

THE STREETS OF DUBLIN ARE LINED BY BOOKMAKERS' SHOPS, ARE SANCTIONED BY LAW

More than three years ago, writes Andrew Maline in "The London Daily Telegraph," the Parliament of the Irish Free State passed an act under which all bookmakers were licensed and taxed, and at the same time were given liberty to open premises for the sole purpose of conducting a betting business. The character of the applicant and the suitability of the place for the conduct of the business were to be vouched by the officers of the Civic Guard in all parts of the country.

Immediately the Free State daily newspapers were littered with advertisements announcing the names of applicants. Rarely or never did they state in explicit terms that the business was that of bookmaking. Usually the advertisement ran something like this: "To the Superintendent, Civic Guard, Dublin. Take notice that I, William Blank, intend making application for suitability of premises at 10 Nemo Street." Of course, every one knew exactly what was intended. Only in the co-operative advertisements issued by the Irish Bookmakers' Association was the nature of the business disclosed.

Many Rush for Licenses

All who had been bookmakers on race courses or had conducted a clandestine business in the streets or small shops applied for licenses and secured premises. In addition, clerks and touts saw an opportunity for entering business, large numbers of them

without sufficient capital, others with no capital at all.

Almost every street in Dublin now has its betting shop. Some, indeed, have several, ostensibly under the control of different people, but often with one chief. Even in the principal streets of the city these betting shops may be seen flaunting their gilded signs, "S. P. on all races," and they may be found in ramshackle and squalid premises in the slums and alleys.

In the years that have since elapsed some efforts have been made to reduce the number of betting shops, but they are still prominent everywhere. The gilded splendors of the gin palace are not imitated. Instead, there has been an obvious attempt made by the more important shops to give the air of a banking house or financial office. Inside may be seen the fitting of a branch bank, polished oak and glittering brass making a brave display. On the walls and in the windows are neatly framed lists of runners and prices for coming races. A very conspicuous object is a large clock guaranteed for correct timing.

In the slum shop no such display was attempted; dirt and grime are everywhere except on the unframed piece of cardboard on which is crudely sign-written the names and prices for the day's races. All these shops proudly display, in all the glory of its bilingual print in English and Irish, the certificate issued by the Minister of

Finance to the licensee of the premises. There can be no doubt that this document has been accepted by the more ignorant and semi-literate working people as a guarantee of honesty and integrity.

Villages Bet Most

It is not, however, in Dublin and the provincial cities that the betting shops do their best business. They are to be found in even the smallest and most remote villages. A system akin to that of the multiple shop, or chain store, has been elaborated by the more prosperous bookmakers, and where there is no branch shop an agent will take the bets for transmission to the nearest branch.

Inside these shops everywhere, and in their vicinity, there is always a crowd of loungers anxiously scanning newspapers and watching the clock.

Social workers in Ireland have come to the conclusion that the legalization of betting was an error. The licensing of premises and the obtrusion of the betting shops under the very eyes of the people, they say, has done infinite harm by spreading the craze for betting into almost every part of the country and into every home. Even the school children are influenced, boys on their way to school handing in the bets to the shops en route.

BRIEF NOTION

I have known too much of seasons—

White poplars in a row.

For all their gold leaves scatter

And all these emblems go.

While I who walk among them

Must watch them fade until

The winter, white with hunger,

Cries me from the hill.

—HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING
in New York Sun.

PITY THE POOR WAITRESS—TIPS HAVE SUNK WITH SALARIES

(New York Sun)

Tips have been affected by the depression with the result that a waitress in a good post averages about ten dollars less per week in salary and tips than she did last year, according to Alice Wright Penrose of Ballard School, Y.W.C.A.

The average weekly income for a good waitress in a successful restaurant was between \$30 and \$35 last year. This year the salary and tips of the same waitress average between \$20 and \$25 per week.

Five Per Centers

Lavish tips have disappeared, Miss Penrose says. The individual who formerly gave a large tip now confines himself to the regulation 10 per cent, whereas the person who conscientiously tipped 10 per cent, now has cut down to probably 5 per cent. Since the salaries of waitresses are low in restaurants where tips have always been high, their incomes have diminished considerably.

In spite of the lowered earning power of waitresses, Miss Penrose says that many women are applying for the limited number of openings in the three-week rush course in waitresses, Miss Penrose says that many women are applying for the limited number of openings in the three-week rush course in waiting as counter workers, salad makers or workers in restaurant serving pantries which has been offered by the Y. W. C. A.

Emergency Course

This three-week course is an emergency measure. Women, who have

been in domestic service and who are unable to get jobs now or who feel that the commercial field offers more advantages because of the shorter hours and the tips, are applying for it. At least 70 per cent of the applicants have been domestic employees, cooks, housemaids, or waitresses. This short course, which gives them practice under expert supervision in waiting on table in a restaurant, as against the experience in a private family, or in preparing salads by the thousands instead of in small numbers in quite adequate to prepare them for commercial position. If their work is satisfactory they receive a certificate at the end of three weeks of intensive work.

One of the women, who is now taking the three-week course in salad making had been with one family for twenty-years. When her employers lost all their money and gave up their apartment, she was out of what had appeared to be a life job. She was able to find a good situation so she plans to become an expert salad maker.

Though the income of the average waitress including both salary and tips is no more than the average wage paid for cooks, waitresses and housemaids in good households, the idea of tips lures many women into commercial work, Miss Penrose says.

LOOKED LIKE HOGARTH, GETS WELL KICKED

LOOKED LIKE ithwmf,uAr(mzord e

Once upon a time he must have been a handsome man. As he walked south on Riverside Drive the other evening he was like a figure out of Hogarth—he looked mean, unconscionably mean.

Another man, equally old but of a very different type was standing near the parapet evidently waiting for somebody and meanwhile admiring the sunset.

A woe begone hungry-looking mutt cut across the first man's path, and drawing up abruptly, the latter raised his foot. "He delivered the dog a smashing kick in the ribs, and grinned; then darting furtive glances to the left and right caught his tongue between his lips, hunched up his shoulders and hurried away, in what was to pay for a imitation of a schoolboy caught red-handed in some breath of discipline.

At the sudden, sharp howl of pain from the dog, the other man turned in time to see what had happened, and with amazing promptness planted one terrific kick on his own account. It nearly knocked the first man off his feet.

The Hogarth character continued walking south on Riverside Drive. The other returned to his sunset with a slight movement of the hands, as though he were dusting off the palms.

As the military historians have it, the "action covered three seconds, from first to last, and no word was spoken by either commander."

ENGLISH WOMAN LIKES OWN GOLF

London, England, Dec. 16 — Enid Wilson, British women's golf champion, thinks the standard of women's golf in the United States is lower than in Britain, this despite the fact that she was beaten in the semi-final of the American championship this year by Helen Hicks, the eventual champion.

"The chief difference," she said, "is that American women are inclined to over-swing and do not hit the ball hard enough. There is some excuse, however, for not hitting the ball hard in a temperature of 100 degrees.

"I also received the impression that they do not practice as much as British women. Most of them never play more than one round a day."

One of the radio auctioneers last evening was heard to gasp when his better half put in a bid \$10 higher than the last one.

SUBMITTED A FIFTY-FIFTY PROPOSITION

(New York Sun)

Among the guests at a recent dinner party at which I was present was the head of one of the outstanding investment banking houses of Wall Street and one of the internationally famous art dealers of New York and London. They met at the affair for the first time in more than two years.

"By the way," said the banker after they had chattered for a moment, "I had an expert look at the chairs of that dining room set you sold me nearly three years ago. He told me they were not worth a quarter of what I paid for them. You charged me much too much for them."

"Just what did you pay for the set?" asked the art dealer.

"Thirteen thousand dollars—surely you haven't forgotten?" replied the banker. "Oh, my expert said they were genuine enough," he added, "but he said \$3,000 would have been a fair price for them."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it I'll tell you what I'll do," suggested the antique dealer. "I'll feel that those chairs were worth every dollar I charged you, and I'll take them back at exactly the same figure you paid for them."

"You will?" interrupted the astonished banker. "I'll take you up on that."

"Of course I will," continued the antique dealer, adding, "providing that you will take back the securities I bought from your banking house two years ago at the price I paid for them."

The banker threw up his hands and fled to another part of the drawing room. And he left the party without taking advantage of the offer.

GOOD PROGRAM TO BE ON THE AIR THURSDAY

Following is the radio program in Atlantic Standard time for Thursday evening for stations most easily picked up in Fredericton and vicinity.

WEAF, NEW YORK

7.30—The World Today.
7.45—Swift Program.
8.15—Campbell Orchestra.
8.40—Prince Albert Quarter Hour.
8.45—Rise of the Goldbergs.
9.00—Fleishmann Hour.
10.00—Dramatic Musicale.
10.30—Sherlock Holmes.
11.00—Lucky Strike Orchestra.
12.00—Dream Singer.
12.15—Jesse Crawford.

WJZ, NEW YORK

7.00—Raising Junior.
7.30—Breyer Leaf Boys.
7.45—Lowell Thomas.
8.00—Amos n' Andy.
8.15—Tasty East Jesters.
8.30—Phil Cook.
8.45—How's Business.
9.00—Dixie Singers.
9.15—Rin Tin Tin Thriller.
9.30—The Pickard Family.
9.45—Skillet Sisters.
10.00—Blackstone Plantation.
10.30—Maxwell House Melodies.
11.00—A. & P. Gypsies.
11.30—Clara, Lu and Lin.
11.45—Paris Night Life.
12.00—Slumber Music.

CKAC, MONTREAL

7.45—Provincial Transport
8.00—Marraza Music Shop.
8.45—Clark's Entertainers.
9.00—Lambert's Comedians.
9.30—Amber Aliens.
10.30—Pianist and Soprano.
12.05—News Events.

CFNB, FREDERICTON

8.30—Weather Forecast, News, Musical Programme.
7.00—Stock Market Report, Weather Forecast.

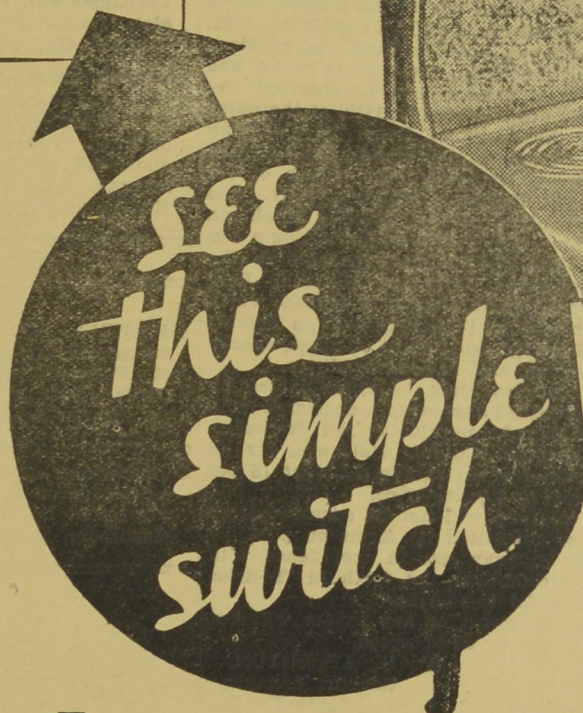
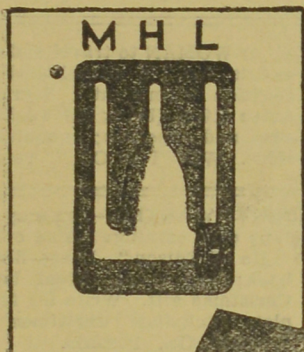
ONRA, MONCTON

8.10—Ocean Limited Hour.
11.00—Montreal Program.

6.15—Dinner Music.

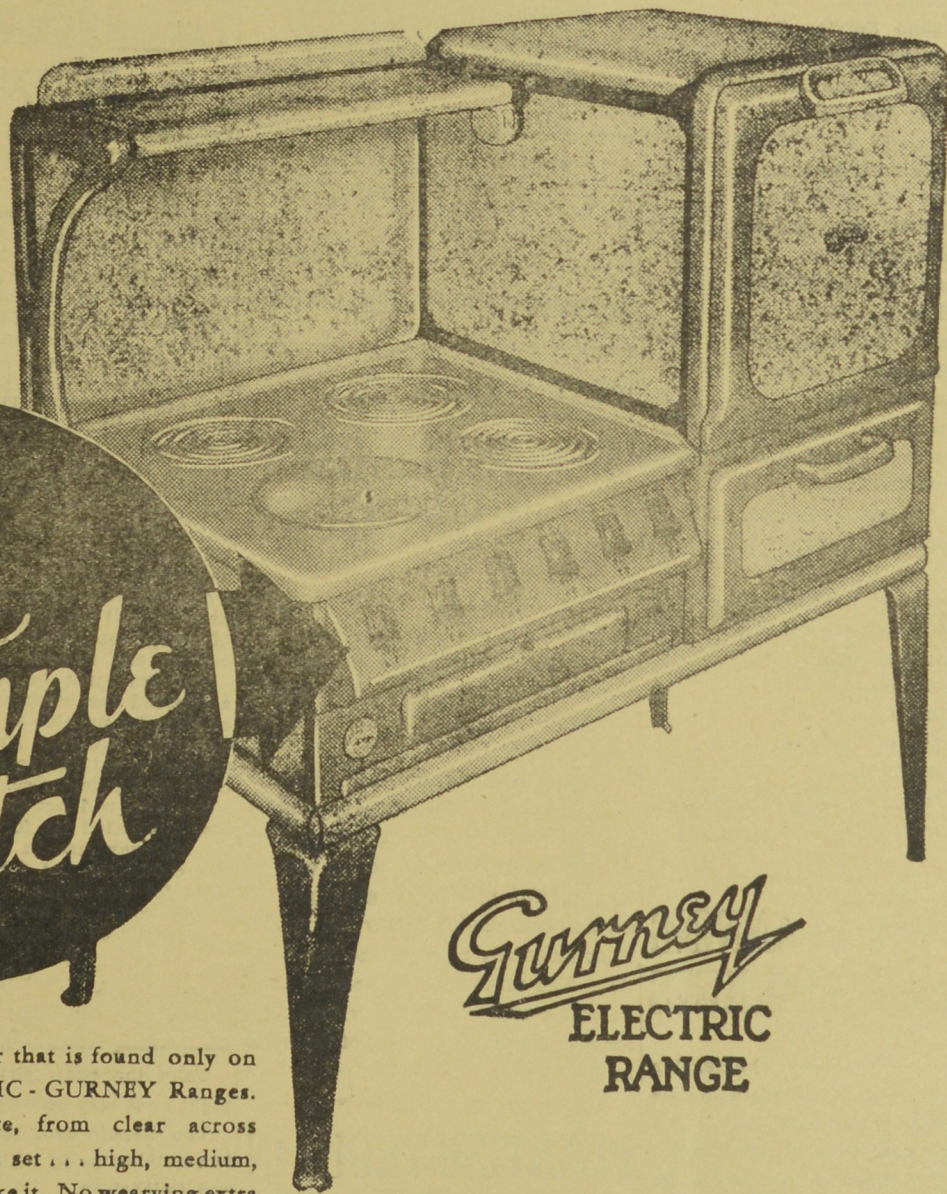
WLW, CINCINNATI

8.00—Amos n' Andy.
8.15—Crosley Auto Stokers.
8.45—American Girl.
9.30—Hollingsworth Hall.
10.30—Maxwell Hour.
10.00—Great Composers.
10.30—Maxwell House.
10.45—Varsity Hour.
11.30—Auto Stokers.



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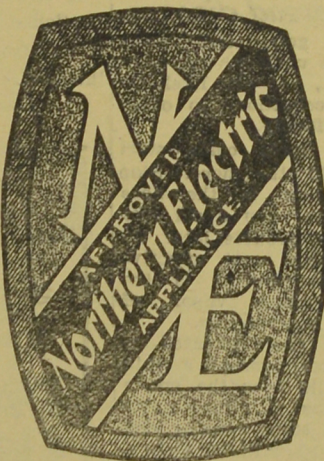
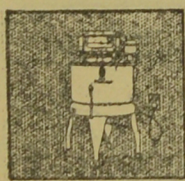
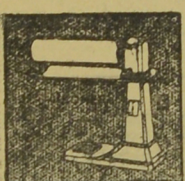
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