

VOICE OF THE PRESS

CANADA, THE EMPIRE

THE WORLD AT LARGE

CANADA

COURTESY AT THE BORDER
Speaking before the Canadian Association of Tourist and Publicity Bureaus, in convention here, Mr. D. Leo Dolan was able to tell that during the past year one thousand letters and messages had been received from tourists in appreciation of hospitality and courtesy extended them in Canada.

This is a splendid thing. In cooperation with the Departments of Immigration and National Revenue, the Travel Bureau has been promoting the idea of courtesy to visitors, with particular attention to the attitude of immigration and customs officials on the border. In many respects, it is perhaps the finest work the Travel Bureau is doing.—Ottawa Journal.

WHY SHE WANTED SIGHT
We heard the other day of a woman 75 years old whose sight has been failing so that in recent years she has not been able to read. Now she has decided to have an operation on her eyes for the special purpose of being able to read The Thirty-nine Steps by John Buchan. This is the most remarkable compliment to a writer we ever heard of.—J. V. McAree in Toronto Mail and Empire.

DIDN'T IDENTIFY DEBTOR
About a year ago the death occurred in Saskatchewan of Dr. W. D. Cowan, member of Parliament for Long Lake. Some months after his death Premier Bennett had occasion to refer to him in words that threw an illuminating sidelight upon his character. "He did a great deal of work for a great many people," said Mr. Bennett, "but his account books consisted simply of entries such as: 'Man in grey overcoat, \$75.' Dr. Cowan followed this practice of identification through all his accounts in order that in case of his death those who took charge of his affairs should not be able to harass people who were in debt."

That was probably an unusual an obituary tribute as was ever paid to any Canadian Parliamentarian, or, for that matter, to anyone else.—Edmonton Journal.

NEATLY PUT
We asked a man who had discussed the Reciprocity Treaty for hours just what he thought of it all. Here was the answer:
"Reading the treaty and discussing it with a lot of people reminds me of a sign I once saw in front of a church. It read: 'The Rev. Joseph Brown will preach here next Sunday. Subject: Have we learned the lesson of the great depression? Mrs. Jones will sing: Search me Oh God!'"—W. L. Clark, in Windsor Star.

STOP!
"Stop!" says the sign. You see it everywhere at the junction of side streets with main thoroughfares. It does not mean to hesitate or to slow down. Nor does it mean to sound your horn and barge ahead as though the horn could blow oncoming traffic out of your way. And it does not say "Go on, if you think best." It means exactly what it says—Stop! The definition of stop is "to cease from any motion of action."

Too many drivers do not believe in signs. A railroad engineer who drives a locomotive the way most persons drive an automobile would lose his job so quickly he would not know what hit him. Yet the railroad engineer has a comparatively open right of way, whereas the motorist has to meet a hundred different crises which do not confront the engineer.

When a motorist exercises the right of private judgment regarding stop signs he is endangering the lives of others as well as his own. One of his first lessons should be to learn that the stop sign means stop, and nothing else.

ROAD JUGGERNAUT
A wide acquaintance is an asset. The newspaper is so much more interesting if you know some of the wreck victims.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

NERVE
We think this takes the cake for nerve. A peddler called at our house yesterday selling "No Peddlers" cards. He made a sale, too.—Hamilton Spectator.

ALBERTA'S PIGS
It was a surprise to us to read the other day that Alberta, with a population of 750,000 people, has a pig population as large as Ireland.

And here we had been thinking all along that Ireland was the home of the pig and potato. It seems that Paddy Murphy's pig does not loom

so large after all. Paddy and his fellow countrymen have only about 950,000 hogs. That's about Alberta's hog population. From this number we are able to sell about 1,000,000 commercial hogs yearly, leading all Canada.

Truly, Alberta is looking to mixing farming when we beat Ontario and equal Ireland in pig production.—Lethbridge Herald.

INSIGNIFICANT
Nothing is so insignificant as the person who thinks he is it, when he isn't.—Brandon Sun.

A BOOSTER FOR CANADA
Mr. Thomas J. Watson, American business man, tells The London Sunday Express that the young men who want to make fortunes should go to Canada. The next 25 years, Mr. Watson says, are going to see more economic development in this country than in any other in the world. Canada is the country of the future, this United States observer declares.

We should like to see more Canadian young men impressed with this thought. Often it takes an outsider to get the really correct impression and outlook. We are so close to Canadian possibilities that we sometimes fail to recognize them.

STILL REMAINS
The railway crossing menace still remains one of Canada's major problems.—Hamilton Herald.

SELLING FOR SANTA
Pretty Margaret Mesenger, "apple queen" of Nova Scotia's Annapolis valley, must be the world's champion apple saleswoman. She is assisting in making Britons apple-conscious, and recently she went to Cardiff, Wales, and auctioned two barrels of choice Canadian apples for more than \$2,000 at a charity luncheon.—Toronto Star Weekly.

THE EMPIRE

THE PRINCESS'S PET NAME
When Princess Elizabeth was very young we recollect that she referred to herself as "Lilibet." We have not heard much of that name lately, but since a card bearing it was attached to her uncle, the Duke of Gloucester's wedding present, there can no longer be any doubt but that it is as "Lilibet" that the little Princess is known within her home circle. It is a charming variant on a rather imposing name. Hitherto it has been somewhat difficult to find the right short name for Elizabeth, Bessie and Lizzie are old-fashioned, nor were they at any time very pleasing. Betty is being worked to death. Beth is softer, prettier, but not heard very often. Lilibet has a charm of its own, as well as individuality.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

AN INDUSTRY IN DANGER

Nowhere in his despatch has the Secretary of State dealt with what is one of the most seriously disturbing aspects of the present situation in the cocoa industry, namely the neglect into which estates are being plunged, due to the abandonment of cultivation, and the consequent ruin of a valuable peasant proprietary. This constitutes the principal need for urgency in the granting of relief, for it is generally admitted that there is a level of care below which cocoa properties cannot be permitted to fall without well-nigh irreparable injury. Many estates have already dropped below this level, and others are rapidly approaching the dead-line, so that unless the money is speedily provided to send agricultural labour gangs back to work on cocoa lands all over the country, the cocoa industry of Trinidad is likely to be permanently crippled.—Trinidad Guardian.

TRAM vs. 'BUS IN AUSTRALIA

When the project of electrifying Melbourne's tramway system was in the air several years ago many questions of the wisdom of perpetuating noisy and relatively immobile trams in the city streets. It was thought that motor-buses were better suited to modern conditions. The trams on the day. Now the whirligig of time has brought in a mild installment of revenge. The Tramways Board is asking permission to replace the Ratdown street cable trams with a bus service running from East Brunswick through the city to West Melbourne.—Melbourne Argus.

A man's worth should be reckoned by what he is, not by what he has.—Beecher.

Truth does not consist in minute accuracy of detail but in conveying a right impression.—Sel.



With Jack Dempsey leading, these orchestra leaders tried their hand, pardon, their wind, at harmony during party given in honor of Abe Lyman in New York City. Jack and the inflationists (left to right), Isham Jones, Ted Fio Rito, Abe Lyman, Fred Waring, Jack Denny and Glen Gray.

Depression Viewed As A Blessing

A New Zealand librarian declares that the "depression" has proved a "blessing to literature." He says there has been a remarkable growth in literary output in the past few years. If this be so, it is doubtless due to the fact that so many people have been idle. A cynical person might retort that "Satan still finds mischief for idle hands to do." The Librarian from the antipodes did not specify the kind of books that the depression was responsible for. There has undoubtedly been a glut of books on sociological and economic subjects of late years, which was quite natural. People who are out of employment feel that there is something wrong with a world that cannot offer them a livelihood. The consequence is they either write letters to the newspapers or they write books propounding theories and schemes by which the world can be put right. The theory of Social Credit was evolved in this way. It was born out of the depression, and if prosperity were to return, it would along with many other quack nostrums, fade into oblivion.

But the depression must have been responsible for the creation of higher types of literature. Comparatively few people in these times are satisfied with political or sociological books. They turn for solace and inspiration to religion, poetry, philosophy, science and fiction—mostly fiction. The realm of literature of an easy way of escape from the interminable problems of life, and the writing of books is an occupation that is open to everyone. The only tool needed is a pen or pencil—so much the better if you possess a typewriter. Paper is cheap and you can write away to your heart's content. The chief trouble is in getting the stuff published. But, judging from many of the books on the market, this is a simple matter if you can make an intimate friend of a publisher.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Urge Campaign To Reduce Mortality

Fifty Percent of Maternal Deaths In Canada Preventable, Says Report

Ottawa.—Fifty per cent, if not more, of the 1,200 annual maternal deaths in Canada could be prevented beyond a doubt by adequate provision for pre-natal and obstetrical care, attention to general considerations of health and effective measures against infection, according to a report on Maternal Mortality in Canada by the Canadian Welfare Council's Division on Maternal and Child Hygiene.

This figure represents a rate of 5.3 deaths for 1,000 live births, a slight reduction from that of 5.7 reported in 1926 by the Dominion department of health. Some individual provinces show greater improvement than the Dominion as a whole, Manitoba having cut its rate from 6.8 in 1929 to 3.8 in 1934 and Saskatchewan from 7.1 in 1926 to 4.4 in 1934. Increased pre-natal care is reported as the chief factor in the reduced rates, but infection following pregnancy and inadequate obstetrical care show no appreciable decline.

One-third of the deaths occur in the earlier months of pregnancy rather than at the time of normal confinement, indicating the lack of proper pre-natal care. More than one-quarter are due to infection at the time of child-birth, preventable in most cases by the exercise of great

Have Their "Blowout"

Writer Spills Ink On Hotel Rug And Learns A Use For Tomatoes
By E. Cord Hind in the Winnipeg Free Press

If there is one article in a hotel bedroom for which I have no use, it is the inkpot of the writing table. It is either dry or contains a fluid that any self-respecting fountain pen would scorn.

One of my first moves on entering a hotel room is to put said inkpot in the remotest corner of the room, preferably on the floor behind the bureau, where at least it cannot be seen.

I had taken this precaution at the Howard, on my return from Russia, but had reckoned without an unusually thorough chambermaid. In my absence, the second day, she had retrieved the pot, restored it to its place and then thoughtfully placed the Times over it.

Coming in late that evening, I sat down to type a few notes before turning in. All went well for a time when suddenly a dull thud, and there on the blue and fawn carpet in the middle of an everwidening pool of ink lay that thrice-cursed inkpot. Just then Big Ben boomed midnight, no time to be calling either maid or housekeeper, so I mopped up the mess as best I could, finished the notes and went to bed too mad to sleep, for I had prided myself on never having accidents in hotels.

Next morning, before rushing to keep an early appointment, I summoned the maid, pointed to the trouble, asked her to have the housekeeper notified, the mess cleaned up and the bill brought to me. Had visions of having to replace at least a width of that carpet.

When I returned late in the afternoon I looked for that stain. It had all but disappeared. Presently the housekeeper arrived and before I even thought of the bill, I said: "How did you do it?" "Ripe tomatoes and plenty of them," was the reply. "If we could have got it last night you would never have been able to find the spot."

Housekeepers, please take note, I said, "That's splendid. How much do I owe?" "The manager says 'nothing,' and for you not to worry, and he sent you these." These were six lovely pink roses. There's a manager for you.

That disposes of the tomatoes and the inkpots. Now comes the tobacco. The housekeeper was not through. She was just well started. "No good hotel," she said, "was fussy about accidents such as mine, and after all the loss from such was not so great, but, oh, the cigarettes, thousands a year could not cover that. We do try our best to prevent losses and fires, but it seems no use. Lighted cigarette butts are laid down anywhere and everywhere but on the ash trays, and we do try to have them everywhere."

I expect her sharp eye had seen that I had piled all in the room up on the window ledge, so she was on safe ground. "Look," she said, "at that window in the bathroom."

As a matter of fact I had looked before. There was the telltale long brown stain, so deep in the good enamel paint it must have been close to a fire. Yet even the bath tub was furnished with a cigarette rest and ash receiver, and large dressing glass and high shaving mirror were furnished likewise.

When the housekeeper paused for breath I asked, "Which do you find the worst, men or women?" "Women," was the quick retort. "I'd like to see some of their homes. They seem to have no respect for good furniture and decent hangings."

Take the Sabbath with you through the week and sweeten all the other days.—Longfellow.

The man who thinks his present work beneath him will never rise above it.—MacGregor.

The fireside, the pulpit, the school and the shop, must be linked and leagued together.—Vincent.

Your manhood, your personality, your character, your real selfhood, is a thing to be won as you win a battle.—Gladden.

Let's Go Military!

Make it yourself! It's so utterly simple to cut it out and put it together.

It's so gay and smart in rich bottle green wool-like silk novelty crepe. Black braid frogs parade right down the front of the bodice with epaulet suggestion in the shouder collar opened at the front.

Another attractive scheme is black velveteen with wide flame suede belt.

Wool jersey rabbit's wool, crepe silk, velvet, etc., are other popular materials so fashion it.

Style No. 2947 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 15 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of pattern wanted. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

That sounds to us like sound commonsense. It has never been quite clear why so many girls regard ability to administer a house as derogatory from their dignity as college or university students, and hold that it is belittling to the possession of a University degree to possess also a sound knowledge of cooking. If girls only realized that the young men who are looking around for wives infinitely prefer a good meal cooked at home to a full course dinner in a restaurant, and have more respect for the girl who helps her mother with the housework than for the girl who affects to consider doing so a humiliation.

The young housewife who knows how to cook also knows how to shop and is by training economical. And that is one of the most invaluable virtues any young housewife can possess, nowadays. Young men, not being entirely blind even where their choice of wives is concerned, have a habit of appreciation such qualities even more than the ability to wear a pretty dress gracefully or to dance and stay up till three and keep good-tempered all the time.

At the Age of 70, which he described as the prime of life, W. S. Gilbert was guest of honor at a dinner given by the O. P. Club. Many old Savoyards were present and Gilbert got the biggest laugh of the evening, says Mr. Pearson, when in the course of his speech he plaintively confessed:

"Everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man, and I can't think why!"

There are no better consolers than those who have need to be consoled.—Sel.

The hardest experience of all is to wear the yoke of our own wrong doing.—George Eliot.

Wanted: Wives Who Can Cook

There have been so many actions by the Hitler Government that have called forth worldwide disapproval, not to say anger, that it is refreshing to turn to one which is very likely to evoke the very opposite sentiment observes the Montreal Star in this editorial. Germany's Minister of Education, Bernhard Rust, has just issued a decree that German girls who do not know how to cook will not be admitted to colleges or universities. After the spring of 1937 sixteen-year old girl students must pass an examination in the fundamental duties of housewives before being accepted—and their mothers must teach them.

Boiling Eggs POSSIBLE TO HEAR PRINT

Having talked about eggs and chickens and the great improvement in the size of both of them within the last fifty years we are reminded of the observation of a foreign visitor to England who went home and wrote a book in which he said that there was a significant difference in the way in which a boiled egg was treated at Oxford and at Cambridge writes the Toronto Star. The Oxford manner was to cut the top off the egg, while at Cambridge it was tapped and chipped with the bottom of the spoon until the upper part of the shell could be flaked off in fragments, exposing the upper part of the undamaged egg. It may be that some solemn Englishman at either Oxford or Cambridge had been spoofing this literary foreigner. Either way of opening a boiled egg serves the purpose, but perhaps the chipping of the egg is daintier. It gives breakfast, to a man just risen, a bit of artistic effect.

There is, of course, another way of dealing with boiled eggs and in England it is called the Yankee way. You break, or the waiter does, two boiled eggs, underdone, into a tumbler, throw in some butter, pepper and salt, stir it vigorously with a spoon. It becomes a sort of egg soup. It tastes well and is said to be more beneficial to convalescents than eggs in the shell. This method releases a certain gas which the cooked egg contains.

Then, as regards boiled eggs, there is what Gulliver has to tell us about the Lilliputians. Among them there was a religious sect who made it a matter of faith to break their eggs at the big end. Those who broke them at the small end were considered heretics and were called Little-enders. The orthodox called themselves Big-endians, and conscious of their superiority, walked erect among their inferiors.

There is, certainly, more in this egg-subject than we supposed when we started in on it.

Records are Cheap
"These paper records could be sold with handsome profits at twice the price a sheet, and the reproducing machine could probably be sold for \$6 or less."
"Prices depend on the demand, of course, but here is something that appears to give a staggering blow to the existing gramophone industry. There are no overtones, undertones, or other extraneous noises with these paper records. The 'needle' is a thin pencil of light, so there is nothing to wear out or 'scratch,' except the paper itself."

7,000 Frequencies
"Folding the paper, by the way, doesn't seem to make any difference to the quality of the record, and records of more permanent character can be printed, of course, on stronger paper. The inventor claims up to 7,000 frequencies, and promises more."

"There is clearly a revolutionary principle in the 'Fotoliptofono,' apart from its polysyllabic name. A hundred gramophone records may weigh fifty pounds, but a hundred paper records weigh nothing worth mentioning."

"There can now be produced on paper, and filed for reference, all sheet-music, books, advertisements, school text-books, and lectures, affidavits, counsels' speeches, legal addresses, judgments, office correspondence and telephone communications."

Make Own Programs
"The fireside listener who cares to go to the expense of a recording machine, more costly than the other, can make records of all his favorite programs for future repetition, though I don't suppose he will."

"Doctors can record and file the heart-beats and breathings of their patients, or post them to special consultants. This has been done in the Argentine."

"The inventor needs to get closer to technicalities here and there, but fundamentally he has a very big thing. Life gets more complicated every day!"

Oxford "Generous" To Women Students

OXFORD, England.—Chaperon rules affecting women at Oxford University have been relaxed.

Hitherto an undergraduate could not have a woman undergraduate in his room without a chaperon, but women are now no longer forbidden to go to undergraduates' rooms, whether in college or lodgings, during the afternoon.

The notice adds: "They may go to the men's rooms up to 7:15 p.m. without there being a second woman with them."

A woman undergraduate said: "I think the notice announcing the concession might very well have been issued without the reminder that such permission is intended to cover occasional visits only."

"It is a step in the right direction, however, and we are looking forward to the time when the ridiculous rule that a woman may not go out with an undergraduate in his car without permission, and then only when a second woman is present, will also be a thing of the past."

Christ never sends anyone on a mission of duty or love but He says, "I am with you, I go with you even to the end."—Cuyler.

God's purpose can be attained only by the use of methods which God can approve.—Sel.