VOICE of the PRESS

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CANADA

Better Manners Needed on The Highways

The Ontario Department of Highways, from knowledge born of its elaborate records, declares that any reduction in the number of "motor-vehicles-pedestrian accidents" rests upon observance of the rules of ordinary courtesy." The Department could have made its conclusion more general. A very large proportion of traffic accidents of all sorts might be avoided by observance of the rules of ordinary courtesy. Plain boorishness explains vast number of accidents. Far too many motorists leave their good manners behind them when they climb under the wheel of a motor vehicle. They are quite regardless not only of pedestrians but of other cars. They ignore rules of the right of way, leave the curb without signal, make turns without any warning to following traffic, show to their fellow drivers a rudeness, a lack of that ordinary courtesy, which represents almost a psychological condition. Common politeness does not permit of races with trains to level crossings, of cutting perilously ahead of other cars in traffic, of crowding lights and signs, of speeding on town streets. If, in a word, we would take to the highways our drawing-room manners we should have many lives, and much suffering.—Brampton Conservator.

Story With A Moral

Here's a little golfing story about the Open championship at Baltusrol. Playing the 390-yard fourth hole together, both Denny Shute and Willie Klein were on in two, missed putts for birdie three, took fours. Then each tried his putt over again and sank it.

Moral: The time to do any job right is when it counts in the score.—Windsor Star.

Brief Comment

Toronto papers note that there wasn't a single fatality in the city during the day. Those who drove over the highways on Sunday and Monday know the reason — there wasn't a car left in the city.—Fergus News-Record.

That Witching Hour

English courts have ruled that the expression 12 p.m. is meaningless. A motorist was charged with disobeying a sign erected by local authorities. This forbade parking in a certain spot "between 10 a.m. and 12 p.m." The defence argued that 12 p.m. is no time at all, means nothing and is nowhere mentioned in an act of parliament; that being so, the local authorities had committed an offence in putting up the notice. The accused was discharged.

There cannot be many people who use the term 12 p.m. and still fewer who use 12 a.m.; 12 midnight and 12 noon, or simply midnight and noon are generally and correctly employed. To use 12 a.m. for 12 noon is obviously incorrect; it being the exact meridian the time cannot be either before or after the meridian. With respect to 12 midnight it is not so clear; that 12 o'clock is the same distance between one meridian and the next. In that sense one person might call midnight 12 a.m. and another call it 12 p.m. with equal justification, but with a good chance of confusion. Truly it is the witching hour.

Except that we are all so used to our twelve-hour division of time, it makes one long for the days when midnight was called 00.00 hours and 12.25 a.m. was 00.25 hours, and when one dined—on bully beef again—at 19.30 hours or thereabouts. At any rate, there was then no argument about a m. and p.m.—St. John Telegraph-Journal.

The Chance Came

Elon A. Stowater is a Kentucky man, 74 years of age. Recently the apartment in which he lived caught fire and he slid down a rope from the fourth floor. As he was walking away a reporter stopped him and ask where he found the rope. "I didn't find it," replied Stowater. "I had it. I've kept a rope under my bed for 30 years because I have always been afraid of being trapped in a fire."—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

They Are Everywhere

"There are too many people walking around," notes The Ottawa Journal, "who are not content with wasting their own time." So the Ottawa Editor suffers, too! — St. Catherines Standard.

Last Survivor

The last survivor of "the gallant six hundred" who charged at Balaklava in 1854 died nine years ago, according to the London Times. It is usually very sure of the correctness of its statements. So claims from time to time that some who were in the light brigade are still living may be safely disregarded. The Times also gives the information that the last survivor of Trafalgar died in 1884, and of Waterloo in 1894.—Edmonton Journal.

Only Five Above Us

This is something for our pride as Canadians: that in total international trade this Dominion last year held sixth place in all the world. The value of our trade, it is computed by the Bureau of Statistics, was exceeded by but five nations—the United Kingdom, United States, Germany, France and Japan. The trade of these eleven million Canadians was greater than the trade of Belgium, the Netherlands, British India, Italy, and all other countries.

In exports we were fifth, being exceeded only by the United States, the United Kingdom, Germany and France. We were ninth in imports, the first eight being United Kingdom, United States, Germany, France, Japan, the Netherlands, Italy and Belgium.

Back in 1920 Canada stood fourth place for total trade. For the following decade we were fifth or sixth. With the depression we slumped to seventh in '31 and '32, to ninth in '33. Then the improvement commenced—we were eight in '34 and, as we have said, sixth in '35. — Ottawa Farm Journal.

Things Are Better

The financial pages of the newspaper these days contain a rising number of notices of dividends to be paid by companies. Summaries of dividend payments show substantial total increases by representative companies. If one turns back the files to pages of two and three years ago the contrast is distinctly marked. Betterment has gone along quietly and steadily from almost imperceptible beginnings and is gaining evident cumulative strength.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Sound Path

The League of Nations' civil service should be kept intact, even though, beyond this practical service, the limitations are obvious. Canada does well to continue along the sound path of international conciliation as it has been demonstrated for many years between this country and the United States by the International Joint Commission.—Ottawa Citizen.

THE EMPIRE

Officially Unknown

Haile Selassie, exiled Emperor of Abyssinia, comes to London. Mr. Baldwin keeps his lips sealed, and the British Government look the other way and pretend not to notice anything. But the cockney crowd roll up, and how they cheer! In Rome the people hail Marshall Badoglio, victor of Abyssinia. Mussolini can hardly pretend that he does not know about soldier Badoglio, who cleaned up his war for him after Blackshirt de Bono had got it well stuck in the mud. But Mussolini orders "No flags for Badoglio!" Whether you win or lose Abyssinia, it seems to be officially unpopular.—London Daily Express.

A Fitting Memorial

The King was a lover of youth, youth out of doors above all. His faith in the future of the Empire was founded on his belief in the rising generation, whom he addressed, it will be remembered, in trusting terms in the last of his broadcast messages. It would not be rash to say that King George himself would have given swift approval to the nation-wide network of playing-fields, where in time to come British youth will find remembrance of his fame. It would be difficult to imagine any form of memorial which, recalling the past with thankfulness, borrowed so much from the future as well. Those who pass through "King George's Gates" will at once pay tribute to a great and good man and find a charter for their own health and happiness.—Glasgow Herald.

Really an Englishman !

We have read the whole of Plandit Jawaharlial Nehru's presidential address to the Indian National Congress, and the overwhelming impression left upon us is that this is not an Indian speaking. In no sense whatever are these the words of an Indian. That the Plandit is an Indian by birth is of course unquestioned. That he is a British product is equally certain. He might have been one of several kinds of Englishmen, a polo-playing sportsman, a country gentleman interested in agricultural development, a Conservative, an educationist, a philosophic Radical Fate has made him a modern Englishman of the Left, a "revolutionary" Socialist, a theoretical Communist. But the English Tory, the English Radical, and the English Socialist, all have something in common, which they derive from an English environment and which they cannot rid themselves of. This, too, is the possession of the present President of the Indian National Congress.—Calcutta Statesman.

British Spinsters Demand Pensions

LONDON—Five thousand spinsters from every part of the country will journey to London for a monster demonstration in Hyde Park demanding pensions. Specifically, they seek pensions for spinsters at the age of 55 under the National Insurance scheme.

Spinsters' Associations were started last year by Florence White, well known Bradford business woman. Their membership now totals 35,000.

SPORT IDOLS

By KEN EDWARDS

Olympic Games

The first Olympic games were held at Olympia, Athens, Greece, 776 B.C. Romans did not enter the games until after their conquest of Greece.

Tiberius, several years before he became emperor, was the first celebrated Roman to win a victory —a chariot race.

Lacrosse

Lacrosse originated with the American Indians, the game being played purely for amusement and its exercise value.

The Indians had as many as a thousand players on each side, each carrying two sticks. The uniform consisted of a loin cloth and dyed horse's tail.

Squaws took part by switching their husbands on with sticks, urging them on to victory.

Auto Racing

The first auto race in America was on Thanksgiving Day, 1895. The entrants were called motocycles, not automobiles. The winner, J. F. Duryea, travelled 53½ miles in 10 hours, 23 minutes.

Henry Ford was very much interested in that first American race; he wanted to be present but could not borrow the car fare !

The world's record of 143 miles per hour was held by Bob Burman for years.

That veteran speeder of the road, Ralph De Palma, won more than 200 races.

Swimming

When Julius Caesar was over 50 years old he was shipwrecked. Jumping overboard, he held his sword between his teeth, valuable documents in his left hand; using his right hand he swam to shore.

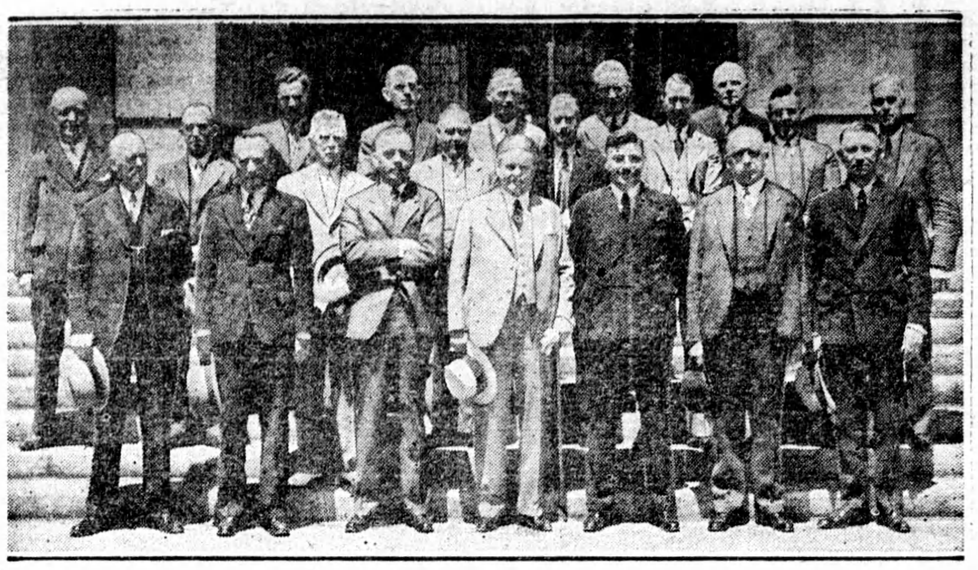
America sent the first women's swimming team to the Olympics in 1920.

When she was only 16 years old Helene Madison of Seattle set six new world records.

QUESTION BOX

If you have any question regarding sport personalities or any particular angle to a game, write to Ken Edwards, Room 421, 73 Adelaide West, Toronto. If a personal reply is desired, enclose a stamped (3c) self-addressed envelope.

Public Health Authorities Gather



Here are delegates at the Ottawa conference of provincial health authorities called by Hon. C. G. Power, Federal Minister of Pension and National Health. Front (left to right) Hon. I. B. Griffiths, Manitoba; Hon. Mark R. McGuigan, P.E.I.; Hon. Dr. F. R. Davis, Nova Scotia; Hon. W. F. Roberts, New Brunswick; Hon. C. G. Power, Federal Minister of Health; Hon. James A. Faulkner, Ont.; Hon. J. M. Uhrich, Sask. Second Row (left to right) Dr. R. E. Wodehouse, Deputy Minister, Pensions and National Health; Dr. W. W. Warwick, Deputy Minister of Health, N.B.; Dr. H. E. Young, Provincial Officer of Health, British Columbia; Dr. J. A. Leduc, Provincial Board of Health, Quebec; Dr. M. R. Bow, Deputy Minister of Health, Alberta; Dr. H. M. Cassidy, Director of Social Welfare, British Columbia; Dr. B. T. McGhie, Deputy Minister of Health, Ontario; Dr. R. O. Davison, Deputy Minister of Health, Saskatchewan. Third Row (left to right) Dr. P. A. Creelman, Department of Health, P.E.I.; Dr. P. B. Campbell, Chief Health Officer, Nova Scotia; Dr. F. W. Jackson, Deputy Minister of Health, Manitoba; Dr. John Phair, Director of Health, Ontario; Dr. John Heagerty, Chief executive assistant, Federal Department of Health.

Pithy Anecdotes Of the Famous

There was a time when William Butler Yeats, like most poets was pretty hard up. But that was Scarborough (in "England Muddles Through) Then he gave some classic definitions such as "A gentleman is a man who never bilks his tailor," "A man who dresses for dinner," and "One who prefers caviar to kippers."

But the one that tickled my fancy most, because of its Cockney humor, was this:

" 'E's a gentleman; 'e don't blow on 'is tea, 'e fans it with 'is 'at."

These lines appear on the last page of John Masefield's new book of poems, "A Letter from Pontus and Other Verse:"

Print not my life nor letters; put them by;
When I am dead let memory of me die.
Blest be those who in their mercy heed
This heartfelt prayer of mine to Adam's Seed:
Blessed be they, but may a curse pursue
All who reject this living prayer, and do.

Which recalls Dean Inge's witty parody from Longfellow:

"Lives" o fgreat men oft' remind us
As we o'er their pages turn,
That we, too, may leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

The passing of Mary Johnston — author of that fine novel, "To Have and To Hold" — recalls a story she used to tell about the days when she was working for woman suffrage. She was to speak in a little town in Virginia where her grandfather had been born. Invariably, in other places, she had been introduced as "Mary Johnston, the novelist," and had become as reconciled as possible. This night she was all prepared for the ordeal when the chairman rose and said, quite simply:

"Folks," John Alexander's granddaughter is going to say a few words to us."

In the folding shadow of absolute anonymity she gratefully made the best suffrage speech of her career.

Recalling the first time she lunched at the home in London, of Alice (Mrs. Wilfred) Meynell, the poet and essayist, Edith Wharton says (in "A Backward Glance") that she was also struck by the solemnity with which this tall thin, sweet-voiced woman, with melancholy eyes and rather cenotaphe-like garb, was treated by her husband and children. Mr. Meynell, small and brisk, bustled in ahead of her, as though preceding a sovereign; and all through the luncheon, Mrs. Meynell's utterances, murmured with soft deliberation, were received in an attentive silence punctuated by: 'My wife was saying the other day,' 'My wife always thinks' — as though each syllable from those lips was final.

Fish-Balls — strangest of all the fish stories told by Vic Hurley (in "Men in Sun Helmets") is one about a fish "little Filipino boys use for a tennis ball."

"They bounce the fish against the walls of the buildings in the equivalent of a game of handball," he declares. "The first time I saw such a thing, I did not believe it to be true. I saw a Filipino boy, fishing, from the sea-wall, capture a small fish. He laid the fish on the hot cement and in a moment it swelled as round and symmetrical as a ball. The little boy went gayly down the street, bouncing the ball that the sea had provided him."

Now it's your turn!

R. F. Dibble — in his biography of John L. Sullivan — records that once a dainty little miss asked the famous pugilist to write her a few autographs so that she could sell them at a fair held by the church.

"Oh what're you giving me?" said John L. in a graciously tragic way. "I ain't no good at writing, but I'll have my manager write as many of my — what d'you call 'em, as you want."

The damsel told him that this would hardly do. So pens, ink and paper were ordered, and after many laborious efforts, in which he spoiled more than a dozen pens and ruined a quantity of stationery, Sullivan finally succeeded in scratching down about 20 badly blotched but fairly legible signatures.

"I always like to do what I can for religion," he assured her as, grasping her hand and most of her forearm, between his ink-stained fingers, he bade her a courteous good-by.

One of Pett Ridge's favorite stories concerned a young couple with one child, who decided to move from a house to an apartment. The husband, as a labor-saving device, went off for golf while the work was being done. At the first dinner given in the new apartment he spoke to the guests with complacency of the ease with which the transfer had been effected.

"No anxiety," he declared, "and absolutely no worry of any description. Isn't that true, my dear?"

"Quite true," she agreed. "No more than there was when our little Gladys arrived!"

Statistics Show

In 1935 automobile accidents accounted for 1,224 deaths in Canada, an increase of 109 over 1934. Let those who think the Safety campaigns are being overworked ponder this Bureau of Statistics statement.

The vital statistics of 1935 are in many ways encouraging. But despite widespread education and the progress of Medicine and Science it is clear we have not made such startling progress in our defence against the ravages of disease and the toll of negligence.

The following statistics are for the whole of 1935, with those of 1934 in brackets:

Live births 221,036 (221,303); birth rate 20.2 (20.5); illegitimate births 8,313. (8,070; per cent. of total live births 3.8 (3.6); deaths 105,451 (101,582); death rate 9.6 (9.4); marriages 76,869 (73,092); marriage rate 7.0 (6.8); maternal deaths 1,093 (1,167); rate per 1,000 live births 4.9 (5.3).

The deaths from certain causes: Typhoid and paratyphoid fever 272 (293 ; smallpox 6 (3); measles 489 (188); scarlet fever 242 (226); diphtheria 262 (232); influenza 3,387 (2,004); infantile paralysis 63 (84); tuberculosis 6,584 (6,431); cancer 11,140 (10,581); suicide 902 (927); homicide 153 (142); automobile accidents 1,224 (1,115); other violence 4,606 (4,285).

Sotto Voce

Writes the New Yorker—There was a full-blown, formal, rehearsed-to-the-last-lily-of-the-valley church wedding last week, at which one of the ushers took to cutting up. As he escorted the guests down the aisle he followed convention, asking the guests whether they were friends of the bride or the groom and seating them accordingly.

He varied from ritual only slightly, in fact. To the bride's friends, as he bowed them to their seats, he whispered, "Isn't it awful about the groom?" and to the groom's friends, "Isn't it terrible about the bride?" There was the devil to pay.

Opinions

Nothing can so poignantly evoke the flavor of the receding past as some remembered tune, some melody that has caught up and woven into its own unconscious fabric the very color and fragrance of a day gone by. —Alexander Woolcott, While Rome Burns.

It is not marriage that fails; it is people that fail. All that marriage does is to show them up.
—Henry Emerson Fosdick.

My father used to say: "Never suspect people. It's better to be deceived or mistaken, which is only human, after all, than to be suspicious, which is common."
—Stark Young, Feliciana.

In the United States, "First" and "Second" class can't be painted on railroad cars, for all passengers, being Americans, are equal and it would be "un-American." But paint "Pullman" on a car, and everybody is satisfied.

The law of work does seem utterly unfair—but there it is, and nothing can change it: the higher the pay in enjoyment the worker gets out of it, the higher shall be his pay in money also. —Mark Twain, Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.

What is all wisdom save a collection of platitudes? Take 50 of our current proverbial sayings—they are so trite, so threadbare, that we can hardly bring our lips to utter them. Nonetheless, they embody the concentrated experience of the race, and the man who orders his life according to their teaching cannot go far wrong. How easy that seems! But has anyone ever done so? Never. Has any man ever attained inner harmony by pondering the experience of others? Not since the world began. He must pass through the fire. —Norman Douglas, South Wind.

Whoever produces anything by weary labor, does not need a revlation from heaven to teach him that he has a right to the thing produced. —Ingersoll.

Tailored Model

Here's a useful dress for summer in town or in the country.

The buttoned shoulder accents the flattering neckline. A tailored feeling is noted in the stitched back pleat from neck to hem. It will give you a lovely tall appearance. Two hip pockets and a single breast pocket add to its sporting-air.

It is made of soft cotton in shantung weave in aqua-blue. Besides being enticingly cool, it tubs like a handkerchief. The trim is navy.

Again, you'll like it in white tub silk or natural linen with flamingo-red buttons, belt and pocket "hanky."

The sleeves cut in one with the bodice, making it exceptionally simple to sew.

Style No. 2823 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Sizes 16 requires 3¼ yards of 39-inch material with two yards of ribbon for belt.

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.