

CANADA

FARM LABOR

Some idea of the effect of machinery upon agricultural employment in Canada may be glimpsed from the last four Dominion censuses. In 1901 the number of workers on Canadian farms was 45 per cent. of all those gainfully employed in the whole Dominion. In 1911 the percentage dropped to 38. In 1921, according to the census it was found that agriculture was employing only 23 per cent. of all those gainfully employed.—Winnipeg Tribune.

IT'S THE GLANDS.

An American physician who makes a special study of human glands announces that if people are clever it is because of the kind of glands they have; if they are "dumb," it is owing to their glands. In short, he says that whatever we are, whether we are good, bad or indifferent, is decided for us by our glands.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

MA'ARM TEACHERS AND FISHING

Teachers, especially ma-arm teachers, have a horror of fishing. They believe, perhaps rightly, that fishing and hookery are closely allied. They have been known to despatch spies to known haunts in search of absentees and when this fails they demand satisfaction next day. Some ardent fisherboys have tried to mollify teachers by surreptitiously leaving on her desk a very dead flatfish or a one-legged crab, but the manner of Teacher's Pet bringing flowers or an apple. The bribe, however, has never worked, except in reverse. There is as yet no known method of convincing a teacher that fishing is more important than geography, and there is here a great opportunity for the junior fishermen to conduct a thorough investigation for their ultimate benefit.—P. W. Luce, Vancouver Province.

QUEER WORLD.

Remember how pleased we used to be year after year as the western crop grew ever greater; now the possibility and the likelihood of a bumper crop is being viewed with alarm and apprehension. Isn't it a queer world? Many of us remember the scientists telling us that, about now, the earth would not be able to provide food for her teeming millions. The trouble today is that, apparently too much food is being produced. Or is it that the demand is equal to the supply, but that many are unable to purchase because of lack of work and money and have to be content with less than the essentials of life?—Niagara Falls Review.

IT'S A COMPLIMENT.

We can forgive the Stratford Beacon-Herald almost anything, except, however, when it quotes the Standard, as the St. Catharines Journal.—St. Catharines Standard.

HINT FOR BALD HEADS.

A stenographer for the League of Nations at Geneva, has been given \$1,550 compensation because of the claim that smoke, coming from a chimney into the room where she worked, caused her to become bald. If a number of men in Brantford and elsewhere could cash in on this basis there would be a severe strain on the monetary system.—Brantford Expositor.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS.

Anyone who travels across Canada must realize that one thing this country needs is a good coat of paint. The state of buildings pretty well across the Dominion suggests that a million pounds of paint could be used in Canada with good effect within the next year or so. Perhaps it should be a half million pounds, perhaps two millions. At any rate, the country could make use of a tremendous amount of paint.—Regina Leader-Post.

THE RURAL SCHOOL.

Time does not permit the rural school teacher to give much attention to the so-called frills of education, but when it comes to the fundamentals of learning such as reading, arithmetic, spelling, grammar, etc., the rural pupils of Waterloo County are up to the standard and can give a good account of themselves when an opportunity presents itself.—Kitchener Record.

THE PATHFINDERS.

Here is a story that comes from the faroff Antipodes. In 1849, aged two years, John Thoms set out with his pioneering parents from the Township of Sydney, Australia, into the vast unknown plains of New South Wales. It took them six weeks in a covered bullock wagon to negotiate the passes of the barrier mountains and to reach the place where Narrromene, a thriving town, stands today.

Aged 88, John Thoms, a successful contractor, has just returned to Sydney—by the first trip of a new plane service. It took him just two hours. And there, in brief words, and the experience of one man, is the whole history of modern progress in transportation.—Halifax Herald.

KNOW THEIR BANANAS.

London, of course, has an enormous appetite. It swallows food of all sorts from all parts of the world in shipload lots. Last month, the docks records show how it took into its maw more than 50,000 bunches of bananas, one big ship's cargo in one day. The Jamaica boat arrived at the West India dock with 51,954 bunches of Bananas, and the ship broke bulk at 8 a.m., the whole cargo being discharged by 8.40 p.m., the same day. During the time shown 22,610 bunches were weighed and dispatched in 141 railway wagons to various parts of the country, and 23,344 bunches distributed by road vehicles to the London markets. This was a record performance compared with the handling of any previous shipment of bananas.—Brandon Sun.

LARGEST LAKE.

A year or so ago the News-Chronicle entered into a discussion of the comparative sizes of Lake Superior and Lake Victoria, Nyanza in Africa. Someone, including some school teachers, advising their pupils, had declared the African lake to be the larger. Using all the information it could obtain from atlases and encyclopedias, this paper proved, to its own satisfaction at least, that Superior was the larger and thus the largest lake in the world. This was definite if depth were considered, for it appears that large portions of Victoria Nyanza's surface is only a foot or so above the bottom and much of it filled with reeds and grasses. We now find the following paragraph among those issued by a science service for use in newspapers as something "interesting to know." "It is estimated that Lake Superior exceeds in size its nearest fresh water rival, Africa's Lake Victoria Nyanza, by a thousand square miles."—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

THE EMPIRE

MADE IT BY ACCIDENT.

Charles Frederic Cross (79), F.R.S., the man who gave women artificial silk stockings, has died at his home at Hove, Sussex. The late Lord Melchett once declared: "If it had not been for two English chemists, young women would not have had the wonderful stockings they wear today." One of the two chemists was Mr. Cross; the other, E. Bevan, died in 1922. Mr. Cross had no idea of the boon to be conferred on women when he and his colleague invented the cellulose process for spinning artificial silk over two years ago. The discovery was made while the two men were experimenting with bits of wood. A solution was found, which was poured into a container with a hole in the bottom and a cycle pump was used to pull it out through the hole like a thread of cotton. A company was formed to develop the spinning of artificial silk. In 1916 Mr. Cross was awarded the medal of the Society of Chemical Industry for "conspicuous services to chemical industry."—London Daily Sketch.

REQUEST OF DICKENS.

A sight-seeking visitor asked me yesterday why London has no full-sized statue of Charles Dickens. The answer is to be found in this quotation from the great novelist's will: "I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works." I happen to know, however, that some American admirers, in their zeal, have overridden this stipulation. In the public gardens at Philadelphia there is a full-length sculptured memorial representing Dickens seated in an armchair. At the base of the pedestal Little Nell gazes affectionately up at her creator.—London Daily Mirror.

HOMEWORK.

A big change in school life may be brought about by the examination now being conducted into the effects of homework. It will be some time before the survey is complete and the verdict is issued. But evidence is accumulating that the educational value of homework is dubious, to put it mildly. Children can be overworked as well as underworked. And in the average simple home, with its shortage of rooms, the conditions un-

"Bye-Bye" On A Bicycle Built For Three



Mother, dad and the baby take the highroad for an outing in the English countryside on ingenious carryall. This was one of the many family groups taking part in recent outing of bicyclists at Cobham, England, recently.

der which homework is attempted are well-nigh impossible.—London Daily Herald.

THE CINEMA VAN.

There are those who read in trains, there are those who eat in trains, and doubtless there are those whose attitude resembles that of the Old Countryman, who, when asked how he spent his time now that he was pensioned off, made answer: "Well, Miss, sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits." For those who "just sit" (and who also appear to have a shilling to spare) the Northeastern Railway Company has now provided an additional relaxation in the shape of a "cinema van," which made its first journey from London to Leeds this week. It is a preliminary blessing at King's Cross Station from Mr. J. H. Thomas, the van has a sloping floor, it can accommodate an audience of 44 and the charge is a shilling for a program that takes an hour. One can therefore be whirled through the English countryside while immersed in the studio settings of Hollywood, or ride to York surrounded by the scenery of "Rome Express."—Manchester Guardian.

Policewomen Have Bottles and Guns

John W. Harrington in New York Times.

Relatively few New Yorkers have ever seen a city policewoman — at least to recognize one — but now this member of the force can readily be distinguished, for she has a new uniform, and this Summer she will be on duty at the beaches and other resorts where great crowds gather. A few days ago the policewomen and patrolwomen held a dress parade in their new tunics, which were evolved after considerable thought on the part of the Police Department committee on uniforms. The uniform consists essentially of a blue serge skirt and a blouse, ornamented with gilt buttons, bearing the department insignia. The blouse is double-breasted and has a belt which is sewed down at the back to prevent anyone's grasping it in the personal encounter. What appear to be outside pockets with flaps are merely external ornaments. The real pockets of the blouse are on the inside. There are today 140 policewomen and patrolwomen on "the force." One hundred are in the Bureau of Police women, of which Mrs. Mary A. Sullivan is the director, and forty are in the Crime Prevention Bureau, of which Inspector Costuma has charge. The function of these two classes are so intermingled that it is hard to differentiate them. Their rating is the same. The rank of patrolwomen was originated in New York city during the World War, when it was thought necessary to have a feminine force to police parks and other public places where large numbers of soldiers and sailors congregated. These official chaperones were not in uniform, but carried badges in their bags. Patrolwomen do a good deal of detective work in plain clothes. They are sent to get evidence against illegal practitioners of medicine or to discover social irregularities at dance halls or theatres. Policewomen, who are likely to appear most in uniform, may be seen in police stations and prisons, where they look after women defendants and care for children. However, they are likely to be assigned

to other duties, more or less under cover. Both classes will be seen within the city limits. There they will keep order, see that bathing attire is reasonably decorous and watch out specially for lost children. Most of the women police officers are married and some have children. Where a policewoman is assigned to a station house, she has available a sterilized nursing-bottle and know where she can get milk and suitably modified for the comfort of infants at any time. She also has a first-aid kit. Contrasted with this, she has a .22 calibre, six-shot revolver and she reports regularly for target practice. All members of this branch of the force have entered it through the Civil Service. They were admitted as physically perfect, or as nearly so as human beings can be. Their vision, hearing and muscular strength have passed muster. Their intelligence quota is exceptionally high. Many of them were school teachers, registered nurses, secretaries, social workers and the like before they entered their present calling. A few are college graduates. As far as salary is concerned, patrolwomen and policewomen are on the same basis as patrolmen. They get \$2,000 on the first year, \$2,250 the second, \$2,500 the third, \$2,750 the fourth and \$3,000 the fifth. These salaries are at present subject to the customary depression cuts.

Don't Push Them

That such a being as a naughty child exists is flatly denied by the London Institute of Medical Psychology, which is now recognized as an approved clinic by the University of London. From the knowledge gained in training neurotic victims of the war, for which purpose it was originally established in 1920, it has in the last few years banished the demons enslaving thousands of children. Last year its experts treated 254 unhappy children, afflicted with various depressions and mental illnesses, in each case securing a happy result, restoring to the child its lost health as well as happiness. Sympathetic understanding is the basis of every cure. The psychiatrist has first to win the child's confidence, often accomplished by a joint attempt to solve a jig-saw puzzle, before he can diagnose the cause of its suffering. Parents who punish what seem to be unnaturally rebellious or wretched children, are guilty of a cardinal sin; they should consult a clinic.

LOVE WALKS THE DREAM TRAIL.

"If I could turn back Time tonight, My Dear . . . For one last walk together, you and I, If we could watch the new-born stars at twilight, (Sharing this secret thrill, as in the nights gone by.) I wonder, would slight red leaves hung on twisted branches, Or shadows merging just beyond the blue; Or lonely Autumn winds that mourn of parting, Mean more than "Just another Fall" to you? Haunted by the ghosts of joyous, far-off laughter, Would memory "break" you . . . make you understand? It would not matter much . . . what followed after . . . If you and I were walking hand in hand." —Francis Smith, Toronto.

"Didst thou never hear That things ill got had ever bad success?" —Shakespeare.

Canadian Travellers Prove Baths On Trains Are Superfluous

Montreal. — Canadians may be clean people, but they won't take baths on trains. To find this out has cost the two Railways tens of thousands of dollars.

"Why don't they have baths on these trains?" grousched an American one time, after four sticky days on the train.

"How can they expect a man to keep clean on these dusty prairies?" an Englishman asked indignantly, as he explained he was going to Australia via Canada, and he would not do it again.

"I can have my bath on the Atlantic, and my bath on the Pacific, but for four full days I have to go without it on the train," he wailed.

Railway officials got their heads together, and in 1929, the Canadian Pacific put out their "River" series of solarium cars. The glass-

ended River Rouge, River Moira, and other "Rivers" soon were familiar sights at the end of the Trans-Canada Limiteds. The most important thing, the most-advertised item about them, was their baths, tub and shower.

The Canadian National then introduced their bath tub cars, and they too ran from coast to coast.

There was only one trouble. Nobody ever bathed in them!

After costly experiments, the railways pulled their bath cars off the road. They have been idle in the shops for about three years now.

Just the other day the Canadian National took the baths out of them, converted the space into a lounge, and sent them back out in service. The Canadian Pacific are said to be thinking of doing the same thing, and converting the forgotten bath rooms into useful space.

Ready Soon

The bus conductor had had a harassing day. First of all, it was raining. Troublesome old ladies, irritating old men, and other bus pests had all combined to do their worst. It was getting late in the afternoon when an American tourist boarded the bus. "Say, conductor," he exclaimed, "I want your Saint Paul's Cathedral." "Oh, all right," replied the conductor, somewhat shortly. "I say," repeated the American in a louder tone, "I want your Saint Paul's Cathedral — and I want it quick." "Don't worry, gov-nor," retorted the now thoroughly fed-up conductor; "I'm gettin' it wrapped up for you."

Down River

F. L. Montgomery in the New York Times. It was at evening: From the river's breast A seagull rose on wings of pearl white, Flashed upward through the gathering shades of night And circling once, twice, thrice, as if in quest. Of points directional, or thus might test. His strength, swung swiftly seaward on his flight And in the deepening dusk was lost to sight, Leaving me wondering would dawn bring him rest.

I would such wings were mine that I might rise Up from the earth and, flying follow him Out where the sun sets and the daylight dies, Until the surges' solemn requiem Was hushed along the world's receding shore And I was one with silence evermore.

Dangerous Practice

Seaforth Expositor: Persons walking on the highways at night never seem to know or care, for that matter, that when they are between the lights of two approaching cars they are practically invisible until the cars are actually upon them. Highway fatalities have become altogether too common, but the blame does not always lie with the motorists. Of course, the pedestrian has rights on the highway the same as the motorist, but asserting those rights in the face of a fast moving car at night usually meets with the same fate that befalls the car driver that attempts to beat an express train over a level crossing. If one must walk on the highways at night, would it not be wiser and safer to stay on the right side of the road, and to make doubly sure; would it not be wise, too, to carry a lantern or light of some kind as well?

"This England"

New Statesman and Nation (London) Cheering, singing shouting and crying. And then the King! A pale radiance, a slender-whited shadow — the Queen behind him . . . The Queen then did a strange, an unusual thing. She outstretched her arms, so that all might see that she was real and human.—Daily Express.

We see that between these years the male population decreased by over 100,000, while the females increased by some 300,000. Thus nearly a million spinsters were artificially created during these seven years . . . Of course it would be wrong to imagine that this is caused entirely by the war. . . . The Army, Navy, and Air Force Gazette.

Testator gave the use of a house in Arbour Street, Southport, to his brother Thomas and his wife, together with £416 a year. "On condition he or she shall use long lace curtains in the front windows, and they use curtains of any other description the annuity is to be reduced to £312." — Daily Telegraph.

Two Women Till 240-Acre Farm By Themselves

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. — Dashing through the countryside in your new car, or ancient bus have you ever thought of the lives of the people who live on the farms you whizz by? asks Florence Craig in the Sault Daily Star. Algoma farmers, like others, are faced with problems, have their little excitements and good times and the same worry of where their next dollar is coming from.

Loss of Horse Serious. Take a certain farmer with whom this reporter talked. His horse had died suddenly, and the man was worrying what he would do for work. "A lot of work I could have had on the farms around here is lost, just because my horse died. Now I don't know where I will find the money to get another one," he said.

"Come on in and sit awhile," is the general invitation wherever one goes, for the Algoma farmer is hospitable. He is glad to see a visitor and loath to let him go. "Won't you have a glass of buttermilk?" one farm woman asked, taking a trip down into the cool depths of the basement to bring up a pitcher of refreshing buttermilk.

Epics could be written of the pioneer spirit of some of those who are struggling to build up farms. There are the two women who are left with a 240-acre farm of rich rolling land which they work themselves. "It doesn't give us time for anything else. But there's a depression and we could not sell the farm now," the daughter said. Seeding, which means extra work, and a busy time for all, is the only time they have employed outside help this year.

Back to the Land

Then there is the man who has gone "back to the land." Formerly a worker in the Sault, the depression left him without work. Finally, with his wife and children, he settled out in the country, where he is able to raise his own foodstuffs. "It's a living, but I hope I'll soon be back in the Sault. How are conditions there?" he wanted to know. Young lambs, calves and tiny puppies they are all out every day gambolling in the warm sun. One lamb five weeks old and answering to the name of Nancy is a household pet. Nancy craves human company and she shows little interest in the doings of other lambs, preferring to wander around close to the farmhouse door or trot at the heels of anyone walking around the yard.

Ottawa Hospital Ends 25th Year

Ottawa. — Twenty-five years of service and progress in combatting tuberculosis, during which the death rate per 100,000 of population has decreased from 140 to 35, was celebrated here recently, on the occasion of the silver jubilee of the opening of Lady Grey Hospital, first unit of the present Royal Ottawa Sanatorium. Sir George Perley, who collected donations of original contributors that made the first building possible, was among those who attended. It was a happy coincidence that the silver jubilee of the institution, Sir George said, was in the same year as the silver jubilee of King George V. There is nothing closer to the hearts of Their Majesties than such work as the sanatorium is doing, he said.

Car Fare Experiments

Writes the Baltimore Sun: Reduction of fares on a number of railroads has resulted in large increase in passenger traffic, showing that the cost of transportation has much to do with the extent to which the public will patronize the roads. In the street-car field experiments have shown that similar results follow the sale of passes which permit a certain number of rides at less cost than the one-fare ticket though the financial results have not always been satisfactory.

As a depression measure, for example the street-car of Kansas City, Mo., issued passes good for a week for \$1. It was calculated that a pass would be used 22 or 23 times, making the fare approximately five cents. But use of passes has grown so rapidly that they are being presented from 34 to 37 times, returning the company a little less than three cents per passenger trip. With operating costs rising, the company's plan proved financially unprofitable. It has become so popular, however, that the experiment will be continued.

28 Civil Servants Under 44 Retired

Ottawa. — Twenty-eight Civil Servants under the age of 44 years have been retired on superannuation because of ill health since August 1, 1930, according to a return tabled in the House recently. Those retired because their positions were abolished totalled 78, of whom 62 were in the Department of Interior.

Confusion

Writes Bertie New Statesman are still lamenting have become "casualties, indeed. Some well-brought up the Great V and Germans; with a whole lot they imagined race of loggys. In one of his boy, who, after up all his and shied at the dirty father one day. "Are you a germ? To the unclean germ is still in I heard recently took her month-family of counting from measles ate intention of thought it would baby to 'get it of baby's measles di menia and it di woman wept a it must be the W. Instances could be thousands times. had much acq- educated as imp- attempts to im- have often encoun- superstitious opp- continue to be a and hygiene are subjects in all se-

R.C.M.P.

Observes the W. — "Public" interest tions and assign Canadian Mounted gratified by the Superintendent H. Both these in service in the M. each has made fortunate in his public Colonel and courteously Manitoba Provincial years, in an inter- after his war ser- ent Mellor has ex- perience of pleas- the west. His tran- assistant director Investigation Bu- takes him from leaves accompan- of all those who sideration with a- sideration to perfor- cate and invari-

Amateur

He pelts the p- O'er dale and Exotic: Yet should be One in the dr- He must becon- By breezes fa- Knees-deep in- He takes his a- In trouble: And blasts the To have it fa- And bounce a- By his own ga- He's hit the w- Of violent rap- Yet limber: And wraps his Like any dub- In frenzy 'N.Y. Brooklyn, N.Y.

Relative Of Oil Ma Live

Blackie, Alta. — of the Rockefeller, Fred Rockefeller, a lived in this distr- years, has proved relative of John oil magnate. Since the time Rockefeller, the great - great - g- who migrated to Germany, in 1720, ations of the sp- name have crept t- tory shows, Joh- fathers escaped f- number of Hugon- time the name w- Under the Rock- sation, whose s- bers 2,000, a fund- lished by which a- may obtain a hig- D. Rockefeller an- the costs of com- the history. Most of the Ca- the family live in- have migrated to- vices. Los Angeles, G- been said, many t- women were hus- ages. The prelim- compiled for the- summary of "Am- cate that present- men are proud of- per cent. of the- received give the-