

GOLDEN ALE THE TEST!

HOLD it high to the light. It should be clear, bubbly and sparkling with enough froth, but not too much. That is the real test of a good glass of Ale, and that is the kind you get at Simpkin and James' Hammerston's Oatmeal Stout is food as well as a beverage and you had better try it at Simpkin and James and enjoy your drink.

GOLDEN ALE
Doz. pint bottles 7/6
HAMMERTON'S OATMEAL STOUT
Doz. pint bottles 8/.

SIMPKIN & JAMES
U^o
MARKET PLACE, LEICESTER

CARR'S FEVER POWDERS

For COLDS, INFLUENZA, etc.
ALWAYS RELIABLE.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

WEDDING PRESENTS,
Coffee Sets, Morning Sets,
Fruit Sets.
MOST GLORIOUS SELECTION EVER SEEN.
G. FOX & SONS,
10, GRANBY STREET

Leicester Mercury

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1925.

Phones Central 2863 (SIX LINES).

THE WHITE LINE.

TRUE to its "wait and see" policy, the Leicester highway authority has left to other more enterprising communities the pioneer work in connection with the white safety line at awkward bends and corners. Now that the Ministry of Transport has been brought to realise the merits of the device, we shall, no doubt, with all due deliberation follow suit. But it is probably the fact that those centres of population which made early use of this safeguard have received most benefit from it in the way of accidents, warded off and serious injuries averted. A novel road indication of this kind is powerful in its effect in strict proportion to its novelty. When the novelty has worn off, there is only too good reason for fearing that even the white line will be negligently noted and perfunctorily followed by the type of motorist most in need of restraint upon the road.

It may be necessary to make willful disregard of the safety line a breach of the law. But before this is done a method must be devised for making the line safe from obliteration, partial or complete. A conference may solve this difficulty. While on this point, the conference might very well consider systematising all our road danger signs. As a result of the self-advertising activities of some owners of carriage drives, there are in certain parts of the country far too many of these signs, with the result that they are far less carefully regarded than they ought to be.

BARROW BUMBLES.

APPARENTLY in the eyes of Barrow-on-Soar bumbledom the ratpayers are people with plenty of time and patience, and with no other object in life than to wait on official doorsteps while rate assessment appeals are amble through in slow and solemn dignity. Busy people summoned to appear yesterday were forced to hang about for hours, and while business should have been in progress the members of the committee were to be seen strolling about the grounds munching apples. The Assessment Committee must be aware of the probable length of the appeals to be heard, and it would be a simple matter to call ratpayers to attend in rotation, instead of fixing times bound to overlap.

Sportsman's Book for Sportsmen.

CASE AGAINST HUNTING THE STAG.

WHAT is "Sport"? Major Harding Cox, in his entertaining book of reminiscences, "Chasing and Racing" (The Bodley Head), gives the following definition of sport:—"An occupation wherein man, with or without the aid of trained animals, sets forth to find his quarry and to kill, or otherwise account for it, in a legitimate manner." The author, who is well-qualified to write on the subject, classifies hunting, coursing, falconry, angling, and shooting (with the exception of trap pigeon shooting) under the heading of field sports proper. He regards the shooting



"SAFETY FIRST."—Loughborough Corporation has adopted the method of marking dangerous corners by a white "safety line." Leicester has not.

of hand-reared pheasants or wild duck at battues as a very doubtful "sport." His criticism of stag-hunting is noteworthy—

I hold no brief for stag hunting in any shape or form. The wild stag is big fat, and has the burden of his antlers to carry. He is shivered out of his native haunts by the hunters, and having been allowed what is considered sufficient lean, the stag is laid in, and never leaves the one until the quarry sinks in what he imagines to be a friendly stream, or takes to the open sea.

In the first case he is hunted in the other he is taken by hand. Here the spotted deer is in as perfect condition as a trained race-horse. He has been deprived of his head honours, and is fit to run, not for his life, but to give the hounds (when he knows and fears not) and the hunt good run for their money. When he is tired of the journey he leads for a couple of miles, he is allowed to rest, and he calmly awaits the arrival of the pack and its attendant staff. A considerable proportion of the stags which reach his paddock, where he will have an excellent rest, and sleep the sleep of the best.

Major Cox, who was a successful gentleman rider and M.F.H. before the war, writes delightfully of the hunting field, the race-course, and the kennels. Interspersed with racy anecdotes, there are many candid comments. About hunting he says—

I have noticed that not one in ten who pass as a hunting man knows one hound from another, or draws a distinction about them, so long as, solely considered, they can furnish a bright run in which he can display his hereditary skill to the benefit of the admiring fair, or the obvious hatred of male rivals.

Major Cox tells a laughable story of an Irishman's first visit to The Curragh. He was escorted by a friend, who offered good advice, but the novice preferred to have his money on a wretched animal which figured among the "any-price-you-like" class. So he selected a horse called "St. Patrick." Its obscure rider was garbed in a green jacket, bearing the Harp of Erin "back and front."

The "patron saint" walked in with the crowd some two hundred yards behind the rest of the field. He was the only one who stayed in the ranks. When he reached the rocky he required, reproachfully "Recall your honour's pardon, please detained yet?"

The hooligans of the racecourse have become audaciously bold of late years. The author calls them "cowardly rascals," and makes this interesting comment—

Among these ruffians there is one law which is strictly observed. His owner, trainer, or jockey is to be robbed; for it is recognised that through these racing activities, if there were no racecourse one of the most profitable kinds of enterprises would be closed to the activities of the "Boys."

"Chasing and Racing" is the sportsman's book for sportsmen.

'One Duchess Please AND A COUPLE OF KINGS!'

A LADDIN and his lamp never worked half the miracles that are written down to my account. If I'm asked for "One Duchess" to be delivered by to-morrow morning, one duchess will be supplied to time. Or if the request should be for fifty coolies they'll also arrive at the exact moment. Of course, she won't be a bona fide duchess, but she'll be a very good imitation one; and the coolies won't betray a hint of the fact that they're smart young Englishmen! Being casting director of a film company isn't all fun, but it's an interesting job, and due reward is meted out to the man who can fill it properly . . . a well-

natural make-up and, of course, there are. I found scores of them in my photograph book, and I tried out scores of them. One was so "dangerous-looking" that I felt quite uncomfortable when I got anywhere near him. But when I put him through a test, all he could, or would, do was to look gentle and pleasing, making every effort to appear "pretty" before the camera and behaving as you would expect only a perfect gentleman to behave! The next was like nothing so much as an elephant trying to perform a series of quaint gymnastics. I found the right type in the end, but I nearly developed a brute-force tendency doing it.



The Elusive Crowd.

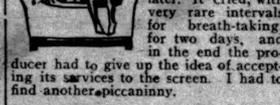
Getting "a crowd" is perhaps, the toughest of all my tough jobs. Dozens of people are available for crowd work, at a moment's notice, and only too glad to get it. But there is need for "atmosphere" in crowd-work just as much as there is in star roles, and it is this atmosphere which it is always difficult to create. If I want fifty pretty girls to dance in a ball-room scene I can get them, and having got them, it's trouble begins. One shows a tendency to pose before the camera at every opportunity, evidently fully intending to be well in the picture. She must be discreetly informed that the one thing we want her to do is to forget the existence of the camera. Another appears in an evening dress which is at least five seasons old, and yet another in an outfit grown which even film land cannot sanction!

Dancers and Black Babies.

Yet as after dances with that air of tragedy which suggests a funeral and not a dance, whilst another puts on an obvious giggle and refuses to remove it if the greater portion of the crowd be

haves, dresses, and acts just as the producer wants it, then he is a fortunate man and I a grateful one.

I searched several districts for a small black baby one day recently, a baby boy who had a natural tendency for acting. I found that black baby, after two days' searching, and thought I had got the perfect "type." Alas! Two minutes after its entry into the studio it started to cry, and it was still crying two hours later. I cried, with very rare intervals for breath-taking, for two days, and in the end the producer had to give up the idea of accepting its services to the screen. I had to find another piccanniny.



Stray Birds of Humanity.

Hunchbacks, giants, midgets, crooks, preachers, earls, duked, and grocers; fairies, school-teachers, char-ladies, angels, hags, bar-maids, and dancers. Any type and every type of humanity has to be discovered by me, and once discovered it has to be nurtured and cared for like choice blossoms in a hot-house. For types are of vast importance in film-land and there would be precious few interesting films without them.

G.A.

Turkish Women Take to Tennis.

THE Turkish woman no longer is the hothouse creature she still is pictured to be in Western imagination. Gradually, but surely, she is discarding her veil and showing her face in public; she is becoming an ardent sports-woman, especially in tennis and swimming, and also she is taking up the hat and other habiliments of her Western sister.

All this is due to the sanction of the new Angora Government, headed by Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and to a great broadening in public opinion. Recently there was a swimming race for girls before a mixed gathering of spectators.

Under the Sultan's Government the appearance of Turkish women in public sports was taboo. Not alone did the women compete in the race with the greatest zest, but afterwards a photograph of the winners, still attired in bathing suits, was published. In other times this would have brought contumely upon them, and possibly dire punishment.

Progressiveness among Turkish women is being applauded. The wearing of a hat, instead of the one-time obligatory veil, was started by a Turkish girl, Hadije Selma Ekrem, who recently has been lecturing in the United States on Turkish questions.

Monica's Mirror.

MISLEADING QUEST FOR FREEDOM.

AN EXCUSE—AND AN ERROR.

IT was a wise author who called his book, "This Freedom." There is no word in the English language that holds a stronger and wider appeal to day. Freedom is the excuse for every breach of laws, social or moral, the raison d'etre of every existence, the goal and ambition of every life. Never was a word harder worked or more frequently misapplied.

"Oh to be free from the shackles of responsibility!" "Oh for enough money to set me free from work or from financial anxiety!"—these are typical of the silent or spoken desire of the average man and woman. And the quest for freedom is like the task of the mountaineer; always as he thinks he has reached the highest peak, another and loftier mountain appears beyond.

A Secret of Happiness.

One of the main secrets of happiness is a realisation of the fact that there is no such thing as freedom. Do we free ourselves from some particular burden, then there is always another looming ahead, that remained unnoticed under the shadow of the first.

Usually the pursuit of freedom entails the sacrifice of someone else's liberty, for every social system necessitates interdependence. In such a case it becomes a mockery.

How is it possible to feel free from sorrow, however smooth your own life may happen to be, if a friend is suffering?

Interdependence.

While every man is responsible for the welfare of his fellows, there can be no freedom. And indeed, it would be a poor religion or moral code that did not include such a view. It is true that we have the man who is so overpowered by the magnificence of his own negative virtues that he says proudly "I have nothing to fear; I have done no one any harm." But such reasoning does not bear the application of the simplest logic. It is practically impossible to commit any action, or even to pursue any line of thought, without affecting others by that action or that thought. No one is so bad that he cannot be pushed down a little further, and no one is so virtuous that he cannot be helped.

Service and Freedom.

There is no happiness without service, and no success without co-operation with either. The principle of freedom applied to marriage brings shipwreck; in the workshop it spells disaster, and friendship it turns into antagonism.

Even freedom of thought, splendid as it sounds, is something of a myth. It is well nigh impossible to claim any thought as original. Somewhere, somehow, sometime you may have been influenced by a book, a chance remark, or an example that has produced that idea. You can't if you try, trace a hundred and one influences in your life. You cannot think freely, you are bound to learn, whether directly or indirectly.

At the Receptive Age.

Herein lies the fallacy of allowing a child "to choose for himself," the mistaken idea of thinking that by teaching him nothing you are allowing him to grow up with an unprejudiced mind, to form ideas for himself. If the average mind is open to influence, the child mind is a hundred times more receptive, and a hundred ideas are far more easily acquired than good ones. Omit to teach him what is right, and the chances are that he will learn what is wrong, but he will certainly learn something.

The nearest approach to freedom lies in service.

Monica Brendon.

LATEST NEWS.

- Rest 165 for two.
- 4.0 Warwick: 114 Sgt Bone Up, and Vendomair, 71 White Lance and King of Thule, 81 Gay Christian and Goldmond, 104 Sabaudon, 102 GLENIER and others.
- 4.0 Warwick runners: Indirection, Lacoob, Bessborough, Jansage, Yalvern, Beauty, Sporting Chat, Fireproof.
- LACOCK (Graves) 1, Bessborough 2, Jansage 3.

SENTENCES ON SEAMEN STRIKERS.

Members of the crew of the "Bellatrix," charged at Capetown, were today found "not guilty" of combining to disobey the commands of the master to take their ship out to sea, but "guilty" of individually disobeying the command of the master to take the ship to sea on August 27, and "guilty" of continuing to disobey.

TURKISH DEPORTATIONS AT MOSCUL.

Members of the crew of the "Bellatrix," charged at Capetown, were today found "not guilty" of combining to disobey the commands of the master to take their ship out to sea, but "guilty" of individually disobeying the command of the master to take the ship to sea on August 27, and "guilty" of continuing to disobey.