

CANADA
THE EMPIRE

Voice of the Press

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 listener to tell another story of suffering. Almost all conversations consist of tales of woe. We are inclined by this general custom 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.



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.

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 valuable 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 sees so he finds the comparison in nearly all respects flattering to himself. There is, however, one large black fly in this ornament 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 feeble physique 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.

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 Legislature 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

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 woods each whitened glen
With witchery.

R. R. Greenwood

Fred H. Byrse 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 silent 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."

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 resting comfortably in the valleys and sometimes watched the "tender-pencilled shadows play" in the wind, I could not see that such 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 that Nature has provided. The painter, 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 \$1,500,000 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 that kind interfere. That is the advice of an English "medical woman," Dr. Octavi Lawin, 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.—Bramford Expositor.

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 marvelous 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.

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 feature 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 garbled 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 much about them as you do and is even more concerned for elimination or improvement.

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.

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, reported 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.

PITHY ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

SEA YARNS

AMONG THE YARNS spun by Admiral Robert E. Coontz, U. S. Navy, (retired) — in "True Anecdotes of an Admiral" — is one about a ship's captain with a very suspicious nature, whose pet phrase was "I smell a rat." A member of the crew who had been punished several times, decided that the captain should have a chance to really smell a rat. So he caught one, killed it, and a few evenings later slipped down to the Captain's cabin and placed the rat—in a prime condition for smelling — near the captain's berth.

WHEN the captain turned in, this peculiar dead rat odor offended his nostrils (chuckles the Admiral) and a search revealed the rat with a card tied to its neck on which was printed, "I smell a rat!"

After that, every time he thought for using this expression at the mast, the picture of a dead rat came to his mind. The crew never heard it again.

THEN THERE is the story of a farmer boy, turned sailor, who, during a heavy fog off the coast of Maine, sang out from the ship's deck, where he was doing lookout duty, "I smell hay!" At first the captain on the bridge did not understand him and called to him, "Repeat your statement, lookout." The lookout again yelled, "I smell hay!"

The captain turned to the officer of the deck and said "Take a sounding and anchor the ship at once." This was promptly done. Water the fog lifted a few hours later he ship was very near the beach, and there about one hundred yards from the water's edge, was a huge haystack. The lookout was a Maine farmer boy and he knew that if he could smell hay the ship must be close to shore.

Mirages at Sea.

"The worst mirages I have ever seen at sea were in the Sargassos," yawns Admiral Coontz. He goes on:

"During the early days of the insurrection in 1898, 1899, the natives were still in control of the Islands. The U.S.S. 'Charleston' was on her way south from Apari. I was to relieve the officer of the deck one morning at four o'clock and when I went on the bridge it looked to me as if land were in sight and not very far ahead. The captain had authorized us never to take the deck if we believed the ship to be in imminent danger. The responsibility rested on the officer who was on watch.

"AT THIS particular time, Lieut. Slocum was in charge. I called his attention to what appeared to be land ahead and he replied that it had looked just that way for the past two hours but that he had decided it was simply a mirage. I had the choice of taking or refusing the deck until I could convince myself whether or not it was really land that we saw. I decided to refuse. Imagine my surprise and relief when, about five o'clock, the sun rose, dissipating the black fog, and I saw nothing but open water ahead!"

Tips Earl

THE QUANT circumstances under which the late Earl of Warwick once received a tip from an American tourist, are related by Lady Warwick in her memoirs. Her husband, she says, was out early one morning at Warwick Castle examining some favorite flowers, when the American approached him, saying that he wished to cross the river Avon.

"Just work the ferry for me, there's a good fellow," said the stranger.

Lord Warwick was amused, and not wanting to embarrass the man, said nothing, and did as he was asked.

In about half an hour, the American again hailed him, this time from the opposite bank. "Look sharp," he cried, "I want to get back."

After Lord Warwick had brought the ferry back, the man thanked him and said: "It's a fine place. Been here long?"

Afraid that his voice would betray him, Lord Warwick mumbled that he had been there for some years.

"Well," said the stranger, "you're for you," and pressing half a sovereign civil chap, so here's something to originate into the peer's hand, he departed.

"Lord Warwick used to wear the coin on his watch-chain," adds Lady Warwick, "and often declared that he had never earned money so easily."

When oilcloth is to be fastened to the wall above the kitchen sink, glue it to the wall. This is a much better and more permanent method than tacking it.

Have You Heard?

Cook: "Did they ask about the cooking?"
New Maid: "No, but I'm praying before they start."

Collector (at door)—As of the year we provide a for the poor and needy, Harrassed Housewife very much. I'll just go coat and come along.

ENDUBAI
I've a date with my old, my wife of ten years. She's joyous o'er the occasion. I'm on the verge of it. She said she'd be on the same old trotting plan. And I know she never has the same old smile on her face. I'll try to meet her advance. She's just a pain in the neck. It's always that way on the ship she's only appearing.

Customer: "I suppose I here till I starve!"
Waiter: "Sorry! No, sir, at ten o'clock."

Villager (proudly displaying a visitor): "Aye, she's as to be a centurion, but Mother!"
Mother: "Oh, go on with you! wouldn't say so if you had."

Correct this sentence: "operate gratefully," said the professor, "when we tell you to run their business."

Employer to applicant (Can you write shorthand?)
Applicant—Yes, sir—but me longer.

The steeplechase jockey, find himself handicapped up in ward. He smiled up at the who stood anxiously waiting bedside.

Jockey (wearily)—How did I do?
Trainer—You did, but the horse didn't.

One mother recently daughter such a big wedding looked as if she was celebrating capture of the groom.

Merchant—Is your wife going to keep up with the Smiths last year?
Friend Lawyer—Gosh, at Smiths had triplets last year.

FAMOUS LAST LINE
He doesn't bite.
I didn't know it was loaded. Boss, can I have a small rat? Whose little rat is it? Oh, but, Your Honor, I didn't know it was red.

Hello, Honey, I'll be kept in office tonight.
Fresh? Why, Madam, those are every one laid yesterday.

Honest, Officer, I just found open and walked in, see. Got a match? I want to see much gas I've got in my ass. I assure you, sir, those shoes are solely guaranteed not to slip.

Dentist—Have you seen any boys ring my bell and run a Policeman? They weren't seen—they were grown-ups.

Dorothy—So they eloped married?
Eloise—And her mother—forgiven them?

Dorothy—I don't think so. gone to live with them.

Toronto Is First In Fire Prevention Week

Toronto — Activities of prevention week in Canadian reached a high degree of effort George F. Lewis, deputy fire chief of Ontario, said in announcing awards. Seen competition was among fire departments and municipalities throughout the country.

Saskatchewan was particularly prominent with five cities of 400 population and less taking prizes of more than 90 per cent.

Toronto led the list in 4th class A cities with population 100,000 or more. Ottawa ranked second and Hamilton third.

Kitchener, London and Port Hope placed in order in the 20,000 population class. Toronto, Port Arthur was first, small city class. Oshawa second. St. Thomas third.

Word's Largest Pearl

The world's largest pearl, was once the property of Antoinette, is now in Delhi. It from the collection of Henry Hope, the possessor of the Hope diamond, which brought \$10,000,000. The pearl is 4 inches long, four and a half in circumference and weighs 15 ounces. It is surrounded by a crown of France in red and gold, set with fine diamonds.