VOICE of the PRESS

CANADA, THE EMPIRE

THE WORLD AT LARGE

CANADA

Parent's Responsibility

One of the things that turn a policeman's hair gray in the winter time is the task of keeping children from coasting in the street. Children continue to slide out among rushing autos—and the result in many cities where snow lies on the roadways, is a series of tragic accidents.

The traffic squad in an Ohio city has thought up a new answer. It is going to arrest the parents of youthful coasters. An old city ordinance, it seems, gives it the power to do this, so the police are going to get busy on it.

And this isn't a bad idea. It's really up to the parent to impress on his child the danger of coasting in the street.

He'd interest himself in the job with alacrity, probably, if he knew that he'd be hauled off to court in case Junior went coasting where he shouldn't. — (Guelph Mercury.)

FAREWELL TO NELLY

No longer will it be Mary or Nelly or Nancy or any such names in Italy. Instead, the Christian names will be have to be real Italian ones. So goes forth the edict. There has been too much of this Mary for Maria, Nelly for Elena, Nancy for Anna, Flo for Florenza, Elsie for Alice and Peg for Margherita.—(Windsor Star.)

HOMEWORK AND EXAMS

Homework is closely linked up with the examination system. But examinations themselves are discredited. Other means must be used if the mental powers of the student are to be accurately appraised. The truth probably is that examinations as used to-day are not really for the purpose of testing the pupil, but the teacher. If a large proportion of students pass, then the teacher must be good, seems to be the idea. The natural consequences is that the teacher who spends much time in endeavor to inculcate character rather than scholarship may be adjudged incompetent. When examinations, as we now have them, give place to something better, homework will probably go out of fashion.—(Winnipeg Tribune.)

ARE 16,188,767 TURKS

At one time the Turks held sway through Southeastern Europe, Asia Minor and down through Syria and Palestine to Africa. But the Great War changed that and Turkey now has only a small tip of Southeastern Europe and the northern part of Asia Minor.

There are 16,188,767 Turks, of whom 7,974,925 are males and 8,213,842 are females.

Istanbul, the old Constantinople is the largest city with 740,751 inhabitants. It is in Europe and is the former capital.

Angora, in Asia Minor and the new capital, has only 123,314 inhabitants. When the seat of Government was changed many Turks moved from Constantinople to Angora, but most of the people remained in Europe where they are carrying on trade and commerce along the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora.—(Windsor Daily Star.)

HORSE SENSE

There many careless drivers in the old days, but not as many accidents. The horses had some sense.—(Winnipeg Tribune.)

WHAT ABOUT BUTTONS?

Mae West says there are seven ways to lose a man. We are certain of only two ourselves—weak coffee and burnt toast. — Kingston Whig-Standard.

WORK IN THE MARTIAL STATE

I was in my favorite beanery the other night and the jolly old waitress was chatting with the boy friend, and she said: "Well, I'm going to get married soon." And the boy friend said: "Why?" She said: "So I won't have to work all my life." I don't know whether they heard me or not, but I simply had to let out a little ghost of a chuckle. I couldn't help it.

"So she won't have to work all her life!" If there is a better ticket for a life job of work to a woman than getting married I would like to hear about it so that I can tell you.

But then there is this: What is better for people than work? What is better for anyone than a lifetime of endeavor in the interest of someone you love? I presume, of course, that the young man would not get married unless she was in love with the victim. And if she isn't, it's going to be just too bad for everybody concerned.

It all depends on what you call work and what your reactions to work are. Work is motion, life is motion; work is therefore life. At the expense of seeming sentimental I might also mention that love is life. That's why most people are dead at the switch. — J. B. in Vancouver Province.

USES OLD RAZOR BLADES

There is said to be a use for everything if one can find out what it is. And in the case of industry, the finding of needed markets frequently depends upon this discovery. As an illustration take old safety razor blades: for the most part these have been regarded as nothing better than scrap metal and the quantity that accumulates must be very great.

And now a solution to the problem has been made available by an English missionary in the Belgian Congo who, according to cable despatches, would be glad to have all the old blades he can get. It appears that the Congo natives "yearn" for them and there is said to be "no limit to the uses these last can find for them.

As one instance, the missionary in question explains that when there is a death in a native family, the demand for any kind of razor blade rises, as all the friends and relatives of the deceased are expected to shave off their stiff and wiry hair. Apparently, razor blades have replaced "moral pocket handkerchiefs" as England's chief contribution to the heathen in darkest Africa.—Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph

DRIVE FOR TOURISTS

An important decision of the Ottawa conference is for an organized drive to bring more holiday-makers to Canada — not only from the United States, but from other parts of the world.

Money spent on instructive advertising is a good investment. Mere ballyhoo is out of date. We, in Canada, have great deal to offer to the travelling people of the world. It is our job to sell our attractions. Other countries do it. So should Canada. — Victoria Times.

JIM CURRAN DISPUTED

—So there you are. Jim Curran of Sault Ste. Marie and Algoma in general, says the wolf will not attack a man. Harvey Green from Buckhorn, 22 miles north of Peterboro, says the wolf he shot was making tracks straight for him.

And Harvey Green has a good reputation for telling the truth. What's more he had along with him Exhibit A as they would say in court circles in the shape of the pelt from the wolf which was making straight for him. Long acquaintance and a form of profound admiration have combined to create a feeling of respect and a certain amount of awe for the exploits of James Curran, but even that cannot discount the word of Harvey Green, of Buckhorn, trapper and guide.

When it was mentioned to him that Jim Curran had said a wolf was a harmless thing and not given to making attacks on human beings we noticed a look in Trapper Green's eye which could be interpreted only as being one of extreme doubt or positive incredulity. — Peterboro Examiner.

THE EMPIRE

An Irish Free State Innovation

An Saorstat (Irish Free State) is at last to have a commercial air transport service. Early in the New Year a service is, Mr. Lemass announced in the Dail, to be inaugurated between Dublin and Liverpool and Dublin and Bristol. Pending the establishment of a National Air Transport Company, a subsidiary company has been formed to operate the services jointly with a British company. This course has been adopted because the Government has considered it desirable to establish air transport services between the Saorstat and Great Britain "at the earliest possible date." Perhaps there is a significance in this action that does not meet the eye. At any rate, the scheme is a good one, capable of development to the mutual benefit and convenience of both countries.—Dublin Irish Independent

Migration Not Yet Practical

The Bishop of London pleads for Empire migration to people the empty places of the Dominions. Australia has a population of only six and a half millions, Canada ten millions. Each could absorb 100 millions. The Daily Express gives praise to the Empire statesmanship of the bishop. But migration on an effective scale is no yet economically or politically possible. The first aim must be to weld the Empire into a single economic unit. When trade has been stimulated and regulated the Dominions will want people as well as goods. — London Daily Express.

DID THEIR BEST

Two of the two hundred boys without homes, who were the guests of Thomas W. Lamont at a Christmas dinner in New York City, did their best to show their appreciation. The one on the right beat his companion to the dessert of ice cream.

Plan Far Ahead

U. S. Firms Will Increase Advertising in 1936, Survey Shows

NEW YORK — Advertising, promotion and sales plans are being made farther ahead than at any time since 1929, says Herbert L. Stephen in an article appearing in Printers' Ink, on the results of a survey.

About 25 per cent of those answering a questionnaire on national advertising are reported as saying they are working on plans for six months in advance, and another 7 per cent. on plans three months in advance.

Increases of advertising appropriations for 1936 ranging from 5 to 2 per cent. were reported as planned by 53 per cent. of the national advertisers answering the queries. Another 20 per cent. are expected to raise their appropriations by an undetermined amount, and 25 per cent. expected to make no material change.

World's Largest Bridge

(Brockville Recorder and Times)

The greatest human accomplishments are not confined to the better known parts of the world. If big things have been done and are being done in America, in Europe and in the British Isles, they are also being done in the heart of Africa.

Word from that continent is to the effect that the last span of the lower Zambesi bridge has been placed in position and that its opening to traffic is now a matter only of time. This bridge, believe it or not, is to be the largest in the world. Over two miles in length, it crosses the great river at a point where it is approximately 11,650 feet wide, and the whole transportation system of East Africa will be profoundly affected by its completion.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to state that the builders of this world's greatest bridge are a British firm, making use of British steel and other British materials. The British steel concerns have mastered the art of bridge-building, even in the world's most out-of-the-way places, to such an extent that they are often given important contracts in foreign countries in the face of determined competition. The world knows that when it gets a bridge designed by British engineers, built of British materials and erected by British workmen, it has something that is the best of the kind obtainable.

Lord Tweedsmuir Drinks From Historic Glass

A tradition of historic significance was carried on at the Art Gallery of Toronto when Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, drank a toast to the King from one of the historic "Simcoe Glasses," of beautiful English crystal, from which every Governor-General, on his first visit to the Grange, has drunk to the health of His Majesty.

This glass came into the possession of the gallery from the Boulton family, who received it by bequest from Governor Simcoe. The tradition is that every Governor-General of Canada from the time of Governor Simcoe onwards has drunk the health of the King out of this glass. Since it came into the possession of the Art Gallery, records show that this ceremony was performed by Lord Lansdowne May 24, 1887, while Governor-General of Canada; and again by Lord Aberdeen Aug. 25, 1897; then the Duke of Connaught March 19, 1914; the Duke of Devonshire Feb. 3, 1919; Baron Byng of Vimy, May 26, 1925; Viscount Willingdon, Nov. 25, 1930; and the Earl of Bessborough Feb. 3, 1933.

Business Man—And can you take dictation, girlie?

Girlie—I know how, but I must admit I won't, and that's why I've stayed single.

A Grove of Trees

It was only a small grove of trees. But standing apart from the rest of the tree world and in a conspicuous place it was important. And now it has been cut down. After braving the wind blasts for years and withstanding the lightning's terrors so long, it has at last been destroyed by the hand of man.

There was some grand old monarchs in that small grove. Noble trees, that have watched the growth of our little settlement from its infancy to its present state. Aye, and even long before our little town was dreamed of, the tiny seed fell and the saplings started to grow. Perhaps a bear scratched the bark of one of those noble trees, or a moose stood in their generous shade.

But now those old landmarks are gone. No more will they watch the train coming thundering in on the nearby railway, nor will the road traffic pass under the protective shade. No more will the robins greet the first glimmering red of the morning light from the highest limb; nor the lonely owl at night send out his solemn call from among the branches. For they are cut down! Those who best knew them will miss them sadly. Everyone who comes along that way will feel the change. Perhaps not consciously for often our eyes do not see, but in our souls we will feel a sense of emptiness and loss.—Anne Rosendale Forsyth, Pickardville, Alta.

Woman Heads English Family of Tragis History

Another strange chapter in the tragic history of the Dysarts—one of the saddest, yet most romantic, in the pages of the British peerage—was begun on the death recently of the Earl of Dysart, "the blind Earl," at Buckminster Park, Leicestershire. His neice, Wenefryde Greaves, succeeded to the peerage. She is 46 years of age and as the Countess of Dysart is the third woman to hold that title in her own right.

The death of the eldest son, often by violence, and the preservation of the title by a female successor has overshadowed the family for more than a century. Lord Dysart's successor, who married Major Owain Edward Whitehead Greaves in 1913, and lives at Glangwna, Carnarvonshire, has three children—all daughters.

Value of Woodlots

A Forestry Research Conference has just been held in Ottawa under the auspices of the Canadian National Research Council to find out what kinds of research each forest agency in Canada is equipped to carry out, what it is actually doing and what means of co-operation exist. An attempt will be made to determine how all available resources can best be given that general direction which is required to avoid duplication and wasted effort, and to ensure that no vital element in the problem is overlooked.

A considerable number of delegates, including Dr. C. D. Howe, Dean of the Faculty of Forestry, University of Toronto, and Mr. G. W. I. Creighton, Provincial Forester for Nova Scotia, stressed the importance of the farm woodlot as a source of revenue to its owner, and of forest products to the public. It is felt that much more expert advice regarding the management of their woodlots should be available to farmers, and it is suggested that an up-to-date pamphlet on this subject is badly needed.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

A gentleman with a wife who was very nervous got her some medicine and later wrote this letter to the doctor:

"Dear Doctor:

Before my wife took your medicine, she was so nervous I could hardly sleep with her. Since taking your medicine, anybody could sleep with her."

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

(St. Thomas Times-Journal)

William Murray was terribly injured in the railway accident at Dundas last Christmas. One leg was amputated and he had other severe injuries that caused his life to be almost despaired of, but surgical and nursing skill, plus pluck, pulled him through, and this week he was released from hospital at Hamilton — by train. "I am," he said, "going to make a fresh start in life and enjoy it as much as I can."

There were no expression of regret from William Murray. He did not bemoan his losses and hurts. When he was trapped in the wreckage that Christmas night he merely wondered to himself whether he would die through loss of blood, be burned up, scalded to death or freeze to death. He accepted his situation philosophically when facing death as he now accepts it when about to make a new start in life.

William Murray sets a marvellous example to all of us. He has suffered misfortunes that would break the spirit of most people. But he has no regrets; he is looking on the bright side, resolved to make the best of things. Why cannot we all do that? The past is past. There is no use indulging in self-pity, in recriminations, in blame. Accept things as they are because it does no good to dwell upon them in one's mind or to other people. Look on the bright side and go ahead to a fresh start, resolved to make the most of changed circumstances.

Engine

Sanctuary
Of an iron god
Impersonal, unknowing;
Transforming rectlinear
Motion to rotary.
Riot to precision—
Riot of new generated steam
Panicky in a room of iron—
Disciplining,
Bending from arc to arc
Momentum which would fly at space;

Spinning power,
Taking and giving it
With even beat,
With impetus—
Motion travelling out by a broad belt,
To a little universe of wheels.
Deity in dynamic grandeur,
Turning out gears, crankshafts, governors,
Cams, carburetors and—men.

Never Argue With A Man For He Is Always Wrong

England's oldest married couple, Mr. and Mrs. William Walker, are 91 and 95 respectively, and have been happy though married for 72 years.

Since the report of their marital philosophy quotes only Mrs. Walker, an inkling of the secret of their wedded bliss may be hinted at. She does the talking. She has taken pains to feed her husband well, look after his clothes and give him as much freedom "as was good for him." Never argue with a man, she advises, for he is always wrong.

National Theatre Mooted For Canada

TORONTO.—Eventual creation of a national theatre in Canada, maintained by the government, is seen by Mrs. Nancy Pyper, director of Hart House theatre who believes that groups such as the playwrights' Studio groop in Toronto will be responsible for the demand for a nationally owned theatre.

"If we are going to have a national theatre—and it is inevitable that we shall — the only way to achieve it is by encouraging groups such as this," said Mrs. Pyper. "The Playwrights' Studio group is grand. They are all so sincere, so interested. They discuss the theatre and drama, and they don't merely skim over the surface. They really get right into it and work hard."

The Playwrights' Studio group was started four years ago by Edgar Stone, then director of Hart House theatre, as a group writing Canadian plays. Since then it has done 28 one-act plays, varying from heavy drama to light comedy.

On The Scotch Again

Sandy joined a golf club and was told by the professional that if his name was on his golf balls and they were lost, they would be returned to him when found.

"Good," said the Scot. "Put my name on this ball."

The "pro" did so.

"Would you also put 'M. D.' after it?" requested the new member. "I am a doctor."

The "pro" obliged.

"There's just one more thing," went on the Scot. "Can ye squeeze 'Hours 10 to 3" on as well?"

Illegible Signatures

If there is one petty annoyance more than another in the ordinary office humdrum, it is to get a letter or document with somebody's signature attached, which nobody in the office is able to decipher. If the person in question has a title, occupying some position in a company of organization, it is possible to address him in that capacity, but that does not solve the question of the name of the man to whom an answer must be sent.

Where there is no official position, driven to a last resort, clipping off the signature and pasting it on the answering letter may be one way out, but it simply shifts the burden on the post office, and in any event is an abominable waste of time and patience.

While appreciating the artistic ingenuity of devising a signature which is hard to copy, for perfectly obvious reasons, legibility should not be sacrificed in the process.

Whatever else a man may write, he at least ought to be able to write his own name so that it can be read, and if this is not possible, as is the case with some of these glorious hieroglyphics which suffice for a signature then, in fairness to the man who has to read it at the other end, it might, at least, be typed below the apotheosis of his name. —Halifax Chronicle.

The Paper Boy

Of all the rat-tats folks are happy to hear,
A knock ever welcome through all the long year,
I guess there is none that occasions more joy
Than that of the Newspaper Carrier Boy.

Well may he oft laugh at the jealous ado,
Begot of his presence—each one trying to
Be first at the paper to cast a glad eye.
All blessing, meanwhile, the smart Carrier Boy.

Oh, who would not gladly this time of the year
Do all they can his young heart to cheer?
No one can value his efforts too high
Or welcome too kindly the Carrier Boy.

Methinks I hear others agreeing?
That's right—You shall see him real soon,
And then all shall have a chance
To put "Cheer" in the hand of the Carrier Boy.

—Janet Forrest, Ottawa.

GAY AND DASHING

A lovely little peplum dress styled as simply as can be — with subtle touch that gives it distinction.

It's so wearable and flattering in brown novelty weave crepe silk with bright accent in light blue crepe collar and cuffs and brown silk braid trim.

Velvet, woolen and velveteen are other nice suggestions for this simple to sew model.

Style No. 2840 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 19 requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material with ⅝ yard of 35-inch contrasting for main view.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of pattern wanted. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.