

Across the Pond

In Madrid a beauty contest has just been staged that ought to be a model for all the world to follow; for make-up was ruled out, and the contestants were forced to wash their faces with soap and water in the presence of the judges.

A Viennese magazine has discovered a new kind of contest. It has asked its readers what they would do if they possessed the famous cap, mentioned in medieval legends, which has the magic property of rendering its wearer invisible. Replies came from all over Germany and Austria. A gentleman from Hamburg replied that he would stand on the scales with a lady who had been dining to reduce. A Munich woman wanted to jump on the somnolent stomachs of several male acquaintances in the pious hope of giving them nightmares. And a vindictive young lady from Vienna, apparently anxious to rid herself of competition once for all, remarked that her fondest dream would be to group her female rivals on the Ringstrasse at high noon and remove their more intimate garments one by one.

There must be some bright business man behind the latest Parisian mode in feminine ornamentation. It seems that if you are a lady and up-to-the-minute nowadays, you had better to wear a necklace consisting of little medallions each containing a rare and costly postage stamp.

In Siamese banks monkeys are employed in an official capacity. It seems that there is a lot of metal money in that far Eastern kingdom, and a bank that can't tell a counterfeit coin when it sees one is likely to end up with the doors locked just like banks in the West. The result is that in many cases beside the cashier sits a monkey, trained to give each coin a good stiff bite as it comes across the counter. If the monkey's teeth leave a mark, the coin is suspect; if they leave no mark, all is well. This represents a considerable advance over the practice of a great number of banks.

Last month in Berlin potatoes were struggling to get out of the country in exchange for foodstuffs and clothing. Now in the Paris Exposition, in Paris, an active market in paintings and sculpture has been going on for several months, with purchasers making payments exclusively in kind. All sorts of goods have been accepted, from sacks of potatoes to free railway passes.

Ex-plumber picked up a nade in exchange for a complete bathroom installation; and one hairdresser made a handsome deal on the basis of a little book of tickets entitling the artist holder to a series of five permanent waves.

A wanderer from Italy tells of a certain shoe factory in the town of Frosinone in which there has been a production of soft, upsetting wings. Production had fallen off markedly, and the difficulty was traced to discord among the female employees. Discreet investigation proved the cause of the discord to be a handsome young apprentice named Giuseppe with whom all the girl workers automatically fell in love. Giuseppe, dismissed, appealed to his trade union. Finally, said the union stoutly, "We acquit this man, for we believe that to be loved wholesale is no offense."

Smugglers landing goods on the Spanish coast have been training dogs to do their work, much to the annoyance of the Government Customs officers. The dogs, habituated to the process, are loaded with waterproof bundles of contraband tied to their backs; then they slip into the water a few hundred feet off shore and swim quietly toward the beach. When they see a Carabinieri they change their direction without making a sound, and once landed, instead of shaking themselves off like ordinary dogs, they set off at full speed for their warehouse destination.

A new railroad station has been opened in Singapore that brought out some thrilling ideas in the accompanying speeches. It seems that Singapore, long called the Crossroads of the East, is due to be the Orient's Railways Terminus also. It is not generally realized that even now there are only three small sections of track missing to give the Eastern metropolis uninterrupted rail communication with the English Channel; or that if it were not for a little stretch in Siam and a couple of hundred miles in China, you could get from Singapore to the eastern end of the Trans-Siberian without once stepping out of a cushioned seat.

There has been installed in the London Zoo an automatic sea-lion feeder which is expected to do great things for sea-lion fanciers; you stick a sixpence in a slot, and wham! off goes a siren, whereupon the sea lions take up strategic positions to catch the fish which come flying out of an automatic trap in the middle of the pond.

Those who still thrill to the sight of tall ships have had their annual stirring of the soul with the arrival in England of the great fleet of 15 full-rigged sailing vessels, laden with 66,000 tons of Australian grain, which each year race from Down Under to the Thames. This time the race was won by a four-masted Swedish bark, after a voyage of 120 days.

Some years ago a gentleman named Lipos Tichin became seriously upset at the thought of thousands of natives of the continent of Africa going about with practically nothing on, and he decided to do something about it. As a result, today he is known as the Old Clothes King of Europe, with a main office in London and branches in Tunis, Algiers, Madagascar, and so on, for which his agents move about the warm countries swapping the discarded dinner jackets of Paris, London and Berlin for furs, ivory, gold, and crocodile skins. Mr. Tichin, who is of Greek origin, was recently interviewed in the course of a little purchasing foray in Budapest. He says:

when urged, that so far as the 1922 African is concerned, formal English afternoon clothes seem to be most in demand.

There seems to be absolutely no limit to the surprises you can get from the present-day Paris taxi driver. A man wanted to go one evening to a certain Parisian address, and instructed the taxi man how to get there. At the crucial point the chauffeur took the Rue Chateaubriand when he should have taken to Rue Balzac. His fare protested. "Bah," said the driver. "What difference does it make? They're both Romanicists."—From The Seven Seas.

Among High Garden Walls

This house then stood not far beyond the gloom and rumours of the town, among high garden-walls, bright all summer-time with Joldean red, and brown-and-golden Wall-flower—"Flos Parietis," as the children's Latin-reading father taught them to call it. . . . Florian found them to be owed to the place—many of them of sentiment—afterwards customary with him, certain inward lights under which themselves to him. The coming and going of travellers to the town along the way, the shadow of the streets, the sudden breath of the neighboring gardens, the singular brightness of bright weather there, its singular darkness which linked themselves in his mind to certain engraved illustrations in the old big Bible at home, the coolness of the dark, cavernous shops round the great church, with its giddy winding stair up to the pinnacles and the bells—a citadel of peace in the heart of the trouble—

all this acted on his childish fancy as to what ever afterwards the like aspects and incidents never failed to throw him into a well-recognized imaginative mood, seeming actually to have become a part of the texture of his mind.

Also, Florian could trace home to this point a preferring preference in himself for a kind of comeliness and dignity, an urbanity liberally, in many of life, which he connected with the people of towns, and which made him susceptible to a kind of exquisite satisfaction in the trimness and well-considered grace of certain things and persons he afterwards met with here and there, in his way through the world.—From Walter Pater's "The Child in the House."

Soccer Leads in Italy

Rome.—One of the most typical manifestations of present-day Italy is the increasing enthusiasm with which the youth of the country is dedicating itself to sport. Italians, as a whole, are endowed by nature with excellent physiques, but in past years they did little to exercise their bodies. The idea of perfect bliss of most of them was to sit in cafes ogling the girls, and the few who actively took up sport were rather contemptuously regarded by the majority. Now, the juvenile organizations of the Fascist party give every boy an opportunity to indulge in sports, and this has led to a general awakening of interest.

The most popular sport in Italy, and the one at which Italians excel, is soccer football. Ten years ago there were 995 football clubs in Italy; now there are 2,239; the number of registered players has increased from about 25,000 to 100,000, and the number of registered members of football clubs has increased from 73,000 to 164,000.

The proficiency reached by Italian players in this game is shown by its record in recent years. In 1923 the Italian team was at the head of all European nations in the Amsterdam Olympics. In 1930, Italy won the International European Cup. In 1927, 1928 and 1930, Italy was proclaimed the university champion of the world.

Paradoxical as it may seem, however, the great development of soccer is considered prejudicial to the interests of sport in general by many impartial observers. To remedy this situation, the authorities have sought to develop interest in other forms of athletics and their success in it is field has been considerable.

Early Winter

Brown grass, picked out with red of bushes, tones
Of silver on the fences: russet, bronze,
The leaves of oaks and beeches: mystic black
Where pools of water lie, and edged there-
round
The ghostly glamour of the shallow ice.

Above, a gray-white monody of sky,
And all between the heaven and earth a mist
Of fine, fast-falling snow that makes a veil
Where through you see a mystery, a blend
Of winter colors, to a perfect whole
That lifts the heart with beauty and tones
For long-withholden loveliness of June.

—From "The Collected Poems of Richard Burton."

Makes £30,000 Error

London.—They are laughing at a story of a mistake by the Bank of England. It seems a woman wrote to the Bank wondering how she had suddenly become credited with some £30,000, her investments have been a tiny fraction of that sum. Investigation showed that a clerk had copied into her account the serial number at the top of a folio

Horses Still Favorite



Old Dobbin is safe for a while in Westminster, Eng. Some people suggested replacing the horses of the "dust brigade" with motor cars, but the mayor cast the deciding vote against the plan.

Sporting Tales

Caruso must have been a disconcerting opponent at tennis. Before the War he occasionally went down to the Stoke Poges Club, then being run by Mr. N. Lane ("Pa") Jackson, the veteran sporting writer and founder of the Corinthian Football Club. He played a little golf. Mr. Jackson tells us, in "Sporting Days and Evening Ways":

"But lawn tennis was his favorite game, and whenever he missed a ball he used to sing 'Ah, la, la, la' in a voice of such terrific volume that on one occasion a nervous golfer actually complained of being put off his stroke at a distance of some 200 yards from the lawn tennis courts!"

What the player at the other side of the net said we are not told.

In his long life—he was born in 1849—Mr. Jackson has taken part in almost every form of sport, and his book is packed with anecdotes of the sportsman he has met. James Braid, for instance, was once going out to play with a member at Walton Heath, and on his way to the tee he said, "I forget, sir, how we played last time, but I remember we had a very good match." "Oh, was the reply, you beat me at the last green, though you were giving me four strokes; but I warn Jimmy, that I've been reading your book on golf." "Ah, well," Jimmy replied, "in that case I'll give you six."

CADDY AND MR. BALFOUR.
Lord Balfour, then Mr. Arthur Balfour, came to play golf at Le Touquet, the French resort which was practically made by Mr. Jackson. Mr. Balfour's caddy was to be the son of the head groundsman, but as this youth was put to rest with laughter whenever a shot was fozzled he was warned that he would be carrying the clubs of the Premier of Great Britain. Mr. Jackson also warned Mr. Balfour, "consequently when he made a bad fozzle at the third hole we both glanced instinctively at the boy, who had both hands over his mouth and was writing in his endeavor to stifle his s seemly mirth. This amused Mr. Balfour immensely. A few holes later it was I who played a bad shot, and this time the boy roared with laughter out loud. 'How dare you do that after what I told you?' I indignantly demanded. 'Oh, m'sieur,' was the contrary answer, 'I thought it was only for Monsieur le Premier!'"

TENNIS GARB.

Correct dress for tennis players is a sulje that frequently finds its way into the papers—but what about this? When Dr. Dwight, the "father" of American lawn tennis, came to England, Mr. Jackson arranged a game for him with one of the Renshaws "on the Maida Vale covered court, where there was usually a small gallery of both sexes to watch the play. Fortunately I went into the dressing room before he made his appearance on the court, for I found him arrayed in a woollen vest and a pair of woollen pants, partly buttoned and partly pinned in front—a rig-out which might have evoked comment in this country. With the aid of Tom Fleming, the keeper of the court, I made him respectable in the customary flannels. . . .

One of the pioneers of English

lawn tennis was Bagnall Wild, who invented the system of "draws" by which byes were avoided after the first round. In most of the early tournament prospectuses it used to be announced that—

"The 'Bagnall Wild System of Draws' would be adopted. On one occasion Bagnall Wild and his wife were staying at the Imperial Hotel at Exmouth. Mrs. Bagnall Wild was busy one afternoon making a diminutive pair of undergarments for one of her little ones, when two of her friends entered the room and one inquired what she was doing. 'Can't you see?' was the prompt answer. 'This is Mrs. Bagnall Wild's System of Drawers!'"

FINDING A SOVEREIGN.

Before professionalism at football became legalized, Mr. Jackson tells us, there were all kinds of devices for making it worth while for amateurs to play. A player who had just taken part in his first game for a club he had been persuaded to join,

"was changing his boots after the match. He found something hard in one of them, which proved on examination to be a sovereign, whereupon he said to his neighbor: 'Oh, look! Someone's dropped a sovereign in my boot!' The reply was: 'Shut up, you fool! Don't talk about it, and if you may find next Saturday you'll most likely find two here!'"

Opinions about the Corinthians seem to have been curiously divided when the club was first formed. During one of their tours, says Mr. Jackson, a Sunderland newspaper stated that:

"The Corinthians who were not playing viewed the game from the stand, gently clapping their kid-gloved hands when applauding the team, or encouraging their own with a 'Well played, old chappie,' uttered in a listless crawling style." In violent contradiction to this was the accusation which appeared the same week in a Lancashire paper to the effect that the Corinthians systematically indulged in roug play and were the most dangerously cruel team that ever opposed provincial footballers.

Mr. Jackson's father used to tell an amusing story about Sir William Rose, the first Colonel of the London Rifle Brigade, of which he was a member:

"That worthy knight was probably a better citizen than soldier. On an occasion, it seems, when the regiment was leaving Guildhall and had marched a short distance down Gresham St., he gave the following truly remarkable word of command: 'Right turn! No—er—left turn! I mean—er—right turn! . . . Oh, damn it! Turn down Basinghall Street!'"

SHAVING "WATER."

Mr. Jackson has a delightful story about a certain mayor of Dunkirk he once knew. After the visit of the Russian fleet to various French ports the mayors were invited in turn to St. Petersburg. The unfortunate Mayor of Dunkirk found himself staying at a house where nobody spoke French:

"On his first morning he asked in French for some hot water for shaving purposes, but naturally could not make the valet understand. After he had been brought a variety of articles such as toothbrushes, bootjacks, and so forth, they served him with some

tea. By this time he had arrived at a state of such despair that he willingly accepted it; for, after all, it was hot, and could therefore be made to serve the purpose of shaving water.

And for the rest of his stay 'he poor fellow actually shaved himself' morning after morning with tea."

He thought all was well. But when he returned to France he was reading some translations of what Russian newspapers had said about the visit, and was horrified to find: "Perhaps the oddest thing of all was that the Mayor of Dunkirk regularly used tea for shaving with!"

Mr. Jackson's memory goes back an extraordinarily long way. Readers, young and old equally, will revel in his cheerful and crowded pages. The book is dedicated to Lord Riddell, "a real sportsman, kindly and generous to his fellows, and a truly loyal friend."

Man Power is Greater

Than That of Ant in Tests

Seeing ants carrying loads larger than themselves, we jump at conclusion to be a sovereign, whereupon he said to his neighbor: "Oh, look! Someone's dropped a sovereign in my boot!" The reply was: "Shut up, you fool! Don't talk about it, and if you may find next Saturday you'll most likely find two here!"

Opinions about the Corinthians seem to have been curiously divided when the club was first formed. During one of their tours, says Mr. Jackson, a Sunderland newspaper stated that:

"The Corinthians who were not playing viewed the game from the stand, gently clapping their kid-gloved hands when applauding the team, or encouraging their own with a 'Well played, old chappie,' uttered in a listless crawling style." In violent contradiction to this was the accusation which appeared the same week in a Lancashire paper to the effect that the Corinthians systematically indulged in roug play and were the most dangerously cruel team that ever opposed provincial footballers.

Mr. Jackson's father used to tell an amusing story about Sir William Rose, the first Colonel of the London Rifle Brigade, of which he was a member:

"That worthy knight was probably a better citizen than soldier. On an occasion, it seems, when the regiment was leaving Guildhall and had marched a short distance down Gresham St., he gave the following truly remarkable word of command: 'Right turn! No—er—left turn! I mean—er—right turn! . . . Oh, damn it! Turn down Basinghall Street!'"

SHAVING "WATER."

Mr. Jackson has a delightful story about a certain mayor of Dunkirk he once knew. After the visit of the Russian fleet to various French ports the mayors were invited in turn to St. Petersburg. The unfortunate Mayor of Dunkirk found himself staying at a house where nobody spoke French:

"On his first morning he asked in French for some hot water for shaving purposes, but naturally could not make the valet understand. After he had been brought a variety of articles such as toothbrushes, bootjacks, and so forth, they served him with some

Speed of Air Transport Brings Strange Cargoes to London Airport

Oil paintings, valued at thousands of pounds, sent out by air to exhibitions; Royal Palace at Bucharest; pump-fitted for a plant at the Suez Canal; special gas masks being rushed out to fight an obstinate fire in mines in India; spare parts for a motor car party stranded in Africa; consignments of cut flowers being rushed to the London markets; day-old chicks and hatching eggs for Germany, Russia, Rumania and other destinations abroad. Such air-freight consignments, picked at random from recent way-bills, illustrate the variety of the loads which now pass through the London airport. At present from sixty to eighty tons of urgent merchandise, inward or outward bound, are handled at Croydon every week.

In addition to the growth of air freight on Continental routes the development of Empire air links has led to a rapidly increasing volume of goods traffic from London to Egypt, Iraq, India and Africa, and the time-savings of these long-distance airlines may be judged from the fact that from five to twelve days are saved to Egypt, as compared with surface transport, and as much as a month to Baghdad, while to India the saving is a fortnight and to Africa approximately three weeks. In the table herewith

the actual air-transport time for parcels or urgent packages with those of the fastest surface routes, are given in such typical cases as Cairo, Bagdad, Karachi and Nairobi; Cairo, by air, 3 days, by surface 8 to 15 days; Bagdad, by air 4 days, by surface 27 days; Karachi, by air 6 days, by surface 19 to 25 days; Nairobi, by air 7 days, by surface 26 days.

"In comparing air charges for parcels or urgent packages with those by surface transport one must of course remember," an official of Imperial Airways pointed out the other day, "that speed has to be paid for, and that time is money. Bearing this in mind, the air fees now charged, in comparison with surface rates, offer clear value for money in view of the time saved. The air charge for a two-pound parcel from London to Cairo is, for example, 4/2d. For a similar parcel by the fastest surface route, via France, the postal charge is 2/6d. The air journey saves five clear days.

"The value of air transport lies not only in its speed. A great advantage is the lessened risk of damage in transit, or of pilferage when a consignment is air-borne; and for this reason insurance rates are cheaper by air than by other forms of transport. Many valuable pictures and works of art are now consigned by airway."

Stripes For Night Wear

By HELEN WILLIAMS.

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



2978

Isn't this a swaggy bath or lounging robe? Daughter will love it. And as for the making, it could almost be run up before breakfast on the sewing machine, there are so few parts to the pattern.

Of course, it's darling in numerous materials, such as wool crepe, rayon novelties, crepe de chine, flowered challis and flannel.

It is sketched in three shades of blue novelty striped flannel, so cozy for fall.

It costs so little to fashion it.

Style No. 2978 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

Size S requires 3 1/4 yards 39-inch.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Japanese Field Laborer

Cool water flowing quietly
Along each narrow channel:
Cool, silver water reflecting
The colors of the sunset;
The first stars and the long shadows
Of hills.

The little brown man, bent low
At his toil in the fields,
Sees the star shadows and the hill
shadows
And smiles as he works in the wet,
black soil;

For on every side the long, still
sweep
Of his fertile fields
Quickens with the promise of new
life.

While the night is filled with the
beauty
Of cool water moving slowly,
—Elizabeth-Allen Long.

Royal Christmas Cards

Each year there is keen interest throughout the Empire in the Christmas Royal family.

This year the King's card shows Sir Francis Drake explaining to Queen Elizabeth one of his navigation projects. Her Majesty and the Princess Royal chose beautiful garden scenes. On the Prince of Wales' card is a representation of London Bridge in 1860, while the Duke and Duchess of York will send to their friends a stirring picture of the old days when full-rigged sailing vessels plied the ocean routes. These cards are beautifully executed, and reveal the good taste of the Royal family in selecting suitable media for conveying to personal friends the good wishes of the Yuletide season.—Toronto Globe.

Those authors who appear sometimes to forget they are writers, and remember they are men, will be our favorites.—Disraeli

The Maple

Oh, tenderly deepen the woodland
glooms,
And merrily sway the beeches:
Breathe delicately the willow blooms,
And the pines release new
speeches:
The elms toss high till they reach
the sky,
Pale catkins the yellow birch
launches,
But the tree I love all the green-
wood above
Is the maple of sunny branches.

Let who will sing of the hawthorn
in spring,
Or the late-leaved linden in summer:
There's a word below the locust-
tree.

That delicate, strange new-comer:
But the maple it glows with the tint
of the rose
When pale are the spring-time
regions,
And its towers of flame from afar
proclaim
The advance of Winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never
was made
Than this summer canopy sifted,
And many a day as beneath it I lay
Has my memory backward drifted
To a pleasant lane I may walk
no again.

Leading over a fresh, green hill,
Where a maple stood just clear of
the wood—
And oh! to be near it still!
—Charles G. D. Roberts, in "Poems."

THE END OF LIFE

What is the end and essence of life? It is to expand all our faculties and affections. It is to grow, to gain by exercise new energy, new intellect, new love. It is to hope, to strive, to bring out what is within us, to press towards what is above us. In other words, it is to be Free. Slavery is thus at war with the true life of human nature. Undoubtedly there is a power in the soul which leads to perpetual bondage who have led still thought and felt nobly, looked up to God with trust, and learned by experience that even bondage, like all other evils, may be made the occasion of high virtue. But these are exceptions. In the main, our nature is too weak to grow under the weight of chains.

Guild Membership Compulsory in China

Shanghai.—Every business concern or factory in China hereafter must become a member of a guild, according to a revision in the Guild Law approved by the National Government. The law is intended to strengthen government supervision of all industry.

The original Guild Law stated that firms engaged in the same line of business "may" become members of the guild thereof. The revised law changes the word "may" to "must." The revision was made after the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce had urged the Government to make membership in guilds compulsory. Optional membership, the petition declared, weakened the position of the guilds. Under the new law, all industrial concerns in China can be controlled by the guilds.

Canadian Icebreaker Ends Patrol of Hudson Straits

Quebec, Que.—The government icebreaker N. B. McLean, which has been carrying on patrol service and doing convoy duty in Hudson Straits during the summer arrived here last week. The vessel had on board a number of passengers, including some members of the Geological Survey staff who have been working in the Hudson's Bay region, and several wireless operators who have been in the north for the last two years. The McLean rescued the crew of the grain-laden steamer Bright Fan, which sank in Hudson Straits.

IMPRESSIONS

Emphatic tones give a true impression of character.—R.H.L.

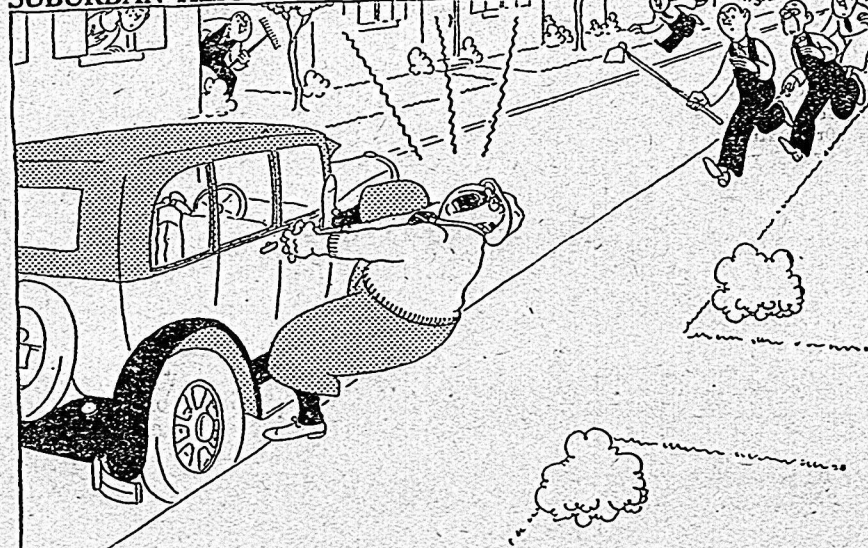
KNOWLEDGE

He who knows not how to become a son of God will always remain in the stable with the cattle.

Even a woman who says she admires a masterful man is sure to kick when her husband tries to boss her.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ON THE DAY OF THE GOLF TOURNAMENT AT THE COUNTRY CLUB, MRS. PERLEY THOUGHTFULLY PUT FRED'S CLUBS INTO THE CAR, SO THAT EVERYTHING SHOULD BE READY FOR HIM WHEN HE CAME OUT FROM TOWN, AND THEN, CAREFULLY LOCKING THE CAR, WENT TO A MOTHERS' COUNCIL MEETING WITH THE KEYS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS