

Bob Davis Reveals

"Shores and Ships and Sealing Wax" and Rickshas

LEWIS CARROLL, author of "Alice in Wonderland," made for himself an enviable reputation by balling up the language and injecting into his manuscript references that had nothing whatever to do with the story.

The caption on this column is designed along the Carroll lines, but the word "ricksha" really stands for something.

Roughly speaking, the last census report on rickshas accounted for 44,000 of the rubber-tired, two-wheeled, one-passenger vehicles, drawn by fleet-footed coolies capable of hauling human cargo on most any kind of a thoroughfare—aspallum preferred—at about the same rate of speed and with less noise than goes with the old-fashioned horse-driven cab.

In point of grace and luxury nothing has ever been invented that can compete with it or make a better showing along the boulevards where traffic streams.

Lot Is Not a Happy One.

While a spectacle of this sort fills the eye it seldom drifts into one's mind that the lot of the ricksha man is not a happy one. The easy loping stride of the man between the brass-mounted shafts, the three-foot bicycle wheels running silently on ball bearings, make Mercury and his machine a floating unit, gliding onward apparently without effort, but it never occurs to the casual observer that perhaps there is a limit to the physical endurance of the human animal swinging along with a human burden lolling under a pith helmet, pulling on a good se-gar and living the life of Riley.

Nothing so completely fits a white man for the indolent life as spending four or five hours a day in a ricksha. The very construction of the device invites a half-reclining posture; added to which the gentle oscillations, more soothing than any motion experienced from the cradle to the grave, produce a relaxation matched only by insensibility. A New England woman brought up to sit erect in a straight back hickory chair and hold herself like a Bunker Hill ramrod thinks nothing, after a week of rickshaing, of imitating Cleopatra on her chaise longue eyeing Mark Antony. A ricksha "sure do break down" one's resistance and makes a formal posture, coincident with good manners, quite a bore.

"Strut Sitting Down."

Old boys who can't even get the nomination for county clerk back home look like senatorial timber after doing a stretch in an upholstered ricksha. And a tin horn sport who can't even get a kind glance from a head waitress, after a few spins between ricksha wheels has difficulty dispelling the rumor that he is Clark Gable. This, however, is not the case with residents of Peiping, who, having passed the inflation stage, are without bombast. Only the foreigners seem able to "strut sitting down," as some one once said of an unpopular statesman.

And the cost is nothing, compared with the sense of superiority with which the consumer is infected. For the small sum of \$1, Mex., which here in Peiping means 35 cents in American spondulics, a thoroughbred high-stepping, first-class coolie ricksha boy can be hired for the day, which is understood to be 12 full hours, with such time for lunch as the patron, in the fullness of his enlarged heart, feels that he can surrender to his faithful foot servant. This rate holds good at \$7 per week. Beyond that, the tariff falls to \$20 a month, Mex., of course, which places the rick at your disposal practically when wanted, the boy actually haunting your headquarters awaiting orders.

Ricksha Boys Faithful.

A pet dog couldn't be more at your beck and call. The system solves the whole question of transportation throughout the city. For long distance trips, motor fares are comparatively low, yet there are some who have no hesitation about using ricks up to fifteen miles, or thirty miles round trip.

The average daily mileage of a ricksha boy is about twelve, ranging in special cases up to fifteen a day for all seasons except during snow fall, brief in this latitude, and hard on the ricksha boys, many of whom are unable to buy blankets with which to keep out the chill after a long lope. It is estimated that fifteen years is about the average life of a two-wheel hauler, but there is no scarcity of men who are easily in the sixties. The majority of them are under twenty-five, from that down to eighteen. It is easy to distinguish the country from the city ricksha pullers. The former put on less style, take a longer stride and think nothing of doing thirty miles a day between town and country; round trip, tip and all, \$2 Mex., the owner of the vehicle to feed himself.

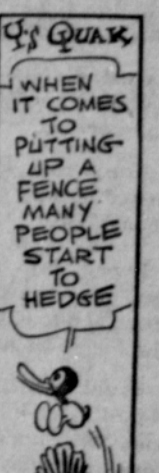
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WORLD'S BEST COMICS

Lighter Side of Life as Depicted by Famous Cartoonists and Humorists

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



SMATTER POP—Y'aint Looking at Him Right, Pop

By C. M. PAYNE



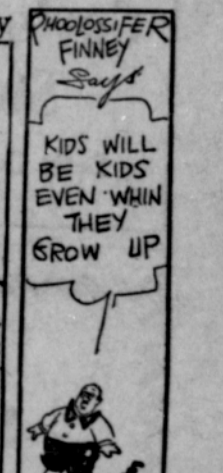
MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

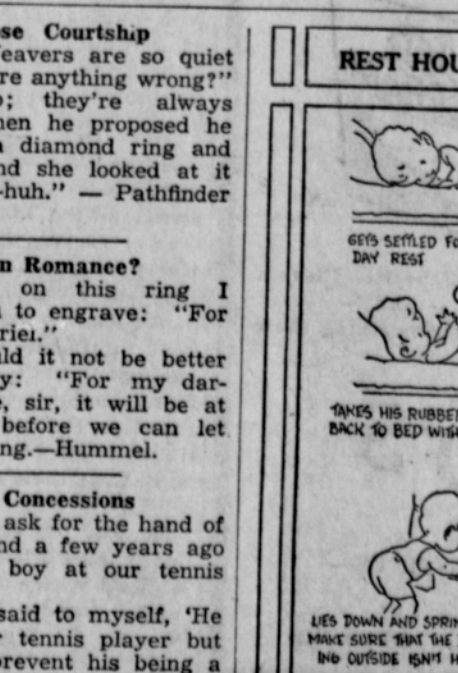


ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES Rubber!

Rubber!



Our Pet Peeve—



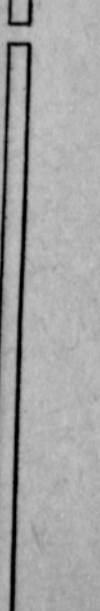
Comatose Courtship
Bier—The Weavers are so quiet tonight. Is there anything wrong?
Gardiner—No; they're always that way. When he proposed he just held up a diamond ring and said "Eh?" and she looked at it and said "Uh-huh." — Pathfinder Magazine.

Vacation Romance?
Youth—Now, on this ring I should like you to engrave: "For my darling Murrie."
Jeweler—Would it not be better to have simply: "For my darling?" You see, sir, it will be at least a week before we can let you have the ring.—Hummel.

Mutual Concessions
"You dare to ask for the hand of my daughter and a few years ago you were ball boy at our tennis club?"
"Yes, sir, I said to myself, 'He may be a poor tennis player but that does not prevent his being a good father-in-law.'"

REST HOUR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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