Voice of the Press

Canada, The Empire and The World at Large

SPINACH, AND THE DIONNES

Some folks may grow a bit weary of reading about the Dionne quintuplets. We don't. We get sort of tickled every time there is a report which says that the little ladies have added another ounce or half ounce. Likewise it is interesting to read of the changes which are being made in their diet.

The last report was good. In addition to the human milk which is fed to the five girls each one receives 20 drops of tomato juice per day. That, we consider as being splendid.

The reason for mild joy is that the tomato juice should have received preference over spinach. The tomato is a regular old standby. It goes into ketchup, chow-chow, pickles, stewed tomatoes, tomato soup, raw tomatoes and all manner of things, and the tomato is such a handy thing to fling about when a little trouble stirs in the community. It produces no injury but is capable of the maximum amount of discomfort. It is such an all-round sort of thing.

Spinach has been making an attempt to oust the tomato in popular fancy. Some person started the report that spinach had vitamins. There were some doctors who fell for it. When a patient came in looking a little white about the gills and not quite hitting on all cylinders, the advice was that vitamins were needed and spinach could supply these strange things. People who write things for the papers have been talking spinach, and the folks at home make people eat it under the guise that it's good for them. We were fearing that they would be starting to feed those Dionne sisters, five of them, on spinach, and then the thing would get into the papers, and there would be a new spinach campaign under way.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

IT WORKS BOTH WAYS

Many girls in bathing suits look much more attractive in their street clothes. But many look more attractive in their street clothes than they do in bathing suits. —St. Thomas Times Journal.

THE WHISKERS PERIOD

The male Mormons of Utah have all grown whiskers in order to fittingly celebrate this year the arrival of Brigham Young and his trail-stained followers at Salt Lake in 1847.

Little is to be said about the historical aspects of this group of polygamists; but the wish will be general that the idea of expressing tribute by reviving the hirsute decorations of a past period may not become infectious. Our own sturdy forbears, who are also worthy of all honor, leaned rather strongly to whiskers at a time when razors were scarce and barbers unknown.

Yet who knows? One of these days the suggestion might be made and accepted that we should abandon the shaving habit and give a befitting demonstration of what our ancestors looked like with their flowing beards. As a hot weather thought the thing is agonizing.—Brantford Expositor.

GRANDMOTHERS

A Chicago woman a grandmother at 32? What of it? The report fails to impress Mrs. Lela Corn She's a great-grandmother at 49. She was a grandmother at 32. Her mother is a great-great-grandmother at 75. Her daughter is a grandmother at 33, and the latter"s child is a mother at 16.

All of which recalls the ancient command: "Arise, daughter, and go to your daughter, for your daughter's daughter has had a daughter.—Kamloops Sentinel.

COURTESY A PLEASANT TREAT

Making reference to the death of a notable public man it was said of him that he will be remembered for his unfailing courtesy. That feature was stressed and that is as it should be. There is nothing as fine as unfailing courtesy, whether it be in man or woman. It smooths the pathway of life and makes contacts with our fellows much more pleasant. It is a pleasure to do business with a truly courteous man or woman. No matter what the business may be courtesy is a great factor in bringing it to success. But courtesy must be something innate, not forced. The outward expression of an inward state of mind. —Niagara Falls Review.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE AUTO

Dealing with fast automobile drivers is not a new thing. In the Ottawa Journal it is recalled that 25 years ago there were complaints that cars were travelling "on Wellington and other streets as fast as thirty miles an hour."

That was breaking the civic by-laws in many small pieces because the speed limit then was ten miles per hour and on the Ottawa Improvement Commission's driveway, of which some sections were in use, seven miles the utmost speed allowed.

In the same column of The Journal it is related that there was rebellion in Spain and King Alfonso was hooted in the streets.

Thus the speeding autos and the King of Spain were matters of concern a quarter of a century ago. The autos seem to have been possessed of greater powers of resistance. They still speed but to use the phrase of Premier Hepburn, "Alfonso is out." —Stratford Beacon-Herald.

PUTSCH'S EXACT MEANING

The word "putsch" is in these days seldom out of the central European news for long. But, according to a German scholar, it is being used very wrongly, when as has come to be a widespread practice, it is made synonymous with revolution.

It is correctly applied only to an attempted revolution which ends in a fiasco. That was the outcome of the affair at Munich, in November, 1923, that brought Hitler to the fore and led to his arrest in a beer hall after which he served a year in prison.

It wasn't in describing this abortive attempt at revolution that the word was first extensively resorted to in the despatches But the movement that made him Chancellor was certainly not a putsch in the original sense That launched against Dollfull Wednesday had the term applied to it before there was any assurance either of its success or failure.—Edmonton Journal.

THINGS THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN

Let's see. Unless the war debts were cancelled three years ago the world was to sink in chaos. Unless Britain gave India independence two years ago, the white man was to be driven into the sea. And this year if the Government collected a tax on gold, mining would be ruined. What's the next croak?—Sault Ste Marie Star.

"LONE SHIELING" RECALLED

The late Professor Donald Sutherland McIntosh of Dalhousie University bequeathed to his native province, of Nova Scotia, 100 acres of land in Cape Breton with the request that on it there would be erected a building similar in design to the "lone shieling" made famous in Scottish literature. Probably the most quoted stanza in the poem called "The Canadian Boat Song," is as follows:

"From the lone shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste o seas—
But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

The poem, which first appeared in Blackwood's Magazine in September 1829, has been attributed to John Galt, John G. Lockhart, the Earl of Eglinton and others. Periodically the discussion of the authorship is revived, but it has never been settled definitely and probably never will be.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

POLITE POLICE

A provincial motorcycle officer has been relieved of his duties on the ground of discourtesy to motorists.

"I called for the constable's resignation," General Williams, chief of the Provincial Police, announces. "We intend that our men shall be courteous, and any constable that isn't courteous can get another job."

On the whole we believe Ontario has a Provincial police system of which it may well be proud. In all departments it seems to be doing good work. The motorcycle division is particularly smart and efficient and the various officers with whom we have come in contact left nothing to be desired in the way of courtesy.

We quite agree with General Williams that it is desirable to have the force known everywhere as a 100 per cent courteous body. A traffic officer can do his duty and still be courteous. Occasionally one finds a constable, who does not appreciate this fact. Such a man, of course, is unfitted for the work.—Border Cities Star.

PUBLICIZING THE PIG

If an explanation of the apparent preference for pork in Canada is sought it may perhaps, be found in the power of advertising. The merits of various brands of hams, bacon, sausage and other pork products are set forth consistently in the packing house advertising, but does any one recall ever having read an advertisement concerning a tempting roast of beef or a tender juicy steak.—Moncton Transcript.

FINGERPRINTS

The files of the U.S. Department of Justice contain more than 4,400,000 fingerprints. But any home with a baby can show that number on its walls.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

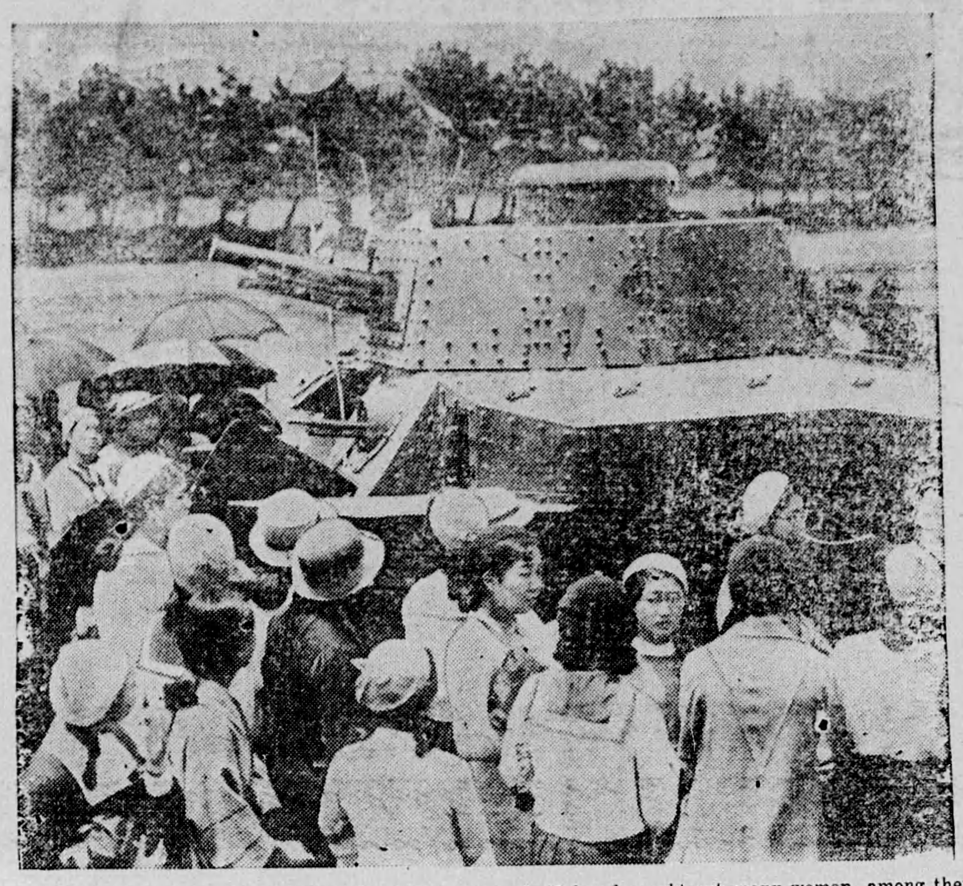
SMOKING FORBIDDEN

'No smoking' was the notice that greeted the hundreds of guests who danced at Ham House, Lord Dysart's historic mansion at Richmond.

It was only on condition that this notice was hung in various parts of the house and that strict observance of the rule was enforced that it was possible to hold the debutante's ball there for the mansion is insured for six hundred thousand pounds. Guests who wanted to smoke had to do so outdoors.

Guests who included Prince Arthur of Connaught, the King of Greece, Princess Katharine of Greece and the Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, had the first pine trees to be planted in England floodlit for their benefit. Other sights were floodlit for the first time, and included the gate that has not been opened since Stuart times and the ilex grove.—London Daily Telegraph.

"This Is A Tank, Girls"



Japanese tank display staged at Tank Corps base in Tokyo brought out many women, among them the pupils of the Tokyo Academy of Music. Girls showed lively interest in every detail of the intricasies of modern death-dealing war machines which were demonstrated and are seen grouped about as officers explain operation of turret.

EASY MONEY DOES IT

Why is business improving in Great Britain? 1. Because foreign countries have confidence in our ability to manufacture and deliver according to contract. 2. Because the banks, by paying virtually, no interest on deposits, are forcing idle millions into productive channels.—London Sunday Referee.

VULNERABLE WOOLWICH

The War Office is said to have under consideration a project for moving Woolwich Arsenal to South Wales. The primary object would be safety from air attack, but it would have a great many other advantages. In the War, London proved to be anything but an ideal site for an ordnance factory. Sooner, or later, and the sooner the better, not only the Woolwich Arsenal, but all our aircraft factories, will have to be moved to places less accessible to enemy bombers, as a matter of common precaution.—London Sunday Dispatch.

With The Gangsters

"I am not being boastful," says Mr. Gordon Fellowes in "They Took Me for a Ride" (Allen and Unwin, 6s.), "when I say that I am one of the few men who have ever been taken for a ride by gangsters and lived through the ordeal." It certainly sounds a supremely uncomfortable experience. He was acting as a criminal investigator in St. Louis at the time, and could not have been too popular with the gangsters. So they arranged an appointment with him:—

"As I walked up to the main door of the Pierce Building, four men confronted me, and I realized at a glance that I had walked into a trap. One of them, a big, blustering man, making no pretence of concealing the gun in his hand, barred my way.

"Fellowes," he said, "we're going to take you for a ride."

I knew it would be useless to argue, and I knew that in all probability I was about to begin my last hour of life. I had a curious feeling of exhilaration. .....

THIRD DEGREE METHODS.

They rushed him across to a car and sat him in the back between them. They drove him out to a desolate part of the country, and set to work. What they really wanted was to find out where he kept his copy of the confession of another gangster who had betrayed his comrades:—

From seven-thirty till nearly midnight—almost five hours—I was cross-examined, searched, struck with guns and fists, and subjected to every imaginable form of mental and physical suffering.

Backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, the car drove along those quiet roads, and in turn each man questioned, threatened, cursed and struck until I was hardly in a state of consciousness.

But, in spite of everything, he refused to give in. He felt that once they knew where the confession was hidden, "the next dawn would have found my body lying in a ditch" — "bumped off." As it was they let him go.

Later he received another warning. He was working with a prominent Senator who was determined to suppress the gangsters, and he knew that they both were suspected. One night, he says,

"I answered the telephone to hear a voice, which I did not recognize, saying in cold, precise tones: "You're on the spot, Fellowes, and this is the last warning you will ever get. Got me?"

I certainly had got him. I would have been a fool to have ignored the warning.

He went to the Senator and told him that he was going to lie low for a bit. That evening the Senator was murdered in the theatre!

POLICE WARNING.

According to Mr. Fellowes, many of the police work hand in hand with the criminals. He was shot at one day, and next morning was summoned to the police station to identify a couple of possible assailants. In the anteroom,

An officer walked up to me with a smile—not a very pleasant smile.

"Say, Fellowes," he muttered, "you don't know these guys. Get me?"

"Well," I returned, "I should recognize the man who took a shot at me."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" snapped the officer. "You'll keep your mouth shut."

Thinking that discretion was the better part of valor, he would not identify the men—although he recognized one of them perfectly well. And nothing more was heard about the shooting.

Mr. Fellowes tells us that he and the Senator "tapped" the telephone line of a high police official and heard some astonishing conversations. One day a gang leader rang up and demanded that one of his men, in prison for killing a bank manager, should be released. This was to be done by fixing the murder charge on somebody else. Next night they heard this:—

"Guess I've got the guy you want .... His name is McG——, and he is located in Detroit waiting for sentence for another rap. I suggest I get the Judge to pass him to us for the Phelps murder."

"Fine! I knew you'd do it for me! How much do you want for the job?"

The police official was undecided about his charge. He said . . . he would content himself with asking for an advance of five hundred dollars on account of current expenses. This was agreed upon, and the two men proceeded to elaborate the details of a scheme whereby a high police official should charge with murder a man who had no connection with the crime in order that the real murderer should go free. . . .

THE GANGSTERS' INCOME.

The profits made by the gangs are enormous if we are to believe Mr. Fellowes. In Chicago, he says, Jack Zuta, a prominent gangster before his assassination, told him that

The weekly income of Chicago gangsters and extortioners derived from about 8,000 speak-easies, 2,800 disorderly houses paying protection, 200 of the larger gambling dens, and 2,000 bookmakers, amounted to about 6,000,000 dollars.

Mr. Fellowes is speaking of conditions some few years ago. Things may possibly be better now. But judging from the publicity given to John Dillinger and others, America still has a long way to go. Mr. Fellowes has certainly written a most exciting account of his experiences—many of which, we imagine, he would not like to go through again. He now finds it safer to live in England.

SIMPLE TEST TO DISCLOSE CANCER PRESENCE FOUND

Blood Reaction Indication, Says Polish Scientist, Pupil of Prof. J. D. D'Arsonval, Paris — Announced Academy of Science

Paris.—A simple, inexpensive test which doctors anywhere may perform to determine if a patient has cancer was announced recently at the exclusive French Academy of Science by Prof. Jacques Aresene D'Arsonval as the discovery of one of his pupils, Dr. Ladislas Kopaczewski, a Pole.

The test consist of congealing a blood sample by incorporation of 10 per cent. of lactic acid at a temperature of one degree centigrade.

Dr. Kopaczewski, in an exclusive explanation of his test to the United Press, said: "It will now be possible for any human to undergo tests cheaply, as often as he feels it desirable to satisfy himself whether he is suffering from cancer tumor. The blood of a normally healthy man without cancer should congeal under those conditions with the addition of lactic acid in 120 minutes. Blood of persons suffering the worst cancers congeals almost instantly.

"Between those two extreme we have charted an index which allows positive proof of whether or not a person is suffering from cancer and to what extent. Thus far we have been unable to discover a means of pointing out the exact location of the cancer, but the new method will enable any doctor anywhere to examine the blood and determine beforehand whether surgical intervention is necessary.

"Tests every six months show the start of cancer, and allow immediate treatment with almost certainty of a cure if treated sufficiently early in development of the malady. Thus far we have made no progress in isolating the cause of cancer, but when we can now prove whether a human has the disease we have made considerable progress."

Dr. Kopaczewski lectured in New York hospitals in 1929. Being poor and not practicing, he was enabled to carry his experiments to success through the assistance of Professor D'Arsonval, famed as the father of electric therapeutics, who took him in as a pupil and gave him the use of laboratories.

Pithy Anecdotes Of the Famous

Quoting Andrew Laing's little-known lines about the two men who thought they were looking into mirrors and were looking at each other through a pane of glass, E. V. Lucas (in "Post-Bag Diversions") tells about an amusing experience along the same lines that once happened to a friend of his "now a legal luminary." First, let me give the Laing lines:

Brown his tie adjusted,
And Green arranged his hair.
They each exclaimed, disgusted,
'I thought—I hoped—I trusted
My face was far more fair!"
As Brown his tie adjusted,
And Green arranged his hair!

* * * *

Now for genial E. V. Lucas' story about his friend, the "legal luminary":

"He and some friends were visiting Paris, and one day went out to Versailles. As they were walking along one of the great florid Galleries they saw advancing upon them from the far end a party similar in number, also bent upon tearing the secret from the sumptuousness of the Sun-King.

"'Look,' said my friend, 'here comes the British tripper with a vengeance, and his compatriots with him. I ask you—did you ever see such tweeds and such a cap? 'Arry in Parry if I ever saw one.'

(This was in the days when an Englishman always went to the Continent in a cap.)

"And behold," adds Lucas, "the end of the room was all mirror, and it was himself and his friends that were reflected in it."

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A warning to autograph fiends!

"My favorite story of that house (Ralph Waldo Emerson's) relates how the Olympians of Concord decided to have a club," reminisces Clara E. Laughlin (in "Travelling Through Life.") "It met on a Monday evening in Emerson's study. There were Emerson and Hawthorne, and Alcott and Curtis, and Thoreau, and I can't remember what others; and they sat about, stiffly, while conversation languished because no one could think of anything sufficiently Olympian to say.

"Presently Hawthorne, willing to be social on a low level if they couldn't attain a high one, asked Emerson: 'Do you get a lot of letters asking for your autograph?'

"'I do indeed,' said Emerson.

"'What do you do with them?'

"'Throw them in the wastebasket.'

"'But they enclose stamps,' said Hawthorne.

"'Of course,' said the author of 'The Over-Soul'; that's where I get all my postage'."

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In case you may think it is a misprint for "hook," Sir Wilfred offers some additional evidence of the breadth of a cod's appetite and—digestion.

"Scissors, oil cans and old boots have been found in them. One skipper who lost his keys overboard in the North Sea got them in the stomach of a codfish," he goes on. "Two full-grown ducks, feathers and all, were found in another, apparently having been swallowed alive. Candles, guillemots (beaks, claws, and all), a whole hare, dogfish, turnips....." But, there, that's enough!

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Of course, you mustn't expect to find such treasure trove in the interior of a cod lying in the humble corner of a fishmonger's stall. No, sir. Sir Wilfred is talking about the big fellows.

"The Labrador record cod was 102 pounds in weight and 5 feet 6 inches long," he says. "The English record is a poor second. He was 78 pounds in weight and 5 feet 8 inches long. The largest cod recorded from the Newfoundland Banks was 136 pounds. In the international competition the honors go to America with a Bank cod of 160 pounds. An Aberdeen man hooked a larger one but unfortunately it broke the line and escaped. When the Englishman suggested to him that it was a whale, he replied that he was using a whale for bait at the time."

Baby Harp seals are practically all born—on floating ice—on the same night, March the fifth. Thousands of them! They are very beautiful in their "white coats," says Sir Wilfred Grenfell. But listen to this:

"To make the rich milk the mothers have to leave their offispring both in fair weather and foul, lying on the ice which has moved in the meanwhile, and return to find their one parparticular baby among all the other thousands. Yet no man could tell two baby seals apart. Moreover, in maternity hospitals, with only a few dozen human babies at most, each has to have a little brass tag chained to his arm, for fear that their mothers will not know which is which."

* * * *

Speaking of codfish reminds me of a story told by the late Professor John W. Burgess, of Columbia University (in "Reminiscences of an American Scholar.") Recalling the days when pedagogues were not paid the princely (!) salaries they now receive, he tells of the exultation of a famous old Amherst Professor when his salary was raised to $800. Rushing home, he burst into the front door of his cottage and cried out to his good wife:

"Martha, Martha, thank God we can now have codfish for breakfast."

* * * *

It was this same professor—"to whom Amherst was the centre of the world and Amherst College the soul of America and of universal culture" —who always carried an extraordinary looking umbrella, an old blue cotton concern tied in the middle by a string.

"I value that umbrella more highly than anything I possess", he told a friend one day. "It belonged to the first president."

"Indeed," said the friend, "anyone would value highly an article once used by Washington."

"Oh," replied the professor, looking a little disconcerted, "I did not mean Washington. I meant President Moore."

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President Moore was the first President of Amherst College, and he was, therefore, the first president to the professor—Ebenezer S. Snell salutatorian to the first class which graduated from Amherst College, the class of 1822, and connected with college from the day it opened until his death in 1876.

"He was an institution in Amherst College," says Professor Burgess, an old Amherst man himself.

The turning point in a girl's life is when she decides to turn blond.