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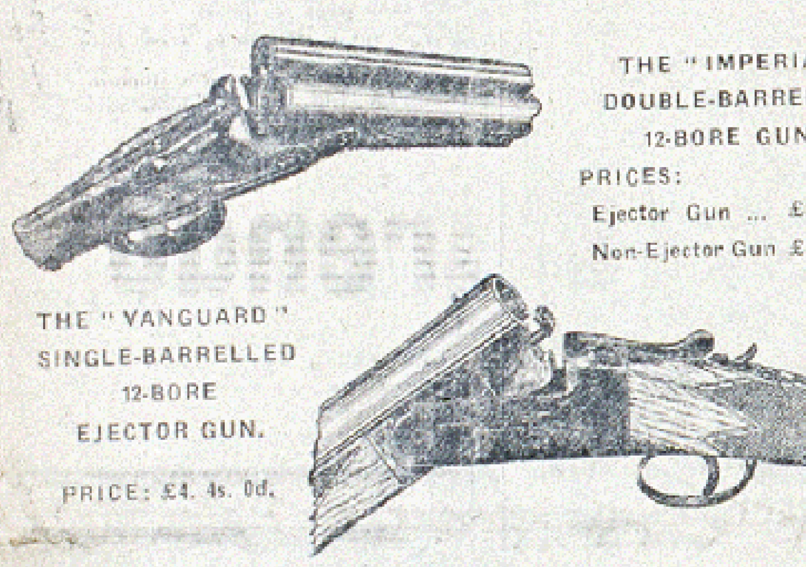

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RUBBER-LINED WATERPROOFS (LADIES' OR GENT'S). Khaki or Navy Raincoats of exceptional value, smart and beautifully made, with Storm Collar, Sleeve Tabs, and Arm Ventilation. Gent's sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 chest. Ladies' sizes: 42, 44, 46, 48, 50ins. long. 12/6 each. One or two coats postage 9d. Double-breasted. Belt all round, 2/6 extra. ONLY ... 12/6

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FEATHER-WEIGHT MACS. (LADIES' OR GENT'S). Weighs only 18ozs. Can easily be carried in pocket when not in use. A smart, beautifully made coat, and your best friend in the sudden downpour. Gent's sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 chest. Ladies' sizes: 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50ins. long. Post free ... 25/-

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CASH ON DELIVERY SYSTEM

IRISH POST OFFICE ENTERPRISE

STIMULUS TO TRADE

(Specially Contributed.)

Since the Post Office passed into Irish hands many necessary and, in some cases, long overdue reforms have taken place. The Post Office was handed over to the Irish Administration not only with a large debit balance but with a worn-out stock of apparatus, both telegraph and telephone, which the new Administration has had to gradually replace. The Department's efforts to "cut the loss" have already met with commendable success and a marked improvement has been effected in the telegraphs and telephones.

It might be assumed that the work involved in the matters referred to would have absorbed all the available energy of the Administration. The Postmaster-General, however, has kept abreast of the times and has introduced many facilities which will prove of great benefit to the commercial public. It is doubtful if any of these will have such a far-reaching effect as the initiation of the Cash on Delivery system which, it is announced, will come into operation in the New Year.

Method of Working.

The idea itself is, of course, not a new one. The system is already in force in America and in most of the European countries and between these countries and Great Britain and Ireland, but has never been adopted internally in either Great Britain or this country.

The arrangement is very simple. The sender of a parcel fills up a form giving the value of the contents and the Postal Department undertakes to collect the amount from the addressee and remit it to the sender. For this service a small commission is charged in addition to the ordinary parcel post, and, if registered, registration rates. The Post Office fee for Cash on Delivery parcels will be:—

For a sum not exceeding £5 ...	1s. 0d.
For a sum exceeding £5 and not exceeding £10	1s. 6d.
For a sum exceeding £10 and not exceeding £15	2s. 0d.
For a sum exceeding £15 and not exceeding £20	2s. 6d.

The system, which is confined to parcels posted in the Free State for delivery in the Free State, is in the nature of an experiment, but in an agricultural country like Ireland, where railway and transit facilities generally are comparatively limited, and where a considerable proportion of the shopping public live in remote districts from which the sending of cash with an order is not always practicable, the advantages of the Cash on Delivery system must be evident. Indeed, the service has immense possibilities if the public take advantage of the facilities offered.

Highly Appreciated.

The Cash on Delivery system is extensively availed of in Switzerland, where its advantages are highly appreciated. In the year 1921, the last for which statistics are available, the number of articles dealt with under this heading by the Swiss Post was over 15,000,000, and the sum collected amounted to 172,000,000 francs.

There is reason to believe that it is one of the most profitable branches of the Postal service in that country. Even if it were not paying in itself it could not be dispensed with, as it has come to be recognised by the business community and the general public as one of the most necessary and useful systems worked by the Post Office.

In Belgium, where the system is also in force, the number of parcels dealt with annually prior to the war totalled almost 180,000, representing a gross value of close on 2,000,000 francs.

The new system will, for the present, apply only to the cities and large towns in the Irish Free State, so far as the posting of parcels is concerned, but parcels will be delivered from all offices.

Advantages.

A few of the obvious advantages are:—It enables farmers, poulterers, bee-keepers, etc., in rural districts to send eggs, butter, chickens, honey, etc., to customers in the cities and large towns on receipt of post-card. Similarly, residents in the country will be able to obtain goods from city or urban warehouses in the Free State by simply sending a request for the goods. No need to tramp miles to a post office to secure the money order or postal order.

It will foster direct trade between the cities and urban centres and rural areas. Both sections of the community will directly benefit—the producers securing a higher price and consumers getting goods at a cheaper rate. The small Irish manufacturer will be able to deliver direct to the consumer. Small industries, like the Cottage Industries of Donegal, which were at one time so general throughout Ireland, will be assisted and encouraged in their development by the new system.

Shopping by Post.

Wholesale and retail firms in the Free State will have an opportunity of securing a share of the immense sales which are now a feature of the "Shopping by Post" trade, so extensively advertised and developed by cross-Channel firms. The amount of money sent out of the country in recent years by the "Shopping by Post" system is enormous. To give an example, it may be mentioned that over 3,000,000 postal parcels are received in the Free State from Great Britain every year, while only about half of that number leave this country. On a recent occasion no less than 1,800 hampers of parcels arrived at Dun Laoghaire.

It abolishes bad debts, because parcels are not delivered if not paid for. The credit system may have certain benefits, but one of its principal disadvantages is the higher prices necessitated by the expense of keeping accounts and providing against bad debts. The cash on delivery system will encourage smaller profits and larger turn-over, and thus the individual purchaser (who in this case represents the general community) will materially benefit. The considerable time occupied in ascertaining the financial standing of customers before executing an order will no longer be required.

Aid to Industries.

The introduction of the system should prove a great fillip to Irish industries, and if the various traders advertise their goods and adopt up-to-date business methods in dealing with orders, the outcome should be of increased benefit to the country. The system gives them a powerful lever to capture some millions of money that at present find its way to England. Briefly, the kernal of the position thus created will be that the Post Office makes itself the commercial traveller for every enterprising trader in the nation.

Switzerland, France, the United States, and other countries in which the cash on delivery system is flourishing have found that intensive and progressive organisation resulting from the increased internal trade thus created is far more valuable than the Customs barrier as a weapon of protection.

Our Irish manufacturers and traders are sometimes criticised for their slipshod methods of doing business. Much of the criticism may be undeserved, but, at any rate, they have now an advantage over the cross-Channel traders, and if they are alive to their own interests they will endeavour to secure every benefit which the Cash on Delivery system offers.

It is generally believed that the introduction of the system will be received with favour not only as supplying a public want, but as calculated also to assist materially in trade development on the lines suggested.

WOODEN TOYS MADE AT HOME

BUT NOT IN IRELAND

It seems a far cry back to the time when an expert was brought over here from Oberammergau to give demonstrations in the manufacture of toys. Nothing much came of the promising enterprise, and the setting up of a toy-making industry on Continental lines has still to be numbered amongst Ireland's disappointed hopes.

Anything done in the way of toy-making during the twenty years that have since intervened was the result of local effort and the private enterprise of a few thrifty individuals in their own homes. Its possibilities in this latter respect are greater and more real than might at first be supposed.

"Made in Germany."

Of the many thousand pounds worth of toys imported into Ireland every year, the great bulk are of the mechanical variety, wonders in tin, turned out by the ton in big German, French, and English factories. The Germans still lead the world as mechanical toy-makers both as regards the quantity produced and the quality and ingenuity of the work.

But a very considerable proportion of the toys ordinarily in use are of a cheaper and simpler kind, carved in wood for the most part. Here, too, Germany holds foremost place, and a little-known fact concerning this branch of toy-making in that country is that it is still largely carried on as a home industry.

Wooden Toys.

Most of the German dolls are made in the province of Thuringia, and in the Saxonian hills, and the industry gives extensive employment both in factories and at the firesides of the peasantry. In the former district doll factories are very numerous. Their function is to attend to the initial part of the work, turning out the rough figures, which the women bring to their homes and finish by hand.

In Saxony they specialise less in dolls than in dolls' furniture, wooden animals, wagons and the like; and here again factories furnish the home workers with the rough material—boards cut to the required size and shape, silk or cotton, wooden blocks, or whatever else is necessary for the particular toy they are making. Whole families follow no other occupation, the men folk finding constant employment in the factories and the women and children in their homes.

Out on Their Own.

Even in the remoter regions of the Saxonian mountains where factories are unknown, toy-making is carried on extensively by peasants as an independent home industry. In this case the workers are obliged to find their own raw material, rough-hew and finish it as best they can, and sell their wares to blood-sucking middlemen in the neighbouring villages.

Among these industrious mountaineers toy-making has become hereditary, and each family upholds its own tradition for the manufacture of some particular kind of wooden toy. Thus, while one home may have specialised for generations in horses and carriages, another has concentrated on sheep and goats, a third on human figures, and so on. Instruction in the handicraft is a special subject at the local schools, and the little ones soon become quite as expert as their elders.

Irish Toys.

It seems a pity that toy-making on some such simple lines as these has not been given a trial in this country. The initial outlay would be negligible; a turning-lathe or two should be enough to serve any village or half-parish. And how well the Irish worker can adapt his hands to the craftsmanship of this kind, the splendid products of the doll factories in Galway and Ballycastle ("An Tuirne Beag") can testify.

TERENCE O'HANLON.

REMEMBER

This is ROWAN'S Millinery HALF-PRICE Day

64 and 65 South Great George's Street.

NOBEL PRIZE FOR IRISH POET

Mr. William Butler Yeats, brilliant Irish poet, who has been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, photographed with his wife. Mr. Yeats is a member of the Irish Senate.

(Photo—Keystone.)

ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

DIVING FOR LOST GOLD

A SERIES OF THRILLS

To go down in a diving-dress—that was my absorbing fancy! and with the countenance of the famous diving expert who superintends the salvage operations, I gratified my whims.

Since 1918 the divers have been busy retrieving treasure from the bed of the ocean, and as year after year I watched from afar the mailed dragons with window-glass snouts come dripping up the ladder I burned to taste of a diving experience. My desire was not gratified for many a long day, for the superintendent is a reticent, retiring, scientific man, who hardly ever sets foot on shore.

One afternoon I found him picking blackberries by the wayside and seized the opportunity of speaking to him. I lured him to my bachelor abode, where we quickly discovered that we had similar tastes. Both of us loved books, pictures, boxing and playing the mouth-organ. Shortly afterwards, the operations for the year having ended, the salvage ship departed, taking with it my newly-found friend.

The Preliminaries.

This year, on the return of the ship, our friendship was renewed. We discussed books and pictures. We had friendly encounters with the gloves. We played duets on our mouth-organs, and, so the months passed. I waited patiently for the psychological moment to arrive when I could tell him of my heart's desire.

One afternoon after an exciting bout with the gloves, in which I got a black eye, I knew I had got hold of the soft side of his nature. I asked him if he would allow me to go down in the diver's kit. He looked amiability itself and said "Yes." A week later I said to him, "When are you going to redeem your promise?" "Oh," he said, "Going down to the bottom of the sea in a diver's kit is not to be undertaken lightly." He tried to frighten me off by telling me tales of divers who had got ill and been suffocated, and of the ghastly appearances of the men at the various inquests at which he had been present, but I merely said "Your promise."

Ready to Start.

The following morning was a vicious one. It was blowing a half gale from the south-east, with a pelting rain. I sat down to breakfast feeling cold and dispirited. The maid brought in a letter and laid it on the table beside my plate. It was from my scientific friend, and read thus: "Dear Thompson—If you will come off now, the boat is waiting. I will redeem my promise to give you a chance of diving."

A funny feeling came over me—a feeling of affection for this fair earth and all my dear friends. Even my bitterest enemies appeared to be friends in disguise. My appetite vanished and I was filled with self-pity. I got up trembling from the table, rushed out quickly, put on my hat and coat, and ran to the pier. A motor boat was waiting. I jumped in, and we were off immediately.

The motor boat went through the stormy sea at a terrific pace, and the spindrift flew over our heads. In a few minutes we had covered the half-mile which lay between the pier and the salvage ship. I climbed up the ladder and was received by my friend and the captain. They greeted me with no enthusiasm. Solemn livery faces appeared on every side. I was hurriedly led to a wooden seat under the bridge. I was ordered to take off my coat and give up my watch.

Dressed for the Deep.

Two bull-necked men with huge bodies seized my legs and pulled two pairs of woollen drawers over my trousers. A white woollen sweater was dragged over my head. I was given a large rubber garment—jacket and trousers combined—and was told to get into it. I did, with difficulty. A pair of woollen socks were pulled over my feet, which were quickly encased in a pair of leaded boots. A large iron helmet was jammed down on my head. I have an exceptionally large head, and it was not got on without some trouble. I wanted to protest against such rough treatment but was not given time.

I heard nuts being screwed but could see nothing. I was able to see straight in front of me through the aperture in front of the helmet. I only had eyes for the face of my friend. It was white and gloomy. The chief diver came forward and gave me some instructions, but I was too nervous to take in the half of what he said. I could have found it in my heart (only for shame's sake) to cry off the whole enterprise. In a moment it was too late for some one screwed in the barred windows of the vizor. I was cut off in a moment from my fellow-men, standing there in their midst, but quite divorced from intercourse.

Going Down.

There was a peculiar buzzing noise caused by the air coming into the helmet. I was in a world and climate of my own, and, except that I could move and feel, I was like a man fallen in a catalepsy.

But time was scarce given me to realise my isolation; the weights were hung on my back and breast. I was dragged to my feet by invisible hands and led towards an iron ladder, which I began ponderously to descend till my head was just under water. I stopped and considered, for I was very much frightened and wanted badly to come back. I was connected by telephone with the outer world, and I heard a faint voice asking: "Are you all right?" I yelled "Yes." The voice said then, "Go on." I went slowly down, more or less resigned to my fate.

I reached the bottom of the ladder and then grasped a rope which I descended hand under hand with extraordinary speed, and in a few seconds reached the bottom with a thud. A sharp pain in my left ear reminded me that I ought to regulate my supply of air by adjusting the valve on the helmet. But I was seized with a sudden panic lest I should do the wrong thing and either blow myself up or deprive myself of a sufficient amount of air. I decided to endure the pain and be comparatively safe.

A dark figure slid quietly down the rope and stood beside me. It was one of the divers who had come to act as my guide.

My Guide.

He took me by the hand and led me forward. I was filled with the warmest affection for him. In my excited mood, he seemed to be the only thing that stood between me and a violent death. Yet there we stood hand to hand and (when it pleased us) eye to eye, but either of us might have burst himself with shouting and not a whisper come to his companion's hearing. My only means of communicating with him was by pressing his hand. I fondled his more tenderly than ever a devoted lover fondled the hand of his sweetheart.

As we moved forward I began to look around me. I saw a green gloaming, somewhat opaque, but very restful and delicious. We stood on a sandy desert which faded away in a green mist. Beyond was a land of mystery untrodden by the foot of man. Suddenly my companion pulled me violently by the hand, and made signs to me to get down on my knees. I obeyed him, and as we advanced slowly on hands and knees I began to have a fine, dizzy, muddle-headed joy in my surroundings. I longed and tried, and always failed, to lay hands on the fish that darted here and there about me. We encountered several large crabs and countless star-fish in the course of our wanderings, but no bullion of any kind.

I Want to Get Up.

After a while I began to be very hot and uncomfortable. My breath came in short gasps, and my throat had grown painfully dry. I grabbed my friend by the hand and tugged at it in an upward direction. We stood up, and in desperation I pulled his hand above his head. A pair of frightened eyes looked into mine, and the helmet nodded slowly. All the time I kept calling "I want to get up" in hopes that the man in charge of the telephone would hear me, but there was no response. I was thoroughly frightened by this time, and felt indeed that death by suffocation would speedily overtake me.

In my excitement, I thought that my companion must have lost his bearings, forgetting that we were connected to the ship by our air-tubes, a signal rope, and telephone. Down on our knees we went again and started off quickly, and I was very much relieved when at length we reached the rope which hung from the ship. I hurriedly commenced to climb, and up I soared like a bird. My body, owing to the great density of the sea, seemed to be as light as a feather. I reached the ladder, but by some unlucky chance I managed to get on the wrong side of it. In a few seconds I was jammed between the ladder and the side of the ship. I struggled hard to get round to the front of the ladder, but quickly discovered that I was quite helpless.

As my helmet kept knocking against the iron rungs of the ladder, several unhappy thoughts passed through my fevered brain. My companion, however had not been idle. He had preceded me up the rope, but had discovered my predicament very soon and had been trying all the time to get me disentangled. I was not aware of his good offices, but rejoiced exceedingly when he caught me by the hand and pulled me round to the right side of the ladder.

On Deck Again.

The joy and relief I felt renewed my strength, and I mounted the iron ladder and gained the deck without further assistance. Quickly my helmet was unscrewed and I emerged smiling and triumphant. My friend, the diving expert, congratulated me very warmly indeed, and said I must be in fine condition to look so well after my first diving experience, combined with my ordeal under the ladder. My fine appearance was due, if he only knew it, to my joy and thankfulness at having escaped with my life, and what a joy it was to emerge from the green, mysterious twilight into a glory of rosy, almost sanguine, light.

It was sweet to return from infancy where one had to be supported and directed and perpetually set on one's feet by the hand of someone else. And although the glory faded into the hard, ugly daylight of a Northern autumn, with a low sky, a stormy sea, and a whistling wind, I was glad.

So ended my first and last diving experience. The captain of the salvage ship said to me afterwards, "Nothing would induce me to go down. Every man to his own job." I heartily endorse his statement. Gold ingots wouldn't tempt me to go down again.

A. E. THOMPSON.

DEPUTIES ANGRY

A DUBLIN PAPER'S ARTICLE

Strong comments were made in An Dail on a recent article in the "Freeman's Journal" alleging that travelling facilities afforded members of the Oireachtas had been abused.

Attention was called to the matter by Mr. Gorey, who said no passes were given by the Minister for Finance, but there were issued, when a Deputy or Senator wanted to go down to his constituency, a voucher entitling him to a railway ticket to travel on the day of issue. It was a ticket—not a pass.

The statement that passes were used by members going to fairs and markets would seem to be levelled at certain sections of the Dail. Speaking for the party to which he belonged, these vouchers were never issued to them for any purpose except to go back to their constituencies or to travel to the Dail. When they had to come to the city, as they often had, between the meetings of the Dail they came up at their own expense.

"SLINGING MUD."

A statement like that made should be proved or withdrawn. If that was not done the Dail should summon the writer or editor or whoever was responsible before the Bar of the House. This effort at slinging mud was not worthy of any responsible journal.

President Cosgrave said the arrangement made ensured that there could be no abuse.

There was no possible chance of any member getting a railway voucher to or from a fair or market or anything of the sort.

It was certainly unfair to members and the Ministry of Finance that there should be any question whatever regarding railway vouchers. He had not even heard of any case in which a member of the Oireachtas applied for a voucher to which he was not entitled, but he had heard of many cases where members did not apply for one, and many were at a loss in consequence.

Mr. Davin (Lab.) declared Mr. Gorey had done a public service by calling attention to this matter. The writer displayed ignorance of the whole procedure.

AN APOLOGY DUE.

Mr. Johnson thought that it would be unwise to pursue the matter after the condemnation expressed. He thought it would be giving too much importance to the newspaper, the writer or proprietor, to ask them to come before the House and give an explanation.

Mr. Gorey thought an apology was due.

The Speaker pointed out that a Deputy under the Oireachtas (Payment of Members) Act, was entitled to a voucher between Dublin and any place in his constituency. For a particular journey he got a particular voucher signed by the Clerk of the Dail. He must make application in the office for that voucher before he got it. Deputies representing Dublin and Dublin county never got a voucher at all.

"It would be utterly impossible," he said, "for example, for Deputy Wilson, who represents Co. Wicklow, to get a voucher to, say, Co. Wexford, Co. Kilkenny, or Co. Donegal—utterly and completely impossible under the arrangements made."

During a recess vouchers were not issued except for attendance at a Committee of the Dail or other business of the Dail. The arrangements made by the Minister for Finance, in consultation with himself and with An Cathaoirleach of Seanad Eireann, ensured the utmost economy.

NO BASIS IN FACT.

"The article in question has, therefore, no possible basis in fact," he added. "It is not worth while to say any more about it than that."

Mr. Gorey said he was quite satisfied. On two or three occasions during the sittings of the last Dail he came to Dublin to attend the meetings at his own expense. Also, when the railway between Kilkenny and Dublin was cut, he had to go round by the D.S.E.R., and did that at his own expense.

The Speaker said he knew a Deputy who had a season ticket on the G.N.R., who attended the Dail at his own expense.

SCANDAL OF THE DOLE

PAYMENT FOR IDLENESS

"It is the greatest scandal ever perpetrated on a people by a Government to give 15s. a week to men for doing nothing, instead of giving 30s. a week to men for working on the public roads, which require to be looked after so badly."

—Mr. P. McLoughlin, at Nenagh U.D.C.

Now every Irishman can get one of these

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A cold weather overcoat and a raincoat as well

Remember, the price of the Curzon Trench Coat includes the detachable wool lining, which makes the coat suitable for wear in the coldest weather. This lining can be removed without in any way affecting the smart appearance of the coat, which can then be worn in warm or mild weather. Small buttons on the inside of the coat and buttonholes in the wool lining enable the lining to be securely fastened in one minute, and the coat is then equal to the finest winter overcoat. This is the only coat on the market which answers the purpose of two ordinary coats.

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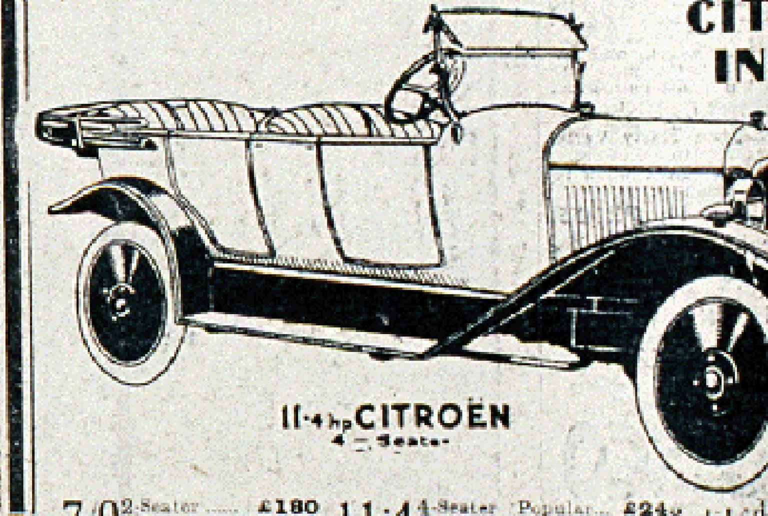

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