

The Second Duke of Marlborough Was a Woman

So Says Manchester Guardian In Commenting On Famous Family

"The second Duke of Marlborough was a woman." This peculiar statement is made in The Manchester Guardian.

"The present Dukes of Marlborough are only partially Churchills," the paper says. "The first Duke did not leave a son, and the title descended by special Act through his daughter, Henrietta Godolphin, who had been married to the son of Churchill's famous colleague, the Lord Treasurer, Henrietta left no son, and the title then passed to her great-nephew, Charles Spencer, fifth Earl of Sunderland.

"So little importance did the Spencers appear to attach to their Churchill descent that it was not until the early 19th century that they added Churchill to their name, which thus became 'Spencer-Churchill'."

Referring to the recent death of the ninth Duke of Marlborough, The Guardian says: "The late Duke was extremely proud of his celebrated ancestor, and devoted the later years of his life to preserving his great house of Blenheim Palace. The Palace, which was designed by Sir John Vanbrugh, is a typical rococo structure in its elaborate artificiality.

"The late Duke loved fast driving, and in one approach to the Palace he arranged for the building of two almost invisible ramps in the roadway. These, combined with the fact that the road was never properly made up, effectively discouraged speeding. It is said that guests to his shooting parties who ignored the warning notice about the ramps arrived with their car springs injured and themselves somewhat shaken.

"The Duke was fully conscious of his rights and duties as a great property owner. He kept so tight a hand on his important family papers that even Professor Trevelyan was not allowed to see them. Only Hilair Belloc and Winston Churchill have been permitted to quote from them since the war. Similarly the late Duke collected a fine library to replace the famous Sunderland collection that was sold. But the bookcases were always kept locked through fear of robbery."

First Trip

Wife of Minister of Justice in British Union of South Africa Never Wears a Hat

Society and women's organizations of the United Kingdom are agog at the prospective visit of Mrs. Sibylla Margherita Smuts, of South Africa, who among other unusual fancies of a remarkable personality, makes her own clothes and never wears a hat. She is the wife of General Christian Smuts, minister of justice in the British Union of South Africa.

Mrs. Smuts is coming to England and Scotland in October for the first time in her life. She will accompany her celebrated soldier-statesman husband from South Africa by air when he comes for induction as Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, the historic institution of learning on the rugged coast of Fifeshire, Scotland. Mrs. Smuts has hitherto been unwilling to face the sea journey from South Africa.

LIVES IDYLIC LIFE
Mrs. Smuts lives an idyllic life on General Smuts' big farm at Irene, midway between Pretoria and Johannesburg. The homestead is a Boer War army hut and is said to be crumbling away. There is no improved road up to the door and visiting cars have to bounce over the trails of the open veldt.

The biggest room of the Smuts' residence, into which guests are shown, is the library stacked with books; and the free floor-space is dotted with the General's latest botanical finds. A few lion cubs used to wander round the place, but they have now reached the age of zoological incarceration.

From this jungle Mrs. Smuts sails forth to public meetings all over the Transvaal. Travelling in an open car, she carries her hat in her hand, and when she takes the chair at meetings she bangs it over her back as a measure of recognition of the hat wearing custom.

Married in 1887 Mrs. Smuts has shared the vicissitudes of her husband's exceptionally romantic career since he led the Boer Republican forces in Cape Colony against the British in the war of 1899-1902. She was with him through the political changes attendant on the formation of the British Union of South Africa and his leadership of British forces in the Great War.

General Smuts is a graduate of Victoria College, Stellenbosch, South Africa, an honorary fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and a bencher of the Middle Temple of London. The great University of St. Andrews, which has honored him with its chancellorship, was chartered by Bishop Henry Wardlaw in 1411, the charter being confirmed by Benedict XIII in 1413.



A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by P.C.2

against the law to drive with one light.

Sometimes, I think it is no use being decent with people. He had no intention of getting his light fixed, because next morning I learned that he'd run down a motor cyclist some twenty miles further on.

After my narrow escape I knew exactly what had happened. The poor victim of the accident had thought it was another motor cycle coming towards him, and he had not been as lucky as I had in getting out of the way. The driver got caught all right and he deserved all he got. If that motor cyclist sues him for damages, I'll be giving evidence for him, believe me.

It's such a trivial matter to get adjusted, and it only takes a couple of minutes to fix. Anybody driving deliberately at night with one headlight is just taking a mean advantage of other people, and when the dead headlight is on the left hand side, he is a danger to everybody else on the road.

I could say a lot more, but I guess this is enough for now. I'll be seeing you.

and your meat you'll get no dessert," his father says.

"There isn't any," announces his wife uncertainly.

"No dessert?" Can Jim believe his ears?

"I was going to get melon but I hadn't enough change. It was too hot to bake anything."

Mr. B. reaches in his pocket. "Here, Sis, you go down to the corner and get a quart of ice cream."

"Oh, Jim, that's the laundry money. I know it is. And let her finish first anyway."

MOTHER IGNORED
"Goody!" shouts Homer, pushing back his plate. He hasn't touched a thing but bread and butter and his father has eaten a big meal.

No one notices that Mrs. Blank hasn't touched a bite but only sipped her coffee. She doesn't like ice cream. A pint would have been plenty. And the laundry man to put off again. And the meal, as usual, wrong in Jim's eyes. He worries, or at least feels responsible for the children but not for her. Yes—she doesn't know exactly why, but she does feel the heat. No one notices mother.

CHICK SPEEDS UP ON EGG PRODUCTION.
London.—Living up to the conditions and demands of the speedy and productive modern world, the modern chicken can teach its grandmother how to lay eggs.

In five years the average yield of eggs per hen, according to the latest ministry of agriculture census of production for 1930-31.

The laying capacity of the average hen has advanced from 72 eggs a year in 1908 to 120 in 1930, and there has been a further improvement since then.

Young Woman Wants To Marry Rancher
Somewhere in Ontario a young lady is pining to marry a rancher from Alberta's foothills country and Mayor J. Corroman, of Lethbridge, Alberta, has been selected for the role of marriage broker.

The name of the young lady, who gives her age as 23, and the town in Ontario are not divulged by His Worship. She is not particular whether the prospective groom is dark, fair, handsome or otherwise, but she does insist he must be a rancher, six-foot tall and a Canadian. The mayor has promised to do his utmost.

BLACK WATCH ON DISPLAY
London.—For the first time at the Royal Tournament at Olympia the 2nd Battalion Black Watch has been selected to give an historical display, the history of the famous Black Watch dating back to 1739.

We have very often wondered just why it takes two pages of fine printed phrases to say legally that the borrower promises to pay back what he borrows.

Two travellers got into conversation. One was most attentive to the other, pressing cigars, papers and refreshment upon him.

Their destination was the same town, and the seemingly much interested one insisted that the other should accompany him to his home for the night. This completed the latter's astonishment. He asked the reason for such unlooked for hospitality.

He was enlightened by his would-be host's reply: "My wife says I'm the ugliest man in the world and I just want her to have a look at you!"

Have You Heard?



Jean was Henry's small Scots niece and this was her first visit south of the Tweed. On Sunday the service at church had kept her enthralled.

"Do people who want to get married have to ask the minister to tell everyone?" she asked when Mr. Thomson must be awfully glad Miss Day is going to marry him at last, don't you, Uncle Henry? He must be so tired of asking her."

Henry gave an audible gasp. "I suppose he must, Jean. But who told you all this?"

"The minister! Weren't you listening? He said: 'I publish the bans of marriage of Richard Thomson and Mary Day. This is the third time of asking.'"

Smithkins was undoubtedly travelling fast in his baby car, and the friend who had accepted his offer of a lift asked sarcastically if he were going to a fire.

"No, old chap," said Smithkins. "I'm trying to prevent one."

"How so?" "Well, my Chief said he'd fire me if I were late again."

Tom: "What's the difference between valour and discretion?" Bill: "Well, to travel on an ocean liner without tipping would be valour."

Tom: "I see." Bill: "And to come back on a dif-

ferent boat would be discretion. Do you get me?" Tom: "Yes; quite a good tip."

Two Hebrew gentlemen from Birmingham heard of a job lot of goods going cheap in Liverpool for £10,000, and they went up to see it. Finally, after much argument, they bought the goods for £7,000. As they came back in the train they said to Jacob: "I don't see, Jacob, why you need have been so hard on that man and have beaten him down from £10,000 to £7,000, because you know we don't intend to pay for any of it!"

"Well," was the reply, "you see, his father was an old friend of mine, and I don't want him to make a bigger bad debt than I can help."

Farmer Giles: "You be on time to-day, Garge!" Guard of local train: "Aye, we had the wind behind us all the way!"

"What terrible crime has this man committed?" "He has done nothing. He was merely an innocent bystander when Tough Jim tried to kill a man and we are holding him as witness."

"And where is Tough Jim?" "He's out on bail."

"I'm sorry to keep grumbling, Mrs. Higgin," said the boarder, "but really I cannot sleep in that bed another night."

"I'd have you know," was the landlady's haughty rejoinder, "that that bed is fit for the Prince of Wales."

"Ah," replied the other, "that explains why it has only three feathers."

Britons Thrill As Giant Tube Opens



Part of the crowd of a million people, including hundreds of American vacationists, who gathered at Liverpool, England, for the formal opening by the King and Queen of the Mersey Tunnel, longest underwater tunnel in the world. Connecting Liverpool and Birkenhead, the tube is two miles long, took eight years to build and cost \$40,000,000.

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DYED MOSQUITOES

There are half a dozen stations in the country where entomologists of the United States Department of Agriculture turn atomizers on captive mosquitoes. The experimenters are not trying to test the efficacy of some new insecticide but simply to dye the mosquitoes with eosine (strong pink) or methylene blue. This done, the insects are released to dry and fly whither their fancy or their thirst for blood will urge them.

Behind the spraying with dyes—no mean trick considering the ease with which a delicate insect can be drowned by what is to him a pelting rain—lies a deep scientific purpose. How far do mosquitoes travel from their homes—slimy pools and stagnant puddles? How long do they live? In what places do they prefer to lay their eggs? In a word, it is the object of all this spraying to pry into the private life of the mosquito.

A good deal has already been learned. One specimen was still buzzing about 104 days after a shower bath of methylene blue. He and his

tinted pals may reveal much that will make it easier to combat malaria.—Border Cities Star.

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Issue No. 32-'34

Smith's Studio
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