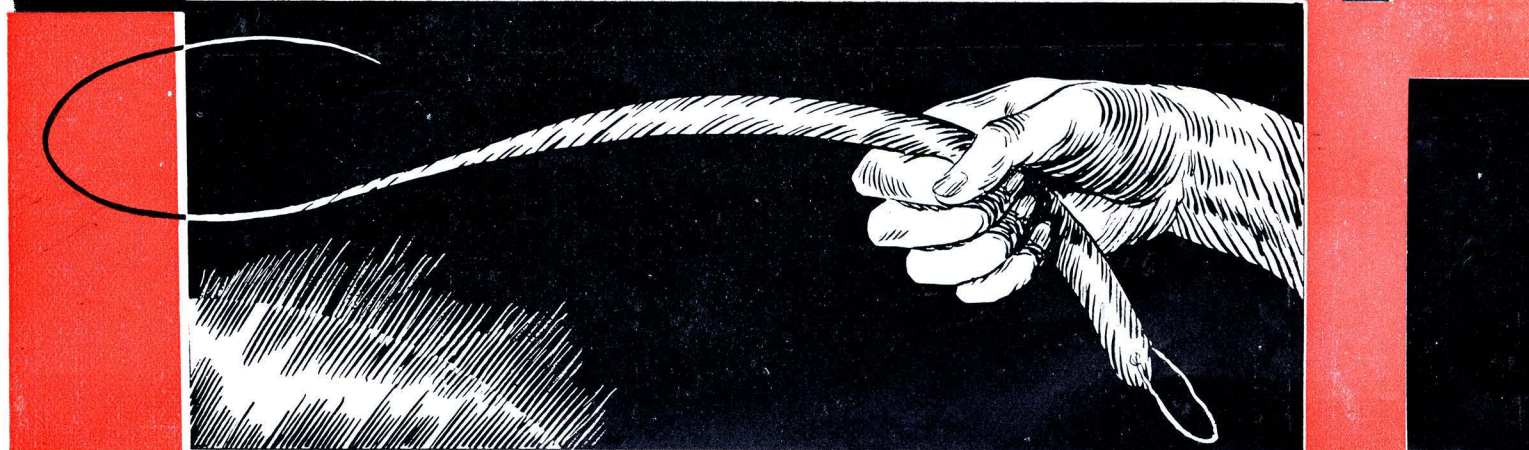


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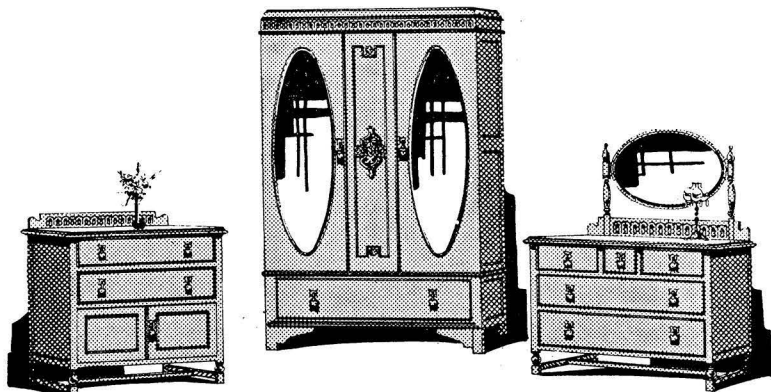


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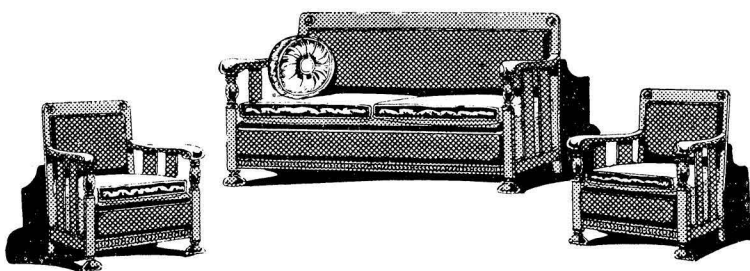
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SJAMBOK FLICKS

ALAS, POOR HUBERT!

It is to be hoped that some of the ardent sportsmen, as well as money grubbing cane-growers, down Durban way who called for the death of Hubert the Hippo will have been duly shamed by the remarks of Ferdinand, the ex-King of Bulgaria, upon our “awful shooting of animals.”

Ferdinand of Bulgaria was never considered by South Africans to be much of a milk-blood; indeed, during the Great War he was execrated—perhaps wrongly—as a cruel and foxy tyrant of sanguinary tendencies.

* * * *

Yet Ferdinand is shocked at the inhuman butchery of animals and trees that goes on in Africa:

I saw a herd of elephants . . . those big pachyderms seemed so gentle that it is horrible to think of persecuting them. That is the strange contrast in this country—so much development and culture, and then this awful shooting of animals. The shooting of animals and destruction of forests . . . this is not culture.

To be indicted as barbarians by Ferdinand of Bulgaria . . . that is the crowning humiliation! And rightly indicted.

* * * *

For was it not shameful to read of the goading and persecution of that harrassed hippopotamus by a mob of howling humans? Or to hear the craven fear of planters that a few bits of their cane might be nibbled by

a harmless creature, or lest some scorching motor cyclist collide with Hubert on a dark night?

Thank God the decent people in our country have prevailed, and for the time being, at all events, Hubert is at peace in a pool of muddy water.

* * * *

BARBARISM IN BUILDINGS.

To the inferno of Johannesburg's modern noise, to the row that has hushed the roar of a hundred thousand rock-reducing stamps, and of a hundred pocket-reducing book-makers, I found the other morning in the yard of a residential building that they had added the barbaric sport of smashing up packing cases at 4 a.m.! Bang! bang! bang!!! bashed Jim Fish and Charley Madoda.

* * * *

WHY?

Because the zealous couple had to light up fires for the tenants' hot baths.

Perhaps it was not surprising that the boys hadn't thought of breaking up wood during the day for their nocturnal fires, but it says little for our pseudo civilisation and culture that we permit barbarians to run amok among packing cases at an hour when many poor devils are only dropping off to sleep.

* * * *

MORE ROW!

Now I hear there is an official suggestion afoot to add to these horrors of the night by the unloading and un-

packing of cases of merchandise only between the hours of sunset and dawn.

* * * *

WELL, WELL!

I know that packing cases strewn all over the public stoeps and pavements of the city are a nuisance, but what about the sleepers in adjacent flats and buildings if Jim Fish and Co. are to be let loose with jemmies, hammers and chisels at night?

* * * *

We are often accused of being a particularly dishonest town. Is the charge based on any substance?

Here, however, is an episode that came under my notice last week. A thoughtless little girl conveyed a brass electric kettle to town by tram from the suburbs. Of course, she left it behind her! But she remembered it immediately afterwards, and spent the rest of her sad day alternately weeping and visiting the Tramway Offices and Lost Property Department.

She had left her bulky package practically at the end of the line, and the tram was already nearly empty. . . . Yet the kettle has not been heard of since, and the little girl has to buy another. There must have been a very alert and enterprising and particularly mean sneak thief on the watch that day. I wonder who it is?

* * * *

A STRANGE PRACTICE.

As we know, coal is very cheap in South Africa. And perhaps the S.A. Railways are under the impression

that by planting it along the line it will take root and become even more plentiful, for at intervals of about fifty yards on either side of the track all over the country lie large lumps of coal.

Who is responsible for all this? Whoever it is can doubtless give some very good reason for this curious practice and seemingly extraordinary wastefulness. Any competent statistician would prove that there is enough coal scattered daily in the Union to keep Hell hot for a year.

* * * *

Writes a Visitor:—

Probably the worst motor drivers in the world congregate in South Africa, and the most reckless of these come to Johannesburg. This is from my own observation; but it has been corroborated by many of the inhabitants of this city. Indeed, they seem proud of the number of accidents that occur here in the course of a year, and seemingly do their best to encourage them. For one thing, all the streets are main streets, so all cars have the right of way as far as speed is concerned, and there is no real traffic control. The electric robots somehow don't seem to have the intelligence to arrest drivers that ignore their orders. Besides, at night, when many of the accidents happen, the robots are off duty. Then again no motorist would dream of paying the least attention to the white lines that are supposed to warn them in turning dangerous corners. I believe that any driver keeping to the left of these divisions is given the white feather as a reward. At night the lighting of the town is deficient in brightness; but, as probably Johannesburg will not be here in a thousand years' time, it is perhaps hardly worth while going to the expense of altering this now.

Fortunately, there are only three hundred and something thousand inhabitants in Johannesburg, and they do not all drive at the same time. Therefore, the number of accidents is limited, but even so there are quite enough to make the annual fortunes of those doctors who have the capital to establish themselves at the street corners.

* * * *

AN ECHO OF THE GREAT SHOW.

Some people really are extraordinary. They pay 2s. 6d. to be allowed to enter the show grounds, but when they are in do they throng round the pens containing the prize stock or do eager crowds study the numerous mechanical appliances now so essential in agriculture? Not a bit of it. They go into the buildings containing the ordinary commercial goods that are to be found in any shop window

in Johannesburg. Here are crowds of people gaping at imitation leather work or blotchy pieces of dyed material when they might be making friends with some of the very friendly horses in the loose boxes, whose skins are more beautiful in colour and texture than any example of man's handiwork can ever hope to be. They jostle and push each other to admire a bottle of peaches or a tray of raisins, which they could look at for nothing in a grocer's shop. They hang round a corner where gramophones are blaring forth some of the newest jazz, while they could be attending to the intimate conversations of the latest things in fashionable ducks and geese; or scratching the back of some comfortable old sow and listening to her grunts of appreciation. People should be allowed, of course, to enjoy their own tastes. Only why the expense and trouble of going to the show ground.

* * * *

SAD, BUT TRUE.

To read a newspaper of twelve or fifteen years ago gives one a shock. How changed everything is! How the values have altered. The war news, which was perhaps never so important as we imagined, is of no interest now. It lacks humanity. But what of this girl of twenty who attempted to commit suicide because her fiance had been killed? Is she married now to another man? She must be middle-aged. Does she remember her youthful despair? Or has it been buried by the less romantic but more deadening troubles of everyday life?

Here is the report of a dog show. Generations of dogs have grown old since then. The fashions! How they have altered! Why is it that the dress of two or three decades past is always so unbecoming? Even little things like gloves, handbags, umbrellas are all dowdy and unattractive.

And the theatres and books. The Art Galleries and concerts that were reviewed. All are gone, of no importance. Yet the heartache that went with every effort was as intense as if it had been of the utmost value to something or somebody. It is depressing, so let us turn to the papers of seventy, eighty, a hundred years ago. We were not alive then. The world did not really matter. It was merely "History," a story of other beings . . . but this is unpleasant; it insists too cruelly that in another seventy, eighty, a hundred years we will not matter either.

* * * *

*THEY DO IT BETTER IN
CAPETOWN.*

Johannesburg has a feeling of pity and sometimes of contempt for the

slow souls of Capetown, yet in many ways the Sleepy South is ahead of us. One thing they do much better down there is the way they sell books of bus tickets. Every conductor carries a stock, and as soon as you feel disposed to buy he will politely sell you a book of tickets at a reduction of 33 1/3 per cent. Here the reduction is infinitesimal, the inducement to thrift being the magnificent one of about a farthing per ride! And the inconvenience of having to go to a window at the Town Hall, and to stand in a queue, added to the risk of losing or tearing an occasional ticket or a whole bookful of tickets . . . No, they do this better in Capetown and Port Elizabeth.

* * * *

BONGA, THE S.A. RAILWAYS!

For that very excellent institution, the South African Railways, we have a great and patriotic esteem; nevertheless, it does things of an irritating and at times almost illegal nature. Worst of all, in the blessed language of America, "it gets away" with them.

Here is one of the railway habits:

Theatrical companies on long tours are charged as much per night for the use of bedding as are private individuals for a short journey, even though the unfortunate mummies take their beds by the month. And not alone this, but the proprietor of the company, though he never see or use a bed, is held responsible for whatever goes wrong. For months after a tour has ended long letters are typed in the railway offices upon the subject of a stray blanket that should have been collected at Bokfontein but which only swam into the railway ken at Pensenpootjespoort.

* * * *

THE ARTFUL S.A.R.

You see, they have a very artful system on the S.A. Railways, and they expect the public to carry it out for them. If a railway employe forgets or neglects to gather up your bed the morning after you have finished with it, somebody else gathers it up somewhere else, and you are asked to pay from the date you should have . . . Oh, it's much too complex for me to explain.

Anyhow . . . with ordinary passengers they can't easily collect these forgotten sums, but with a theatrical company it's so easy! They just keep on bombarding the harassed impresario about the sins of his leading lady's great-grandmother until the wretched man gets up in the middle of a freezing winter's night and writes out a cheque.

Is the unlucky Captain Campbell "backing another loser" when he talks of bringing a dirt track team to South Africa next year? The dirt track craze looks as if it will die in the very near future . . . the fate of all crazes.

* * *

Middelburg (Tvl.) which is one of the best run little towns in the Union, with a live Mayor and an anti-racial Council, has just refused to grant an application made for the construction of a dirt track on the old Wanderers' cycle track there. Middelburg holds that (a) the site is unsuitable (b) that dirt track racing is dangerous. Dangerous for financier's pockets?

* * *

"Every young person should try to form a small select library of his own," said the Rev. Bruce Gardiner, the other night. "Many books could be borrowed from libraries or friends . . ."

They are. That's the reason we are not lending any more.

* * *

Gladys Cooper, the actress, earned much praise for prevailing upon her audience to remain in the Playhouse Theatre in face of a disturbance.

It certainly is difficult to keep audiences there for the whole of a play, many actresses find.

Theatrical impresarios are of the opinion that the greatest artists are those who can start a panic in the inverse sense. An alarm of fire outside a theatre might with advantage be tried one of these slack nights.

* * *

Talking about fires—a 19 years old Free Stater has just been sentenced for arson at Frankfort (O.F.S.) and Mr. Justice Botha, according to The Star, pointed out the seriousness of the offence.

* * *

We understand that this has given great annoyance and that a deputation will shortly wait on the Attorney General of the Free State to protest.

* * *

BEDSIDE MANNERS.

Admiring Onlooker: Do you see that fine-looking man over there? He's a great specialist in fractures.

Excited Lady: "Some distinguished Surgeon?"

Admiring Onlooker: No . . . he's been married six times.

He: I love you my darling, just as you love me!

She: Oh . . . is that all?

* * *

Takhaar Boer (*up for the Show*): Magtig, this man Mr. Co must be rich eh! He's name is on every winkel in Johannesburg.

* * *

"An indignant citizen has taken time by the forelock for, hearing last week that The Sjangbok was going to be started, he has already sent in a most scathing letter on the subject of what he styles "many of the blackguardly pseudo lawyers practising here and hereabouts." "Indignant citizen" talks of the practice of usury and promises there will be some spicy revelations in a case shortly to be heard.

We hope so . . . that is the sort of thing The Sjangbok will take pleasure in dealing with.

* * *

HE DOESN'T LIKE LAWYERS!

"Indignant Citizen" proceeds:—

"Really, some of these 'lawyers' will have to look to their morals. And, by the way, can we call the 'five-bob-letter-of-demand' fraternity lawyers? One bright specimen recently secured the safety accorded to those who turn King's evidence, and then calmly admitted having committed perjury in a case with which he was concerned. What will happen to the two men he denounced in still in the lap of the law."

Yes . . . and the libel laws also forbid us from publishing any more on the subject of this particular practitioner.

* * *

THOSE LONDON MINING EXPERTS!

A "Mining authority" of the Financial News makes the ridiculous statement that the total future output from the Witwatersrand gold-fields will not exceed in value £150,000,000. No wonder the market slumps violently when such obviously uninformed "Mining authorities" are allowed to offload their mischeivous imaginations under the aegis of an important financial journal.

Whatever be the value of the developed ore in the producing mines it is absurd to base future gold output estimates on current ore reserves.

There is far more undeveloped ore lying *in situ* awaiting development than is already developed, quite apart from the huge tonnages awaiting exploitation in gold areas that are being, or are about to be attacked.

The said authority evidently bases his conjectures on the now exploded theory that the Rand Gold Mines will perish in about ten years from 1922. But later considered opinion insists that there is still a very long and profitable life before the Rand gold industry—always supposing Governments show reasonable appreciation of the difficult problems that face this huge industry.

* * *

Probably in less than 30 years from date the second thousand million pounds of gold will have been won—and it took 42 years to recover the first thousand millions!

* * *

The Sjangbok and the Telephone Department have run a race and the Telephone Department has won by a short head. Is this a record for the Telephone Department? Somebody says so.

* * *

Anyhow we started level, ten days ago. The Sjangbok to publish its first copy by the 19th inst; the Telephone Department to instal a telephone in our offices. As the paper was on the Press yesterday the officials of the Telephone Department arrived to attach our offices to the world. A dead heat and an omen of prosperity.

* * *

God bless the Superintendent for justifying the optimism by which The Sjangbok went to press with "Telephone Central 2507" bravely inscribed upon the first page.

* * *

There are many people who have had to wait longer than ten days for a telephone . . . and sometimes even longer for a call.

* * *

A PORTIA IN REAL LIFE.

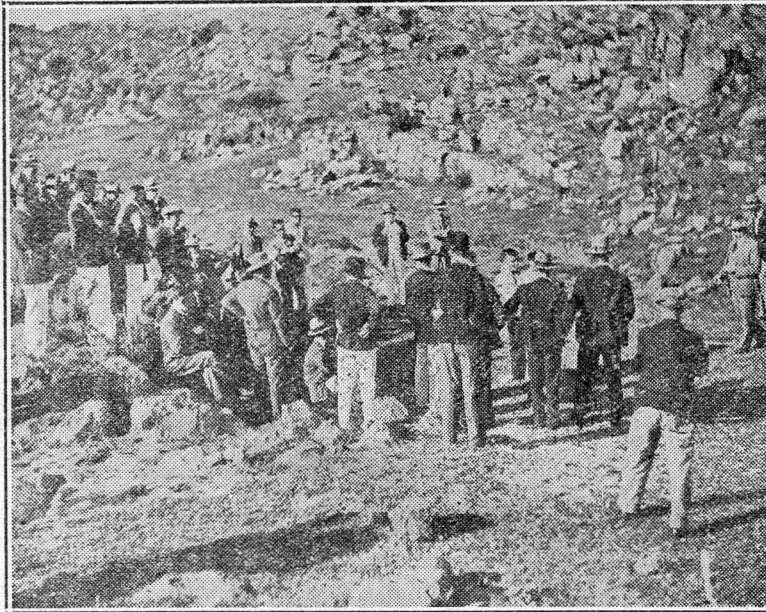
The Jewish Guild has rather a fondness for the characters of Portia and Shylock. The "Merchant of Venice" in modern clothes was produced the other night and now we have a Portia in real life (Jewish too) defending Nafte.

WHILE THE N. S. C. BOXERS WERE SLEEPING

A BARE KNUCKLE FIGHT ON THE VELD.

Like the Old Days.

A fracas at midnight inside and outside a well known cafe in the middle of the city last Saturday night had two sequels—two of the combatants bailed out from Marshall Square, and then a bare-knuckle stripped-to-the-waist-go-as-you-please fight next afternoon at a secluded spot on the veld with a considerable audience of fight “fans” present and two well known sportsmen as referee and watch-holder.



The antics of effeminate youths annoyed parties suppering at a cafe after the theatres, and several decent women left in protest. The degenerate atmosphere aroused the resentment of a well known professional pugilist given to quixotism at odd moments, and he properly ejected the two youths into the street. This led to a mixed grill of fisticuffs in which the out-of-condition “pro” got a rough handling, a closed eye and bulging nose, and finally he was nearly knocked through a motor car standing at the kerb. Police came quickly to the scene and the two fighters were promptly hauled to Marshall Square from which friends had to bail them out. Charge and countercharge and the exchange of verbal challenges led to an appointment next day to square accounts in good old English style.

Although there was neither purse nor side bet to spur the combatants on (contrary to statements in the daily press), personal elements at work brought both men to scratch outside the South African Party Club, and many motor cars assembled to convey the party to the rendezvous.

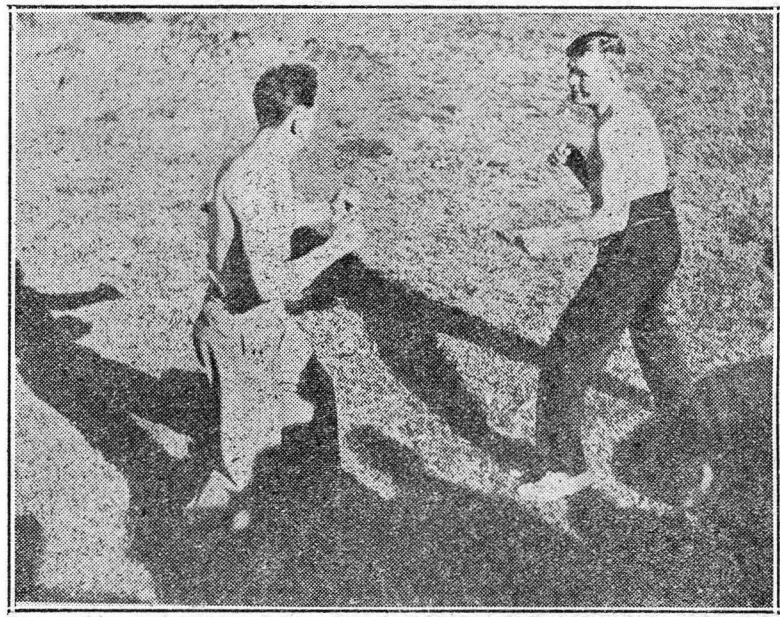
Roy Ingram, the Don Quixote of the story, arrived first, looking puffed up and “soft as dough,” as somebody expressed it, to be quickly followed by his antagonist. This was a well set-up young man-about-town, named Cunningham, who, it now came out, had earned unofficial pugilistic renown a few weeks before by a victory over another well-known pugilist.

The long string of tightly packed cars conveyed the combatants and the officials who had agreed to control the fight, as well as many of “those in the know,” to a piece of high ground south of Rosettenville. Arriving at the spot the cars were massed together and this unsual spectacle at such an isolated spot attracted a mounted policeman to the scene. For a moment the game seemed up. But by an artful device the trooper was bluffed into believing that the crowd was playing football. As soon as he disappeared the fighters got down to business. The referee

made them “shake” in the orthodox fashion, although it was evident that the “needle” element about the occasion promised a merciless “go.”

There was little attempt to spar for an opening. Stiff exchanges at once set blood streaming down the faces of the two fighters. The “pro” scored heavily in the opening phases. A right swing sent the “amateur” reeling to the grass, and a “cauliflower” ear sprouted as a result. But lack of condition soon told hard against the more skilful fighter and before long he was puffing and blowing like a porpoise and became receiver-general of blows from his more youthful but strongly built antagonist. The flesh of this athlete showed him to be far the fitter of the two. At the end of 11½ minutes both were fatigued badly and at the suggestion of the timekeeper they willingly agreed to a halt. During this while, without sponges or towels, the pair were attended to by their seconds. Men waved hats and handkerchiefs in their faces, until at last a paraffin tin full of water was obtained from a nearby native hut and applied. When the two looked a bit restored it was suggested they should fight a final five-minute round for a knock-out decision. Presumably “the fans” held on to the Town Hall the night before and were unappeased by the poor fighting there. Once more the men went at it. But in spite of much blood spilling, with both very tired and an occasional “nearly-get-there” punch, both fighters were “bloody but unbowed” when time was finally called.

It was a clean fight, reminiscent of the old Kimberley days of Coupar, Bendorff and the other fighters who made ring history in South Africa’s early days. Another meeting between the rivals is being talked of for a large side-stake, and before a bigger audience—and if it comes off the “pro” will certainly get himself into better physical condition to avoid a repetition of last week. His antagonist, however, seems to have sustained the greater punishment in the fight, for on Monday he had his hands in bandages, his face was bruised and he still is under medical attention. On the other hand the “pro” is wearing his famous smile that never comes off. In view of talked-of cancellation of the open-air boxing tournament next month by reason of the scarcity of fighters who will fight The Sjobok suggests that a properly staged battle between these game and hardy rivals will draw all the Rand.



Cunningham (left).

Roy Ingram (right).

The Dorps of South Africa

By W. L. SPEIGHT.

"DORP" is decidedly a South African word, and a dorp is essentially a village found nowhere in the world except in South Africa. A dorp is, in fact, an epitome of the whole country and its people. There one notices the same inordinate pride in insignificant local institutions as one notices in the large towns. In a way, this is a healthy sign, much as it shows a certain narrowness of outlook. It is, however, a poor nation that cannot feel some satisfaction in the works it has erected, however humble these may be.

Dorp life is concentrated. The social circle is so much smaller than that of a city that life within it becomes more intense. But it is a superficial intensity. Conversation's principal topics are personalities and politics. The whole population of the dorp and its district is known so well that all feel it almost a duty to pry into the private life of another and gloat over any scandalous revelations.

Dorp life is so restricted that the mental outlook is likewise restricted. There is not sufficient room for conversational grace, or even for any real coherence or meaning. The leisurely and yet intense life in the dorps leads to many quaint cerebral distensions apparently relieved by fierce discussions of political, religious and personal questions of little importance, and a shrugging disregard of those facets of these questions that do count. Excuses can again be made. The dweller in the dorps is actually a well-meaning person, woefully circumscribed by his limited horizon, which, unfortunately, draws in upon him, instead of widening, with the passing of the years.

Thus the principal preoccupation of the dorpite is his sufficiency. In this he is different from the farmer, who still supplies South Africa's moral backbone. Even in these days of complex life, the farmer retains his simple outlook. He is in daily contact with Nature, always in the open, healthy atmosphere of the land, where his thoughts must be deep and clear, healthy and balanced.

The South African villagers, unfortunately, seem to be quite out of tone with this. They used, however, to have this attitude of simplicity, but present-day conditions have changed them. They have reached a troublesome cross-road. Ambition and social striving have entered where they have no right to enter. What the ultimate effect will be remains for the future to show.

People in the dorps are now too restless on the one hand to retain their natural simplicity, and too lazy on the other to attempt the efficiency and sufficiency of the townsman. Life in the dorps is thus a drift from an old ideal, without a corresponding movement to a new one. Few have the energy to aspire to anything above their narrow daily round, which they regard with such intense dissatisfaction. Dancing and the cinema are their main distractions, and they seek these because they titillate their passions, offer highly spiced incidents of town life.

How deeply into this sort of thing a dorp may plunge depends upon its size. In the smaller dorps, where candles are lighted at night and an electrically-lit village is a nebulous dream of the future, there is so much more time for thought that the people invariably find their bearings, and they, too, are so much nearer the life lived on the farms that they do not seek, like the larger dorp, to ape the sophistication of the towns.

It is perfectly true that we have little control over our thoughts, and if they are poor we can do little to improve our capacity to think. Ideas are more masters of us than we are of them. For when they come they force us, ac-

ording to their power, to do those things which they were formed to bring into effect. And of ideas, as of most other things that influence human life, we get those masters we want and deserve.

But it is futile to expect that the people in the dorps, having tasted something of the doubtful joys of a poor imitation of town life, will want simpler and better ideas. They will go on trying to draw as near to their limitations will allow towards a copy of town life, and the ultimate result will be unsatisfactory, even ugly.

They will scheme to convert the appropriate little church into a Westminster Abbey, or, at any rate, a Groot Kerk, make a super-cinema of their little show, aim at cabarets, sitting down to dinner in evening dress because it is done in the towns and not because they have been accustomed to it, and at distributing a few cards a couple of afternoons each week. These useful social forms become ridiculous here.

There is nothing to deplore more than this tendency to become a people of small rather than simple satisfactions. Some villagers yearn for the larger fields of the outer world, for any of the different types of adventure into which we can plunge, but these do not remain long in the villages. This separating process is always going on. The cream is drawn off, leaving those with the petty soul, those content with small satisfactions.

The villager has plumbed most of the depths of sophistication. In his emotional experiences he seeks flirtations rather than love. In his religion he is outwardly orthodox, inwardly agnostic. Pleasure of any sort is his main concern. One more humorous than most once remarked that if business interfered with his pleasure he would shut up his business.

His main interest in dancing is the sex appeal of cuddling and contact. In the novels he reads he seeks passion and never beauty and thought. And he would walk ten miles to enjoy the hectic delights of the cinema, and not a yard to admire Nature. He is too busy to think, musingly self-complacent and extremely dissatisfied. His actions are those of the farmer and his interests those of the townsman. He has struck a dangerous compromise.

Religion is an important element in dorp life, but the true spirit of Christianity, service and charity, is subservient to a hypocritical righteousness and a laziness that makes church-going a mere habit. Beliefs are held strongly and religious observances followed conscientiously, but, although certain people will perform self-sacrificing good works, on the whole there is little observance of the true soul of Christianity.

Yet the capacity to do so is there. Thoughtlessness, an absurd side-tracking of essential things, is the real explanation. The people are right enough at heart, but have lost their bearings. Time must come when these are regained. Then dorp life will again swing back to those saner channels it followed in the past. The older villagers who have lived and learnt, have a rare religious feeling. They are sincere and sympathetic, and seem to take pleasure in doing those little or great actions that their Creator would wish them to do.

Religion in the towns does not go so far as to maintain an appearance of Christianity, but there is more truth in such an attitude than in much hypocrisy practised so flagrantly in the dorps. One expects, too, a more sophisticated attitude towards religion from townsfolk.

A Page for Persons with Cars.

The Meanderings of D'Arcy.

Diogenes elected to live in a tub, St. Jerome in a cave; that does not compensate me for being forced to live in a pig-stye. I am neither a cynic like Diogenes, nor a saint like Jerome. My wife heartily endorsed the latter statement, and curtly informed me that as far as she was personally concerned I could spend the rest of my days in a tub. With which she went to live with her mother.

Surveying the events of the last few weeks in retrospect, I find that this intolerable contretemps has its origin in the Johannesburg Annual Show—or rather in that portion known as the Hall of Transport. There is nothing in a name, I realise, but as one who has learnt by bitter experience, I would suggest an additional at the entrance of this hall; namely, "All hope abandon ye who enter here!"

The leaves of my memory make a mournful rustling in the dark, as I meditate on the event. In a moment of magnanimity and abstraction, I had grandiosely given way to my wife's repeated demands for a car. Consent obtained, I was allowed a small measure of peace from her pleadings, and the matter was forgotten as far as I was concerned. Not so my wife! I expect that woman will undoubtedly be the last thing civilised by man. Taking advantage of my moment of weakness, she set about her plans with a cunning and subtlety inconceivable to a mere man.

WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN!

I realise now that I was deliberately inveigled to the showgrounds and within the Hall of Transport. My wife fluttered between the cars, her soul in her eyes, while I remained nonchalantly in the background with a studied air of complete indifference. She thrilled, she enthused, naively questioning and examining, peering beneath the bonnets of cars, poring over statistics and technicalities, prodding tyres, comparing lines and upholstery. A languid, bitter shade, I followed her suspiciously, but wholly unprepared for the depths of her scurrility.

Eventually, her choice appeared to centre on one particular car. To this end, she received the support of a too positively gangrenously emaciated Don Juan, who oozed geniality from the tip of his marcelled wave to the flapping extremity of his super-Oxfords. A soiled ascetic! A member of the spat-school of thought! A septic Romeo! My mind leapt to numerous appropriate parallels; and it was with difficulty that I refrained from enquiring as to the state of his celestial undies.

"Isn't she fruity?" he purred. "It is the very bus for Madam!" (One could hear him spelling Madame with an "e!") His one hand caressed the imposing-looking car, the other fumbled with his waist as if adjusting a recalcitrant corset.

DON'T YOU THINK DARLING. . . ?

"Do you like it, D'Arcy darling?" This from my wife—I am D'Arcy. Her eyes brimmed with suppressed emotion. "Don't you think it is quite the best thing we have inspected so far?"

"I suppose it is," I submitted non-committally. "Don't you think it's about time we left?"

"Before we go I want to know your opinion? Please—don't you prefer it to the other cars?"

"Yes, I think I do," I admitted reluctantly. "It's getting late, you know."

As we moved away I wondered at the glance that passed between my wife and young Apollo, and the quiet smile of satisfaction in which she indulged. The next morning I was to find out. The salesman-de-luxe poured himself into my office and shook me clammily by the hand. "Well, old man, she's yours! Congrats! Just fill me in your check, and I'll tootle the bus along!"

Keeping a firm hold on myself, I requested to be enlightened. With jocular sang-froid and an ingratiating smile, he gratified my desire. In short, the car which I had admired had been delivered. This was, of course, in absolute confidence. My wife wished to surprise me, so naturally he didn't want to give the show away. A man cannot hold too much bitterness in his heart without its breaking or softening. Not trusting myself to speak, I handed him the cheque and indicated the door. "Cheery-bye, old thing!" and he was gone from my sight.

From that point events moved to a climax by infinitesimal gradation. Adopting an attitude I considered suitable under the circumstances, I treated the car's advent with a dignified aloofness. My wife, nothing daunted, showed the wildest enthusiasm over the new possession. Having attained the car by deliberate chicanery, she had no intention of allowing the fact to spoil her pleasure.

A QUALIFIED DRIVER!

I gathered that the first few days were spent with young Adonis in driving lessons. Presently, she appeared armed with her licence. Her cup of happiness was overflowing; she was a qualified driver. The following day she informed me airily that the car was in a garage undergoing repair. Two days later, she injured a pedestrian. Within the week she was charged with reckless driving. The fines, I was called upon to pay in no way improved my state of mind. Added to this there now appeared another menace to my comfort. My household was suffering from distinct neglect. The climax was hastened by the appearance of banana-fritters at three consecutive meals. Now, if there is anything I loathe it is banana-fritters.

On the evening in question, I had been hard put to it while dressing. Everything was in a state of chaos. My socks showed neglect, my collars were missing, my evening-shirts were nowhere to be found—then the fritters! My wife had not returned, and we were due at His Majesty's at eight. A sharp reprimand to the cook, who promptly gave notice.

Then my wife arrived. The car? If I rang up Marshall Square they might enlighten me. Tears! Frantically, I phoned the Police Station. The car was there—would I remove it? What was it doing at the Station? It had been left, for no apparent reason, at the junction of Eloff and Pritchard Streets. A lady had lost her engine, thus causing a block in the traffic. The policeman on point-duty had approached the car, and ordered the driver to move on. The

lady had climbed from the car, and with an angry, "You can have the beastly thing!" had boarded a passing car, leaving the car in the middle of the traffic.

It was at this point that hostilities opened, and that the unfortunate word "pig-stye" came to be mentioned. I own to a certain lack of restraint, even to a slight measure of harshness and profanity in my utterances. Then she left!

INCOMPATIBILITY OF MOTOR CARS.

In the morning I called at Marshall Square. A lady had taken the car the night before. Two days later, she opened proceedings against me for divorce—incompatibility of temper!

It was a week later. A dejected, unhappy man, I set out from my office to catch my tram to my equally dejected home. My mind, as I turned up Eloff Street, dwelt lingeringly on the potent charm of the past, and on the river of my thoughts there floated a misty vision of "the fair, the chaste, the unexpressive She." Then my attention was arrested by the somewhat unorthodox behaviour of a large car. At rest on the side of the curb, it suddenly leapt to life and reversed across the advancing traffic, scattering all and sundry and causing the policeman at point to spring for safety. At the opposite corner it stopped, collected itself with a roar, and then, in a series of jumps, it swept forward once more, with difficulty restraining itself from entering a shop window. Convulsively it surged back on its return journey, coming to rest a few feet from where I stood. The traffic had stopped, and a large crowd was gathering.

Springing to the running-board, I turned off the switch. "Allow me to run your car to a place of comparative safety, Madame." Without waiting for an answer, I clambered in upon the driver's seat.

"Oh, D'Arcy," a voice at my elbow murmured, two blocks later, "don't ever allow me to drive again. And promise *you* won't ever leave me again!"

A singularly happy man set the car in the direction of his home. As the lights of the house loomed up before us, she whispered, "Parting *is* like a little bit of dying, isn't it?"

Which goes to prove, as I have mentioned before, that women *will* be the last things civilised by man!

NORMAN GARSTIN.

AN ARTIST'S CRITICISM OF JOHANNESBURG.

"I was struck the other day," said a visiting artist, "by the garden in President Street. For a South African town it is a thing of great beauty. The double row of plane trees that surround it will in ten years time rival those of Marseilles, famous the world over. But even here the South African crudeness, carelessness, lack of taste, whatever it is shows itself once again. When looking down the length of the gardens towards the War Memorial the view is entirely spoilt by the admittedly necessary shelter that is there for the convenience of people using the trams. It is a horrible little shelter of corrugated iron. Are the inhabitants of Johannesburg so poor that they cannot afford a few tiles or some wood to make this erection harmonise with its surroundings? Or are they merely unobservant and inartistic?"

But what our visiting artist doesn't seem to know is that certain Johannesburg aesthetes are now proposing to build upon this lovely spot a palace for the distribution of more Edgar Wallace and Ethel M. Dell's novels,

What is Charm :

By "A WONDERING WOMAN."

What is it this "personality," "charm," or whatever it is called?

It is not based on physical beauty or any of the moral virtues. It cannot be cultivated or bought any more than it can be discarded. It may or may not always be an asset. Too much popularity has often ruined a man's career, and a woman's virtue—but there it is—A birthright that lasts till death and perhaps even after.

Why is a certain person invariably well received wherever he goes? He probably has done nothing to merit the recognition; certainly he never looks for it! But the best place is offered to him, and he takes it—refreshments are pressed upon him—his lightest words and most stupid jokes are sincerely applauded. It is an honour to walk down the street with him. His forgetfulness—probably he has inconvenienced a dozen people by his neglect to remember appointments and return borrowed articles—is gladly forgiven and the sufferer gratefully makes new arrangements and presses upon him further loans of books, money, tennis rackets, motor cars, overcoats, whatever he may require. He could get anything he liked out of men—and women—only luckily for a gullible humanity the possessor of this charm is generally too stupid to realise his power and exploit the wonderful opportunities he has of rooking his fellows.

And what of the other side of the medal? Millions of us are just ordinary people who do not count one way or another; but there are some poor devils, generally cursed with an inferiority complex, whose seats are always taken by someone else, who somehow get omitted when drinks or sweets or sandwiches are passed round, and who suffer acutely from this omission, whose words when they speak never reach any ears but their own, who are sent on errands and are blamed if anything goes wrong, who keep appointments with people who never turn up, who, if they want to borrow a handkerchief or a 1d. stamp are given these articles with an ill grace by some person who will bear a lasting grudge if they are not punctiliously returned.

What is this magic whereby the one who has it, whatever his faults and crimes, shall be welcomed and cared for wherever he goes, while the other who is often obliging, generous and considerate, shall be ignored and neglected?

THIS NEW LAND OF OURS.

Why do not the women of South Africa band together towards the paving of the South African suburban footpaths? In the long run it would be a great economy for them, for the present condition of the streets means ruination to any decent shoes after they have been worn a few weeks. There is no other reason why this work should be done. The men can have no objection to the present state of things or they would have had it altered. The children and the dogs revel in the dust of the sidewalks, or what is left of it after it has been blown into houses; but presumably the native servants enjoy moving it about with a feather duster from one piece of furniture to another.

If one dares criticise the lack of finish, an atmosphere that premeates the whole of South Africa, one is answered, "We are a new colony . . . there is no time . . ." And one is given to understand that this new people is thinking of greater things, is making finer efforts than bothering about the detail of tidying up their town,

"THE DORP"

By Stephen Black.

Our Serial Story of racial life in a Dorp.

Special Announcement

"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." Details will be given in our next issue.

Begin reading the Novel to-day

The Diary of a Gold-Digger

By BETTY BLOND

[The foregoing article, by a little Johannesburg lady who deserves to be better known, is so racy of the town that we have invited its author to contribute a weekly diary of her doings, social and subterranean. Miss Blond goes everywhere, but naturally her name and social standing cannot be divulged. That she is "a lady," however, is evident from her language.—Editor.]

On Petrol Sheiks.

Me and my pal Rita forgot to make a date for the other night, so having told our people we were going to a bioscope we thought we'd go strolling up town. Of course we wern't going to a bioscope. . . if we had to pay for it ourselves, not on your life. Me, I can see all the funny things I want to see in a tea-room, and get a cup of tea, too, and ten to one somebody to pay for it; and there are funnier things happening in a tea-room in Jo-burg, and have happened to me, than on any bioscope-picture you ever saw, if you only know how to look.

Well, we started off,

and Rita wants to go along Eloff Street. I didn't want to go to Eloff Street because it's the tamest walk in town at night. Not so bad in the afternoon; wonderful how many men there are in Jo'burg who have the whole day to themselves and who spend it in Eloff Street pretending to keep appointments they haven't made. We know them, and somehow they know us too. But at night Eloff Street's rotten. You see fellows who are dying to talk to you, and you'd just love to talk to them, but they daren't; and, of course, it isn't tactful for you to talk to them first. You never know what they'd do sometimes, they're so nervous, you know. They just look at you with big, round eyes, like as if they was laying their hearts open; all the time you get near them they stare and stare and stare and stare as if you was the most wonderful thing in the world; and then they just go past with never a word, and perhaps you never see them again.

The Other Sort.

And then there're the fellows you wouldn't be seen with at the end of the earth. They talk all right; you can't keep 'em quiet! Soon as they see you they slouch up and call out, "Hello, Cheekie."

I "Cheekie" them! And they're not easy to shake off neither, d--- them! And all the time there're the other fellows who're so nice and can't open their mouths. And then there're the fellows in evening-dress, but they only talk to you when they're canned and don't know what they're saying. Early on in the evening they're in a tremendous hurry, as if they was keeping the King waiting; and later on they walk like as if it was five o'clock on a summer's morning and they going to pick daisies; you know, all over the show. It's a wonder to me they don't fall into the gutter or go through a shop-window. They're a nuisance, I tell you, and I made up my mind long ago I wouldn't have nothing more to do with them.

So I didn't want to go along Eloff Street, but Rita says Yes, we must. I could see Rita was sore that night, so I says Yes, all right.

They Have a Tiff.

We hadn't been in the street a minute when one of them hangers-on comes along. I holds up my head high

and walks straight on as if I'd walk over his body. Rita looks as if she wanted to stop; of course, Rita is only a kid yet, she don't know much. I just give her a quick pull on the arm and then she sees I ain't going to stop and she also walks on. But she's very wild and at first she goes for me, and won't listen to me; and then she shuts up and won't open her mouth and won't answer me anything. I was that wild I could even have gone home, and spent the rest of the evening there.

When we come to a corner I remind myself I got no cigarettes. I tell Rita to wait for me for a minute while I get some. She don't answer and I walk into a cafe. The man behind the counter jokes with me, and he keeps me a little while, and when I come out Rita is gone.

Well, I'm that fed up with her I don't care. I crosses the road and walks on. I knew she'd be sorry! Just as I get on the other side of the street I hear hooting. I turn round and see a motor-car coming along behind. He hadn't come past the corner yet, and I could see the chap by the light from the cafe. A good-looking one, and a nice big car. He's looking straight in front, not even worrying about cars from the cross-street, and I know he's watching me. Now Rita would be sorry! Just then a tram comes along and the car is held up, but the man keeps on hooting, so I walks on slowly.

I was near the next corner when the car comes up with me. I was looking back every few steps till then, and now I looks across at the car. There was a light at the corner and I can see the man quite plain. I smile at him, but there is too much light there. The man in the car could see that, for he puts his hand out to show he's going to turn round the corner; but he hoots all the time to tell me I must follow.

Oh, the Dirty Sheik!

He got round the corner before me, and I'm as pleased as punch as I turn into the next street. Rita will be fed up! But the car wasn't waiting just round the corner as I expected. It was already a little further along the street, and still going on. I thought that's funny! Then I see a girl walk off the pavement in front of me, as if she's going to cross the road. It's Rita! The car pulls up and Rita stops and they're just next to each other, as if it was an accident. (And I thought Rita didn't know nothing!) Rita talks to the man who tried to sheik me—of course he tried to sheik me! If I'd see a policeman I'd have him pinched, and I'd make Rita tell the truth on the man—she must have known he tried to sheik me, even if she wasn't there. But there isn't no policeman—never is, when you want one! Rita gets into the car, and I'm so mad I forget to take his number, and they drive away, and me, I'm left standing. Me, who he tried to pick up! Ooh, the dirty gutter-sheik!

The Telephone Conversations of Jeremiah.

“Nigger Heaven.”

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 Sjambok.”]



“Hello! Is that the teelophonic exchange? Please give me Joburg Number 606. Engaged? Damn it all mees, I will complain to the superintention if that connection is not immediately vacant.” (Long pause—Jeremiah expectorates pensively into the waste paper basket, which he regards apparently as a cuspidor. At length he tries again and is rewarded by hearing the melodious voice of his friend Joshua (alias Joe) Mazibega.)

“That you, Jerry?”

“Sakoobona Joe! Good-morning my dear friend. I trust the Lord is with you!”

“No, Jerry, God be praised, he has gone to wash his hands. You can talk. How are the news to-day?”

“Very well indeed, Joe. All right with the world, for as the poet Brownring says, ‘God’s in his heaven . . .’”

“What heaven, Jerry? The old heaven they teach us about in the school, the one that perhaps we may go to when we are dead, and perhaps we may not but to Hell, or the new Heaven that I read about so considerably in the official organ of our people, a.i.e., ‘The Star’?”

“Nigger Heaven, Joe? Is that nort a splendeed thing! I reed last Saturday all about the pleasures of our fellow people on the Rand—Jazz bands and gayrls and skokiaan and much else beside, but of course my dear friend the real Nigger Heaven is the Heavenly Star itself nowadays, with all those beautiful letters about yourself and myself and ourselves . . .”

“Amen to these statements, Jeremiah. I comprehend with alacrity the drifting of your remarks. . . .”

“Let me continue Joseph before the communication is cut off by the interruption of these telephonic gayrls. I ask you, my dear friend, what are such things as the

Special Pass, dancing, flirting and leequid consumption compared to columns and columns and columns and columns of sympathetic letters upon the case in Bethal? That is truly, if I may discharge myself of an observation, the Nigger Heaven. Very beautiful words there printed about the qualities and characters of us the Bantu people. In the ordinary way such obituaries are printed only after man is immortal, but now we have the joy and exceeding benefit of perusal before our regrettable demise.”

“Y-e-b-o! Eh-he!”

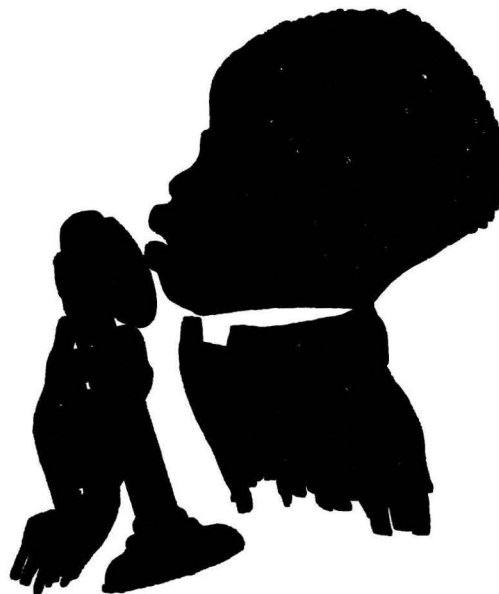
“It is very grateefying, my dear Joseph, to receive these tributes to ourselves and our people and our qual^{ities} in our lifetime. Yesterday the baas he was very contradictory about my labours in the office and complained with much emphasis because he had slipped upon one of my negatives. ‘Dirty beast,’ he was injudicious enough to call me, but how else could I demonstrate my feelings of negation regarding one of the letters that slipped inadvertently into ‘The Star’s’ Nigger Heaven?”

“The letter signed Machamson, you mean?”

“Of course Joe. It was the one note of discord to our daily harmony—fancy putting in such one-sided applause for the Jewish race. Why, my dear Joseph, as you know, it was a Jew not far from the portals of Nigger Heaven, the Star office, that sold me a pair of riding breeches for ten bob and these the very first time that I went in the Black Bottom ruptured themselves with a most equivocal sound.”

“Uh! uh!! uh!!!”

“Fortunately for me Joe, the lady I partnered in the Black Bottom was broad in her mind also, and passed off



the episode as if the noise came from the band. She also gort a needle and cotton and stitched up the aperture in my lower regions. Indeed we had quite a joke about the whole indaba, for the needle slipped into my flesh and she got very saucy in a flirting way. . . ."

"We have not feenished yet. What? No Jerry—it was merely an interruption from the teelophonic axchange."

"But to revert Joe to the Nigger Heaven. I shall write to-day to the Editor of The Star and protest against the one-sided publication of these pro-Jewish letters. Oh yes, of course, my letter will go in. . . I had a column inserted the other day and all the solecisms were put right in that solar system known as the editorial sanctum. When my epistle appeared it was signed 'Pro Bonus Publicos,' but it might have been 'Shakespeare,' the English was indeed so beautiful. Yes, I will protest. They must not print any more of these partisan letters on behalf of the Jews."

"Quite right Jeremiah, quite right. By the way . . . what is your opinion about the Bethal case? What do you think of all the indaba?"

"My dear Joseph I don't think much about it at all, because this boy Sixpence, the one they talk about so much, was only a sort of half Basuto and not one of our people at all. They are a cheeky race but not very strong, and one night that I recall at the Bible Class a Transvaal specimen that I encountered made me so angry that I hit him severely with my large Bible at that moment in my hand with a metal clasp, and his whole jawbone was thereupon broken like the ass. So then my friend William, the local preacher, fell also upon this Basuto and threw him outside the church and

[But at this stage the conversation was terminated abruptly by intervention from the Telephone Exchange. Jeremiah hopes to resume it in time for the next issue of "The Sjambok."]

SMALL COUNTRY ESTATE FOR SALE.

Nice position Waverley Township, on 8 Freehold Acres, with Northern aspect. Charming Residence of large lounge, dining room, breakfast room, 4 bedrooms, k.p.b., e.l., h and c water. Very large paved stoep, paved yard and walks. Large garden, terraced lawns, orchard, tennis court, garage, storeroom, servant's room, engine house. Splendid water supply and other improvements.

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N.B.—The purchase price of this fine property includes an Austin 12 Coupe Motor Car valued at £200.

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The Eternal Scramble.

Jabbed to death by a succession of political pinpricks, the fifth session of the Union Parliament has ended. The last gasps were congratulations to those who are free not again to seek entrance to the House of Assembly, followed by a rush to the country, where fresh energy will be gathered to blow up the next balloon, due to be launched in the merry month of May.

What a grand game! The pity is that it is not made a great game. Far be it from us to suggest that any body of men will better perform the most thankless task in the world—legislate for the welfare of their fellow-men—but no country more needs the whole-hearted endeavours of its best men to keep the ship of State off the rocks which loom unpleasantly clear on the horizon.

"This will be the dirtiest election ever fought," said one member of the lately defunct body of law-makers, when speaking of the scramble for votes. A cheery prophecy forsooth, and one that explains the despair that affects every body not obsessed by catch phrases, or blindly exhilarated by the promises of prospective politicians. Not even the bravest of these will ever dare to carry out all he swore to do on the election platform, but human nature being what it is he cannot be blamed for drawing the election bow to the length which blurred tradition has made necessary to the game of "getting into" Parliament. Five minutes after the oath has been taken the most courageous legislator whittles down his grandest programme, and this we pardon; but what cannot be pardoned is that in the madness of self-seeking and party glorification the great object of advancing the interests of the country is forgotten.

Well may the people declare that whichever party is in power seems to make little difference to the troubles that afflict us year in and year out. Perhaps it is too much to hope that human nature, as well as political nature, in South Africa will differ from what it is in other civilised parts of the world, but where else to-day is there so meagre a population in so promising a land, and one so much in need of genuine unselfish work on the part of its legislators? Little wonder that "every man his own politician" is the rule of this land of gold, diamonds and political uncertainty.

Yet let us be cheerful. To minister to the gaiety of its electorate may well be counted one of the major virtues of a popularly elected Parliament, and if the coming election is going to be dirty, the fates are to be thanked that it will certainly not be dull.

An Australian Poem.

(Suitable for home consumption.)

Guilt.

I am grown fearful in these mild, green hills,
Let me go down.
Find me the opiate that strife distils
Within the town.
Make me carousal where the walls are high;
Bring me more light!
Hide me with Babel lest a wronged God spy
My craven flight!

Oh, I am abject where this silence broods—
God is too near!
And all these placid-seeming solitudes
Are stark with fear.

M.R.C.

The "Smartness" of America

Go Thou and do Likewise

By STEPHEN BLACK.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN abroad is a very hearty propagandist for the United States of America, and probably is a believer in a future United States of the Universe, controlled and directed from New York or Washington. Nevertheless, the Americanisation of the world in general and of South Africa in particular has been achieved without any conscious propaganda; our acceptance of the yoke is a flattering imitation of success, a tribute to Transatlantic vitality, power, wealth and, most of all, smartness. I mean by this not only that smartness of spirit which is held to be the dominant trait in the long face of Uncle Sam, but that smartness of body, of dress, of verbal expression; smartness of American newspapers, periodicals and magazines, of "movie" technique and artists; it is the unconscious smartness of intelligent youth, and this young nation captivates the world because it appeals to youth and because youth it is that always pushes the older generation along. The youth of America calls to the youth of Australia, Japan, China, England, France, South Africa . . . and here I pause, for it is with South Africa that I am particularly concerned.

After ten years in Europe, of which I spent six in France and four in England, with visits to Holland, Belgium and other countries interpolated, I returned to my native land to find it so radically changed that the question is no longer whether Boer shall absorb Briton or Briton Boer, but whether both shall not be swallowed by the American.

Why is it that all enterprising young Colonials seem to cherish the ambition to be as American as they possibly can?

Well do I recall the impression that, in my youth, the first Americans made on me. Their accents, their trousers, their block-toed boots, their punching-balls, boxing gloves, running costumes, parted hair, Quaker cut behind . . . everything, everything seemed so superior to what came from Europe. I crimped my legs into ridiculously tight trousers, created a central path over the top of my head and incurred disqualification upon the cinder track rather than don the ugly English sleeved running vest and over-the-knees "shorts."

This went on for some time, but then a very old-fashioned dull Scotch doctor, who much interested himself in athletics and very little in aesthetics, was shocked into action at my pre-Americanism. Sooner than let me appear in clothes that our girls now reject as being too long, he caused me to be rebuked at the starting post and breeched in British "half-masters" that tripped me before I had gone fifty yards, so that not only did I lose the race for my team, but I bear to this day a scar upon the hip . . .

We were fascinated, every one of us, by something in those far-off Americans that now I am able to identify as "smartness," as some deep, unconscious artistic sense coming out of the vitality of the young American people. In those days I knew nothing of art, or of the beauty of the unbroken line; yet I felt that the American runner, as revealed to me by photographs of Wefers, Myers, Kranzlein and the other heroes of those days, was graceful and attractive to look upon, that his legs and arms were an expression of beauty; and we therefore strove, all of us, to copy him and look graceful too.

On the other hand, I was filled with contempt for the athletes of my own distant ancestral Europe, because the costumes they ran in there were so hideous—"slobs," we called them. And little by little we young fellows broke down the stubborn morality of men like the dull doctor, though always I noted that to us who craved for an absent Americanism were the liveliest and most intelligent, while the others either had no views whatever on "smartness" or were privately hostile to it. . . .

In the same way we were impressed by the style and the achievements of American pugilists, and here I wish to state the firm belief that prior to the coming of the kinema, Transatlantic boxers were responsible for more effective propaganda than any other body of Americans. Even upon those to whom pugilism was distasteful, the supremacy of James J. Corbett and his neat-limbed compatriots had a great spiritual effect: it symbolised the superiority of the American race, and with what artistry were not those victories achieved! How "smart" everything seemed! How slick! We stood open-mouthed in far-off lands gaping at the photographs of those men, so different from ourselves—all of them alive, un-selfconscious, creative and captivating.

And no matter how the tables were turned by one upon the other, as for instance when English Bob Fitzsimmons so terribly downed our idol Corbett, yet America possessed such a magic quality of transformation that Fitzsimmons, like everyone touched by Uncle Sam, became American for us too. A Russian Jew whom once I met had barely gone ashore in New York, and even his speech bore the beloved twang. Oh, we of British blood, but beyond the sphere of British influences, have suffered from an inferiority complex in regard to America for more than a quarter of a century.

Intellectual Americans may shudder at the thought that their intellectuality has been thrust upon the world by way of low-brow knuckles, but this is so none the less. Have not the French been lifted in the world's estate by the prowess of Carpentier, of Suzanne Lenglen, of Lacoste, Cochet, Borotra? Are nations not prepared to believe Finland capable of more than she was before she sent out Nurmi, Ritola and all the rest?

The healthy young of all nations are interested in athletic prowess; the intellectuals grow out of this attitude into something higher, but the effect remains and, at all events while the influence persists, the young low-brows push up; like moles in the earth they impress themselves upon their elders. Now because of the years of athletic supremacy followed by the still greater effect of the bioscope, America is finding it easier to convince the world of her superiority in trade, in science, in literature and art.

We must not be ashamed to do the same. Let us cultivate our young athletes and send them abroad to advertise the Union of South Africa. A heavyweight boxing champion of the world would do more for our prestige than the winner of a Nobel Prize. A sad confession for me, alas, but inevitable.

STEPHEN BLACK.

Bastard Heaven

By J. R. COUPAR

*The Gentleman-Boxer who vanquished Woolf Bendoff
in a fight for the largest stake in history.*

[Much has been written of "Nigger Heaven" lately, following the publication of a novel bearing that title from the pen of Carl van Vechten, an American writer. We give below a pen picture of a Bastard Heaven in old Kimberley at the time of the first diamond rush.]

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL HALL, a long detached iron building, was situated in the west end of Kimberley, that part of the town, unlike most English cities, being the reverse of fashionable.

. . . From outside it seemed cold, desolate and uninviting, the silver rays of the moon making the iron structure look like a whited sepulchre.

After knocking at the door, which was opened by a coloured man, they were accosted by a very fat, bloated woman, almost black, sitting on a chair just inside the entrance.

"Five bob, please, gentlemen," the lady exclaimed as she held out her hand.

They paid the money and entered the hall. At the far end was a small stage with a vilely painted drop scene. Underneath the stage, in a place set apart for the orchestra, and facing outwards, was a band consisting of five men of various shades of colour.

Their musical instruments were two squeaking fiddles, two guitars and a loud-toned concertina. The body of the hall was occupied by about thirty couples dancing a set of quadrilles. The ladies, like the bandsmen, were of all colours, from the delicate complexion of the Colonial girl to the coal-like black of the Zulu. There were but few white amongst them, and, with hardly one exception, all were ugly and coarse-looking. They were gaudily attired in ill-fitting dresses.

The men were a mixed lot. There were Cockneys of the same class that Senior had seen at the "Red Light." Many Colonial lads in tight-fitting trousers and bell-bottoms, short jackets, and hats on the back of their heads, inclining to one side; a sprinkling of mechanics, and a few men who, by their general style, laid claim to belong to the better class of Kimberley.

The Cockneys and Colonials danced with great vigour and spirit; the mechanics stepped it rather clumsily. The swells stood by with undisguised contempt expressed on their faces, but ogling and chaffing the girls when they had a chance. When advancing in the quadrilles the dancers would pirouette round several times, attending, apparently in serious manner, to the steps of their peculiar mode; and in the "ladies' chain" the men turned the women round twice under their arms, performing the difficult gymnastic feat of continuing to hold their hands as they did so. In the "setting to" of partners the lady would be suddenly seized by the gentleman, and together they would spin round with velocity of such duration that it seemed

marvellous they did not drop down from giddiness. Whenever the air of a certain song was played, the band and all the dancers joined in the refrain, the words of which were, "Speak to me, Tommy, talk to me, Tom; Where can I, Tommy, get the straight tip from?" The shrill, cracked voices of the women were heard loud above those of the men.

On the right of the entrance was a bar, which no attempt had been made to ornament. A knot of men stood with their backs against it, some with half-emptied glasses in hand, watching the dancers.

A coloured man, not only possessing marked Jewish features, but also the Israelitish name of "Aarons," presided over the bar.

On the left side of the hall was another exit, round the door of which was a crowd of cabmen, mostly coloured, looking on appreciatingly, and waiting for fares. The band, though wretched from a musical point of view, kept splendid time, and the measured beat of the feet, seemed, as it were, to harmonise with the "thrum thrum" of the guitars. What with the bad ventilation and heat, the Prince Imperial Hall became almost unbearable to Senior, still the sight of this motley crew strangely interested him.

At length the quadrille ended, and some of the couples promenaded the hall, arm in arm, whilst others made a rush for the bar, where they were served by the dusky Aarons, assisted by one of those who had been dancing, the former all smiles at the briskness of trade.

The din was great; champagne corks were popping, men were, in loud tones, demanding drinks, chaffing the girls with brutal coarseness, and swearing as only low East-End Londoners can; women's tongues were incessantly wagging, manipulating bad English or low Cape Dutch, and sometimes a mixture of the two.

This was the Mabelle of Kimberley. Vice here, happily, did not appear in alluring garbs, for, in spite of the demand for licentiousness which was generated by the feverish, restless, gambling atmosphere of the Diamond Fields, and the extraordinary plenitude of money, none but the most thoroughly depraved of womenkind could be induced to accept a life of sin where there were so many ways of earning an honest living.

A slightly off-coloured, short, stout woman, with thick neck, round bullet head, and heavy under-shot jaw, which gave her a strong resemblance to a bull-dog, came up . . . and, trying to ögle him coquettishly, asked if he was not going to dance!

THE MUMMER'S PAGE.

By "CAUSTIC SODA."

Yes, 'Let's leave it at that'!

Jeanne Casalis, who in a burst of inspiration added the aristocratic "de" to her name when bidding for a place in the London limelight, always longed (like most actors) to be a dramatist. Indeed, her first public performances at Cannes during the war—where her father, Dr. Casalis, ran a South African hospital—included an appearance in her own immature little works. From what I know of Miss Casalis she had an admirable mind for the dramas of life, but there was no particular evidence of a literary sense. Her pretty face and neat ankles go far in these days of legomania, but I wonder if audiences are able to visualise the ankles of an authoress through a mass of words! Anyhow, she has now realised half her ambition. She has written "Let's leave it at that," in collaboration with a young actor.

Our South African Actress !!!

Jeanne Casalis, who is always being boomed by the local press as a South African, is about as much South African as I am French. She is said to have been born in Basutoland—she had to be born somewhere—but left there at an early age to go to France for her education, and subsequently her visits to this country were spasmodic. When about 17 she returned from France and lived for a while with her parents in the Cape Peninsula. Then she eloped with the delicate scion of a commercial Cape family, Claude Wilson; but her sick young husband died in Switzerland early in the war, tended by Jeanne's mother. Jeanne Casalis was at the time energetically battling for recognition in the London theatres. I met her often in those days. She was enthusiastically interested in the art of the producer Komasarjevsky (I hope the spelling is right but with these Russians you never know), and wrote to me frequent letters about him and his talent.

A Sad-looking Russian.

Poor K——sky was struggling hard. He was of the famous Moscow family of actors, but his work was too artistic for London, and he impressed few save Fagan, the dramatist-manager, who wrote "The Prayer of the Sword."

K——sky was a shy little man and as terribly plain as he was terribly clever. He led Jeanne Casalis, however, through the first dark woods that surround the limelight and later on was heard of no more. I last sat with the pair of them in the stalls of the Court Theatre on the first night of a play in 1916.

Has Had Her Ups and Downs.

Jeanne Casalis has had her ups and downs even since she achieved success, and cynical people say an actor must be in the down stage when she or he talks of coming to South Africa! But this is not so true as it used to be, though the successful London star rarely wishes to desert his cosy dressing-room, his respectful dressers and the adulation of imbecile first-nighters for the uncomfortable democracy of the Colonies, even for the joy of journeying through "your beautiful country which I am just longing to see!"

We Want More Than Diaphanous Lace.

Personally, I think Jeanne will do better to stick to the lace pyjamas of the West End than to play "Potiphar's Wife" to the critical Josephs of South Africa. Out here they want real talent, want "the goods," and it doesn't much matter who gives it to them so long as they get it. A London name is all very well in advance, it excites anticipation and interest, but without a big talent behind it

the defervescence of the audience is as marked as the advance fever was.

Here is Real Talent.

A much more talented actress than Jeanne Casalis is now rustivating in South Africa. I speak of Marda Vanne, whose girlish photograph of early wartime is reproduced here.



Marda Vanne, the daughter of Sir Willem van Hulsteyn, of this town, is at the moment nursing her sick mother at Somerset Strand, near Capetown. She won her way to a place among the best six London actresses by sterling, artistic work, by thought and perseverance and devotion to her art. I am not in a position to say whether Lady van Hulsteyn's illness will permit of "Scrappy's" coming to the Rand at any time, but if it does what a splendid thing it would be to stage a play with a star part for this excellent actress, a real South African who learned to act in this country.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "High Jinks."

To-night at the Standard Theatre there will be "High Jinks," Why the Gilbert and Sullivan Operatic Society should want to go in for "High Jinks" is a question that probably the dead Gilbert would like to put; and why anybody ever acts who hasn't got to, is a question I do put. Personally, the thing that most interests me about this production of "High Jinks" is the appearance of that fine old crusted amateur, Vernon Thompson, affectionately known as "Tommy." All the profession has a great esteem for Tommy Thompson, and when the Rayne Memorial was unveiled by Mr. I. W. Schlesinger at the Standard Theatre two Sunday nights ago, we longed to hear Mr. Langley Levy say a few words about the phalanx of Napoleon's Old Guard that stood there unknown, unhonoured and unsung. The chief of these was Vernon Thompson, and I express now the hope that he has a better part to play than they gave him in that Epilogue to "A Royal Divorce."

A Clever Amateur Actor.

Last week-end, in Pretoria, a local ex-amateur popularly known as "Bob" Hancock, and now professionally styled

Arthur Scott, created quite a little sensation by his acting of van Kalabas, the civil servant of Stephen Black's play "Love and the Hyphen." "Bob" Hancock had never much impressed the Pretoria amateurs by his talents, but Stephen Black saw under the skin of the raw amateur and confided to him the important part he had himself created in Johannesburg. Except for the Epilogue, in which "Sir Gerald" comes back from America fully equipped with accent, with horn-rimmed glasses and plus-fours, the ex-amateur gave a most competent, amusing performance, and earned the encomiums of all the local critics. On the American side of the character he fell below the standard of the author, but everywhere else was equal to Stephen Black, and in parts better.

Came out of a Bank.

Considering that Arthur Scott was pulled out of a Commissioner Street bank only last July, it says much for local talent that he should have done so well. The Stephen Black Company played "Love and the Hyphen" to large and enthusiastic houses on the Reef, at Pretoria and as far down as Klerksdorp. It will not be temporarily disbanded, and at the next essay will probably stage "The Dorp" as well as other plays, some it is hoped by new South African writers whom Mr. Black hopes to bring to public notice.

Conversational Assassins.

It is good news that Sheridan's "School for Scandal" is to be produced at His Majesty's to-night. There is no other play quite on the same plane as this dazzling comedy of manners. It is quite the best product of a time when conversation was a fine art, and wit was sought after even at the peril of one's soul. How charmingly they could assassinate a reputation! They were not so crude and downright as we are to-day. Of course, the proper acting of the piece makes very high demands, but there is no doubt that these will be fully met. Mr. Gerald Lawrence himself will play the part of Charles Surface, while the role of the provocative Lady Teazle will be taken by Miss Madge Compton. The rest of the company have just the finished histrionic powers required. It will be a memorable performance.

So this is Success?

"So This is Love" has been having success at the Empire, and no wonder. The show has, literally and metaphorically, so much "kick" in it. There are the Tiller girls, who in the judgment of the world are the last word in docile and synchronised kicking. There are Eric and Rene Le Fre, whose composite talent provides rollicking fun. There is also Rosa Pinkerton, one of the youngest and most brilliant operatic stars of the musical comedy world, and many others, so Empire "fans" are kept busy smiling.

An English Genius.

Miss Marie Hall, on whom the mantle of Paganini has descended, is bringing her wonderful Strad. violin and a concert party, consisting of Lucy Nuttall, the famous contralto, and Gerald Moore, the master pianist, to Capetown. She will open on May 1st. This great English violinist charms as much with her presence as with her unique playing. These two attributes of hers are more than charming . . . they are magical. That, at least, is the unanimous verdict of all the leading London critics.

The Most Popular Film Star.

Colleen Moore has been delighting audiences at the Orpheum this week. It is a sprightly, delicious performance that she gives, one that goes with a swing from start to finish. After viewing this film one can understand why in a recent census she was voted the most popular of all



George Robey and Marie Blanche.

film stars. On the same programme are Streeth and Streeth, the most original acrobatic turn I have ever seen. In slow motion they perform the most difficult feats with amazing ease and humour. Bruce Green and Edith James give a rollicking vaudeville act.

The Orpheum is coming out with something unusual in the way of films next week. "Frisco Sally Levy," with Sally O'Neil in the leading role, is an Irish-Jewish comedy of the richest humour. The vaudeville turns will include Lynda Martell and Hargreaves-Dodd.

Billie Dove is starred this week at the Bijou in a film that provides ample scope for her beauty and dramatic powers. "The Stolen Bride," where she plays the name part, is a colourful romance of Hungary, brimful of action and charm.

We go via the screen to the heart of modern America at the Carlton this week. The first feature, "Broadway Nights," starring Lois Wilson and Sam Hardy, shows us what happens in New York between the hours in which the theatre doors close and the milk-cart goes round. The second, "Babe Comes Home," stars the baseball king, Babe Ruth. No one can understand the United States properly who has not sat at the feet of Babe Ruth.

George Robey is shortly coming out here with his revue, "In Other Words." He is bringing a powerful supporting company, although a show in himself. The price of theatre seats is to remain the same as usual during his season. This is good news.



LIFE AS REVEALED BY FICTION

The Iron Horse

By Robert Klein

MANY years ago Oom Klaas and his wife left Wellington. Not because they wanted to; for both were happy on a fruit farm there. But those railways! "Accursed spoorweg," said Oom Klaas.

It was when godless people laid the first railway line and ran the puffing, snorting, train to Wellington. Oom Klaas was surprised that the heavens did not fall on the engine driver; he told his vrouw that the man who drove the fire-wagon would come to a bad end. "I shall keep myself clean of this iniquitous iron horse," he said, and sold his farm. The following week Oom Klaas and his wife trekked by the good road to the north. . . .

They settled on a sheep-farm near Beaufort West. "We are safe now," said Oom Klaas. "The accursed skelms, with their ungodly machine cannot reach us." But the rascals from Kaapstad pushed the way on little by little, and one day Oom Klaas, riding to the end of his 20,000 morgen farm, found natives clearing the veld. A white man was in charge of them. Said Oom Klaas, "What the devil are you doing?"

The man answered that he was preparing the way for the spoorweg. Oom went home in a great rage and spoke to his vrouw. "Johanna," said he, "the rooineks are coming again with their vervloekte ysterperd."

"Allamag, Klaas!"

"Ja," said Oom Klaas, "this is a wicked world. They are working against the Bible. We must trek, for the Lord will destroy the world if people do these things."

So they sold up again at a heavy loss and went further North. They settled at last in the Orange Free State. Then the rooineks came and found a diamond mine, which was more ungodly even than the spoorweg and the yster-perd. So Oom Klaas and his vrouw sold the farm and trekked with the cattle to another part of the State. In a few months time they heard that the ungodly ones were up to Kimberley with the railway, and Oom Klaas began to look around for another buyer.

"Vrouw," he said one night to Johanna, after the children had gone to bed, "the world is now going to end. These ungodly people with their fire-wagons have angered the Lord. I read in the almanac yesterday that the end will come on the 26th of next month."

Johanna was much alarmed, for Oom Klaas was a wise man, and the almanac was printed in Dutch. What was in Dutch was true; it was in the accursed red taal of the Uitlanders that the lies were printed. Well, Oom Klaas did not know what to do, but he had a vague idea that gold would be easier to handle in the next world than cattle or sheep.

He went to Isaac Cohn, the dealer, and told him what he had read in the almanac. "S'velp me," said Cohn, "vat shall I do mit der tings? I don't vant dem in die next vurd. I vant die gelt." But he was a good-hearted sort of man, and, after a lot of persuasion, took over the stock at sixty per cent. less than it cost. "I wouldn't do it," he told Oom Klaas, "if you vasn't a good customer." Oom and Tantie thought they had done well in the circumstances.

The family watched for the 26th of the following month with great anxiety. Oom Klaas thought it best not to tell the children as it might alarm them; but he gave orders to them to stay at home on the 26th so that they might all go to heaven together.

But the 26th came and went and the world kept on. Oom Klaas and Johanna had another look at the almanac, and found the date was right. So he kept the children indoors and his wife baked much Boer bread. Yet outside the sun shone and the birds twittered and the cows lowed on the next farm. . . . Oom Klaas at length decided that the almanac was wrong, and went back to Isaac Cohn to ask for his cattle and sheep. The Jew had not wished to buy, so he would surely be glad to sell. Unhappily he had sold. "My vord, Meester," he said, "I got so frightened after I bought die oxen dat I sold dem at a loss."

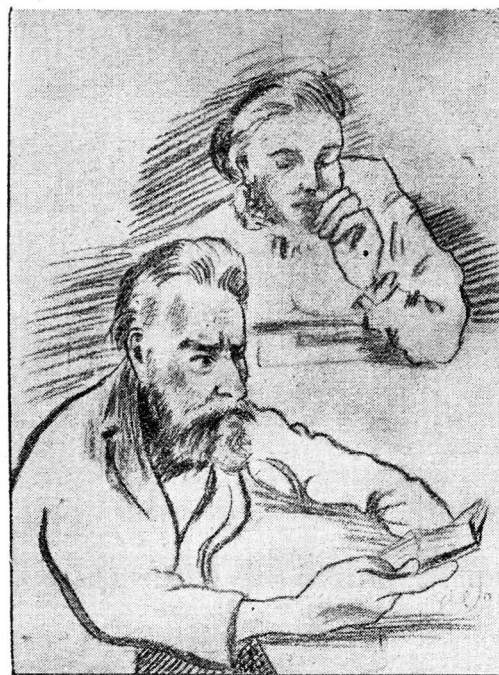
So off they trekked again as fast as they could, because the spoorweg was coming behind.

This time Oom said to his vrouw that they would make a long, long trek. He would cross the Vaal River and get away from the ungodly. They were a long time on the move now, but at last settled near Klerksdorp, where farms were cheap and the soil good. Things here went well, for the people in Johannesburg paid big prices for fruit and vegetables, but then a godless Hollander moved into the district. Oom Klaas did not like Hollanders; to him they were only a degree or so worse than the English. They drank strong drink and

used strong language, which they rolled out with a ferocious accent. The English might curse as heartily, but of this Oom Klaas was sublimely unconscious for the English used their own ungodly red language; but with the Hollanders it was different. . . . oh, they took the name of the Lord in vain, they turned Oom Klaas's blood to water, he shivered in fear and horror when van Ditmar, his neighbour, spoke.

This was bad enough, but worse was to come. Van Ditmar began to do unrighteous deeds. He went in for new-fangled things: he had an alarm clock and a music-box that made music when one turned a handle. Also a machine that reaped corn and bound it in sheaves. This Oom Klaas knew was wicked, but he could find no words in the Scriptures forbidding such things, and he said no more about the matter when van Ditmar laughed him to scorn, knowing that in the end the ungodly would be punished.

And now the Hollander was killing locusts! Killing the locusts that the Lord had sent as a punishment for van Ditmar's



sins, though unfortunately the plague did not stay on the condemned farm but came over to Oom Klaas and ate his crops too. Oom Klaas forbid his children to go near the Hollanders; he feared to live in the neighbourhood of such as van Ditmar, lest he, too, fall under the ban of the Lord; and as Lot, the good man of Sodom, had fled from the doom of the ungodly cities would he also flee.

He went into Klerksdorp and gave the attorney orders to sell his farm.

Now van Ditmar was a very slim Hollander and he saw that if he could buy Oom Klaas's farm he would be able to work his own property much more cheaply, because Oom Klaas had a wonderful spring. So he offered a tempting price—£1,200 more than it had cost. But Oom Klaas would not deal with such an unbeliever and sold his farm for less than cost price to Moses Mochovitz, who used to come out from Johannesburg and buy the crops. Moses afterwards sold the farm to van Ditmar and made £2,000 on the deal. But that was after Oom Klaas had trekked from the district.

He was now at a place forty miles from Johannesburg; and, although the machinations of the wicked had brought down his wealth, he grew fruit and sent it into Johannesburg. But the rooineks came along with engines and bored holes in the ground as fast as the iron horse had come from Capetown; and Oom got ready to trek again. The children were grown up by this time, and having mixed with the ungodly in the market places, began to harbour bad thoughts. "Pa," said Jan, when he heard that the farm was going to be sold, "let us wait a little. The rooineks will pay much for our land. They are seeking for gold."

But Oom Klaas told the young man a few things about the wickedness of the world in general and of the rooineks in particular, and firmly refused to have anything to do with the rascals from Johannesburg. This was the reason that an emissary of the Transvaal Gold Company was kicked off the farm.

Now there lived nearby a man named Isaacstein, and one day Oom Klaas told him of all his troubles with the ungodly rooineks, ever since that day that the iron horse got to Wellington. So Isaacstein went to the Transvaal Gold Company and said that he would sell them Oom Klaas's farm for £50,000—on one condition. The directors were called together and agreed to everything, giving Isaacstein a guarantee in writing.

And at length there was great drought in the land, and the farmers cried out for rain. Isaacstein went to the manager of the Transvaal Gold Co., Ltd., and said: "Now is your time. I want you to get a cannon and shoot dynamite for die clouds." And the company could get no more out of him. They explained that it was difficult to get a cannon, and impossible to shoot dynamite at the clouds.

"Would you make ah big explosion on die ground?" asked Isaacstein. The manager said he would do this at eleven o'clock.

Isaacstein hurried to Oom Klaas and told him that the goddess ones were going to shoot at the heavens to make the angels drop rain. Then he talked business until 11 o'clock, when the dynamite exploded. Several drops of rain fell after this; and Oom Klaas sold out at a low price.

He would have gone back to Cape Colony, but heard from real opregte Boers that the farmers down that end were falling from grace every day. In Worcester they used ungodly devices—such as patent manures

and steam ploughs; in the Beaufort West district sheep dip, jackal-proof fences and machine-worked shears; at Stellenbosch they went in for cream-separators, machine-made boxes. Oom Klaas heard, too, of a bad man who joined plants together and made hideous and ungodly fruits. Such were nectarines, which we know look like plums and have the stones of peaches.

His vrouw was getting old now, and she said that as the world was so wicked it would be best to leave it to its fate, and not be troubled by it in any way. She was not going to make a trek into the Kafirs' land.

And the children seeing that their father still had the money for the farm, and that this was the moment to get it, rose up with their mother in rebellion and likewise refused to do their father's bidding. Six of them had married and were settled in different parts of South Africa; the younger ones were filled with wicked and frivolous thoughts; Saatchie, the fourth daughter, put little steel things into her hair when she went to bed; and Paul, the sixth son, rode a bicycle with a free-wheel.

The old man was worn out and dispirited. So long as he thought that his wife and children were with him in the fight against ungodliness he had fought on stoutly, refusing to trim or shuffle, to compromise in any way with evil. But if they, too, were against him what could he do? A brave man can fight his enemies; he cannot fight his own kin or friends.

After much thought and prayer he said: "It is well, my wife. It is well, my children. Since you are dissatisfied I will divide my money with you. For I am old and have not long to live and I have need of rest. May you prosper."

He blessed them all and gave each one a share of the money that came from the Jew. And taking his eldest daughter's portion of the money, he trekked for the last time, going with his wife to this married daughter, Frederika, who had lately written to him affectionate and dutiful letters. Frederika was married to a man named Tobias Jephtha Louwer and lived in Braamfontein, on the borders of Johannesburg; and to know that all around were gold mines and other Uitlander sinfulness gave great pain to Oom Klaas. Yet what could he do? He was old and sick and his vrouw too; and none of his children seemed to bear him love or to want him save his first-born only, Frederika, whom always he had loved best.

When he got to Braamfontein Oom Klaas kissed the beloved daughter and gave her the money he had brought, and she kissed him and her mother and said: "Is that all? It is very little." And she told her father to let Tobias go into the town and sell the wagon and span of oxen and also his riding-horse; and Tobias did these things and said he would hide the money safely lest thieves came in the night.

And Oom Klaas said it was well.

Tobias gave up his place on the mines to speculate with horses and cattle in the market places, and when he had lost his wife's share of the money he replaced it with the money of his father-in-law.

And it came to pass that Johanna and her daughter and her daughter's husband could not live in peace together, and Oom Klaas being glad of an excuse to move from this hateful spot, said to his wife: "We will take the little money that is left and end our days alone on the veld, even if we eat dry bread and drink water."

And he said to his son-in-law: "Give me my money for I would go from here and live in peace."

And Tobias answered: "Your money, pa, has been stolen."

And Oom Klaas said sternly: "How is this? You took it and laid it safely away so that none would know."

And Tobias answered with shame: "I told my wife, and woman being curious she could not let the money rest but each night went by it to see it was well. And doubtless a Kafir or Englishman has seen her and has found the purse of gold."

And Oom Klaas in sorrow cried aloud: "What am I to do?"

And Tobias and Fredericka answered: "Go to thy daughter Carolina, whose husband has such a fine farm at Potchefstroom."

"But how will I come there?" asked Oom Klaas.

"I will buy you railway tickets," said Tobias. "For you and ma. You shall go on the spoorweg and the iron-horse shall pull you."

And they forced Oom Klaas to go with his vrouw by the spoorweg to Potchefstroom, where Carolina's husband gave them an outhouse to live in until they died, one after another, a year later. And their bodies were buried on the outskirts of the farm, so that the drinking water of the children should not be polluted; and now the railways have taken in this land and the trains roar over Oom Klaas's head and he lies fast asleep?

THE DORP (concluded from page 32).

"There is no doubt that the bitterness in our midst is largely due to the ill-advised manner in which certain members of one party will regard this municipal chamber as a place for politics, and will keep waving the flag in the faces of other people."

Du Plessis: "What party?"

Ferreira: "What flag?"

Oom Kaspar: "What faces?"

They shouted their interpellations almost together, but their rage at Van Ryn's cunning move did not in the least upset the latter's equanimity. Placidly he remarked, "If the cap fits, then wear it. . . You see, gentlemen, they will not even permit the Chairman to open his mouth."

"You're talking politics," said Du Plessis.

Van Ryn: "I merely wish to remark that I shall allow no politics to be discussed here in future, and I look to all of you to assist me in upholding the dignity of the Council and my high office."

Amid loud "Hoor, hoors" he prepared to vacate the chair as a sign that the meeting was over. But Du Plessis, who wanted to bring forward a motion of censure on Oosthuisen for his "disloyalty in the Town Hall," jumped up, raging furiously. So beyond himself was he that, forgetful of his adherence to the Flag and the English language, he broke into torrential abuse in the Taal, his mother tongue. Nobody felt the oddity of this—in Unionstad many people slide impartially from one language to the other, using six words of English to half a dozen of Afrikaans. Thus such phrases, as "Ek is bitterly disappointed met die Mayor," kept issuing from Du Plessis's lips; and when O'Flinnigan afterwards declared that he "understood the High Dutch of the Council better than the Taal in the streets," he was speaking the truth for once in his life.

The Mayor was a study in deportment during Du Plessis's speech. But when at length the "Sappie" stopped for lack of breath, and Ferreira pushed forward some paper on which to pen a motion of censure, Van Ryn sharply interposed, "I said I would allow no more politics here, and here Councillor Du Plessis is at it again."

"This is not politics," screamed Ferreira. "This is loyalty!"

"Sit down," said the Mayor.

"I won't," yelled Ferreira and Du Plessis together.

"I move," continued the latter, "I move that the Council express disgust and shame at the conduct of Councillor Oosthuisen last night when 'God save the King' was played in the Municipal Hall."

"I second that," said Ferreira.

And another supporter excitedly cried, "I third it." At once Oosthuisen, ever ready for a racial fight, was on his feet, but so loudly did the "Sappies" assail him with "rebel," "traitor," "disloyal subject" and "German," that he could not utter a word.

At last a Nationalist was heard saying, "I move . . ."

"I move we all move," interrupted the Mayor, "I leave the chair."

And to the door he stalked. Heedless of the din, he passed out, with Oosthuisen close behind, and others excitedly following. One declared, "They'll get the Deputy Mayor to preside and carry the motion."

Van Ryn shed a large, benevolent smile over the swarming "Nats." "They can't do anything," he replied. "Oakley's gone away, and without him they haven't got a quorum."

Afterthoughts on the Bethal Case

Should Nafte have received the lash?

THE WORLD, it would seem from revelations of the public heart in times of war and popular excitement, is still a very bloodthirsty place. All our boasted civilisation and refinement fall away and leave us bare when we need them most to help us exercise the feelings of compassion and forgiveness. Can anything better demonstrate this than the spectacle of a usually humanitarian editor carrying on a violent propaganda against the simple and passive possibility of a wretched man's not being lashed?

"Vengeance is mine, said the Lord," but the editor of "The Star" does not agree with his maker. His righteous indignation is understandable, but this dreadful fear that the sinner might have escaped one iota of shame is incomprehensible to many ordinary men. Why all this rejoicing at the shame and humiliation of a fellow being? For Nafte, the guilty man, is after all one of us. He sinned, he has suffered, he has still to suffer. It is a canon of English conduct that when a man is down he should not be further kicked.

THE WHOLESOME LESSON OF THE LASH

shrieked the Press on the morning after Mr. Justice Solomon's sentence had been passed. This was worthy of the London "Daily Mail," hunting for German scalps during the war, but not of an editor who was

. the mildest manner'd man

That ever cut a throat or sunk a ship.

The attitude of the whole English Press has indeed been this:—

A native is a human being; he is equal to a white; he should be treated as a white, and so far as we are concerned he is treated as a white.

which, of course, is the most colossal hypocrisy.

Go to the columns of the Press and see how much space is accorded to the tragic death of a black man or of twenty black men. The death of two or three white men is "a splash story," the death of double the number of blacks is a paragraph stuck away on a back page. These are the relative news values of black and white skins. If a black man be killed do the papers say: "he left three wives or ten children"? We all know perfectly well that the values are not the same. The pretence of the Press that they are is the most nauseating and futile humbug. What about the Employers' Liability Act . . . are natives compensated in the same ratio as white men?

Now let us turn to Mr. Justice Solomon, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, a Jew by descent, and bearing symbolically the name of the wisest of all Jews. With his summing up in the case and even with his sentence we could acquiesce were it not for the archaic

and cruel eye-for-an-eye philosophy which the learned judge expounded. Times have changed since the ferocious Jewish law of vengeance was first promulgated, and it would have been in our view wiser, more practical and humanitarian if a heavy fine had been imposed along with a severe term of imprisonment, and the proceeds of this fine devoted to the succour of the dead man's dependents. Five hundred pounds to these people would have been better than the agony and humiliation of Nafte.

Sixpence, the dead native, was not a pleasant person; possibly his family will not greatly miss him; and if we accept the teachings of life and of science, Sixpence ceased to suffer from the moment he passed away, while Nafte's sufferings will be of long, long duration. It is easy for cool-mannered people in newspaper offices and legal chambers to control their passions; not so easy for a man fighting against the vicissitudes and oppressions of Nature, the ceaseless toil of the land, in an atmosphere where at times only by sheer brutality can a man survive. On these lonely farms things occur and must occur that do not occur in towns. If an editor be attacked he rings for a policeman, but the farmer cannot so readily find a policeman at hand.

It is an open secret that natives are daily castigated on the mines. Upon outside properties in the Transvaal and Rhodesia small mineowners take the law into their own hands, and in this they are aided and abetted by the patrolling police troopers, who understand that if an offender be taken into town and legally charged for every act of blackguardism the employer will be ruined by costs and loss of time.

We are not attempting to palliate the offence of Nafte. We are merely pointing out aspects of the case that have been overlooked in the wild orgy of words poured into and out of newspaper offices since Mr. Justice Solomon inflicted the lash. That the descendant of Solomon is not infallible in his wisdom stood out clearly through the error in interpretation of Mr. Pirow's remarks.

Nafte, up to the time of this cruel and passionate act, had a clean record; he was a good farmer who aided in the prosperity of his district; he was not a notoriously cruel or brutal man. These things should have counted if he had been guilty of some premeditated similar crime, alone and for gain, the lash would be comprehensible on the grounds that it would deter others. But can passionate outbursts be regulated in the calm solitude of human reflection? There was much provocation and there were some extenuating circumstances.

Therefore to Mr. Havenga, in his difficult task, to the Prime Minister, whose advice must bear a portion of the responsibility, and to Mr. Justice Solomon himself, we repeat—a substantial fine would better have met the circumstances of the case than this revenge of society upon a fallen sinner.

Celebrities—Fortunate and Unfortunate.
By NEMO.



No. 1.—Oom Tielman.
Enjoying a surgical operation in Europe instead of deciding on the Bethal case.

Our Boxing Waterloo

or

The Sad Story of April 13

By "HIPPOHIDE."

I wish I could say the nice things about last Saturday night's boxing in the City Hall that I had gone there resolved to say. I wish I could repeat some of the eulogies on French boxing that I wrote on many occasions for the London Press. I wish I could pat on the back all those excellent sportsmen connected with the National Sporting Club and tell them what a splendid show they had given and how grateful I was for their kind invitation to be present.



Mike Williams, Referred to in this Article.

But if I did these things, "The Sjabok" might as well have stayed in the womb of the printing press. For frankly I have never seen poorer fighting than that exhibited by the boxers in the two principal contests of the night. In my studied opinion, there was one pugilist only on view who approached first class form from all angles—Pothier. And Pothier, I am certain, would not claim that what he

displayed on Saturday night was the sort of thing I used to see in Paris during 1913 and 1914, in those days when Ledoux, the olive-skinned, girlish little tiger, hammered big men out of the ring; when Carpentier beat to his knees the giant Joe Jeannette; when it was "bang, bang" without mercy or intermission for 20 rounds, and the women of fashion sat, blazing with diamonds, in hundreds about the ring, green, yellow and blue under the queer lights which the film operators use for recording the fights. Fists cracked, bodies bent and blood flowed, and if the weary pugilists stopped to spar or cogitate, they were howled at by those hungry descendants of the Romans and told to fight.

From my observation of two recent boxing tourneys in the City Hall, the uninteresting fights we see in Johannesburg are largely due to the attitude of the crowd. Until a large inexpert section of the audience is taught what modern ring methods are, and stopped from foolish howling directly one man tries to keep at another, so long will the boxing be tame.

They didn't do this sort of thing in the old days on the Rand either. I remember vividly the fights soon after the Boer War when Mike Williams was the "big noise" and Jack Palmer, the Pitman's Champion, came out from England to fight for the heavyweight crown and a lot of money. The house on that stirring night was as full as it was last Saturday . . . but that was the only resemblance! Mike Williams may not have been clever, but he did fight and I'd like to know how long Maurer would have stayed in the ring with him! But the old crowds wanted hard fighting and didn't frighten the fighters. Last Saturday poor Pothier, anyone could see, as soon as he touched Minshull hurried off to the farthest corner with a guilty look on his face of a child whose baby sister has begun to yell, and who is afraid he will be blamed for everything. Every second Pothier dreaded to hear some of the half-sovereign, and five-bob experts yelling for his scalp or claiming "Foul, foul!" Who can blame a referee for acting cautiously in the face of an uneducated public opinion set there as his judge? It needs a very strong man, morally more even than physically, to stand up and brave the disapproval of a mob.

It would be an excellent thing if at the next tournament a pair of clever boxers were told off to demonstrate in a specially arranged bout what is permitted and what is not. When that element of the public which does not know the truth about boxing has been instructed, a big stride will have been made towards the next move (b) the assertion of his rights and position by the referee and his insistence upon absolute impartiality and order from the crowd.

Now to the boxers. Pothier, I understand, morally defeated Willie Smith, and then went back to France to bring back with him a couple of good fighters. I'm afraid he brought back nothing so good as himself. Munoz was freely accused on Saturday night by people in the crowd of having sulked after he found he could not impose his point

of view upon the referee, but I personally saw little difference between the early and late stages of the contest with Jacobson. Both men showed lack of devil. Munoz had no initiative, and boxed utterly unlike the fiery Frenchmen of legend and as I have seen in Paris. That my old friend Johnny Lalor tipped Maurer as being much too good for McCorkindale did not at all surprise me, because Johnny Lalor was a great fighter, but never a good judge of fighters, least of all himself, whom he always underrated. Had Lalor been a good judge of fighters he might have become welter-weight champion of the world . . . but that's another story.

The fact is that McCorkindale, who had not much impressed me in a previous match, proved far and away too good for Maurer, whom he badly beat with one hand for two thirds of the fight. But how came it that the National Sporting Club allowed the match to be fought at all? McCorkindale damaged his right hand a week before last Saturday, and therefore was medically unsound in the most vital manner possible. He tried one punch with the right early in the contest, injured the bones or tendons worse than ever, and thereafter fought at a disadvantage of 50 per cent., when we know that 5 per cent. is the difference between a second-rater and a champion. Will McCorkindale ever be a champion? I don't think he has the build for it. His frame is not solid enough. Maurer has the build, but he hasn't the boxing sense. His blows lack snap; he looks fast, but isn't. That is one of the peculiarities of a physical-exercise-strong-man type of muscle—it gives a most deceptive appearance of speed. A boxer's muscles are lissom, and the speed is in the eye. It is the nervous reaction of the expert boxer which is swift—the muscles act in instantaneous harmony with the signals of the eye. McCorkindale is faster than he looks—he has a natural fighter's sense, but, built as he is, is too small for a heavy-weight and too frail from the waist upwards.

Well, it was a very disappointing night. Did Pothier select Maurer and Munoz? If so, he paid the Rand a poor compliment. If Munoz and Maurer are Pothier's estimate of the Rand's boxing talent, then the little feather-weight has a poor opinion of the fighters here.

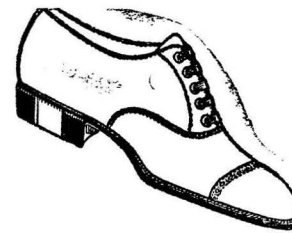
The amazing thing about Munoz is that he so impressed all who saw him train. The Press was filled with eulogies of his talent—poor little Pothier read like very small beer beside the two compatriots he had brought out with him. But in the actual boxing Munoz cut a poor figure. Is he temperamental, O, blessed word? Not having seen him train, I have no standard of comparison, but that the public was bitterly disappointed cannot be denied.

Altogether April 13th was a sad day for South African boxing. It might have been April the first. Willie Smith was knocked out by a man who a week before had been down with influenza; Ralph Minshull, whom many classed with Smith, was knocked out as soon as Pothier began to fight; Oscar Jacobsohn scraped home at the end of an ignominious scramble; and McCorkindale took the honours, but not the cash, in a bout that would not have been permitted in the land of the victor's birth.

Truly, I believe that the men here are good enough—it is the methods that are wrong. And the methods seem dictated by a section of the crowd that knows nothing about boxing. These wisecracks sit around and bawl as soon as the man they aren't backing, morally and financially, is pressed. They imagine all sorts of terrible fouls are being committed and all sorts of ferocious blows are being landed. The noise of a slapping glove is the whole of the Greek drama sounding in their ears, and if a man be banged into the ropes it is as if the rope were being put about his neck to strangle him. Enlighten the "fans" and appoint a strong-willed referee who knows his job and will not be afraid to assert himself. Give the boxers more rope and the foolish young men in the crowd less. That is the first step towards brighter boxing on the Rand.

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RISSIK STREET.

Among the Men of Muscle.

[In future issues of "The Sjambok" all sporting matters of interest will be dealt with by experts—football and cricket in season, pugilism, athletics, etc. Arrangements are being made for competent, caustic criticisms, by which the light of day will be thrown upon many matters usually hushed up or glossed over. Our readers can rely upon getting the truth, without fear or favour.—*The Editor.*]

A Great Heavy-Weight Boxer.

In these days of poor public pugilism and stirring strife on the veld, it is of interest to hear that down in the Orange Free State lives a giant athlete named Hart, who would possibly be regarded as "a white hope" were it not that the world rid itself of "this great problem" some years ago and has ever since been so careful that "a black hope," vulgarly speaking, "hasn't a hope." But if they made a slip in the United States and let in Godfrey or some other sable giant, then the world's pugilistic showmen might do worse than think of Hart who has weight, speed and strength and the intelligence to apply them. Hart has had the brains and application to master the intricacies of hurdling, discus throwing, shot putting and so forth. He should be a strong candidate for the Decathlon or Pentathlon at the next Olympic Games, but now it is said he is also a great boxer in the making. There was John Hopley in the past, sacrificed upon the Altar of Respectability, but now that men like George Bernard Shaw have blessed the art of pugilism and Tunney has talked of Shakespeare, maybe Hart will throw off the shackles of society and take the plunge to international fame and fortune on behalf of South Africa.

AJAX.

Carpentier's Bad Temper.

The fashionableness of French boxers at present makes me think of Georges Carpentier in the days when he could fight. I met him often then, and saw some of his best and worst battles. One was for £100 in a private club across the Seine, where he undertook to knock out an English amateur named Mitchell in less time than the 63 seconds it had taken to anaesthetise Bombardier Wells. So angry was Georges this night that he kept on swinging his biceps into the back of Mitchell's neck until it was too late to win the bet.

And His Wife's Bad Judgment.

For Georges has a bad temper . . . in the presence of provocation. And, like many calmer citizens, he finds his wife a provocation. Last year he went to Deauville alone, because the year before his wife had cost him too much money. She wagered nearly £1,000 on the turn of the wheel one night . . . and lost. And Georges lost his temper, and when he loses his temper he forgets the superimposed civilisation he has acquired via the ring, and reverts to the unpolished language of a Lens coal-miner. . . .

Anyhow, he doesn't take Madame Carpentier to Deauville any more.

Coming Exitement.

"Tiptoe" writes:—

South African cricket and tennis teams taking part in oversea tours, the visit of a strong English "Soccer" team and an athletic combination equal to the best in England, all this will provide a winter full of vivid sporting

interest. At the moment, the inter-Empire amateur billiard championship is on the menu, and French boxers are battling for cash and kudos against the best we have. A very excellent soup to start the meal with.

Sporting writers for years past have expressed amazement that South Africa with a white population not equal to that of a big provincial town in England or Scotland can put into the field such powerful combinations of players for the various international tests. It is pretty cheeky, when one thinks of it, that a small population like this can hold its own with the best in the world.

He Isn't Confident of the Cricket!

Not that I feel over-confident about our cricketers in England this season. While not prepared to admit that an English XI. can be composed equal in quality to the teams that beat Australia in the days of Lohmann, Richardson, Peel, George Ulyett and other giants of the game, to-day's English cricket is so virile that it will take a much better team than our "schoolboy" lot to hold them in either the Test matches or even in the games with the stronger county XI's.

But Fancies Our "Soccer!"

The greatest attraction for South African spectators will be the "Soccer" professional tour. Whether the visiting team will blend into such a powerful combination as the Aberdonians has to be seen. There is great inter-club and inter-provincial rivalry throughout South Africa, and there is much confidence that to-day we have a class of player able to extend and perhaps beat an English League team made up of Second and Third League players with merely a stiffening to rank it as international. A great deal will, of course, depend on Selection Committees, both provincial and South African. If they can perform their task without local club or provincial prejudices, then we shall see some great games.

One of the dreadful things in South African sport is that Selection Committees fail so consistently to please the men who know our various games. This applies to every sport . . . the parochial spirit is indeed rampant. Whether the teams selected be cricketers, footballer, tennis players, men or women, billiard manipulators or athletes, there is always repentance after the event!

Take our cricket team now practising in England. That is certainly not built up on any idea of establishing South African cricket "in our time"! Some of the players chosen would not find places in a best Transvaal XI., and probably not in a best Western Province or Natal team. Yet they are sent overseas to face the strongest bowling that England has had for years. Their only claim for inclusion is apparently their youth, for some of their cricket performances do not bear close examination, especially when tried players like Nupen, Susskind and Bissett were available, or could have been if the cricket powers had faced their job like men!

Drat the "Dracing!"

The "dracing" track at the Wanderers has upset the peace of mind of many old cricketers. Presumably the Wanderers Club are not the rich people some folk seem to think they are, and have had to raise the wind to meet heavy upkeep charges. Yet none can excuse the breaking up of that fine stretch of turf which the Rugby Union laid down some years ago, and which had been the pride and hope of all Transvaal sportsmen ever since. The "dracing" sacrifice is bad enough, but now Coney Island comes along

with its thousands of spectators treading the life out of the struggling grass. What a sin! It is high time the Wanderers gave up this sort of thing.

"Veldskoen" is a Kicker.

[Tiptoes" having had his say, we know introduce our readers to "Veldskoen," who hasn't much good to tell about last Saturday's Rugby football.]

The season opened badly, he says, and, making allowance for early-season unfitness, if that if the class of stuff we are going to have during the season, then the big stands at Ellis Park will be empty skeletons, mocking at the glories of last season. With the possible exception of Wanderers, it seems as if all the Witwatersrand teams are weaker than they were last year, and God knows they were bad enough then! Without the Pretoria clubs, what attractive matches, to hold up a season, can possibly be arranged between the Johannesburg teams? On Saturday they all suffered defeat at the toes of Pretoria. E.R.P.M. were thoroughly humiliated by a Harlequins 2nd team at Pretoria, and Pirates went down to the T.U.C. by 18 points. Pirates are going through a very lean time, but are struggling gamely, and their policy with juniors will bear fruit before many seasons. They have the skeleton of a good side, and by perseverance should soon be restored to their former glory. Police accounted for Simmer, 9—3, but the greatly boomed Wanderers went under to an average Pretoria team by 14—3. An unimpressive Diggers team ran away with Railway.

Now, in this competition Diggers, Railway, Simmer and Wanderers are grouped in the northern section. With the possible exception of the Diggers-Wanderers match, who would walk round the corner to see any of them? And so it is in the southern section. Incidentally why southern, since all the competing teams are either north, east or west?

Fewer Teams, More Quality.

Now analyse next Saturday's programme. Pirates v. University, Diggers v. Simmer, 'Quins v. West Rand, Wanderers and Railway. What is there to draw the public? The T.R.F.U. will have to do something very drastic, and do it soon. All clubs will have to sink their personal ambitions for the good of the cause. Last year a sincere effort was made to settle the problem, but owing to bad chairmanship the meeting ended in . . . gas! Had Mr. Tucker's effort to fix on certain principles been supported, progress might have been made, but the wreckers were triumphant; selfishness and funk reigned supreme. The truth is that in the absence of support from the high schools, the Witwatersrand cannot supply eight first-class teams. E.R.P.M. should combine with Simmer, making one representative team for the East Rand, and Railway should merge with Pirates, whose ground is perforce encroached on by Railway as it is. The Railways have struggled for years to maintain a senior team, but never have they been able to muster more than five really first-team men; I mean first team judged by Cape standards.

Having reduced the number of senior teams, the High Schools should be tackled. But that's another story.

VELDSKOEN.

Baseball enthusiasts talk of making their game a gate-drawing attraction on Saturday afternoons. Some twenty teams are now taking part in a competition that a few years ago was a two-team affair. Some of our foremost cricketers have been baseball players while the game was confined to Sunday afternoons, and now it is rumoured that several front-rank players may retire from the fine old English game, in order to play regularly with the Americans and their formidable instruments. Even Nupen, I hear

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HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Nightly at 8.15.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30 p.m.

Friday and Saturday, April 19 and 20:
GERALD LAWRENCE COMPANY in
"The School for Scandal"
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Nightly at 8.
Matinees: Wed. & Sat. at 3 p.m. Sat. nights two shows at 7 & 9.

All the week:
"The Stolen Bride"
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Nightly at 6.50 & 9. Matinees: Wed. & Sat. at 3 p.m.

All the week:
"Naughty But Nice"
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Starring COLLEEN MOORE.
The Vaudeville will be:—
BRUCE GREEN & EDITH JAMES in Tit-Bits of Vaudeville.
STREETH & STREETH, Acrobats.

CARLTON THEATRE.

11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

April 18, 19, 20:
"Babe Comes Home"
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Featuring BABE RUTH and ANNA Q. NILSSON.

PALLADIUM THEATRE.

Daily at 2.30, 7 & 9 p.m. Saturdays at 2.30, 6.30 and 9.30 p.m.

April 19 and 20:
"Her Night of Romance"
(First National), starring CONSTANCE TALMADGE.



By "Straatlooper."

I HEAR that Sir Abe Bailey on his return to England will be raised to the Peerage with the title of Lord Bailey of Clewer.

A well-deserved honour.

Of Sir Abe Bailey's many achievements this paper is too small to tell. But here's a good story.

Some years after the Boer War, at a club smoking concert in Eloff Street, Sir Abe (then Mr. Bailey) was suddenly called on for a speech. He didn't want to speak. He protested. He said: "I don't know what to talk about!"

A voice from the front was then heard asking: "Tell us how your made your money."

When the laughter had subsided, in which Sir Abe took a hearty part, came the reply: "There's no great secret about how I made my money. I bought shares when other people wanted to sell them and I sold them when others wanted to buy them."

So then the laugh was on the crowd.



A photograph taken some years ago of Sir Abe Bailey.

Years ago I remember finding the outskirts of Johannesburg impossible topographically. They seemed a jumble, a mass, an upheaval. I couldn't find my way about at all

and finally issued this ultimatum to anybody inviting me out—come and fetch me or I won't move.

This came back the other day when I ran into Moses Kottler, the sculptor, who was up here for a few days and running furiously about all the time trying to get things done in a hurry.

"I can't find my way about," he wailed. "The streets aren't labelled properly, the numbers are missing, the lights at night are poor. Oh - Oh - Oh!"

"You really find Johannesburg obscure?" I said.

"It's terrible, terrible," he replied. "Such a beautiful place too, such a fine town . . . but I can't find my way about."

Poor fellow, he had been walking round and round the Standard Theatre, trying to get in and see his bust of Leonard Rayne.

The Black Watch?

It has come at last—The Kaffir in Kilts! I saw him at Yeoville on Sunday night, complete from head to toe—Glengarry, kilts, sporran, etc., etc.—hoots mon, I tell you, he was a braw bricht black nicht! Down Fortescue Road he marched with a Highland swing and six black watchmen (or kitchen boys) beside him. Not Jim Fish, but Jock Mackay—uproarious, hilarious and convivial. Black girls who went past, stood still in admiration at the new style of moocha, and made me wonder if perhaps the native had at last found his ideal dress.

* * * * *

Is it the altitude, one wonders, that goes to the heads of our staid citizens? I here there is a satirical play on the theme in M.S., and from recent happenings it might have been based on fact. For there has been quite a flutter in the domestic establishment of a popular sporting gentleman of this town. Fortunately, fathers-in-law are more understanding generally than the unpopular and legendary mother-in-law, and here the good man patched up things, so there will consequently be no divorce . . . to the grievous disappointment of those who were looking forward to a cause celebre.

* * * * *

During the Show week a party of people from the country called at a well-known club to be shown round. On leaving, one asked if the porter could tell where "Mr. Heath's hotel was?"

"Oh," chipped in a bystander, "It used to be quite near Mr. Carlton's Hotel."

"He who owes and does not pay will live to owe some other jay." That is the axiom deeply graven in the ledgers of many a Johannesburg retailer. But "que voulez vous!" Live above your income, advises the high pressure-scientific-American salesman, and with pride the good citizen of the Golden City takes all the credit he can get, and leaves . . . a dud cheque. Not always, mind you, but just so soon as he feels that he really must keep boredom at bay by taking a lady to the Carlton cabaret, he lets slide the little bill he owes in Eloff Street.

* * * * *

One kind-hearted purveyor of tooth powder and talcum bemoans the fact that he has acquired a selection of these dishonoured cheques, but with patience and perseverance still hopes to write a few credits on the better side of his ledger. Good luck to him!

* * * * *

Not a million miles away one of our cheerier and better restaurateurs is also learning that all is not cash that is written on cheques. And in his case he sometimes suffers the additional indignity of being "touched" for a few shillings by his optimistic debtors. What a game!

* * * * *

Still . . . better a dozen dud cheques than that this volatile city should lose one bubble of its effervescence. There are few compensations for living six thousand feet above the sea, and one of them is the chance of living above the monthly insult most of us have to accept.

* * * * *

Although starting practically favourite, Mrs. Cohen, by Goldwing out of Gold Lace, though expected to win, did not do so at Turffontein last Saturday. But it is rumoured that Mr. Cohen, also a favourite, by Pick-it-up out of Tattersalls, won comfortably . . . as usual.

* * * * *

The Clause in the Electoral Act of 1918 whereby a voter can be struck off the roll for daring to change his residence to an adjacent electoral division was surely drafted by an imbecile. A voter residing alongside the Wanderers' ground last year moved two streets away, together with the family he lived with. The total distance did not exceed 300 yards, yet he was struck off the voters' roll! It can be due only to sheer administrative inefficiency in view of the fact that on the original registration form that voter's P.O. Box was clearly stated. And now expensive stationery is being wasted to get his name on to the supplementary roll in time for the coming election.

But I hear he wont vote "Pact!"

* * * * *

Its about time that newspaper writers began to differentiate categorically between mens' and womens' athletic records and to state clearly by which sex a record has been made. Some of the girls are getting very cocky when they read of world's records made by members of their sex. They really think the Press writers are referring to absolute world's records.

* * * * *

I heard a self-assertive flapper arguing the other night that the high jump made by Miss Catherwood of Toronto, when mounting less than 5 feet on her own tendons, was a "world's record," because the "Star" said so. It isn't even a feminine world's record because a South African girl has done well over five feet. As for a real world's record. . . a man has done over 6 feet 8 inches!

* * * * *

I believe the only absolute world's record of any kind that matters established by a woman was swimming the Channel, and it wasn't long before a man beat this. Still, women can stay in the water longer than men—especially when they have on the newest and coldest thing in bathing costumes.

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW?

The winner of the Durban July Handicap.

* * * * *

If, as the Hon. Mr. Malan says, Racialism is dead, he's not left a lively ghost?

* * * * *

Why Mr. Smit, the Administrator, did not leave it to others more competent to say "Provincial Councils are useful?"

* * * * *

Why Germiston laughed at this from Mr. Smit "When S.A. has an official who is not tactful, and the public is a little against him, he is usually promoted?"

* * * * *

Why everybody shouldn't laugh in view of Mr. Smit's own notorious lack of tact?

* * * * *

Whether it isn't time Captain Campbell had a lucky turn at the wheel

* * * * *

Whether we don't all wish him jolly good luck in his coming attack on the record?

* * * * *

If The Star doesn't deserve a bouquet for "scooping" The Mail over the fight on the veld?

* * * * *

And whether The Sjambok's enterprise in securing exclusive pictures does not beat them all?

* * * * *

When "Pro Bono Publico," "Fiat Justitia" and all the other static free contributors to The Star will enjoy another such orgy of ink as provided by the Nafte case?

* * * * *

If some of the benevolent Christians who insist on the lash would be prepared to do the lashing themselves?

* * * * *

Whether the Bethal case did not place an already harassed Government on the horns of a cruel dilemma that may prove costly at the elections

* * * * *

If The Star last Saturday didn't know that the Daily Mail had already printed just such "a Nigger Heaven" story—only more so?

A letter from "Nigger Heaven."

A business man of my acquaintance the other day received the following queer application from a native:—
Dear Messrs. Gentlemen,

I have not seen your advert and cannot state positively that you require a boy. So I respectfully beg you to offer me a post in your premises. I possess good faculties in figures and I am also high-class at interpretation. I can also deliver push with a bike. My caligraphy you now observe. I resigned from my last position because labour was scarce and I was not required in the mass of applicants around the doors. But the gentleman assured me that if I had got the position he would have been exhilarated. Please messrs gentlemen employ my earnest capabilities. You will not regret—try me, the proof of the pudding is on the inside.

Recognising your kindness in anticipation,

I have the honour to be, your prospective clerk,

PETER MATTHEW MOGANE.

S.P:—Don't neglect to give early answer. I have drafted many applications and would accept one reaching me first.

WHICH?



The Sjambok's Cartoonist, de Lancey, epitomises the Nafte case.

Shall Tattersalls Close ?

And Bucket-Shops Open ?

The Committee of Transvaal Tattersalls met yesterday afternoon to discuss the attempt of the various Racing Clubs to close down the Tattersalls Rooms on race days. The Racing Clubs want all the revenue they can get and consider that if there be no Tattersalls open on race days punters will be impelled to the race-courses, paying for admission and taxes on their wagers.

The report of the Inter-Provincial Committee is against this. It says:—

(a) That betting cannot be avoided.

(b) That a Government Institution on the lines of Tattersalls is the best way of collecting the tax.

(c) That Tattersalls has stood the test of ten years and that there has been no complaint about it.

(d) That a system of licensing bookmakers in premises of their own would only partially protect the public which could not have proper knowledge of the odds. In the end betting business would be driven to other provinces.

(e) As it is alleged that bucket-shops exist in towns of the Transvaal other than Johannesburg, branches of Tattersalls could be opened elsewhere to kill these illegal betting houses.

(f) That the revenue from Rooms' bets alone is of great benefit, amounting to nearly £50,000 for the three years to March, 1928. The total yearly revenue from betting in the Transvaal is £124,000.

Finally, says the Committee, if Tattersalls Rooms be closed on race-days, many men will be thrown out of employment, a most undesirable thing at present.

The arguments against the closing of Tattersalls are many and powerful ones. Before these Rooms came into being Johannesburg abounded in bucket-shops and all these closed down automatically in the face of the legalised, controlled establishment.

In other Provinces members of Tattersalls operate also on race courses, moving from rooms to race course on race days. But the Johannesburg Tattersalls is vastly different. Here out of forty licensed cubicles no fewer than thirty-two are leased by race-course bookmakers for away-from-the-course (or starting price) betting on race days and the other eight are leased by race-course bookmakers for ante-post betting.

The argument of the committee is that the closing of Tattersalls on race days instead of driving punters to the race courses would simply send them into the more convenient bucket shops that would automatically arise. The revenue to the Administration would suffer. Many people like to bet but find race courses tiring, objectionable places. Some get terrible headaches, seats always seem scarce, admission is costly and so for many reasons gamblers would go to bucket shops.

One of the many reasons why the Inter-Provincial Committee created Transvaal Tattersalls was the fact that in this central establishment could be gathered all the elements that support bucket shops, but now licensed and subject to the control of the Authorities.

Certainly it seems as if the Racing Clubs are penny-wise and pound foolish in seeking to close Tattersalls. Themselves they would benefit but slightly while such obvious evils would be created that these would react against racing and create a spirit of opposition to the sport in the minds of people who are now passive.

Tattersalls Committee has made such recommendations to the Authorities.

Emerald Excitement.

There is great but carefully suppressed excitement raging locally over the emerald discoveries in the Murchison Range, and when the cold weather comes and the grass can be burnt off the land such a rush of prospectors will take place to the Selati district as has not been witnessed in South Africa since the busy days of the diamond discoveries.

What are the prospects of these emerald fields? What are the chances of there being one more fabulous source of wealth in our country?

These are the facts—when about a year ago it was reported that emeralds had been found in the Murchison Range, a few people lifted their eye-brows and others pricked up their ears. Yet, generally speaking, only lukewarm interest was awakened.

LONDON IS WAKING UP.

But now the news has leaked through via London, from emerald experts and other men with a scent for money, that these pegmatite biotite schists correspond with the emerald-bearing schists of Colombia and the Ural Mountains, and, moreover, that the stones from the Selati district are of excellent quality.

A notable characteristic of all emerald discoveries is that the quality of the finds is poor on the surface, but that it often improves greatly at depth. Every peculiarity of these rare gems seems to be associated with the formation in the Murchison Range, and the emerald-bearing schists extend over an area of 200 miles. Nearly every available bit of land has been pegged off and very soon prospecting will begin in earnest on behalf of the claim owners.

ANOTHER KIMBERLEY ?

"There is always something new out of Africa," said the ancient Romans. Who knows whether South Africa does not stand on the verge of another great mineral discovery and whether she is not destined to supply the world with emeralds as she does with diamonds and gold?

Who realised at first the significance of the Rand gold fields, and more lately who save a few experts grasped the magnitude of the newly-exposed Rhodesian copper fields?

Be on the watch for striking developments, is our advice.

Evening.

The plough is at the furrow's end;
My son will bring the horses home,
And I shall sit before my house
And watch them come.

The rich, red slopes are followed well;
This season's crops my son will sow,
And I shall sit before my house
And watch them grow.

Time past I bought and bargained for;
But all the peaceful years to be,
When I sit before my house,
Are given me.

Next harvest-time will recompense
My son for months of labour spent;
I shall sit before my house
And watch, content.

An eastern sun I've only known,
Nor faced the way it went to rest;
Now I shall sit before my house
And face the west.

From The Sydney Bulletin,

WINIFRED G. BIRKETT,

Wanted—An International Society of Intelligence

Some French ways are better than English

By "GLOBE-TROTTER."

When I hear of those long, costly, solemn fruitless discussions that take place in the League of Nations, I am always inspired to cry out: "Why don't they begin at the beginning?"

"What is the beginning?"

It was a sceptical French friend of mine who replied thus to me as we sat one day before a café on the boulevard.

"Well . . . suppose we say those things which make for less friction in the daily lives of people who visit foreign countries. Universal time for one thing."

"But the whole of Europe has adopted the system of 24 hours on the clock—only England lags behind what she calls 'continental time,' as if it were a thing inferior like continental ham."

"I'm not defending England," I retorted. "She is more backward than France or Germany in those things; what I say is that the League of Nations should invade the realms of peace and teach nations to get on better with each other. England should be made to adopt the 24 hours clock."

"And the metric system?" jibed my friend.

"Yes and the metric system," I swallowed, "certainly the metric system, even before the 24 hours clock."

"Also the Etat Civil?"

"You mean . . . ?"

"I mean this," he said, "surely it is pitiable that great advanced nations like England and the United States have no system by which a scoundrel can be prevented from bigamously marrying and ruining 47 women; by which silly, immature boys and girls can be stopped from marriages that must end in disaster; by which the police can trace a citizen's record from the day of his birth."

I nodded guiltily but found refuge in the League of Nations. "Why doesn't the League of Nations concentrate on this sort of thing? Why are we rounded up like sheep for passports yet allowed to commit wholesale bigamy?"

"Another point," said my friend, "is the danger to a man who comes from a left-hand traffic system in England and her colonies to a right-hand system on the continent."

"That," I agreed, "is idiotic. Whether it be right or left, I don't care, but let it be the same all over the world. Countless accidents are caused by this useless, purposeless, antiquated national obstinacy. Surely half an hour's intelligent exposition by the League of Nations could convince the most highly placed imbeciles . . . ?"

"Oh, I don't know," retorted the Frenchman. "Look at the war that has gone on in England over a betting tax, which has been long since applied in every other country."

"Parcels Post," said my friend, "here in France is a very different thing from what it is in England. Your postman delivers a parcel like a letter, but in France our *colis postaux* are handled exclusively by the railways and must be fetched at the station even if one lives next door to a post office, 20 kilometres away from the railways. This must be very irritating to an Englishman living here; the systems should be harmonised certainly so far as parcels between France and England are concerned."

We went on chatting and found that Book Post does not exist in France. There is an equivalent *Papiers d'affaires*, but why aren't they the same? Some little time ago the French Postal and Customs Authorities caused great annoyance to foreigners by holding up book-post parcels and taxing them specially, under the pretext that trade parcels apparently should not enjoy the rights they do in the United Kingdom and other countries. All very silly and irritating.

If you aren't listening for a clock to strike in an English country and its face is out of your sight, you must wait an hour before you know the time, whereas in France every clock sensibly repeats the striking of the hour almost immediately.

Yet would you believe that it is a comparatively easy matter for a rascal to sell the same landed property to a dozen people in France and just as easy for him to borrow money on mortgage without the lender's being aware of mortgages that exist?

"This happened to me recently," said my French friend, "the sum is small and I am more amused by the fact that an intelligent race like ours permits such a system to exist."

"In France no marks of sale or mortgage appear on a deed of sale; consequently you can go to a buyer or lender with clean deeds and sell to him or borrow on your possessions."

"If you are a cautious or suspicious man you don't pay over a cent until the Deeds Office of your district answers the enquiries that a notary puts in writing on your behalf as to whether or not such and such a property has already been sold or mortgaged. Between the dates of sale in which I was recently concerned, and

its entry upon the official records a full month elapsed. My advocate smilingly assures me that if Monsieur . . . the seller had been a *canaille* he could in that month have sold or mortgaged the property several times over and it would come to me valueless, or to those who followed me on the records."

"I suppose it was a great international achievement to get Summer time accepted both by England and the Continent; and now the United Kingdom has come into line with France in suppressing needless Divorce Court details."

"Yet your country," I said, "still permits an appalling amount of liberty to the Press, particularly where a prisoner on trial is concerned. No sooner is a man charged, even on the vaguest suspicions, sometimes on idle gossip, then he is described in the Press as 'the assassin' and everybody seems to have the right to go into his past and point out why he is guilty or innocent, according to the way the feel. Now, as you know a prisoner in England is sacred; nobody may comment on his case before sentence is passed and previous convictions may not even be cited."

"We are to have Libel Laws based on the English, though perhaps you go too far in the other direction," my friend said, "but on the whole your way is infinitely preferable to ours. Practically speaking there are no libel laws in France. To a foreigner unfortunate enough to be unjustly accused, our laws in this respect must seem horribly unfair. But I like our system of damages to the injured man in a criminal case. Is it not better to make the guilty party pay damages to a victim than to see a barbarous sentence of imprisonment or lashes imposed . . . a revenge of society, as it were, to no benefit of the sufferer."

"Still," I said, "the laws of a country are its private affairs and when you visit England you must submit to ours. The things I would like to see done by the League of Nations are the modification of universal habits and routine. When, for example, will the Latin countries be made to fall into line with Anglo-Saxon countries on the vital questions of air and light and the use of disinfectants in places of public convenience? Why must a Frenchman continue to be made frantic or an Englishman be irritated beyond endurance by the Gaul's dread of draughts?"

"And the continental places of public convenience! They are shameful, appalling, a horrible gesture in the face of the League of Nations. Was there not great common-sense in the prophecy of a German whom I met on my travels at the end of the war?"

"My dear man," he said, "within 20 years you will see an alliance between England, the United States and Germany—the only three great nations with a clean lavatory."

"Yes," said my friend, "France should do better than she does."

"Italy is worse," I made haste to assure him. "Portugal . . ."

"I know," he said, "but that is no consolation. One is forced to the conclusion that all nations perpetuate wrongs and monumental follies. One country sees how foolish is the action of another by the light of its own experience in that particular subject, yet it does not act intelligently of itself in some other thing that the foolish nation does to perfection."

We agreed that nations would always be foolish and that therefore only an International Society of Intelligence, such as we like to imagine the League of Nations, can indicate national errors and prescribe for them.

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LITERATURE AND ART.

NEGLECTED MASTERPIECES.

The Amazing Story of a Woman's Life—Revelations of a Flayed Soul.

By THE EDITOR.

I WAS living ten miles from Nice a couple of years ago when the shocking news came one morning to my farm that Isadora Duncan had on the previous night been strangled in her motor car by the flowing scarf she wore. So stupefied was I by this culmination to a life of tragedy that I sat dazed half dreaming over the episodes of the great dancer's career, until it was too late to catch the train for Nice where I could have gathered up the sad threads of that unhappy ending. Did I then realise what a great soul had passed away? Did I understand that Isadora Duncan was one of the most remarkable women who had ever lived? A woman unique in every sense. Do we ever see in true perspective great events that happen near us?

When the tragic dancer passed away in that almost unconceivably brutal manner, dying a death which some sinister God might have devised as an end to a life of poignant emotion, Isadora Duncan had written and held in M.S. one of the world's wonder books, and this ("My Life") was published early last year in London. But the strange thing is that in this remote, material land of ours few seem to have read it. So I write these belated lines in the hope that people of taste and mind will go at once to their booksellers or librarians and get these revelations of a flayed soul. George Bernard Shaw wrote of Isadora Duncan's autobiography in the following words:—

"One of the two most remarkable contributions to serious literature of the season."

Presumably the other was "St. Joan"! For to place another writer on the same plane as himself was the greatest tribute Shaw could pay.

"My Life" is not a book for children, particularly for girls. It is a record of courage, of faith, of daring experiment, of love . . . in short, of life as lived by the great. What woman other than Isadora Duncan has told of her futile efforts to seduce and possess a resistant or contemptuous man? Of her free, unauthorised loves? Of her humiliations? Of her follies, her weaknesses, her most intimate, sacred and profane thoughts and acts?

Great men have done this sort of thing, perhaps because the role of man in the drama of sex is usually what the French call "le beau rôle." And then, too, great men are greater than great women, and life as constituted has made them more plentiful. Bonvenuto Cellini, Rousseau, Michael Angelo, Casanova, Machiavelli (all Latins, by the way) have been laid bare before the eyes of the world, stripped of the last shreds of modesty, in some cases of decency, but of our own race—Saxon or Anglo-Saxon—what have we in the way of self-revelation? What autobiography or biography even has told the truth of a man's inner life, his real life? What is a biography like Boswell's,

or how can Barbellion's "Diary of a Disappointed Man," or any similar book, be set up beside a record such as Isadora Duncan's?

Do you thrill to the magic names of the great? Would you brush elbows with Rodin, Sardou, Charles Halle, Bataille, Pierre Louys, Loie Fuller, Ada Rehan, Mounet-Sully, D'Annunzio, Roosevelt, Damrosch, Stanislavsky, Pavlova, Duse, Haekel? These 367 pages bristle with such. And Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry? He was the father of Isadora first child, a genius first and a lover second . . . ! They parted . . .

"These discussions often ended in thunderous and gloomy silences. Then the woman in me, alarmed, would awaken. "Oh, darling, have I offended you?"



ROMEO.
Her First Lover.

"Offended? Oh no! All women are damned nuisances, and you are a damned nuisance interfering with my work."

"He would go out slamming the door"

Gordon Craig, however, was not the first lover of Isadora Duncan. . . . It was in Budapest, when

the beautiful city was bursting into blossom. Across the hills, lilacs were blooming in every garden . . . That evening there was in the audience, calling aloud with the rest, a young Hungarian of god-like features and stature, who was to transform the chaste nymph that I was into a wild and careless bacchante. Everything conspired for the change. The spring, the soft moonlight night, and, when we left the theatre, the scent of the air, heavy with the perfume of the lilacs. The wild enthusiasm of the audience and the first suppers that I had ever eaten in company with absolutely care-free and sensual people; the music of the gypsies; the Hungarian goulasch, flavoured with paprika, and the heavy Hungarian wines . . . it was, indeed, the first time in my life that I was nourished, over-nourished, and stimulated with an abundance of food—all brought about the first awareness of my body as something other than an instrument to express the sacred harmony of music.

They soon met.

One afternoon, at a friendly gathering, over a glass of Tokay, I met two large black eyes that burned and glowed into mine with such ardent adoration and Hungarian passion that in that one look was all the meaning of the spring in Budapest. He was tall, of magnificent proportions, a head covered with luxuriant curls, black with purple lights in them. Indeed he might have posed for the David of Michael Angelo himself. When he smiled, between his red, sensual lips gleamed strong, white teeth. From our first look every power of attraction we possessed rushed from us in mad embrace. From that first gaze we were already in each other's arms, and no power on earth could have prevented this.

But this strange woman, this great artiste, would not marry. She had various lovers and still more intellectual admirers, of whom she writes amply, understandingly and sympathetically. She was above the petty womanhood of venting her spleen in print. She tells sweetly of Constantine Stanislavsky, who loved his own wife and would not listen to Isadora's temptings; who rejected her, playing Joseph to her Potiphar's wife until she gave up the vain struggle for the possession of his soul and body. More strangely still she writes sweetly of Sanislavsky's wife!

"My Life" quivers with feeling. It is the record of a sensitive, vibrant soul. The tragic death of those two beautiful children . . . with what wonderful restraint is it not told!

If you want to understand the real nature of an artist, if you desire to see how the artist differs from the bourgeois and from the Philistine, do not go to a suppositious gathering of spurious Bohemians in some faked Savage Club, but read Isadora Duncan's book. Read it as it was written; as a simple, sincere, truthful picture of an artist's view of life. More than by his art does the artist differ from the bourgeois in the way he looks at life. It is not because Isadora Duncan had the courage to give her beautiful unmarried body over to the birth of equally beautiful children, that she was an artist or different from ordinary people, for if illegitimacy be a passport to posterity we have many great women among us! But it is because of the essentially true, fine, unblinking way the tragic dancer looked at life that I say: Here was a great artist, a great mother, a great wife, and a great woman.

BILLIARDS.

Brilliant Amateur Billiards.

Largely to the enthusiasm and enterprise of Mr. Arthur Walker, Chairman of the S.A. Billiard Association, the credit is due for enthusing the British Empire in Amateur Billiards. Thanks to Mr. Allen Prior for play which resulted in South Africa's winning the last amateur championship. This has revealed to the billiard world an attractive style of game that must set the professional champions thinking.

The Empire Championship now in progress at the specially fitted-up rooms of the Carlton Hotel has already aroused wide interest, and it is apparent that whoever eventually wins the championship will have produced a standard of play never previously seen among amateurs. The magnificent display by Mr. Prior during the later nights' play against Mr. P. W. Rutledge astounded both his opponent and the tightly packed hall. All seemed hypnotised by the delicacy and brilliancy of the strokes, and the consistency displayed in scoring three separate hundreds.

Yet those who had watched Mr. Prior at practice on the standard table of the S.A.P. Club during the past week were expecting fireworks. So that the first night of the session came as a great disappointment. We had seen him running up 293, 220, 190, 184 and 170, and one evening averaging 120 in four successive breaks. New balls, new cloth, a strange table and surroundings, these were handicaps enough, but still did not explain the poor exhibition in the earlier stages of the first night's play at the Carlton Hotel. Luckily it proved to be a passing mood that was brilliantly redeemed, for he scored the sessions points of 666 during the time Mr. Rutledge could only muster 169.

This gave the Empire title holder a strong lead (632) to begin the final stage with. Mr. Prior's average of 45.93 is exactly twice as great as his own record against Mr. L. Steeples in 1927, when he won the second British Empire Billiards Championship in London. His average over the whole match must suffer by reason of the poor start, but now that he has struck his real form there seems every reason to expect that during the fortnight there will be new records. Surely he will take a lot of beating by any of the other Dominion champions at their best. Mr. Horace F. E. Coles, the English champion, is a proven great cueist at his best as was shewn by an average of 83 during a session against Mr. Wardle in 1927, although his average when defeating Mr. Sydney Lee in this year's English championship was only 24½.

RUTLEDGE SHOULD NOW BE ROUT-LEDGE!

During the final session between the Empire champion and the South African champion, there was never a moments doubt about the result, the chief interest lying in the margin of joints Prior would win by. Without equaling his brilliant display of the night before he again shone, especially in compiling a magnificent 226, a South African amateur record by the way and only beaten thrice in previous Empire championship games. The final scores were Prior 2,000, Rutledge 984. Rutledge was routed!

Our Serial Story.

THE DORP.

By Stephen Black.

CHAPTER I.

As the pair of councillors crossed the main street to enter the Town Hall, two others, with pipes ablaze, passed out of the building, going towards the back stoep, ostensibly for a smoke before the meeting.

"Dag," growled Barend Oosthuisen to one of them. But his friend Johannes Van Ryn, the Mayor of Unionstad, took no pains to pretend politeness; and not because he was the Mayor.

With head held high, he passed by, and when outside, purged himself with vigorous declamations and expectation.

"Accursed Jingoos!"

Oosthuisen excused himself for having given greeting. "You know Koos is married to my sister. After all, although he's on the wrong side . . ."

"Ja, I know," said Van Ryn in Dutch, "but when an Afrikander's turned khaki like that—King George and the Union Jack stuck all over him—he's not a brother-in-law, he's a smeerlap" (blackguard).

Then they conversed in low tones, pre-arranging some surprise with which to floor the South African Party that morning. Their voices sank to a whisper softer than the sound of the burning saltpetre which crackled in the Boer pipes they smoked; the hum of bees mingled melodiously with their words; and as the industrious insects passed in and out of a hole under the Town Clerk's office, the Mayor fixed one eye on the spot, and subconsciously estimated the amount of honey that would accrue when (as Chairman of the General Purposes Committee) he later on gave himself unofficial permission to empty the hive.

The other couple had entered the Town Hall. There were Koenraad Du Plessis, P., Son., and Jacobus Ferreira, the ex-Mayor, a pair of councillors who prided themselves as being leaders of progress and enlightenment in Unionstad. "I wonder what game those two rebels are up to outside?" muttered Jacobus. He took it for granted that, being Nationalists, Van Ryn and Oosthuisen must be plotting against the Empire and the Flag. Ferreira was always on the watch against this sort of thing.

"I'm surprised that you greet Oosthuisen after last night," said Du Plessis. "You noticed that I didn't?"

"Well," replied Ferreira, "I believe in thrashing out such matters in the Council . . . besides, Oosthuisen is my brother-in-law."

"I don't gif er damn for such things, Koos! Van Ryn is family of my wife's too . . . but he's a r-rebel, and I don't greet him!" Du Plessis always gave a double trill to the "r" in rebel, and vehemently as he spoke marched into the Council Chamber, where the caretaker was laying out foolscap paper for the meeting.

The editor and proprietor of the "Unionstad News," who acted also as its solitary reporter, was already there; a red-faced man, who, directly he opened his mouth—for either purpose—proclaimed the fact that he was not an Afrikander.

"Good morning, O'Flinnigan!"

Du Plessis was studiously amiable to the Celt, whose ready pen he knew could be wielded, either for or against him, with all the skill, ardour and enthusiasm that emotionalism inspires, especially when directed by such things as alcohol, proximity, hot weather, domestic influence and paid advertisements. Apart from these varied elements, O'Flinnigan's point of view shifted daily—hourly—it certainly oscillated more rapidly than the solitary Unionstad weather-cock.

This bit of Europe, by a profound stroke of irony, adorned the "Editorial Offices" of the "Unionstad News," whose Editor appeared to be sublimely unconscious of the jocular remarks which were banded about when, after each issue of "the rag," the editorial opinion was seen to have changed yet once more.

There was little humour otherwise about the "Unionstad News," so that in a way people were grateful to O'Flinnigan for keeping a record of changes in the wind and weather—about the only stable, unchangeable element in this race-ridden dorp. Some people said that, since the Irish were so notoriously a witty race, O'Flinnigan knew all about the irony of the weather-cock and was laughing up his sleeve at them; others declared the tin bird to be nothing but the traditional Irish bull, which in the end would give its perpetrator a reputation for the sharpest wit. But nobody dared ask O'Flinnigan to reveal the true significance of the cock, for he was such a queer bird that no one knew how he would take anything—except whisky. He had even been known to refuse an advertisement because he disliked the advertiser's wife!

"Well, O'Flinnigan," said Du Plessis, "what about rebellion now, hey?—after last night can Oosthuisen go on being a member of this council?"

"He cannot," was the quick reply. "This is a British Colony; a councillor can't keep his hat on when they play 'God save der King' in public."

"Shueeh."

"Phwat's der matter?" asked O'Flinnigan.

"Pas op . . . take care . . . he's a Nat . . ."

Without stopping to complete "Nationalist," the South African Party man looked significantly across at the caretaker, who was on the far side of the large room apparently dusting the mayoral chair.

This one-time bywoner did not appear to be listening, but "you never know these Nats" had become the watchword of that half of Unionstad which prided itself on being loyal to the Flag. How did they know that the chair-wiper was not an agent of the German Government?

Ferreira came in with a bundle of papers. When he saw Du Plessis talking sotto voce to the "Unionstad News," he looked over with hopeful inquiry. Du Plessis confirmed the glance by one wink and two horizontal nods, which meant "O'Flinnigan's on our side; ask him to have a drink."

Nothing would have suited the editorial book better, but at that very moment the Mayor and Oosthuisen entered the room, and O'Flinnigan—whose position in Unionstad was admittedly a difficult one—had regretfully to decline the visit to the Masonic Hotel.

"If you please, mijnheer," said Van Ryn in his most formal manner, and his highest Dutch. With Oosthuisen he pushed past the other pair, who in turn went "out on the stoep," not wishing to remain in the same room unofficially with any Nationalists. Nor did they want O'Flinnigan to feel that the Masonic Hotel had been projected entirely on his account.

It was the editorial attitude that drinks had no influence whatever upon the policy of the "Unionstad News" (indeed, O'Flinnigan had grown to believe that this actually was so), and every decent person, from the Resident Magistrate downwards, took care not to divest the proprietor and editor of "the rag" of his last shred of self-respect.

When the South African Party men had closed the door behind them, Van Ryn turned to the caretaker and said in the vernacular:

"What was the roinek saying to the 'Sappies'?"

O'Flinnigan's knowledge of the Afrikander Taal was more superficial even than his emotions; but he cocked an ear at the sound of the scornful word "Sappies," which he knew to be a term of contempt applied by the Nationalists to all of the South African Party.

In answer to the Mayor's question, the caretaker pointed to O'Flinnigan and said, "Ask him."

Van Ryn turned to O'Flinnigan.

"I suppose Du Plessis and Ferreira have been talking to you about what Oosthuisen did at the Town Hall Bioscope last night? Well, . . . can you tell me why an Afrikaander in Unionstad, 6,000 miles away from England, should take off his hat and catch cold in the head because a Jew starts playing 'God save the King' on the piano?"

"I can't," said O'Flinnigan, as readily as he had answered the other side five minutes before.

Oosthuisen and Van Ryn smiled at each other.

O'Flinnigan dipped his hand into a pocketful of Boer tobacco, began filling his pipe, and proceeded:

"If I had me way the 'News' would call outright for a republic. . . . I don't believe in arl this bunkum about Empire and Union Jacks and 'God save the King' . . ."

Van Ryn and Oosthuisen said, "Hoor, hoor!"

"The trouble is, my readers," proceeded O'Flinnigan. "If I advocated for a republic our circulation would fall from 1,200 to 600 copies weekly."

Van Ryn (positively): "Don't you believe it—the Nationalists are in the majority."

"Majority of phvat?" retorted O'Flinnigan. "About two copies! Do ye tink I could bring out der paper on 602 copies a week . . . half o' dem on der free list?"

"We'll support you," said Oosthuisen bravely.

"Yes, as long as ye need the 'News,'" was the retort. "But once I'd plumped for yer party and the other side had withdrawn the advertisements, phwere should I be?"

"Yes, but . . ."

Oosthuisen's "but" served merely to inflame O'Flinnigan, who whenever he encountered or discovered one point of view immediately advanced another. His face became red as a lobster; and his brogue thickened, while he demolished statements that had never been made, and arguments which Oosthuisen could never have imagined.



"Man, don't get so war-rm," interrupted Van Ryn. "The way you talk makes me think you are a 'Saper' too."

O'Flinnigan saw danger ahead.

If once the idea circulated that he was really S.A.P. at heart, his paper would be doomed. The Nationalists would withdraw support, not only advertisements and subscriptions, but all printing jobs as well. These kept the small plant going between publishing days, for by itself "a rag" in any South African dorp O'Flinnigan knew to be a hopeless proposition.

The Mayor of Unionstad looked searchingly at the perturbed newspaper proprietor, and it seemed as though he were actually reading the rapid thoughts which passed through that alert and accommodating mind. O'Flinnigan was recalling earlier days, following his descent into dorp journalism, when first he edited "a rag." He was inexperienced then; and in a burst of Celtic fervour had taken sides, actually expressed a clear and definite opinion. It was upon the suitability of a certain Sanitary Inspector for some post; they favoured a Boer and he a Briton, or they a Briton and he a Boer—he'd forgotten which—anyhow, he had backed the wrong horse.

Never again! Now his rule was to unsay in the present issue anything definite that he might have said by oversight in the past one; and he made it a rule not to attack parties or communities . . . until it was quite certain he should never again need their patronage. He had, for example, fiercely assailed the last Magistrate—after the Government had shifted him to Doppersdorp; and his exposures of the Agricultural Society's finance—after every farmer in the district had already resigned—were historic. Then again, how neatly he had paid out the miserable crowd at Blaauwgrond, where his paper failed because of lack of support. Under a nom de plume he slung mud at that dorp to his heart's content from the columns of the "News," but in fairness it must be said that he was ready to attack Unionstad in exactly the same way, if ever Fate decreed his return to Blaauwgrond.

Fortunately for his conscience O'Flinnigan believed every word he wrote. Shallow and ever-ready emotions directed his pen; emotions that, in turn, were directed by the wayward currents of a cruel and exacting society, whose slave he had become.

Cunning old Johannes Van Ryn read what was passing through that opportunist mind. He looked at O'Flinnigan with humorous, half-shut eyes, pretending to swallow the lame explanations urged in remission of those brief moments of excitement.

An awkward situation was ended by the entry of the Town Clerk, bearing the Minute Book and other official records. Behind him came various councillors, among them Ferreira and Du Plessis. A strained feeling of expectancy, almost a hush, was in the air—one felt that some profound sensation was on the tapis; that this meeting of the Unionstad Town Council would have an important bearing on the political future of South Africa, and not improbably modify the Constitution.

The Town Clerk, Paul Anderson, was a stout, healthy man, who appeared on the best of terms with everybody. He filled a difficult position, which had the one great advantage, to a strong man, of supposititious neutrality.

Neither faction in the Council could appeal to his prejudices as he took an exalted view of his functions, and stoutly held out against being made a party to the aspirations of either side. For this reason he was unpopular secretly with both elements, and if either ever obtained a decided majority it was certain that a new Town Clerk would soon afterwards fill the post.

When the Council was seated, the Mayor cleared his throat, rose, bowed his head and with closed eyes offered up a prayer in resonant High Dutch, his words rolling sonorously through the rafters of the ancient building.

Well did Johannes Van Ryn know his audience!

Those members of the Council who were opposed to Nationalism, and all it represented in the way of language and ideals, objected in their hearts to this use of Dutch in the Council Chamber, but religion was up to now still the subject on which the Afrikaanders of Unionstad best agreed, for at least all worshipped the same God. And it pleased the Mayor that these meetings of the Council gave him the opportunity, as he expressed it, "of ramming Afrikaans down the throats" of those who disliked it. The loud "Amen" of the Progressive Party to Van Ryn was sweet as the music of a heavenly choir; and he chuckled maliciously every time he thought over it.

Immediately the prayer was finished, the Town Clerk rose to read the minutes of the previous meeting. But at that moment the side door opened, and a vigorous-looking man, clean-shaven, although well past middle age, entered the Chamber. Calling out "Good morning" to the "Sappies" in English so idiomatic that one suspected a West-Country burr, Councillor Tom Oakley sat himself down in the remaining seat. He fraternised to some extent with the moderate Dutch, though he never felt quite at home save with people of his own race. Oakley was so insular that when first he arrived in the country he could not get used to the idea of Christmas being midsummer, or June midwinter, nor of seeing the sheep shorn at the time that frosted cards were sent out to him from "Home." And the summer rains, with winter droughts, seemed all wrong.

He could not get out of the habit of referring to England as "Home." For though, after a few years, he had broken all family ties with the old country, it was always Home to him. He could not understand people thinking otherwise, and in a vague way suspected those who did of disloyalty or coloured blood.

"How's it you're always late for prayers, Mr. Oakley?" asked Ferreira jocularly.

"Perhaps I wait behind the door until they're over."

"To avoid hearing the Afrikaans language?" hazarded Oosthuisen, reckless of the consequences.

"Order!" shouted the "Sappies."

Oakley turned towards Oosthuisen with scorn written upon his face.

"Language," he growled, "it's a patois that I won't listen to until you learn to sing 'God save the King'!"

The fat had not taken long to reach the fire. One side yelled "Order," the other bellowed "Shame."

Oosthuisen above the din was at last heard shouting: "Patois? It's a better language that 'God save the King' is music, anyhow!"

O'Flinnigan made rapid notes—he could use columns of this stuff without any responsibility for the sentiments uttered. Each side would see its abuse of the other in print, and each be happy and equally pleased.

The Mayor restored order by hammering on the table with an ink-pot. "Councillor Oakley," he said in impeccable Dutch, "is always too touchy. Councillor Oosthuisen's remark was inoffensive. Such scenes are deplorable, they lower the dignity of the Council."

"Please translate those remarks into English, Mr. Anderson!"

Oakley had been in Unionstad long enough to know Dutch well, and he understood perfectly, but he refused stubbornly to give the Taal any official entry to his comprehension. The Town Clerk duly translated. At the word "dignity" Oakley lay back and laughed outright.

"Order," said the Mayor.

"Order?" commented Oakley, with sarcasm; "they talk of the glorious Taal and it hasn't a word for 'order'!"

And again he loudly laughed, sublimely unconscious of the common Latin origin of the word.

"Councillor Oakley," began the Mayor warningly—then pacifically turning to Anderson he said, "Will the Town Clerk please read the minutes of the last meeting?"

Hesitating slightly, because of the storm he knew it would inevitably evoke, Anderson began to read aloud in English:

"Minutes of a meeting of the Unionstad Town Council . . . held . . ."

At this point Oosthuisen, his voice vibrant with anger, rose to protest at the Town Clerk's use of English.

"Mijnheer Voorsitter . . ." he began.

"Mr. Mayor, you mean," corrected Oakley.

"Mijnheer Voorsitter," repeated Oosthuisen doggedly.

"There is no 'voorsitter' here," interrupted Oakley; "let's have the English of it!"

"Order!" shouted the Nationalists.

"Don't you 'order' me about," retorted Oakley.

"Councillor Oakley!"

"Councillor Oakley!!!"

"Councillor Oakley!!!!"

The Mayor's powerful voice drowned all others.

"If you interrupt again I will have to order you to leave the Council Chamber."

"Nothing to stop you from ordering . . . but who's going to make me go?"

"I hope it won't be necessary to go so far," answered Van Ryn gravely. He was every bit as determined as Oakley; and he knew his powers as Chairman. Soothed by Du Plessis and Ferreira, who bade him "wait a bit," Oakley allowed Oosthuisen to continue his remarks, which were to the effect that, in a Council with a majority of Dutch-speaking

members, the Town Clerk should read the minutes in Afrikaans, not English.

"I will read the minutes in both languages," interposed Anderson.

"Why in English first?" asked the relentless Oosthuisen.

"Why in Dutch?" retorted Oakley, unable to keep still.

"Hoor, hoor," cried a "Sappie," forgetting which language he was advocating.

The Town Clerk next spoke. "So far as I am concerned, it makes no difference which language I read in. But last meeting I started in Afrikaans." He continued in English.

Oosthuisen got up and moved to the door with the remark: "When I hear the Afrikaans language I will return."

Oakley could not resist this opportunity of retorting: "That's another reason why I never want to hear Dutch again!"

"Order," "Withdraw," and "Apologise," now sounded from all sides of the Council Chamber.

"Councillor Oakley," said the Mayor severely, "I must call on you to withdraw that remark."

"Why?" asked the interrupter.

"Because it's out of order."

"I don't see that," persisted the Englishman.

"If you don't withdraw that remark," was the retort, "you'll have to withdraw yourself from the meeting."

"Will I?" growled Oakley.

He and Van Ryn faced one another grimly, each equally determined. Oakley, as a former Mayor of the little town, knew that the chairman was in the right, but he would not, before all "these Nationalists," own that he was either in the wrong or afraid to face the consequences. Privately he used to respect Van Ryn; and before the advent of these embittered racial days, not only had had business dealings with him, but friendly, social relations as well. But an apology to Oosthuisen, "the rebel," who had publicly refused to honour "God save the King"? Never! Gladstone might surrender to the Boers, but . . .

In a softer voice, almost persuasively, the Mayor was heard repeating his request for a withdrawal.

It was evident that he wanted to make the pill as easy for Oakley to swallow as possible. But the obstinate man sat doggedly there without uttering another word; and Oosthuisen was waiting patiently for his pound of flesh. O'Flinnigan, too, in his heart wanted to see the sturdy old fellow publicly humiliated, if for no other reason than that he was English.

"Councillor Oakley, will you withdraw?"

At that final phrase the delinquent arose, banged his fist on the table and shouted, "I'm hanged if I will, and I'm damned if I'll sit any longer with rebels." And he strode out of the Council Chamber, leaving utter silence in it for the first time that day, so stupefied was the entire gathering at this climax to what had otherwise been a very ordinary scene in Unionstad Council of late.

The Mayor recovered his equilibrium first, and beckoned to the Town Clerk, who dashed through the minutes in English, and then in Dutch before any one had the time or inclination to interrupt again.

O'Flinnigan's disappointment at not having the humiliation of Oakley to record was compensated for by the splendour of the story; and he enjoyed immediate visions of the next issue's circulation rising to 1,300 copies. He could "write round" that one vivid phrase until the solitary "comp," machine-minder, storeman, and clerk combined was laid out with fatigue. And how he'd stab that old fool Oakley in the headlines! He thought it all out as the Town Clerk was gabbling the minutes—no need to show his hand at all, not a word need be used to reveal his dislike of the ex-Mayor and all his race. "It takes an Irishman to shape English words sharp as an adder's sting," he proudly thought; and the headlines formed themselves in his brain.

"The first business on the Agenda," said the Mayor, "is to consider an application (styled 'a petition') from 800 coloured people in the location who want the Council's permission to play cricket, football and lawn tennis—lawn tennis, if you please!—on the Town Lands. The General Purposes Committee advise against it."

"Allemaag," remarked a Councillor, "these Kaffirs are getting more insolent every day."

"I move," said Du Plessis, "that permission be refused nem. con."

"Hear, hear," cried Ferreira.

But Councillor Willem Achteruit, long-haired and sleepy-looking, angrily rose to his feet and said, "Mr. Mayor, why is Councillor Du Plessis talking about military matters again?"

"Mr. Mayor, I said nothing of a military nature."

"You did," shouted his opponent; "you talked about sending 'non-coms' to the Kaffirs!"

Every one roared with laughter while the Town Clerk explained to the interrupter what "nemine contradicente" meant. The "Ou Baas" subsided and O'Flinnigan hastened to get down the incident.

"Will anybody second Councillor Du Plessis's motion?"

"Yes, I will," said Ferreira.

"Any amendments?" asked Van Ryn formally, before declaring it carried.

"Ja, Mijnheer Voorsitter," shouted Oosthuisen, "I object."

"What," said the Mayor, "do you want Kaffir and Hottentot tennis courts in Unionstad?"

"No, absolutely no," declared Oosthuisen. "We have quite enough trouble already with Councillor Du Plessis's black allies. Already," he continued, despite opposition protests, "already there are twice as many niggers in Unionstad as white people. But I'm not voting for any pap 'Sappie' motions—I'll propose my own motion as follows: 'That the 'applikatie' of the coloured people to use the Town Lands for sport be refused emphatically and unanimously, and that those words be substituted for 'nem con.''"

"But, Barend, it means the same thing," said the Mayor.

"Mr. Chairman," interrupted Ferreira, "I wish to point out that the word 'applikatie' is not Dutch."

"Is it English?" retorted Oosthuisen.

"Certainly not."

"Then it must be Dutch," was the conclusion of the mover.

"More likely Kaffir or Hottentot," was Ferreira's scornful observation, at which his brother-in-law glared fiercely across the table with a look which said, "Wait till your wife gets hold of you." For Mrs. Ferreira, the late Mayoress, was as sturdy an anti-"Sappie" as her brother, Councillor Oosthuisen. She had made her husband's term of office a problem instead of a pleasure, and anywhere but in South Africa he would long ago have agreed with this strong-minded wife.

"Barend," said the Mayor persuasively, "withdraw the amendment, hey?"

"Absolutely no," cried Oosthuisen, determined to have no truck with the S.A.P. "ote, Vote," he cried in Dutch, and from all round the room came the word "stem" in support.

Owing to the retirement of Oakley the Nationalists had a clear majority of one, without the Mayor's casting vote; and Du Plessis's motion was accordingly lost, Oosthuisen's being carried, not "nem. con." as he desired.

"Next is an application for the use of the Town Hall on the 3rd next month, from the Advance Agent of Horace Hashem's Dramatic Co. The Hall is vacant . . . will one of the majority move in the ordinary way?"

Van Ryn tactfully said "one of the majority," as he feared permission might be refused if a "Sappie" moved it. Everybody in Unionstad loved dear old Horace Hashem; and the Mayor felt that, after the strenuous political life which they all lived by day, a hearty laugh over "East Lynne" at night would do them good. But no sooner had Oosthuisen moved that permission be granted, than Oom Kaspar Vaan Koeker, a "Sappie," who had not previously said a word, rose to protest.

"Mr. Chairman, what guarantees have we got that a wholesome and godly form of entertainment will be provided? Have we the right to risk corrupting our children by allowing these licentious actors with their Reviews in our Town Hall? In this show, 'East Lynne,' a Minister of God is held up to ridicule . . ."

Here he was interrupted by the Mayor: "It's not a minister, it's a policeman and another villain."

"I saw this play in Johannesburg," persisted the Councillor. "It was a minister they made fun of . . . if he hadn't been Church of England I'd have walked out."

"That was 'The Private Secretary,' we saw, Oom Kaspar," whispered Du Plessis. "It's a policeman in 'East Lynne.'"

"Well, hasn't a policeman got feelings and character too?"

"This one is a Nationalist policeman and they don't know it," whispered Du Plessis.

"Mr. Chairman, I withdraw my objection!" and Oom Kaspar suddenly sat down.

Just as they were formally putting the motion, Ferreira asked, "What guarantees have the Council that the rent will be paid?"

He was rather hoping to put a spoke in the wheel of his brother-in-law's motion, but the Town Clerk held up a cheque for five guineas, payment in advance; and Ferreira subsided into surliness. Oom Kaspar again rose and wanted to include in the motion something to the effect that "Town Councillors have the right to enter the hall free of charge at any time to keep an eye . . ."

"On the girls?" suggested the Mayor mischievously.

"No, on the class of entertainment."

But Oom Kaspar's meanness was notorious, and his dodge to get a free seat was chaffed out of order, though at least two other Councillors as well would have liked admittance without payment.

With the passing of this motion it seemed that the worst was over, and that the meeting would close without further incident or dispute. O'Flinnigan was drowsily reflecting on the price of whisky, and just preparing to shut up his note-book, when the spark dropped into the powder.

"Gentlemen, I think that concludes the business on the agenda." The Mayor spoke in his most impressive Dutch. He noticed Councillor Du Plessis, a distant relative by marriage, fidgeting about to speak. Now Van Ryn was an old stager, who had learned his practical politics in the Divisional Council, though the gifts which qualified him for it were innate, the genius of his race. And so soon as he saw Du Plessis moving about, he cleared his own throat to get in first. Before the "Sappie" could fire his big gun, Van Ryn said in a most dignified and mayoral manner: "One moment, Councillor Du Plessis. Before concluding the business of the meeting, I wish to draw the attention of members to the painful and regrettable incident of this morning, and to express the hope that no more scenes of that kind will discredit the Council Chamber." ("Hoor, hoor.")

(Continued on page 17.)

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