

£1,000,000 A YEAR FOR VIRTUE---Cont'd. from Page 1.

1569, and annual Government lotteries from 1709 to 1824, under special statutes, although there was, as there is in New Zealand to-day, a general statutory prohibition.

The British Government was prepared, without camouflaging them as art unions, to call a spade a spade and a lottery a lottery, and to raise money openly by this means.

NOT all lottery proposals have been made in dead earnest, nor have all the prizes cited been in cold cash.

Warm femininity has been held up as prize-money, and that no farther from our own times than 1734.

In that year a "Bill" was drafted for a charitable lottery for the relief of the distressed virgins in Great Britain.

This was the preamble:—

"Whereas by the melancholy disuse of holy matrimony in these kingdoms, an infinite number of his Majesty's female subjects are left upon the hands of their parents, in the unnatural state of virginity, to the prejudice of the commonwealth,

"THE DICTATOR"

Chaplin Has Some More Ideas

IT looks as if Charlie Chaplin really feels a picture coming on again. Perhaps he is afraid of becoming known merely as the discoverer of Paulette Goddard.

As was predicted a few weeks ago, the general idea of the story is to have Charlie in the role of a prisoner in a concentration camp.

He will talk for the first time on the screen, but because he is unable to understand his fellow-prisoners' language the talk will be all jargon helped out by Chaplin-esque pantomime, in the style of that famous gibberish sequence in "Modern Times."

"The Dictator" is the tentative name of the new film. This title does not promise well, because, as an English writer remarks, "it is the quality of Dictators to be amusing without being humorous."

the unsupportable burdening of private families, and the unspeakable affliction of the said females. And whereas all ordinary methods to prevent or remedy so great an evil have hitherto proved ineffectual; be it enacted for the better hindrance thereof in times to come, and for the necessary encouragement of propagation, which we ought particularly to attend to upon the prospect of an approaching war, that all the virgins in Great Britain from 15 to 40 shall be disposed of by lottery in the manner here set forth:—

The first two prizes were of £100,000.

The second prizes were listed:

Beauties	100
Pretty girls	5,000
Agreeables	10,000
Wits	10
Huswives	5
Ladies of quality ..	5,000

The lowest prizes were:—

Women of fashion and breeding ..	300,000
Good players at quadrille	12,000
Misses of great accomplishments ..	30,000
Special breeders, most of them parsons' daughters	1,700
Saints	20
Good-conditioned girls, alias friskies	100,000

Everyone who won a prize had to keep the same, and everyone with an estate of £100 per annum could participate, "except it be idle and useless persons, such as courtiers, attorneys, deans and prebends, fellows of colleges, poets and the like, who are expected to serve their country this way, since they do it no other."

One Ticket Only

But no one could have more than one ticket except peers, privy councillors, judges and members of parliament, who were allowed three, and the bishops ad libitum.

And so on—the "Bill" affording the author a vehicle for many sly digs.

The lottery was, in fact, during a great part of our history, as familiar a factor as the income tax is to-day—and productive of as many jests—although, perhaps, not such bitter ones!

WHEN the Government assumed control as it did in 1699, clearing away the private lotteries as "public nuisances," things went excellently for a time, until abuses crept in—gambling on chances, "insurances" against drawing blanks, and so on, and then the lottery fell into disgrace.

But it was largely because people became more and more used to the idea of direct taxation; the more modern British lotteries, in which the Irish Free State Hospital Sweepstakes led

the way in 1930 (if one excepts the lotteries in Tasmania and Newfoundland), seem to have been attended by remarkably few abuses.

IN New Zealand to-day the present system of art unions is a mild form of State biannual distributions of the profits to deserving charities.

But the public realises that they are not the sound and profitable investments that overseas lotteries provide.

How well the public realises this is shown by one interesting piece of information.

The chief contributor to the Tasmanian lottery of Tattersalls is Victoria. Next on the list comes New Zealand.

THEY COULD HAVE USED THAT MILLION.

This World of Ours

English Ode

"He is a happy man singing out his songs of joy such as a happy bird would sing." (The Poet Laureate on Mr. W. H. Davies.)

Mr. W. H. Davies
Is practically a mavis;
Except, say grousers,
For his trousers.

A Good Cry

"ROY FOX will Part from his Bandsmen."—News heading.

Like the Arab's farewell to his faithful steed ("My Beautiful, My Beautiful"), this tearing of oneself apart from a well-loved band is indeed an affecting spectacle.

by JOHN GUTHRIE

Many poets have touched sadly on it (e.g. Tennyson's "O for the Touch of a Vanish'd Band!"). And Randalph's aria in "La Boheme"—"Your tiny band is frozen, let me warm it into life"—graphically depicts the petrified stupefaction of a warm-hearted band when its conductor has waved it the final kiss.

Do not grieve, little band. Another loved one will come. Life goes on. Out of your mute despair will be born new and even more hideous noises.

Rivals

In short, film actors and actresses in Hollywood spend their evenings much the same as persons in Dunedin who had been working all day.—New Zealand film actor, Colin Tapley.

Asked to comment on this statement, Clark Gable McGregor, Princes Street, Dunedin, said: "No doubt Mr. Tapley's remark has come as a bit of a shock to the rest of New Zealand, which was rather in the habit of regarding Dunedin as a pretty sombre little place as far as bright lights went. The statement should do a good deal to clear up this misunderstanding.

"Whether he is quite accurate in holding that the boys and girls here are quite up to the Hollywood standard in the matter of smacking things along in the evenings is perhaps somewhat open to question. Personally, I think we have yet some little way to go.

"At the same time I may say we have been considerably encouraged by his remark to put our best foot forward, and break away from the hampering traditions of the past. Only last week young Willie Thompson skipped Bible Class twice running, and one of our swifter lassies, who shall remain anonymous, was seen in the Octagon flaunting lipstick and even a dash of rouge in her cheeks."

This New Year, if things go ahead well, said this chap, it was quite possible that the city might even manage to stage a divorce or two, and in his opinion the day was not far off when the Film Colony would have to look to its laurels.

Which She Did

THE Italian Press said the Anglo-Italian friendship was now on a new Imperial basis, but Mme. Tabouis, in the Sunday Referee, said that Signor Mussolini delivered two amazing diatribes against France which left Mr. Chamberlain speechless.

Resounding vivas greeted the arrival of the British elder statesman at Rome. Mr. C., carrying his umbrella at the

trail, was escorted to the Piazza. Locked in a private room, Signor Mussolini and Mr. C. began their negotiations, Il Duce first peering into the cupboards and under the table.

"We must make sure Mme. Tabouis is not about," said Il Duce. "You don't happen to see her, do you?"

Mr. C. put up his umbrella. "She's not in there, thank heaven," he said.

There was the merest stir under the tiger-rug at their feet.

"Tabouis, or not Tabouis," said Il Duce, looking at the rug in a suspicious manner. "That is the question." But the rug was now perfectly still.

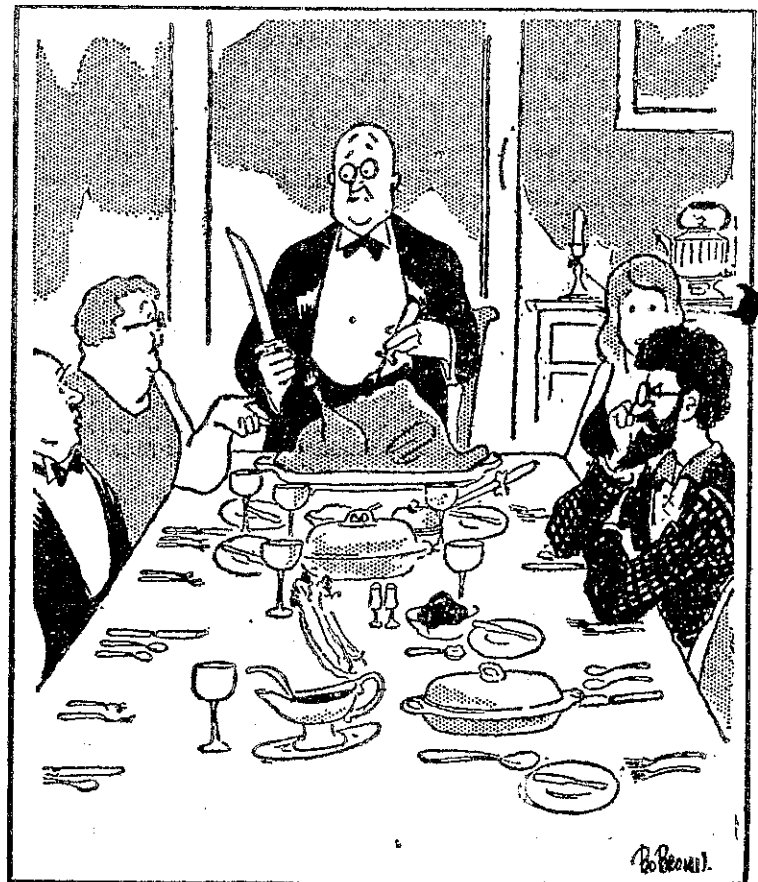
The two statesmen remained closeted for several hours discussing foreign affairs. Twice

Il Duce, in a fit of Mediterranean Blues, attacked Mr. C. and twice the British statesman was forced to defend himself by raising his umbrella briskly to the present and striking Il Duce smartly on the head.

Honour then being satisfied on both sides, the two statesmen withdrew and Mr. C. had a splendid send-off with vivas and the Fascist anthem. But as soon as they were out of the room, the slim silent figure of a woman crept out of her hiding place.

"The meeting was most cordial," said the two statesmen in a joint communique, "with much warmth on both sides."

"I'll say," said Mme. Tabouis. Which she did.



—Los Angeles "Examiner."

"Mr. Tasket will take the left wing!"