

BURMESE BAND LIVENS THE
STREETS OF RANGOON WITH
JAZZ ON BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY

By ISHBEL ROSS in
New York Herald Tribune
"Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flying gishes play.
An' the dawn comes up like thunder
outer
China 'crost the Bay!"

By all the laws of tradition the tink-ly temple bells should have been stirring the heat-laden air. It was Rangoon, on the road to Mandalay, and one knew that 15,000 gold and silver temple bells swung from the vane of Shwe Dagon, most sacred of Buddhist shrines.

But across the road in a modern grill with whirling fans, cool linen, slip-covers and long, iced drinks an Anglo-Burmest jazz band played the Hallelujah chorus. Two chocolate colored boys in green suits, mimicking the electric bulb gymnasts once so active on a Times Square rooftop, cut capers on the sidewalk as they handed out sticks of a famous brand of chewing gum.

So this was the road to Mandatay—a suave river front and broad streets laid out at right angles in the best American fashion. In further proof of its up-to-dateness wee smart office buildings, churches, colleges, a museum, a free public library, a hospital and street cars. Were it not for the golden shaft of the big pagoda glinting in the sun one might easily have imagined it to be a Southern city at home.

It was Buddha's birthday and all Burma seemed to be trooping to his shrine. A second Coney Island circled the sacred spot and brought dismay to the expectant eyes of the traveler. The subdued murmurs of an Oriental fairway assailed the ears—hawkers melodious on the subject of figs from Cairo or peddling strangely colored sweet-meats and bottled liquids that might easily have been pink lemonade.

A grotesque cardboard man towered almost as high as the temple vane. A papier-mache elephant carried in its howdah the effigy of a merchant who had recently died—a rich fellow whose family were doing him proud. An octopus squirmed in a tent near by and the canvas signs flamboyantly portrayed a fat woman being caught in the grip of its tentacles.

Papers, fish, horses, flowers and fantastic figures of indecipherable character billowed and swelled with an occasional puff of hot air. Soft Burmese voices chattered on all sides as men and women moved majestically

through the alleys of the midway. Tourists trudged painfully over the blistering flagged path leading to the pagoda for along among the temples of the east, by a recent dictum, visitors are now required to remove both shoes and stockings before entering the Shwe Dagon. The shrine stands on a double terrace and dominates the city from every angle. It is surrounded by lesser pagodas, kiosks and shrines containing images of Buddha.

The central structure resembles a huge bell 1,355 feet in circumference, which dwindles into a center shaft, covered with gold leaf and towering 370 feet above the pavement. It is surmounted by a gilded ti, or umbrella which is thirteen feet in diameter and forty-seven feet high. The ti consists of a series of rings graduating into a single shaft, topped by a weatner vane and diamond bud. From the rings hang 15,000 gold and silver temple bells, which quiver with every breath of air. The vane and bud are incrustured with 3,644 rubies, 541 emeralds and 433 diamonds, the offering of the faithful.

Turning away from its jeweled magnificance, by some miracle a faint breeze stirred the bells and their music followed the traveler back to the road that the Burmese assured one led direct to Mandalay.

"An' I seed her fust a-smokin' ot a whackin' white cheroot."

Down in the native bazaars nere are scores of them—Burmese women with whacking white cheroots made of vegetable leaves, much less deadly than they look, and innocent of toanaco leaf. Perhaps nowhere else in the world does smoking have the elegance that Burmese women give it as their shapely figures handle the huge cheroots and they puff rings into the air.

They are the original and unconscious feminists. The men have lost all capability for business affairs. Made meager by domestication they are given to languid contemplation on street corners and in the market place. All the business of Burma is run by its women. They move in majestic assurance in a well ordered world, gorgeous in brilliant strips of colored silks, their eyes black and flashing.

One of them sits cross-legged on a pile of silken bolts, puffing at her cigar, which she removes now and again with a hand burdened with ornate rings. She is meditatively amused at the eccentricities of the women tourists, and particularly, one is told, at their hats, which she thinks absurd, and their skirts, which she feels to be shocking.

She is not without feminine vanity herself, but, unaccustomed to her omniscience, she has no coquetry. Her coiffure is elaborate and always in a state of repair. She daubs rice powder on her face and gives the blue-white aspect of skimmed milk to a delicious coffee brown. She is at her best in her business environment—the market place, where she presides with the air of a goddess. She handles fish as if it were crystal. Her graceful fingers weave through laces with an appraising touch. She focuses the attention of the tourists on the fine points of wood-carving, shan-bags or ivory and is ever ready to drive a close bargain, but she does it with an irresistible smile.

A stray man may be present, but only in a mental capacity, to bundle up the purchases or to glance anxiously at his guiding spirit to see if he is doing things in the right way. His mental state is visible in his cowed and lusterless eyes. Here are wells of vivacity.

Truly, the queens of creation dwell on the road to Mandalay.

ADVERTISEMENT REFUSED

New York, July 27—A dispatch to the American from Speculator, N. Y., says Gene Tunney has refused \$10,000, for an advertisement. A manufacturer wanted him to say: "This cigaret must be a good cigaret because all my friends use it." The champion does not smoke.

SCOTCH JOKES AS A
PUBLIC MENACE

A Boston radio station has given notice that henceforth so-called jokes at the expense of Scottish thrift will be barred. The managers express the fear that the listening audiences will rise in wrath unless something is done to reduce the frequency with which humorists at the microphone are "reminded of the one about the Scotchman."

This action was not due to any protest from the Scotch or people of Scotch descent. Persons of that canny breed are endowed with a sense of humor that enables them to appreciate good jokes that come free over the air. The Boston embargo on that particular output is entirely for the protection of the radio public.

Jokes about the peculiarities of different nationalities constitute perhaps the most form of humor, and no nationality has escaped the wit; actual or so-called of the great American wisecracker. But the jokes about the Scotchman's closefistedness, like the jokes about the Englishman's slowness of perception, the jokes about the Irishman's fondness for a fight, and the jokes about any other stock victim of vaudeville jocularly, have been worked over into so many different forms that ordinarily there is little semblance of humor left in them.

Still, absolute prohibition of Scotch jokes on the air seems too severe a measure. And doubtless every Scotchman hopes that if any humorist actually has a new Scotch joke that is worth hearing he will be given access to a microphone with which to broadcast it.

CIGAR SMOKING
MAN INVENTED

Washington, July 26—Shades of Sir Walter Raleigh!

A porter entered the office of Frank L. Goll, bureau of plant industry, Department of Agriculture.

Clouds of cigar smoke were whirling into the air from behind a mixed assortment of laboratory equipment.

The porter spoke. No one answered. He peered. He peered behind the scientific machinery but saw no human being. Only a machine puffing contentedly at four perfectos. The cigars glowed as the machine took deep inhales and then puffed the smoke out in the manner of a veteran cigar user.

The new machine is a tobacco tester invented by the tobacco laboratory for exhibition at the Seville, Spain exposition next year.

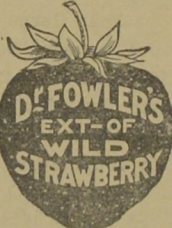
Cigars of any shaps, size or length can be smoked in the machine. It takes four perfectos at one time and smokes them while tobacco experts watch for glowing tips for signs of poor leaf or insufficiently cured wrappers.

The department used to test tobacco by use of punk sticks or by actual human consumption. But the machine does away with this—and never gets sick.

FATTY ARBUCKLE TO
RUN NIGHT CLUB

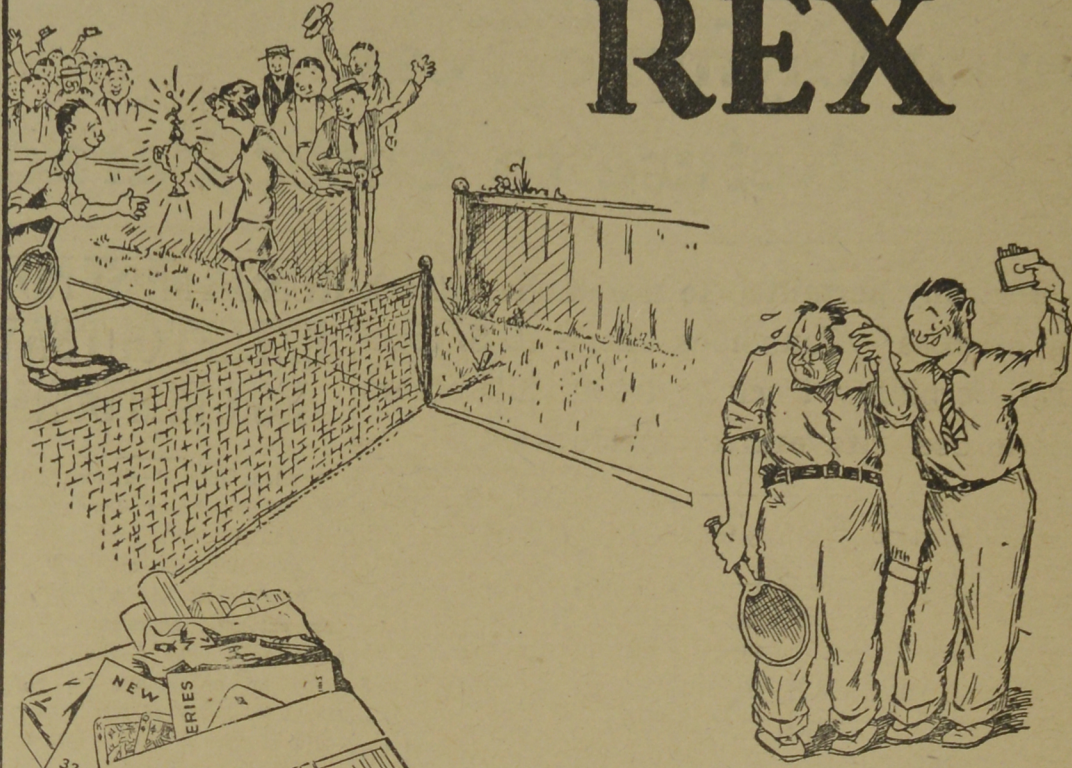
Los Angeles, July 28—Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, oen time film comedian, and later a director, will return to the cabaret business in which he was occupied in the days before his film career. Arbuckle has purchased for approximately \$200,000 the Plantation Cafe, near Culver City, Cal., and will operate it as a night club.

CHOLERA INFANTUM
THE FATAL DISEASE
OF CHILDREN



Is a valuable preparation that has been on the market for the past eighty years. It has no equal for off-setting the vomiting, purging and diarrhoea of cholera infantum.
Price, 50c. a bottle at all druggists or dealers; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Never Mind!
SMOKE A
REX



Ask for
the 25¢
package

SAVE THE "POKER HANDS"

PEA PUREE

- 2 cups dried peas
- 1 slice onion
- 1-2 bayleaf
- 2 quarts water
- 2 cups milk

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon salt

Wash peas and soak in water with onion and bayleaf over night. Next morning cook gently two thirds hour or until peas are very soft. Push through coarse sieve or colander;

add milk, butter, salt and pepper. Reheat in top of double boiler and serve.

"Unsettled" covers a multitude of weather possibilities.

NEW BRUNSWICK
is Calling You!

DO YOU LONG for the open country—rolling farm lands—lakes and streams—unspoiled woods? You will find them all in your own Province—and all within easy motoring distance from almost any point.

Take a few days off in your car. Take the family with you. In every direction you will see wonderful scenery—rivers and lakes—hills and valleys—beautiful farms and beautiful towns.

It is not necessary to stick to the Main Trunk Highways. The country roads in most parts of the Province are maintained in excellent condition, and lead to spots no less beautiful because less well known.

See New Brunswick this summer. Get acquainted with the people and the beauties of your own Province, both in town and country. You will find good roads and good fellowship everywhere.

These roads were built with your money and that of the other people in New Brunswick. Take a pride in them. Do not needlessly destroy them by reckless driving. Remember they are yours to use, not to abuse, yours to enjoy, not to destroy.

To protect them from needless wear and tear, the law provides penalties for reckless or negligent driving. This law also protects you and other motorists from accident on the highways.

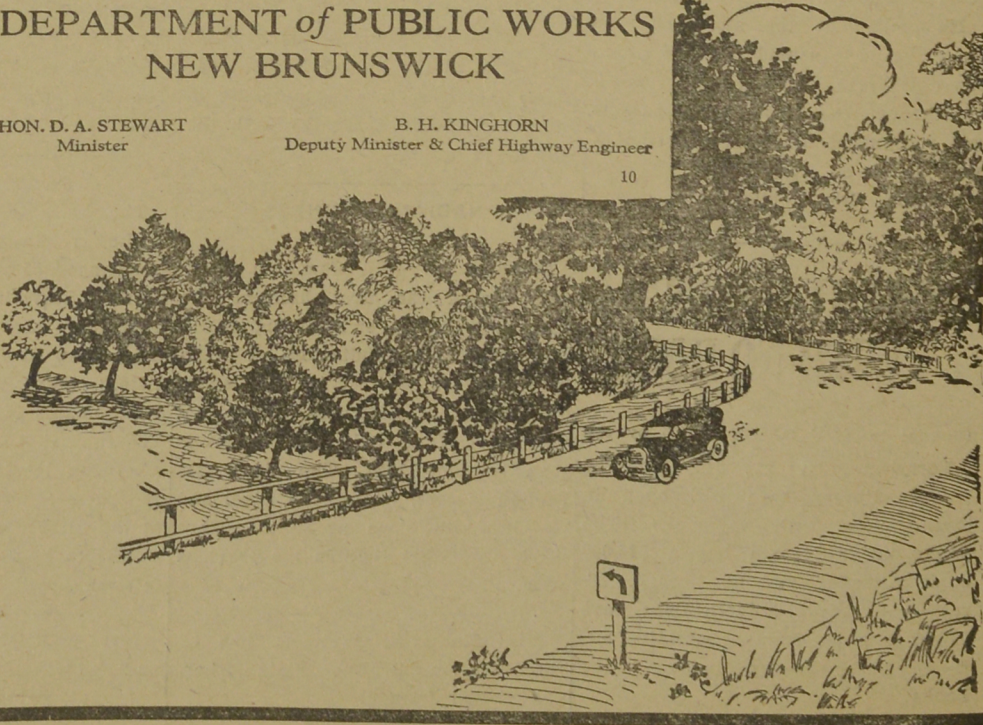
Your co-operation in obeying the law is confidently looked for by the Government. This co-operation is in your own interest, because the damage which is done by excessive speed must be paid for by you and other users of the roads.

DEPARTMENT of PUBLIC WORKS
NEW BRUNSWICK

HON. D. A. STEWART
Minister

B. H. KINGHORN
Deputy Minister & Chief Highway Engineer

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It May Be
Urgent



When your
Children Cry
for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.

Fletcher's
CASTORIA