

Take Lord Halifax as Typifying the British Aristocrat

Some Stories About His Refusal to Get Excited.

(By H. O. Cobb in The Star, London)

Foreign caricaturists take a particular joy in Lord Halifax. The six-foot-four figure, the long, immobile face with the unsmiling eyes, the prominent forehead, meet that popular conception of the English aristocrat which has adorned the Continental papers since the wars of Napoleon. If the German papers do not invest him in a perfidious kilt and give him a hypocritical pipe to smoke, I shall be disappointed.

It was T. P. O'Connor years ago who said that if he met Lord Halifax for the first time at the North Pole he would recognize him far off as the typical Englishman. I am told that French writers like collecting stories of his phlegm because they illuminate the character of the race as well as of the man.

There is the picture of Lord Halifax at dinner, drenched by a bowl of soup split by a careless waiter, rising, taking off his coat and continuing, in shirt-sleeves, a line of argument which had never been broken. There is the story of his saying serenely: "This will make my job easier," on that grim day at Delhi when his train was bombed.

He is a hero after Andre Maurois's heart, "Milord Bramble, or Silence and Sangfroid."

As the "war of nerves" intensifies, sangfroid will be a virtue increasingly esteemed.

We who are the Foreign Secretary's countrymen can best gauge his characteristically English quality by the reflection that the finest tributes to him have usually been paid by his political opponents. To Mr. Gandhi he became a saint. Mr. Harold Laski, the leader of Intellectual Socialism, found in this great Tory nobleman the indefinable quality of moral genius. His memorable tenure of the Vice-royalty — which saved India from a bath of blood — gave him a lasting place in the Liberal Calendar. Yesterday, Mr. Isaac Foot compared him to Cromwell — which is the highest praise that Mr. Foot, who raises his hat each time he passes Old Noll's statue, can command.

Lord Halifax has been more often the rising hope of the other side than of his own. When he was effecting a masterpiece of reconciliation in India, the "Daily Mail" was calling him a second Kerensky, while through some of the windows of the Pall Mall clubs his tall figure even came to bear a startling resemblance to Trotsky.

Today, for the first time, all parties unite in his applause. He has spoken with the voice of England. At this moment he stands invested in that authority which comes to a man when he embodies the whole will of the people. In such a moment a democratic leader must enjoy not so much a sense of triumph as a serene consciousness of reserves of strength that no dictator can ever know.

One of the hardest tasks in politics is to make a fair assessment of a distinguished Tory leader who enjoys wide sympathy on "the other side," especially in an hour when he has risen above party.

There is no man more warmly loved by his friends than the Foreign Secretary, but when they turn to biography their affection usually produces designs for a stained glass window. These fail to touch the core of mystery in a personality that is outwardly very clear, very simple, but is inwardly enigmatic.

There is no quarter in politics more diverse than the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Herbert Morrison, but they have this at least, in common, that their response to any challenge of fact or opinion is swift, almost instinctive. All of them would give you an immediate answer to most questions, though all might be different.

With Lord Halifax, unless the emotions have been deeply touched, the shadows play odd tricks with the lights. If the moral impulse was not so strong in him, he would sometimes be in danger of becoming like that philosopher who started out for a walk, and then spent all the afternoon in an agony of indecision, unable to choose whether to walk up the street or down.

Gilbert Chesterton once said something to the effect that if a landlady was interviewing a prospective boarder it was more important to her to know what was his philosophy than what money he earned, for if he was the follower of a bad philosophy he would cheat her in the end. It is my impression that it is his grasp of the diametrical opposition between the ideas underlying the Nazi State and the democratic one that has converted him to the new policy even more than the record of the past nine months. The firmness of his Chatham House speech showed that he is at ease once again in a realm that he understands perfectly, the kingdom of ideas and ideals.

In his full comprehension of the issues, and in his power to phrase them, he transcends the normal party man. There is no other man in the cabinet who could have made the Chatham House speech.

What of his future? "They" — those mysterious influences, "they" — are talking more of it than at any time since the return from India. Since Lord Salisbury resigned, nearly forty years ago, it has been a commonplace of politics that a Prime Minister in the House of Lords was unthinkable. It is a mark of the Foreign Secretary's prestige that men are beginning to think of the unthinkable. Today only

Air Raids Prove Popular in West Lothian Centre

Edinburgh.—Air raids on the Forth bridge have brought a trade boom to shops and boarding houses in South Queensferry, West Lothian.

Week-end tourists are flocking there at week-ends in hopes of seeing more raids.

"Bed and breakfast—excellent view of air raids from room" may be the kind of notice seen outside the houses if the trade boom goes on.

Mr. John Bradley, who owns tea-rooms near the Forth bridge, said "The enemy are proving a big attraction. I have been very busy since the air raid here.

"All sleeping accommodation has been taken, and I have had to refuse applications by telephone and letter nearly every day."

South Queensferry has been made an evacuation area, but according to information which has reached Major Monteth, member of Lanark County Council, only three people have consented to be moved from the town.

"I have been told that many people in South Queensferry are letting their rooms at a premium during the week-ends to visitors who want to see the air raids."

Says Children Are Dumb, or Parents Must be That Way

Youngsters So Dumb They Want to Do as Parents Do—Not as They Say.

(By Roe Fulkerson in The Kiwanis Magazine)

I don't go in for debunking as a rule. I have always been afraid that some one might debunk me in retaliation. There is so much sham, so much pose, so much that is inconsistent in my makeup, that if I were debunked, I fear there would be no more for me left than there is of a toy balloon which has been touched with a lighted cigarette.

There is a general opinion that children are bright. In my opinion, there is no greater fallacy. They are so dumb that it is a wonder we ever make really useful citizens out of them.

Of course the most annoying creature in the world is some one else's child. But I am not talking about that little brat across the street. I am talking about your children and my little girl. Mine and yours are dreadfully dumb.

I want to illustrate. I know a fellow, a Kiwanian by the way, who has two small boys. He is a well educated, cultured gentleman with a lovely wife and a nice home. Those two boys have been reared with every advantage. This man takes his golf clubs and hikes out to the golf course every Sunday morning of his life. And can you imagine it, those two boys are so dumb that they can't understand why they should be made to go to Sunday school? They think they should be permitted to go fishing or swimming Sunday mornings instead of going to church! Nothing their father says to them seems to convince the dumb little creatures that they should spend two hours in church on Sunday morning.

I know another case of dumbness in children. I know a very nice man who likes a cocktail before dinner. He and his wife always have one, just as an appetizer. They have a son and a daughter in high school who go to proms and parties around town. The boy drags a gal, and the captain of the football team always comes for the girl. They went to a dinner dance some place, and the father of this girl and boy found out that the children each had a Daiquiri before dinner. Those two kids were so dumb that when they were called on the carpet by their dad, they couldn't understand why they shouldn't drink cocktails! I tell you, kids are dumb.

I have a friend who has a boy of six. He rates very high in his profession and in the town, but if he mashes his finger with a hammer, or walks across the back yard and gets hooked under the chin with a wire clothes line, he makes the air a dark cerulean. He can swear longer without repeating himself than any other white collar man I have ever known. Alas, his little boy is dumb. The family kitchen jumped up on the dining table the other night at dinner, and the boy exclaimed, "Well, would you look at that damned cat!" His father spanked him promptly and thoroughly, and washed his mouth out with soap, but do you know that he was never able to make that dumb kid understand that it is wrong to swear?

I get discouraged when I see how two men are seriously considered as successors to Mr. Chamberlain in the leadership of the Conservative party, Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Halifax.

In a crisis, particularly a crisis that involved the imponderable moral and spiritual factors, the Foreign Secretary would be the best exponent of the national spirit that the Cabinet could produce.

His success in India shows what gifts he possesses of insight, of sympathy, of penetrating mentalities profoundly different from his own.

And he can grow in intellectual stature with astonishing speed. The difference between young Mr. Wood, the obstructionist of the pre-war House of Commons, and Lord Irwin, the Viceroy in whom Mr. Gandhi found a kindred spirit, shows his power of growth. That capacity for development is, one suspects, not yet exhausted. Lord Halifax comes from a family that lives long and flowers late. His political opponents hope that his best is yet to be, for they suspect that, like another great Churchman in politics, Gladstone, he will move steadily leftwards as he matures.

dumb youngsters are. One of my acquaintances said in the presence of her little daughter that Mrs. Whosis was carrying on something scandalous with the golf pro. When her dumb little daughter saw Mrs. Whosis the next day she asked if she was still carrying on something scandalous with the golf pro. My friend couldn't save her life convince that child that gossip was nasty, and that she should never repeat it!

I have another neighbour who, when the company goes home, starts to undress from scratch. He drops a necktie here, he leaves a coat on the nearest chair. When he takes off his shoes he leaves them where he removes them. By the time he is in his pajamas, his clothes are scattered hither and yon as though a hurricane had blown them off him. Spanking after spanking has never taught his dumb children that they must be orderly and pick up their toys when they are through with them. His children are dumb, too.

One more example. I know a woman who doesn't like to go places she doesn't like to go, and doesn't like to do things she doesn't like to do. So, when an unwelcome caller comes to the door, she has the maid say that she is out. If she is asked over the phone to do something she doesn't want to do she blandly explains that she has house guests and can't do it. Do you know that that woman had a dumb little daughter who lies like Ananias? She has done all she can to break her of it but the child is just a natural born liar!

My own daughter is just as dumb as the rest of them. Once a month or so, I have some of the boys in for a little game of ten-cent limit. Nothing wrong, you know. Just a friendly game of seven-card stud with the deuces, the Jacks and the King with the ace

wild. That dumb child of mine can see no reason in the world why she should play only Old Maid or Casino, and not play poker with the pretty red, white and blue chips!

I am writing all this about the dumbness of children because she said to me at breakfast this morning, "Whose elbows are on the table now?" She actually wagged a finger of scorn at me when she said it. She is too dumb to understand that I am older and can put my elbows on the table, but she is a nice little girl and shouldn't do it. In fact, she wants to put her elbows on the table and not be a nice girl. She is as dumb as the rest of them.

Children are so doggone dumb that they think their parents are perfect. Your son thinks you could lick Jack Dempsey and no half try. My daughter thinks I am the smartest man in the world, and that anything I say or do is exactly right.

Of course if your son was not dumb, he wouldn't believe you could lick Jack Dempsey, because of course you can't. If my child was not dumb, she would know that there must be three or four men in the world smarter than I am.

It looks to me like the mistake we make is overestimating the intelligence of our children. We are just going to have to act down to their dumb level. If we want them to go to church on Sunday morning, we are going to have to stop playing golf and go to church ourselves.

And the same thing goes for profanity, for disorderliness, for lying, for poker, and all those other things which are all right for us, but all wrong for them.

I can still remember the walloping I got when I was a kid because I thought I should be allowed to chew tobacco just because my father did. I was an awful dumb child.

Constructive Programme for War and Peace

C. H. Carlisle, President of the Dominion Bank, Stresses Democratic Principles.

"Regimentation by government, or otherwise, has been tried and has failed," Mr. C. H. Carlisle said, in his presidential address at the Annual Meeting of The Dominion Bank in Toronto on December 13. If regimentation is permitted, he continued, "it will enslave industry and labor as it has enslaved them in Germany and Russia."

In war or peace, however, Canada will continue to be a free country for a free people, Mr. Carlisle predicted. He attributed his hopefulness for the future to the valuable assets of Canada among which he included Canadian labor, "the soundness of its principles,

the efficiency of its production."

The extension of production and the extension of trade are closely related to the speedy and efficient prosecution of the war, Mr. Carlisle pointed out, because it is only through these means "that we can hope to provide for our tremendous financial burdens and maintain our standard of living." Restrictions hamper production and trade, and should be kept to a minimum. Likewise, waste of every kind, including overlapping and duplication among the numerous governing bodies in Canada, must be eliminated. Government leadership along these lines will increase the courage and enthusiasm of the people of Canada.

In relation to the essential activity of production and trade, The Dominion Bank has already made a considerably increased contribution in the period ended October 31st covered by the Report given at yesterday's meeting. The Bank's statement was discussed by the General Manager, Mr. Robert Rae. Current Loans and Discounts in Canada were shown as \$11,276,618 higher than at December 31st, 1938. A strong

liquid position was shown also, with cash assets 18.86% of public liabilities. Mr. Rae announced that "The Dominion Bank is in a sound position, and fully prepared to take its place in financing the business and war efforts of this country."

Mr. Carlisle added a warning however that it would be very unfortunate if Canadians were not prepared for post-war conditions when they come. He concluded his address with this message: "The success of our future will depend much on how we conduct the present, and while fighting dictatorships we must prove to all peoples that Canada at all times uses democratic principles in her own affairs. By now giving heed to our post-war problems, we should be in a position to attract capital and a high grade of immigration that will carry on successfully the development and expansion which our country requires."

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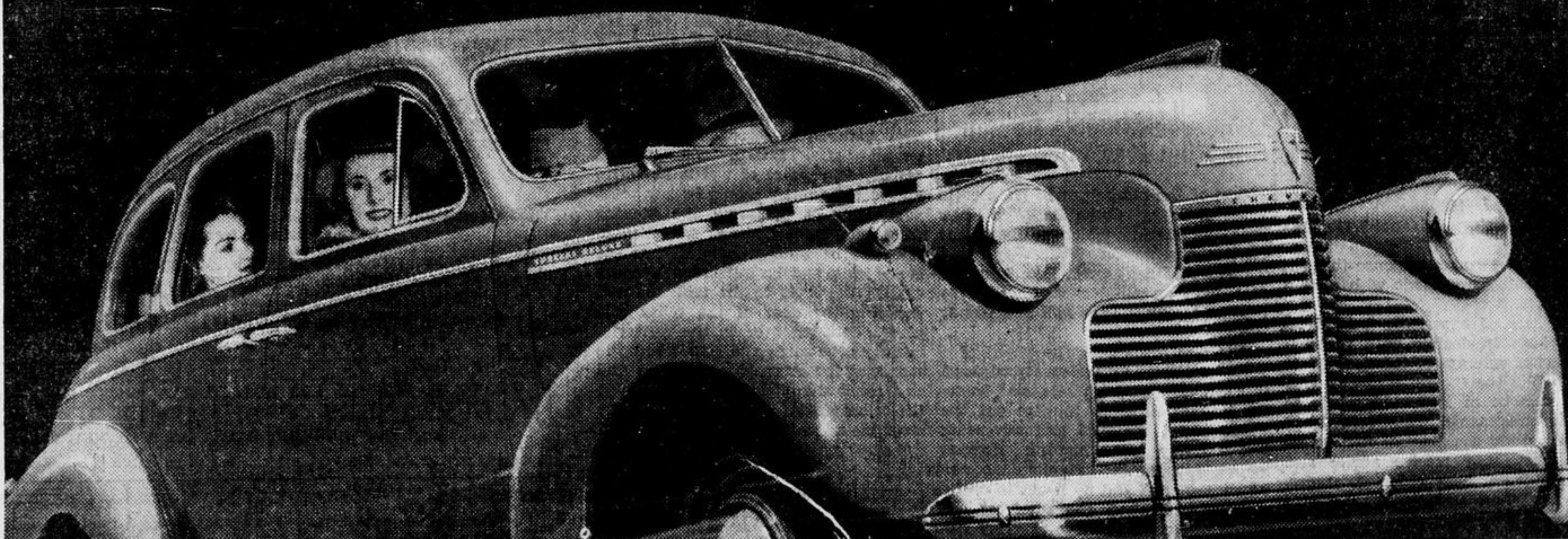
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