Voice of the Press

CANADA
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THE WORLD AT LARGE

CANADA

NO OTHER WAY

At a girls' school recently the senior scholars were asked to write a short essay on the subject: "What I would like to be when I grow up," and to give their reasons. One up-to-date young woman attacked the matter right away with: "I want very much to become a film star, but as I am not considered beautiful and am lacking in sex appeal, I think I had better become a teacher."—London Advertiser.

MEANEST THIEF.

Young man in London, Ontario, broke into a news and tobacco stand operated by a blind woman and stole $35 worth of goods. He was called the meanest thief and remanded for sentence. Fine, but what about putting him to work so the $35 worth of goods can be replaced?—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

TROUBLES.

People who read the newspapers daily and observe the wide variety of pleasant and unpleasant things which happen to great numbers of persons should not be inclined to magnify unduly their own troubles and worries.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

NOT ALL GLOOM

Perhaps one of our main troubles today is that we talk too much about our losses. We have made it a fashion this lengthy recital of woes. And it stirs the listeners to tell another story of suffering. Almost all conversations consist of tales of woe. We are inclined by this general psalm of misery to magnify what we have lost—that is in comparison with the boom days of some five years ago. It does not aid our recovery nor bring back a normal mental attitude which might help us work toward helping ourselves. It seems to need someone to whom we will listen to tell us to consider what we have left. No man with health, loved ones, mental faculties and opportunities is without considerable wealth and blessings.—Brandon Sun.

ABOLISH ORNAMENTS?

The whole question then resolves itself to this: The office and the Government House are to be considered as ornaments, which cost something, as all ornaments do; should they be altogether abolished because of that?

There are many ornaments in this province which could be dispensed with. Every home is full of them. Every picture, every fancy cushion, every radio, every piano, every musical instrument, every piece of bric-a-brac, every piece of lace, every adornment to dress is ornament. Every white collar, every necktie is an ornament. Many homes themselves are ornamental.

There are useless ornaments on every motor car, in every shop, in every store and in every public building. There are lots of them in the Parliament Buildings at Toronto. Some of them are in the premier's office. Every visit a person makes to a motion picture show is useless. Every cigaret and every cigar that is smoked is useless, every drink of pop, coca cola or alcoholic beverage is useless. The spending of a half dollar to see a hockey game or a ball game or any other athletic contest is useless.

If all the ornamental and useless things were absolutely dispensed with people would live in huts, wear skins for clothing and produce nothing much more than the food necessary to sustain life.

There are a great many things which the people and the state could get along without and, with respect to some, perhaps, be better off. The Lieutenant-Governorship may or may not be one of them.

Considering what the office costs the people in relation to what the occupant distributes to maintain it and the number of people employed, and the undoubted fact that the chief justice could, as the premier says, attend to all the necessary duties, it is scarcely worth bothering about; not worth all the fuss that is being made over it. For each person in Ontario it doesn't amount to what it would cost to buy a postcard and send in a protest.—Port Arthur News Chronicle.

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS

"There is no such thing as the British Commonwealth of Nations."

So says the 1935 "catechism" of the Native Sons of Canada.

Further, says the "catechism," "The British Commonwealth of Nations is imperialistic (sic) propaganda."

There is always somebody dissatisfied with something, and the N. S. of C. are free to kick about anything they do not like, just like the rest of us.

Still it is well to know that it was the Imperial Conference of 1926 — with official representatives of all the autonomous British nations in attendance—which coined the phrase "British Commonwealth of Nations." The resolution then defined Great Britain and self-governing Dominions as:

"Autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status; in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or foreign affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

There isn't a British constitution or a Santa Claus either, nor in fact many other conceptions that move men mightily. If all these were enshrined in law books they wouldn't lose a fraction of their hold on mankind.

The British Commonwealth of Nations is recognized as a world factor no matter what the Native Sons may think.—Sault Daily Star.

COURTS NEED DISCIPLINE

In New York Rudy Vallee took a "poke" at the counsel appearing for his wife, and the judge in charge of the Webb-Vallee case invited one of the other lawyers to "meet him outside."

Somewhere, at some time, American judicial discipline slackened—and the appalling results of that process are now apparent.

STATES REQUIRE SAFETY GLASS

Beginning January 1, 1935, the New York State law providing for safety glass for all new cars sold in the State became effective, bringing the total of States having such requirements to ten. The Legislatures of at least twenty additional States are scheduled to take some action in this direction for the increased protection of the motoring public and it is not improbable that safety glass will eventually be compulsory in all of the 48 States. —Financial World.

THE NEW DAY IN MUSIC

An English seaside resort has dropped its military band in favor of a dance orchestra—and crooners.

Thus another ancient institution bows in defeat before a modern one.

Which leads us to wonder how many of our customs which we call "institutions" are either ancient or deep-rooted or venerated. A generation ago the military band concert was a sanctified custom — an entertainment for all the family, as the radio and radio orchestras are today.

A mustachioed soloist on the cornet took the bows now reserved for the crooner.

Many people with a fair taste in music still like military bands. But the majority tune in on the dance band and the crooner.

A generation hence the crooner will be a sentimental relic of these times. His audiences will nod a little and think of their youth. Another form of entertainment will have caught the popular fancy.

And so it goes. Time executes a neat revenge on popular innovators.—Montreal Herald.

THE EMPIRE

TREE PLANTING IN INDIA

We suppose it is not impossible to spread some understanding of what is due to forests, and why it is due. The simplest villager can be made to grasp the necessity, when he cuts down a tree, of planting not one but many as recompense to a robbed earth, or of sowing seed of those trees that do not take kindly to transplanting. There is nothing formidable in the simplest elements of silviculture. That would be a useful first step, to persuade villagers that in their forests and jungles they have valueable assets which must be used with a thought of the future. They are not likely to understand that what they do naturally and habitually on a mountain side may afflict dwellers in the plains hundreds of miles away, nor would their hearts be troubled if they did know it. But they can grasp the simple truth that when the forests and jungles are used up there is no more wood and fodder.—Calcutta Statesman.

FOR A HEALTHY NATION

The Briton has no special cause to worry about being a Briton and is little inclined in consequence to indulge in invidious national comparisons. When he does so he finds the comparison in nearly all respects flattering to himself. There is, however, one large black fly in this ointment of racial content. Every time he considers the matter he has to admit that in the matter of physical fitness this country is steadily falling behind its more progressive neighbors. All visitors returning from Germany comment on the magnificent physique of the Labor Battalions there. We never hear now, as once we did, of the foreigner being impressed by the English physique. Now the Council of the British Medical Association is to consider, we are told, the appointment of a committee to discuss means of encouraging the physical and mental development of the nation. We sincerely hope that the committee will come into being and produce what cannot but be a valuable report. — London Sunday Dispatch.

A MISTAKEN ATTITUDE.

As a result of further discussions between the New Zealand Minister for Finance and Federal Ministers there may yet be a new trade agreement between Australia and New Zealand. Such is the latest progress report received from the Minister for Commerce. The whole business savors of negotiations between two countries which have been at each other's throats for years, and which in seeking a rapprochement must be very careful not to give away to the enemy more than is extorted in return. Yet to the plain man Australia and New Zealand are sister Dominions of the British Empire, exploring in the most friendly fashion the possibilities of increasing the trade between themselves, to their mutual benefit. Statesmen apparently have a keener perception of the perils which attend the attempts of neighboring countries, bound by the strongest ties of kinship and common interest, to enter into closer commercial relations with each other.—Melbourne Argus.

It is the little things that count which is the reason why gum manufacturers are wealthy by disposing of their products at one cent per stick and it is also the reason why penny bank deposits in Ontario totalled over $1,200,000 this year.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

If you feel like sneezing, sneeze—and don't let considerations of politeness or the conventions or anything of thhat kind interfere. That is the advice of an English "medical woman," Dr. Octavi Lwein, who, in an address to a group of nurses, offered the following comments: Never backfire a sneeze and don't turn your nose into a popgun when you blow it if you would be healthy. Even Aristotle had a good word for it, she said, for the old Greek philosopher wrote: "Salute the sneeze and honor the brain."—Sault Star.

At a recent boot and shoe exhibition in England, sandals made of finely spun glass were shown for evening use, and it was related that "a really smart woman would wear a colored ring on the small toe of her left foot to match the hue of the nail varnish on her fingers." The extent to which civilization is going ahead by leaps and bounds is almost breath-taking.—Brantford Expositor.

WATCH FOR

Fu Manchu

The sinister yellow wizard of villainy dominates the creepy stories of mystery crime and exploits of detection.

By SAX ROHMER

These famous stories now told for the first time in PICTURE STRIPS, will appear weekly, starting next week, in this paper. WATCH FOR THEM.

Admiring Gallery Of Two Watches Master Putter Limbering Up

Paul Runyan, King of American professional golfers, practices his putting touch on the greens of the Miami Biltmore Country Club at Miami, Fla., while his wife, Mrs. Joan Runyan (left), and Miss Maureen Orcutt watch.

Seeking The Wonder Of Winter Woods

There is wonder in the Winter woods,
A subtle, all-elusive mystery
That haunts each placid grove where silence broods
And woos each whited glen with witchery.

R. R. Greenwood

Fred H. Byshe in the Ottawa Journal

I suppose that ever since the moon began to rule the night and bathe the earth in its pale splendor, and the trees of the field began to yield their fruit, there have been Winter nights when the full moon, riding high and free in the deep blue heavens, has amused herself by throwing fantastic tree shadows upon a sheet of virgin snow all over the slumberous landscape. And yet when, but a few years ago, I awoke to the beauty and fascination of these silenet silhouettes stretched softly on their silver screen, the revelation was to me as stimulating as if I had been the first of all men to enter the enchanted land of that experience.

I had made a surprise discovery! As David Grayson says, "It had been there before, for long, but I had never seen nor felt it."

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How could I so long have been blind to such beauty? How was it that I had not even read of it? When, later, I came to browse among the poets to see what they thought of shadows, I found many of them more concerned with the dark, cavernous depths of the Summer forest, with the mystery, sinister or romantic, that lurks in the unlighted spaces, or with grateful shade from the heat of the sun. And, while the poets seemed to find pleasure in the shadows sweeping majestically across the mountain sides, or nestling comfortably in the valleys and soometimes watched the "tender-pencilled shadows play" iin the wind, I could not see that much enthusiasm had been manifested for these tender-pencilled drawings on a snowy canvas.

Of course, I should have consulted the artists as well as the poets. A poet might reasonably be so absorbed in the glamor of the glorious winter night as to overlook these inponderable pictures athwart his path; while the artist, his eye alert for picture, might be expected to seize upon these studies in drawing as being right in his line, as, in fact, Twachtman and others have done.

However, it is just possible that we plain persons may be able to find in such a Winter night something more than a study in temperature. We can, at least, push our heads far enough out of our fur collars to look about us, and may even be able to share the pleasures of both poet and artist, though we cannot compose a sonnet nor paint a picture.

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Come with me, then to a little wood I know, a natural temple, where the tall, symmetrical trunks become cathedral pillars between which the alabaster aisles of chequered light recede toward unseen altars until they fade into dimness. The mighty elms and oaks give a roof to our temple as they lift their latticed crowns into the infinite blue; and, sifting through the trees, filling the night with its mellow glow, shines the moonlight, serene and mystic.

All about us on the new fallen snow are laid the still shadows of the trees. Our little world is etched in black and white. Yesterday morning, with the sun glowing in an unclouded sky, the shadows were distinctly blue, warmed occasionally by a touch of mauve, but tonight they are practically black, and the drawing is arresting in its sharpness and contrast.

Someone has said that the pencil is the master of all art. Here, then, is drawing by a master hand. We have caught nature in her forest studio with pencil in hand, tracing marvellous patterns on an evanescent canvas. Fortunately the air is crystal clear, the moon is full and almost directly overhead. With a low-hung moon the shadows range out at long distances from their source, but as the moon approaches the meridian the trees seem to gather their shadows close about them as a hen her brood at twilight. Thus compressed, the shadows are darker in color and sharper in outline, and can be viewed and studied with greater enjoyment.

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Of course the shadows are flat; there is no perspective, nothing to make them stand out upon their snowy canvas; they appear simply as silhouettes, yet they are veritable studies in detail which reveal every branch and twig interposed between the white forest floor and the benign eye of the man in the moon This wealth of detail is due not alone to the brilliant moonlight, but also to the level sheet of unbroken white that Nature has provided. These shadows would be lost on the bare uneven ground of Autumn. You will catch the idea if you should imagine a drawing on crumpled brown paper compared with the same drawing on fine, white bristol board.

Another feaure which the level snow canvas helps to reveal is the fine gradation in tone of the shadow from the base of the trunk to the uttermost twig. The shadow has its greatest density and sharpest definition close to the trunk, and the stouter the trunk, the blacker the shadow, because the wider the shadow the less it is diluted with reflected light; and from the trunk and the gnarled lower branches, upwards the shadow loses both in density of color and sharpness of line on a diminishing scale whose gradations no human hand could hope to duplicate, until, when the crown is reached, the shadows have resolved into something vaguely mysterious, and are sketched in the softest pencilling of transparent grey.

You would admire such a drawing if it were confined within a frame and hung in an art gallery, even though the picture lacked the illumination of the radiant moonlight that here in nature's studio touches every detail to poetry; but such pictures cannot be imprisoned. Human art craves perpetuity, so the sculptor chisels his eternal marble and painter records his impressions in imperishable colors.

Don't Be A Fault-Finder

Because you are able to point out real faults and shortcomings in the life of your friend or neighbor, that is no proof that you are profitably or helpfully engaged when you are doing so. It may be, for instance, that he knows as mush about them as you do and is even more concerned for elimination or improvement than you can possibly be. For instance, we have found that the man who spend a great deal of his time criticizing the morals or manners of others, is almost sure to neglect his own to some extent. At best that is the only explanation we have been able to find for the well known fact that most strenuous and persistent fault finders usually have as many and as serious faults as ordinary people with a few added. We have about concluded that to find fault with other people helpfully, and without neglecting ourselves or getting into the habit of a fault-finder, is one of the hardest things for any man to do.

Seventy-two Per Cent. Of Junior League Members Married

New York.—On the basis of a questionnaire answered by about six per cent. of the 27,650 members, approximately 72 per cent. of the Junior League women are married and have an average of slightly more than two children apiece. The statistics were presented by Mrs. Charles A. Lindley, editor of the group's magazine, to the executive board now in session.

Miss Elizabeth P. Taylor of Little Rock, Ark., president of the board, reportd that 137 junior leagues had continued their welfare projects during the past year despite economic conditions.

Wine and Steel

R. N. Parker, of the New York Shipbuilding Corp., pictured at hearing before Senate Munitions Committee. He is reported to have said that "wine and liquors were often as necessary as steel" during the trial runs of warships.

New Communications Office Will Be Headed by Dr. R. J. Manion

Ottawa—Hon. R. J. Manion, Minister of Railways, will head the Department of Communications now that it is definitely known that the Department of Railways will be included and in fact be the main one. A new portfolio will not be created.

The work of the Department of Railways has been modified greatly since the operation of the Canadian National was divorced from it. The railway finances which concern the Government come mainly through the Department of Finance. The new branch to which power to add will be taken from Parliament will have to do with Government radio, telegraph, telephone, cables, though one wireless branch, dealing with shipping will remain in the Department of Marine. The Department of Communications will have nothing to do with rates, which come under the Railway Commission. The consolidation will place the Radio Commission under a different minister but it is not designed to abolish it.