house and to a night club full of drunken men and promiscuous women."

Paula and her casual acquaintance decide to die, she as she puts it "because she belongs to the damned." She exclaims:

"It's with the next generation of children that the chance of a better future lies. The only thing my sort can do is to contaminate them as little as possible. If only some wise Providence would wipe out with one sweep all the so-called women war-workers who are unmarried, or who, married and healthy, have purposely avoided having children, then there might be some chance of England pulling herself out of the moral mire she's staggering about in now."

What concerns us is whether the younger sister shews any sign of a like repentance! Are there any signs that she realises the consequences to herself of following in her sister's footsteps? Is she happy about her outlook. Men about town tell the same tale, "Poor kid she 'fell' before she could realise the implications of her surrender, but why should I worry, if it isn't me it will be some other fellow!"

And he is ready to discard her for what these cocktail lovers call a "later pash" without a qualm when tired of her!

But society cannot contentedly stand aloof while young women slip into the mire. Man has to take a fuller share of responsibility for the grievous results of free-love. Yet how is he to act when girls fling themselves at him—man being what he is shrugs his shoulders "eats thereof," more often than not hating his compliance with a nice girl's easiness—for it is man's compliance with woman's insistence that is at the root of modern social depravity.

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Our Serial Story

THE DORP.

By Stephen Black.

[In Chapter I., published last week, a picture was given of racialism in Unionstad, where Nationalists and S.A.P. bickered bi-lingually in the Town Council. With to-day's instalment begins the story proper of the Oakleys and the Van Ryns—start to read "The Dorp" to-day, and see page 35 for details of Scenario Competition.]

CHAPTER II.

"Why should we push the world along, live in a world of flame?"

When the peace of the ox is steady and strong, and the end is just the same?"

—Cullen Gouldsbury.

Within half a mile of the Town Hall was the commercial centre of Unionstad, one long, flat building, whitewashed to a muddy yellow, with a large unbroken area of side wall, and a verandah, above which appeared the sign

ALGEMEENE HANDELAAR.

The history of this General Dealer's store, the chief business establishment of the dorps, crystallised the story of Unionstad, if not that of the entire Union of South Africa.

It had been founded years before by a roving South African, who soon after the Jameson Raid cleared off to the Gold Fields in search of something better, just as the store was beginning to pay. Oakley purchased it in 1897 at a fair price, for what it then was, and within two years had made profits enough to wipe off his original outlay. He was well liked by the Boers, who brought in their produce to sell, and then bought back groceries, hardware, etc.

Unfortunately all wars produce hypothetical winners and certain losers. After the first struggle with the Boers in 1881, the British in South Africa sulked at the Dutch; and after the greater war of 1899-1902 the Boers sulked at the British. Oakley's store shared in the beatific backwash of victory, and its proprietor was more than repaid by loss of business for those feelings of race-pride which he enjoyed at the apparent subjugation of the Boers. However, matters were slowly righting themselves, and by the time Union was brought about in 1910 the business had almost attained the apex of its earlier prosperity.

On the strength of Unionstad's future O'Flinnigan came from Blaauwgrond, and started the "News"; the bank erected "handsome premises"; and Schlimowitz, an astute Hebrew from Vogelstruisdorp, began operating in the district as a buyer of farm produce.

And then, when everyone had piously and hopefully murmured, "Eendrag maak mag" uttered panegyrics on the blessings of closer Union; when the Lion had lain down with the Springbok, and the British representatives of Cape Colony and Natal had been immortalised on a colossal canvas, side by side with the Boer statesmen of the Transvaal and Orange Free State; then only was the real rankle of war felt. Under the pact of Union equal rights were given to both races; and, after much debate, to both languages as well. Theoretically Dutch was as good as English in the Union of South Africa.

This "concession to the Boers" greatly angered Oakley. Like most of his race, he was a poor linguist. He despised all "foreign languages," considering them to be quite unnecessary, and it never occurred to him that, before South Africa was British, Dutch must have been very essential to the pioneers from Holland who first settled the Cape and penetrated inland to the Free State and Transvaal. Prior to the enjoyment of equal rights by the Afrikaner Dutch language (or Taal) Oakley did not so much mind, for he regarded it as an amusing sort of speech, with which he trifled in the way that a fond parent prattles baby talk to his little ones. Oakley liked the Boers, and he learned in a few years to understand their simpler phrases, simplified beyond even Boer necessities for his benefit. But to regard Afrikaans as a language fit to occupy the same place as English—why, the thing to him was absurd! Even his kind heart could not prevent the betrayal of an innate contempt for the Taal, nor from the exhibition of a superiority of attitude when brought into contact with "Dutchmen." Oakley often said "the Taal is a patois." One day he was foolishly arguing the point across the counter, and his remarks made him many enemies.

"It has no grammar," he declared. "I've always said so."

"But how do you know, Mr. Oakley?" asked one of the customers. "You don't speak it."

"I've seen it stated in the newspapers," retorted the indiscreet storekeeper, as though this settled the point for ever.

"In the 'Unionstad News?'" slyly asked a Boer.

"No, not in that rag; O'Flinnigan is too big a cur to say anything against the Dutch."

Then he went on to argue that the Taal had no traditions, no literature and no declensions.

"No what?" asked Van Ryn, who at this moment entered.

"Delusions," repeated Oakley.

"But, man, English hasn't any declensions, either."

"Hasn't it?" challenged Oakley. "Who says so?"

He was always ready to fight for the "Old Country," though very vague as to what were declensions.

"Of course, English hasn't any declensions, Dad." Annoyed at the whole incident Ned Oakley, the son, emerged from behind the counter and asked Van Ryn what he could do for him? They walked to the end of the store together, and Ned sold a three-legged pot, a claw hammer and a tin of paraffin oil.

"How's business?" asked Van Ryn.

"Oh, fair."

Ned glanced involuntarily towards his father's group, with a look that plainly said, "What can one expect with all this politics?"

Van Ryn made no comment, but he correctly interpreted the glance, and when he

passed out of the shop was thinking deeply.

It was a hot day in 1912. Ned Oakley went into the room at the back and pored over the ledger. He entered up Van Ryn's purchases, and then on the pretext of necessity drew his father from the still arguing group of embryo politicians. The head of the firm had to be handled carefully; once engaged in a dispute of this kind he could only be coaxed away, like a bull-dog from a fight. Ned was broader in his views and possessed an intelligence keener than his father's. Born and brought up in South Africa, he spoke Dutch fluently, and was able to understand the Boer point of view, almost to the point of sympathising with it. Pride of race kept him English; it was a sentiment stronger than his reason, which inclined to the view-point of the country.

In appearance the young man was quite English—neither sallow nor brown enough for one whose ancestors had inhabited South Africa; fair and frank in looks, more reserved than the average Afrikaner, and shyer, as well as more self-reliant. He was a good-looking fellow, too—tall, strong and bony, with a nice, manly voice and straight back, virile in every sense. To English ears his accent was a decidedly Colonial one; he spoke from the lips with half-shut mouth, more than from the open throat, and ended his phrases on a rising inflection distinct from the English tendency to fall. In other words, Ned Oakley was a prize specimen of the first generation usually produced by healthy English parents in South Africa. He was rounded off by the possession of a good business sense, the genius of his race, as the political sense is that of the Dutch.

Ned's father lacked the sane discretion that might have resulted had his parents immigrated earlier. He was too condescending to convert the Dutch, and too obstinate to be converted by them. But if Oakley had the defects of his race, he had also its qualities—a brave and honest heart, strict fairness in commerce, and pride to the point of heroism. He saw trade slipping from him because he would do nothing to woo the Boers or their business. In his dogged way he went along resolutely facing eventual bankruptcy.

"Narrow-minded lot of brutes," he said on entering the office.

Ned seized the opportunity. "Why waste your time arguing, Dad? We'll only lose business."

"That's where you're wrong, Ned," said his father, pretending to be happy. "These Dutchmen love politics so much that they'll come here just for the pleasure of an argument."

"Except those who go elsewhere. That crowd you entertained, what did they buy? Achteruit ate our dried peaches all the time he sat hatching that box of ostrich eggs. And if Van Koeker warms the sack of mealies any longer they'll be sprouting."

"I'm not going to let them get the better of me," roared Oakley. "Damn cheek to come here saying English is a bastard language borrowed and stolen from all over the world."

Ned shrugged his shoulders and said no more. It was very un-South African, he knew, to decline a debate on any question affecting the relative superiority of the Englishman over the Dutchman, or the Dutchman's language, his wife, his ox or his ass; but the study of the firm's books was a more urgent and serious matter. Pressing debits were heavy; long credits had been given to many of the Boers, and recently some of these had kept Oakley waiting far beyond the dates on which payment was due. It was one way of evening up the racial score. To enforce payment legally was difficult, even if Oakley could overcome the reluctance of his nature; but the traders at Capetown and Port Elizabeth had to be paid, for if the firm failed to meet his bills credit would be withheld and the business come to a full stop.

"How about going for Broekstap, father?" said Ned. "He can pay, but won't . . . that £100 will come in very useful on the first."

Oakley shook his head. "What can I do?" he answered. "His wife's had to have an operation . . . you can't push a poor devil in such circumstances."

And it was the same with any name that cropped up—the father always found some excuse for the malingerer, while business steadily went from bad to worse. Unionstad was too small to support anything—business, church, concert, newspaper—without the undivided help of the whole community; and Oakley had lost the Dutch custom almost completely. The store was overstocked; bills were due, liquidation stared them in the face. The bank would do nothing. Ned's intuition told him that the establishment which received their takings daily would be useful only until its help was needed. His father interviewed the manager, and came home a sadder but wiser man. Ned as a forlorn hope made an attempt, too, and learned that apparently the prime principle of banking is: "When a man needs an overdraft, it is time to take his business elsewhere."

As he came out, Ned passed in the passage an Indian who had recently hired at plot of land and erected on it a galvanised iron hut, which he used as a shop. "Excuse me, sar," said the fellow with the fez, "you Mistar Oakley Juniar?"

"Yes."

"You object to my colour, sar, for business proposal?"

Surprised, the young man stopped. "What business proposal?"

"I sometimes in the way of moneylender, sar. . . . Perhaps . . .?"

"You would lend me some?"

"If you wish, sar."

Ned controlled himself very well in the face of this extraordinary suggestion. Simulating interest, he asked: "What security do you suggest?"

"I take mortgage on your beesiness, sar," was the suave reply. "What you say, sar?"

"Go to hell, that's what I say."

Ned strode swiftly and angrily away. He was furious at the incident; for this coolie to make such a proposition was evidence that their difficulties were notorious in the dorp.

When his father heard of the Indian's offer he was equally incensed, on different grounds. He had not the South African's contempt for colour, but he ascribed to the coolie much of his present embarrassment.

Mahomet had opened his winkel at the psychological moment that Hertzog and Botha's political differences were beginning to split the Boers into two factions. Little by little the tiny business extended. There was no general store but Oakley's in Unionstad, and at first the Englishmen treated

the subjects of their great Eastern Empire as of no significance whatever. But some of the Hertzogites found Oakley's views so objectionable that they transferred their custom, first clandestinely, then openly. Mahomet proved to be a cheap and obliging little man, who not only knocked off liberal discounts and put in compliments and free chocolates for the children, but who agreed with everyone's political views and ambitions.

Soon the news spread that the coolie was 33 per cent. cheaper than Oakley, which was true; for his family formed the staff, and they all subsisted frugally on rice; living, eating and sleeping on the premises, while the Oakleys occupied a large house away from the store, and there employed two half-Hottentots, as well as several Kafirs and a white man in the business itself.

The coloured trade of Unionstad had already passed to the Orientals. This was a serious matter to Oakley's business—coming as it did just when the boycott of the extreme Dutch had so weakened his position, it proved the decisive nail in his coffin.

Only one thing could save their name and the goodwill of the business—an immediate sale. Ned said so to his father.

"What's the good of talking like that, Ned? Who's going to buy a bankrupt business at five minutes' notice?"

"Well . . . the Indian will for one," was the sarcastic reply.

"And you think I'd sell to a damned coolie!"

"I don't. But if he'd buy or lend money on the business it must have a value."

"Of course it's got a value," growled Oakley. "Stock in hand £5,000; there's £4,700 on the ledger—building—goodwill."

"Political connection," added Ned, who, like his father, had the English hatred of showing emotion, and hid his feelings of pity and sorrow behind a mask of flippancy. "Suppose I find a buyer," he continued, "what would you sell for, Dad?"

"Have you got a buyer in view, Ned?"

"Not that I know of . . . an idea, perhaps. How much for the place, lock, stock and barrel?"

"Bare cost," said the father, "that's all I ask—enough to pay off what I owe when the bills fall due next week."

"Righto," chirped Ned. He gaily pulled a light holland jacket over a heavy heart and went briskly down the street. A short walk brought him to a white-walled house with Dutch gables backing the brick-tiled stoep. Grape vines clustered everywhere, and as it was early summer only bunches of tiny green berries represented the purple and gold fruit that in two months' time would hang everywhere. The romance of these surroundings was brought into stronger relief by a brass plate beside the door, which bore the inscription—

JOHANNES VAN RYN, J.P.,

*Law, Estate and General Agent and Broker,
Sworn Translator and Valuator,*

Farms bought or sold.

Representative for the Transvaal Life and Fire Assurance, the Orphan Building Society, etc., etc.

Van Ryn was at home. "Hullo, Oakley, what have you come to see me about—money?"

"Yes" said Ned, "money."

"Allemag, but you're sharp on the nail, eh—how much do I owe you?"

"Oh, it's not that, I want a lot of money; much more than you owe us."

"Hullo," said Van Ryn. "What's up, business bad?"

"Yes."

"Ah ha . . . Jingo ideas don't pay, ah?"

"No."

"The Afrikanders don't buy so much from you now?"

"No."

"Where are your English friends?"

"There aren't enough of them," answered Ned frankly.

"So you come to me for money . . . why should I lend you father . . .?"

"I'm not asking you to lend money, Mr. Van Ryn." Ned's tone was proud and stubborn. "I want to know if you'd like to buy the business; everything as it stands, a going concern."

Van Ryn sat back in the riempje armchair and whistled. The he looked sharply at the boy. "Why do you come to me?"

"Because you've got money and because it needs an Afrikander to run the business to-day. You could make it pay—my father can't. Besides, you're interested in it."

"Interested, how?"

"You have mortgages on farms . . . people who owe us large sums, and now deal with the Indian."

"Why didn't your father come himself?"

"Oh . . . you and he'd probably argue politics all the time," said the boy. "I can do what's necessary."

"How much does your father want?"

"£5,000 for the stock, £3,000 for the building and goodwill . . ."

"Goodwill!" Van Ryn laughed loudly. "Goodwill! Allemag kerel, I'm sorry for you, but your goodwill has gone. How much is on the ledger—£5,000?"

"Nearly," said Ned, surprised at the accuracy of the guess.

"£13,000 altogether . . . too much . . . too much."

"Sorry," was Ned's comment. "It's the best we can do." He got up to go. "Let the bank liquidate the business for the merchants."

"Sit, man, sit!" said Van Ryn. "You English are all the same, so 'take-it-or-leave-it!'"

Ned did not pursue the shadow of a potential race debate, but stuck to the substance. They went into details; figures, how many carts and horses, percentage of bad debts, and so on. Finally Van Ryn said, "Perhaps for £7,500 I could arrange."

Once more Ned got up.

"Where are you going?" asked Van Ryn.

"To the Indian storekeeper!"

Van Ryn knew all about the coolie's ambitions, but did not know that the Oakleys knew. He feared and disliked the coming into Unionstad of these rice-eating Orientals, excellent and oily men of business, who played on every note in the gamut of human nature; buying, selling, lending and borrowing, always at a profit. Now they were cutting the rate of interest on loans, and a little mild usury was fast becoming a luxury of the past.

"What would your father's very lowest price be . . . supposing I could find the money?"

Ned saw that Van Ryn meant business, but he felt that £13,000 was more than the astute Boer would ever pay. After all, the bank would give him its assistance to acquire the stock and goodwill if the business went into liquidation, by doing which it would secure almost a monopoly of the finance of Unionstad, for Van Ryn had wide interests—mortgages, promissory notes and bills of exchange were constantly passing through his hands.

Having reflected for a few moments, Ned firmly answered, "£10,000."

Van Ryn sucked his pipe thoughtfully a little more and said: "I'd have to make certain conditions."

"What are they, Mr. Van Ryn?"

"Well, you mustn't open another store in the Unionstad district."

"That's fair."

"And then"—puff, puff—"your side must pay transfer fees, stamps and brokerage."

Brokerage, what brokerage?"

"I charge 2½ per cent. as agent in this deal, of course," said Van Ryn.

Ned laughed. "Oh, all right . . . I think I can persuade my father to stand it."

"There's one thing," pursued the elder man. "You must agree to stay with me for a time after I take over."

"Why, Mr. Van Ryn?"

"To show me a few things connected with the business. You see, I don't understand store-keeping."

"Father may agree to that, Mr. Van Ryn—it's his business and his sale—personally I am going to clear out of Unionstad."

"Ag, Oakley, sit down and have a cup of coffee."

Van Ryn went to the door and called out: "Sara, Sara, bring us two cups of coffee." He turned to Ned again: "Why do you want to go away from Unionstad?"

"Fed up! Too much politics."

"Where do you want to go?" said the old man with slyly twinkling eyes—"to Ireland?"

"I don't care," answered Ned, dully devoid of humour, "so long as I get away from this eternal bickering between Dutch and English."

"You stay with me," said Van Ryn, "and try how we get on together—you'll find me all right—we won't talk politics."

"No," was the set reply.

At this moment the coffee came in.

"Wasn't the maid there, Anita?" asked Van Ryn in Afrikaans.

"No, father." Anita indicated the sugar with a graceful movement of the hand. She was a smart-looking girl; tall, slim and not a bit gauche. Ned stared so obviously at her that Van Ryn was reminded that he had forgotten the introduction. "My daughter only came home from the Seminary this morning," he explained. "I forgot you did not know her."

"Oh, but I met Mr. Oakley years ago," said Anita.

She had a refined voice, and her accent was far less colonial than Ned's. Indeed, she spoke both English and the Taal with elegance.

Ned cried: "I remember. We used to play together on the Market Square."

"Yes," she answered, "but I couldn't speak English then, and you couldn't speak Afrikaans . . . can you now?"

"Oh, yes."

She went on: "I used to call you 'Engelsman' and 'Witkop,' and you called me 'Snub Nose.'" Then all of a sudden she stopped.

"Anita, fetch us some komfyt, will you?"

"Yes, father!"

As she went Ned saw the grace of her healthy walk, and she passed him sideways, revealing in profile a nose that was no longer snub.

For Ned all women in the world could be divided into two categories: those whose noses turned down and those whose noses turned up. Anita's nose had only the slightest tilt imaginable, but in the right direction. It went up.

Johannes Van Ryn, though astute politically and in business, knew nothing of this nasal psychology, or he might have been puzzled to know what to do just then. Obviously he wanted Ned to stay on at the store in order to keep the British and pro-

British connection. But if he had guessed that Anita's retroussé nose was the bait which attracted the boy, Van Ryn would as likely as not have given up his project completely. For, except in politics, he was an honourable man, who would have scorned the idea of employing the attractiveness of his daughter to help him in business.

Anita now entered with the komfyt. Ned had had time to recover, and behaved with such discretion that Van Ryn's mind easily transposed itself back to business. By a quick glance the boy saw Anita's brown hair and a few delicious freckles on each side of her nose.

"Well, now, kerel," said Van Ryn, when Anita had disappeared, "how about my little plan, hey? Suppose we say a year's agreement—afterwards you can make a fresh arrangements if don't like any more to work for me."

Ned swallowed the komfyt which at that moment filled his mouth.

"What salary?" he asked after the final gulp.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Father pays me £12 a month, but of course I live at home, and it's different for one's own family, isn't it?"

He might have added that the business would in time have become his.

"Well, look here"—Van Ryn stirred his coffee—"I'll give you £16 a month"—and, seeing dissatisfaction on the young man's face, he added, "and 5 per cent. of the profits."

"If my father accepts," said Ned, "I do." And they shook hands on the deal.

Then the boy went home to wrestle with his conscience and his father, two very stubborn Englishmen. They argued and contended for three days, during which on many occasion the transaction nearly fell through. But the memory of a slightly snubbed nose, splashed with freckles, was ever before Ned; and in the end his will prevailed, and the business passed into the hands of Johannes Van Ryn, with Ned Oakley nothing but a superior assistant, a position, in regard to a Boer, which his father considered almost degrading.

The Future of Verneuk

Due to Capt. Campbell's courageous enterprise South Africa possesses a big asset in the now proven suitability of Verneuk Pan for motor speed trials. Had only Capt. Campbell's achievement come a little earlier!

The Daytona Beach in America has proved to be a dangerous course for cars runnings at these high speeds. The disasters that befell Lockhart and Bible have proved it. With the sea at high tide washing the sands afresh day by day the laying down of a guiding line as a safety measure cannot be done. Thus there will always be immense danger attending speed bursts at Daytona.

Although rains make the track at Verneuk Pan impassable for some days, rainfall in the area is an exception. Consequently it needs only simple engineering work to make Verneuk Pan the centre of motor trials and South Africa the Mecca of aspirants for world speed honours. Heavy responsibility is thrown upon the Government and the motor trade of South Africa. The few thousands necessary to level away the mounds that proved obstructive to Captain Campbell will be money well spent. No Government can be expected to tackle the work, but it will be expected to back up enterprise initiated by the motor industry.

The next move lies with the leaders of the motor industry of South Africa—whichever country produces the cars they sell.

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The Siren Spirit of Verneuk Pan.



Will He Win Her?

Professional Pugs Protest

AGAINST THE BRUTALITY OF AMATEURS

Unfair Competition and "Scabbing."

By A SPECIAL REPORTER.

The Go-Easy League of Professional Pugilists met a few nights ago to discuss the serious position that was being created by the unfair competition of unlicensed and unbridled amateurs, rough-house fighters and football players. The meeting by acclamation appointed to the chair Mr. Cauliflower Heyers, the ex-heavyweight champion. On the chairman's right was Mr. Joe Socks, official press-agent for the G.E.L.P.P., on his left Mr. Jim Scrawl, the authorised booster of the Society for the Propagation of Payable Pugilism and Solecism.

In his opening remarks Mr. Cauliflower Heyers said they were gathered there as the outcome of what had appeared in the last issue of their official organ. Practically side by side with the vigorous protests of their pal Joe Socks (loud applause) were further reports of brutal free-fighting on the football field (shame!) What was to become of their honoured profession and of the repose which they were entitled to if this sort of thing went on? (Hear, hear.) What right had these blooming Rugby players to use their hands? They were supposed to use their feet. Let those dirty scabs stick to their own foul flesh (loud cheers) and not come taking the bread out of the Professional Pug's gold front teeth (sustained applause and cries of "knock their b——y blocks off.")

GIVING THEM SOCKS.

Mr. Joe Socks vigorously supported the champion. He had the strongest personal reasons for objecting to the activities of these bare-knuckle, brutal and bloody amateurs (ecstatic cries) because they had been the cause of his paper, the official organ, being "scooped" by The Sjambok, a paper that was unsportsmanlike enough to write grammatically about the noble art (groans). Mr. Socks called on his old friend Jim Scrawl of the S.P.P.S. & S. to support his remarks, but before abandoning the platform stoutly said: "I object to these private brawlers in every way. They go fighting free, gratis and for nothing, try to absolutely knock each other out and then have the nerve to openly talk about appearing in the same ring as decent, law-abiding, ladylike boxers. Personally I will never stand for such hot air or foggy philosophy—I'd rather chuck up read-an-writerature and play football.

"'Ear, 'ear," cried Mr. Jim Scrawl, whose pen initials are known to every member of the G.E.L.P.P. and to several other readers also. "Down with these scabs."

"Fighters who fight and writers who rite," cried Mr. Scrawl . . . "what are we comin' to?"

SPOILING THE PUBLIC.

With deadly logic Mr. Chesty Smith, the ex-featherweight champion, exposed the evil of the non-union pugilist. "First," said Mr. Smith, "he teaches the public to expect free fighting. Then he teaches 'em to expect fierce fighting. If everybody has the right to put up his dukes and knock the other man about—how are we going to get our living? (hear hear). What with the cost of larger and softer boxing-gloves, of eider-down padded-floors, of morphia, of easy-chairs and of wadded ropes for 36 feet rings, fight-promoting has become no easy task. Some of these Toms, Dicks and Harry think the can teach the experts to properly promote a fight, but I can assure the meeting that a man who can't split an infinitive (or a large bottle after the show) hasn't much hope of splitting the gate receipts 75—25. Let him try it and see . . ."

Loud and sustained applause greeted the speech of Mr. Chesty Smith and he sat down flushed with proud emotion.

Monsier Cod, the French fish-weight champion, expressed in broken English the pleasure it gave him to be among such gallant, charming 'sportsmen. They were all *tres correct, tres polis, tres charmant* . . . in fact he liked the Golden City better than Gay Paree. In his native city, said M. Cod, pugilists were compelled to box in most brutal manner. They mauled each other dreadfully and if they didn't do so were themselves mauled by the public "Ici . . . 'ere I mean, it ees so vaery different. We are all good fraends; nobody 'urt somebody else. Munoz and Jacobsohn be'ave like paerfec gentlemen; McCork 'ee make so sure not to 'urt Maurer . . . he fight with one hand onlee! 'Ee's a very nice boy . . . the onlee

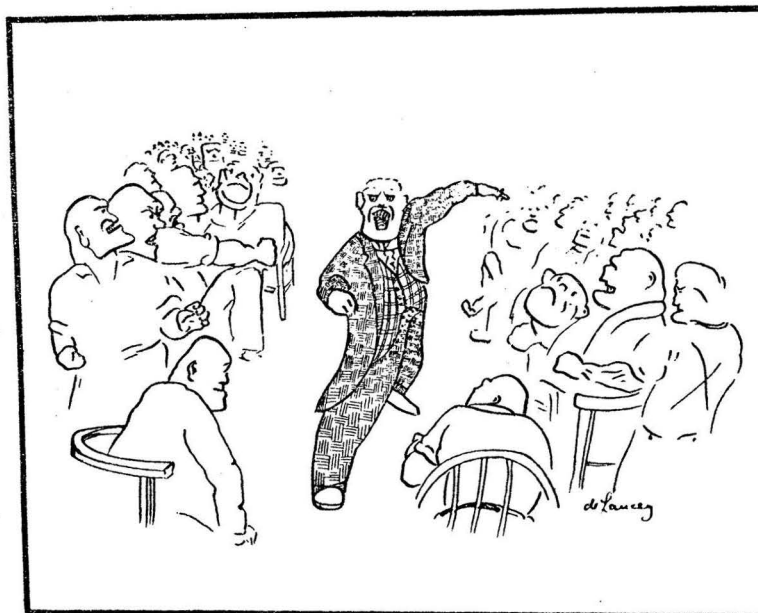
unpleasant thing to fight 'im as *la prononciation* of his name. If I want to speek 'don't hit so 'ard' I cant say McCorkindale queek enough."

"Whats to be done about it?" asked Mr. Sleepy Soper, the flea-weight champion. "Let's cut the bleedin' cackle and parse some b——y resolution."

"We don't want no parsing here," interrupted Mr. Jim Scrawl, obviously horrified at the suggestion.

A discussion then ensued as to the steps to be taken for proper protection of Ladylike Pugilism. Some adherents of the G.O.L.P. suggested that Mr. Solly Joel be asked to close up all the kopjes and veld owned by his company, so that unladylike bruisers like Ingram and Cunningham could not give further displays of brutality . . . free. But a member asked if Mr. Solly Joel really was a pal to the Go-Easy League? He had been heard to express a wish for his money back after seeing the Eustace-Burns indaba.

"DOWN GLOVES!"



The chairman, Mr. Brockley Heyers, popularly known as Cauliflower, introduces the burning subject nearest to the heart of his fellow-pugs.

"What a pity Major Trigger's not head of the Police Force any longer," remarked Mr. Chesty Smith. "He could have locked up Cunningham and Ingram for a breach of the peace."

The meeting finally passed with unanimity the following motion (a) That Roy Ingram and Bill Cunningham be barred for ever from fighting; (b) that the Press be requested to abstain from any meddling with occult matters that involve the very existence of the Go-Easy League of Prof. Pugs; (c) that football players be invited to use no weapons above the belt and to leave the use of hands to the G.E.L.P.P. who understood the gentlemanly and innocuous use of the said weapons; (d) that if further "scabbing" be indulged in the members of the Go-Easy League pledged themselves to "down gloves."

It was agreed that a fraternal cable at the expense of the G.E.L. be sent to the past Grand Master, Phil Scott, the horizontal champion of the world, informing him of the proceedings and wishing him luck in his next flight.

The Telephone Conversations of Jeremiah.

Black People on the London Stage

By STEPHEN BLACK.

[Every South African has seen or has heard of Jeremiah, the Educated Bantu in "Helena's Hope, Ltd."
This product of our civilisation will continue his conversations in the columns of "The Sjobok."]



"Sakoobona Jeremiah!"

"Hail smiling morn! How the Deekens are you today Josuah?"

"Oh awfully first-class at Lloyds."

"You have taken your yeast-tablets then? Personally I dreenk always my yeast at night; the effect is very soothing on the nervous action . . . unless the detectives get hold of you. Now of course what I want to know is why the white man can storp ourselves from gazing upon the yeast while it is brown in the cup. There is too much col-lision with our desires and if the white man can eat yeast tablets why can't we drink yeast liquids?"

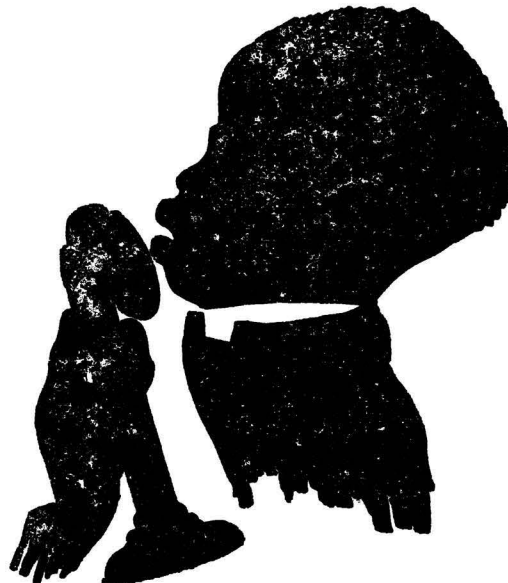
"Yebo. Ehé. Yes, indeed, why?"

"Another theeng, Josuah, I read in my favourite journal, "The Star," on Saturday last that the white man cry out like hellabaloo because there are sixty five of my colour and yours acting in a play by the name of "Porgy" before the London peeples. My word what a definite un-justice, because I myself was cogitating very hard upon the problem of expediting abroad a select band of brother natives to appear before the King and Queen and Prince of Wales of England, and all the Royal Family and the Editor of 'The Star.'"

"But 'The Star' Jeremiah is here!"

"Yes, of course, but we could give a Dress Rehearsing of our concert to this the local constellation before departure for foreign shores. Already I have draughted the bill and it is now in the course of printing by The Star Office:—

Oh yes, oh yes!
Come all you Black Bottoms!
Song and Dance and Whatnot.
A penny for your thoughts
and sixpence to come in.
Here we are, here we are.
The Joburg Koons.
Coffee and Tee.
Gayrls also.
Admission 6 pence.
The Ladies of Ceremony are:
The fasceenating
Sara Mapanzi
Lily Mnyama
Amabella Mabonga
Come yee, come yee.
At the piano—Myself.
Sekretary and Treasure—Yourself.



"My Jove Jeremiah what a serenacious advert! You are positively a leetle Kokran."

"Thank you dear friend. Yes I am pretty hort stuff on the literature side because I have been following the acteevities of 'The Star' and know all the rope. When I get to the town called London I will inundate the Press there with abrasions from my faithful fountain of ink and hope to paralise the entire population with my fecundity."

"Have you been to see the Local Theatres yet, the one they call Trust?"

"No Josuah because there are natives employed of your colour and mine who have no respect for the source of inspiration. I went once to see the baas Mr. Schlesinger but he conveyed to me a presumptuous reply and when I protested, a black fellow there in the theatre said he was a watchman and would tshaya me over the head if I did not go away. So I did not want to see any more Stars, one for twopence being sufficient unto the day and I went therefore upon my way. But we shall get to London, you and I and Vil 'Nkomo with Kadalie, because already I read of a negress being there and very famous."

"Which one wetu?"

"The one they call Negri from the Polar Regions of America."

"Oh yes?"

"Yes Josuah, we shall reveal our talents to the English people who love the black man, their brother. We shall display our intricate Jazz and Black Bottoms and I shall speak upon the subject of the Church's one foundation."

"But Jeremiah are you sure that the Prime Ministers of South Africa, Hertzog and the Bishop and Mr. Stielman Roos and all that crowd will allow us to sail away Homeward bound for London?"

"If they don't my dear friend, we shall rupture the constitution. We shall appeal to our Comrade Bunting and the Union Jack, and raise a Hellofindaba. What is the good to praise the Lord in song and dance if we can't demonstrate thus in public houses with people? Free speech Josuah is the rightberth of every black and white man and if we don't get free speech . . .?"

"What? Haven't you finished. I'm going to cut you off."

"Damn it all—axchange again. If we don't get free speech . . . if we don't get free speech . . . we won't pay for the damn telephone!"

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THE PARTING. By J.L.

As I entered the building yesterday the caretaker stopped me.

"Are you leaving Johannesburg?" he asked, in the hoarse stage-whisper which caretakers love to affect. I had given notice at the beginning of the month.

"Yes," I told him.

"When?"

"Oh, sometime next week.

"Ah, yes," he husked meditatively, and I was about to pass him when he added, "What are you doing with your furniture?"

I had not liked to think of the matter. What does one do with one's furniture when one goes away. "Sell it, I suppose," I said, helplessly. "Would you like to buy it?"

"Well, I'll come in and have a look at it," he said.

I looked at him with greater appreciation than I had done during the two years I had lived in the building. I was not very anxious to sell the furniture. It was all in oak, not very modern, but full of dignity and, to me, of real beauty. Still, one could not take it all over the country with one, and I was very relieved at the ready prospect of being able to dispose of it to a man I could like. We entered, and he looked round.

"Quite nice," he said, and my heart warmed to him as I looked with affection at the articles. "It's really better than I need. What do you want for it?"

"Well, I really don't know. What do you think it's worth?"

"What did you pay for it?"

"About ninety pounds, I think."

"Yes, it's quite a nice suite. Oak, I see. Teak is all the go now, of course. But it's a nice suite. Now, what do you think is a fair price for it?"

"I haven't the least idea," I said somewhat shortly, for I was nettled at his depreciation of my oak. He examined each article again, and I began to feel as though I were party to an act of vandalism. I wished he would go away.

"Quite nice," he said, not appearing to notice that I was becoming restive. "Secondhand, of course, but quite nice. I was at an auction sale the other day and a suite which was nearly new was sold for five pounds."

I jumped. Arranging some papers on my table I said, in a tone of finality, "Well, you think it over and let me know what it's worth to you." I was surprised that I could ever have thought kindly of the man.

But he did not seem to notice me at all, and went on as though I had not spoken. "Of course, that suite was nowhere near so good as yours," he said, "but it would serve my purpose. Yes, five pounds." His hateful voice remained silent for a while. "I was at another sale," he then went on, "and I saw another suite, a much better one, sold for nine pounds."

"Well, think . . ." I began, wholly exasperated now; but still he went on. "Of course," he said, "I would not offer as little as that for yours. This furniture is quite good, too good for my purpose; but at another auction sale . . ."

I could bear it no longer. "You think it over and make me an offer," I interrupted him loudly, going to the door. "I've got to rush off now. Just lock up when you've had a look round."

With that I left him, and I have been afraid to go back since.

I am now looking for a Home for Beloved but Super-abundant Furniture, where such articles are well looked after for a small fee and where their owners can call on visiting days to imbibe the inspiration of a one-time sentiment from their old household gods.

The Sjambok's Record Success

—:o:—

First Issue Completely Sold Out Tributes from all over South Africa

—:o:—

The appearance of The Sjambok last Friday created quite a sensation. Orders for the paper poured in from all parts of South Africa as soon as the first copies were seen, and before we went to press with this issue not a copy of No 1 was obtainable. Newsagents all over the Union have doubled their orders—"it is the brightest paper seen in South Africa for many years" is the general verdict.

The Sjambok came out with little preparation or blowing of trumpets. It made a modest, almost timid, appearance before a public more used to its Editor in another sphere. It made no magniloquent promises or declarations of policy, but left the public to judge its aims and intentions.

The greatest tribute paid to The Sjambok was by those who said after seeing No. 1—"they can't keep it up."

Another compliment was the invitation of well-meaning friends to raise the price to 3d. **Although we sell every copy of The Sjambok at a loss of more than two pence the price will not now be raised.**

The public supported us and until time has proved the support insufficient for the existence of the paper, the price will remain at what it is.

Flattering and generous tributes to the excellence of The Sjambok have come from all over South Africa. Letters have poured in. "There is room for your bright, honest and fearless views on life," says one influential man. "You prove that it is not necessary to be dull in order to be honest."

"The Star" and "The Rand Daily Mail" both published handsome appreciations of their stinging but unmalicious little rival.

We are grateful for these tributes and hope to continue to deserve them. That is all we have to say.

STEPHEN BLACK.



SHORT IN THE WAIST.

Have tailors all the world over the niggling habit of pinching (there's no other word for it) cloth from their clients' waistcoats? I have had clothes made in many different towns and countries, and everywhere find I have been fobbed off for cloth in the waist-line. If I were a fat man, or had a pot-belly, I would understand, if not condone the offence. But I have a wretchedly lean waist. And yet there is always cloth short.

The worst is that the tailor is so infernally persuasive and insidious. No matter how badly you were done the last time, he is able to make you believe that "this time it will be all right." When he fits you on and you object, or murmur, or protest, he strokes your stomach and swears the fit is perfect. "They don't wear them lower than that, sir."

But a woman who knows tells me the secret is that the tailor can just squeeze a suit out of what is called a suit length, and that if he gives you any more cloth at the end of the waistcoat he has to buy another bit.

LANGLEY LEVY OR HEDLEY CHILVERS?

But why does a man 50 inches round the chest and 60 round the waist pay the same price for a suit as a light-weight jockey? As a rule business men are wide-awake to the chances of squeezing a bit extra out of circumstances, yet they allow the circumference of a giant to pass without protest or overcharge.

DOES JO'BURG RUN TO FAT?

Is our climate conducive to obesity? Women seem to think so. Or at least they excuse themselves on these grounds. But critics say the Kafir house boy is largely responsible for

the comfortable lines of "meesees." She doesn't do enough work. I was talking to a pretty woman one day "When first I came out to South Africa," she said, "I was warned: 'It's a wonderful country but do take care not to get fat.' It is extraordinary how women out here lose their figures!"

"But why?" I asked. "It is not a hot climate, and South African women aren't, like some races, naturally inclined to stoutness."

EAT, RIDE AND BE MERRY.

But since my arrival I have understood why women here, especially those past the age of thirty, put on so much flesh. First of all they seem to spend their lives in tea-rooms eating cream cakes—except when they are playing bridge at friends' houses—and instead of walking to the scene of play they take the car. In fact they take the car for everything. They wouldn't dream of walking even a few steps. Driving is so much simpler. They stare at those eccentric people who occasionally walk to town from the suburbs, which is a pleasant half hour's stroll, and think them heroes—or fools.

The South African women so dislike exerting themselves that they will stand the whole way in a tram rather than collect sufficient energy to climb the few steps that separate them from an empty seat. And, as in addition the cheapness and efficiency of native servants dispenses with all work and worry for white women, is it strange that they are not as slight as their hard-worked European sisters? It is not fair to blame South Africa for this.

INEVITABLE ERNEST.

A symphony in pale brown passed the other morning by the green sward

that lies between the City Hall and Nigger Heaven. How beautifully the tones of that exquisitely tended figure harmonised with the turf. As artistic as one of Gregoire Boonzaier's studies in still life, thought I. And sure enough on looking closer I saw the brown bald head of Ernest Lezard, doubtless on his way to "The Star" Offices. For there was next day to be a sale of Volschenk's work.

THE NEW LAY-OUT!!!

What are they going to call the setting in which I found Ernest Lezard? It can't continue to be styled "west of the City Hall." Not even the poetic term employed by a Tramway Inspector: "the new lay-out." "Once Market Square" would be better than nothing, but I suppose Edgar Wallace Square or Langley Levy Oblong will be most fitting when the new Palace of Literature blots out the literature of nature, those exquisite plane trees and that lovely open square. It is sad to think of what the Editor of the Sjambok shall look out upon in the near future. And yet . . . and yet . . . there shall be this sweet consolation—that the site for the new library was the one thing upon which "The Star" and "The Sunday Times" ever agreed.

ANOTHER BEAUTY SPOT.

The care and thought that is necessary in town planning could never be better exemplified than by the hideous way that the entrance of the Law Courts are set on Von Brandis Square. Instead of facing Kruis Street, as they obviously ought to, the portals of Justice are set on one side. They match the name Kruis Street (Cross Street) certainly if they match nothing else. But why not add to the descriptive nomenclature and call the spot Cock-Eyed Square?

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The People's Pulpit

Little Letters to the Editor

"Animal Lover" writes: I hadn't heard what Ferdinand of Burgaria said about us, until reading The Sjambok, but how true it is! We really are dreadful in the way we kill and torture animals. Spaniards are no worse really. The thing I most liked in England on my visiting there was the humanity shown to animals everywhere and it seems to me that a nation which can be kind to dumb, unresisting creatures has a spiritual quality that is absent from crude races who kill them. We South Africans don't think enough about such things. Ferdinand of Burgaria has gone up in my esteem—he has more good in him than I had thought.



Ferdinand of Burgaria.

* * *

Expensive Monthly Travelling.

Why can't monthly tickets be bought for buses and trams on the Rand? Surely something is wrong with a system by which people living ten miles out of town may spend all their lives, if they like, travelling on the railways for 26s a month; while those who live in the suburbs a mile from Johannesburg must pay more than that to go to and from town twice daily? Everybody can't afford to lunch at the Carlton.

"A Yeoville Jong."

Poor Whites on the S.A.R.

"Uitlander" has a kick. He says:

An English-speaking foreman of a working party of cheap labourers employed on railway construction recently told the gang in shaky Dutch what he thought of their work. In protest one of the once poor whites wrote to the Minister of Railways strongly objecting to the rudeness of the rooinek boss concluding his appeal for protection by saying: "After all Mynheer Minister you know we are the backbone of the country."

He goes on thus:

A medical officer had to be appointed for the working party on new railway construction. The nearest kosher Nationalist doctor lived 75 miles away but he got the job. One of the workmen smashed a leg and it took three days to fetch the official doctor and have the fractured limb set. Then an epidemic broke out and a local doctor had to be called in so that double medical fees were paid.

Who Will Lash Nafte?

Writes "Thinking Woman":—The Sjambok would like to know whether some of the benevolent Christians who insist that Nafte should receive the lash would be prepared to do the lashing themselves. I know nothing about this barbaric practice—which I believe is horrible—but I do know something about human nature and I am prepared to make a substantial bet that out of a thousand people, the ordinary everyday men and women whom we all know, there are at least a hundred who, if they could go incognito, would be present and who would pay heavily to be present at this dreadful scene. And out of every hundred I am convinced there would be at least one who would relish administering the torture if he were allowed to do so.

Painless Strangulation.

"A Woman of Thirty" says:—In your article on the life of Isadora Duncan are you not a little unjust to God? For once he hardly deserves the adjective "sinister." Looked at from a prosaic, commonplace point of view, Isadora Duncan's death was a happy release. At the end of her resources and long past the early glory of her art, she—who was above all things a woman—was get-

ting old! Mercifully God put an end to her life in the most painless way he has yet devised. The famous dancer was going for a motor ride, the scarf round her neck caught in the wheel of the car and she was instantly dead. Could anything be more wonderful? [How can "A Woman of Thirty" know strangulation is painless?—Ed.]

* * * *

Liquor License Absurdities.

"How's this for sheer stupidity? A lady slipped down the steps of one of our big Kinemas and hurt herself. Her husband took her to a nearby restaurant for restorative brandy. He was refused a supply on the ground floor as ladies are only served on the floor above. In her fainting condition it was impossible to get her up the two flights of stairs. Yet the husband was refused permission to carry a drink to her from the men's bar downstairs, and upstairs was told he could only get a drink for his wife if she came upstairs. "Brandy, brandy everywhere—but not a drop to drink" for a lady in dire distress! In these days of women's rights this is a wrong that should not be tolerated. That is all I will say. The husband uses much stronger words!"

"Common Sense."

* * * *

Mail Night—A Suggestion.

The delivery of the English Mail into P.O. Boxes on Tuesday nights is a highly appreciated postal arrangement. Hundreds of people frequent the P.O. Box corridors between 8 o'clock and the hour when the postal staff have notified that Mail letters will be sorted. But often the mail is finally sorted long before the hour stated on the notice board. Yet a lot of people not knowing this hang about hoping for some keenly expected letter. Is it not possible to put up a signal in the corridor that will tell the public when the last letter has been sorted. Say a small electric light, which could be shown white the moment letters began to be put into the boxes, and changed to red when the sorting had finished. Then we could all go home satisfied that we had all the mail that was coming to us—until the following Tuesday.

"Box 606."

"THE DORP"

By Stephen Black.

Our Serial Story of racial life in a Dorp.

"The Dorp," though published as a novel, and now for the first time as a serial, was conceived by its author as a comedy of life and manners. It will later be produced as a play.

A PRIZE OF £25

will be given by "The Sjambok" for the best Stage Scenario of "The Dorp."

CONDITIONS.

(a) *The play must contain not more than 12 characters and the action must pass if possible in one scene or at the most three.*

Eliminate all characters unessential to the action of the novel and the author's underlying idea. Between scenarios of equal merit the award will be given to the one having the fewest characters and simplest setting.

(b) *The Editor of "The Sjambok" will be the sole judge and his decision must be accepted as final.*

(c) *The author reserves the right to use the winning scenario, or not, as he judges fit, when producing "The Dorp." In case of use the name of the prize winner will be published.*

Begin reading the Novel to-day

Competitors desirous of purchasing "The Dorp" in its bound original state can do so by writing to this office.

<p>Printers of :</p> <p>The Sjobok.</p> <p>The S.A. Merry-Go-Round.</p> <p>South African Rail- ways and Harbours Magazine.</p> <p>Nongqai.</p> <p>S.A. Motorist.</p> <p>Zionist Record.</p> <p>Mining & Industrial Magazine.</p> <p>Rhodesian Mining Journal.</p> <p>S.A. Mining Review.</p> <p>Municipal Magazine. Etc., Etc.</p>	<p>Technical Press</p> <p>LIMITED</p> <p><i>Specialists in</i></p> <p>PUBLICATION</p> <p>PRINTING</p> <p>• •</p> <p>2a Harrison Street</p> <p>Johannesburg</p> <p>P.O. Box 6315. Phone 7203-4</p>
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