

Nazi Ideas On Race Superiority

While there is considerable goose-stepping in obedience to Nazi music by German anthropologists, ethnologists and sociologists who ought to know better, there is also some mild disagreement with the doctrine of the Nordic superiority, one of the foundation stones of the Hitler-Goebbels-Resenberg ideology. The result is a great deal of floundering. Andrew Baker performs the useful task in the Journal of Psychology, of showing how foggy is recent German thinking on the subject of race superiority.

A German follower of Hitler always asserts that, whatever anthropologists may say, a race can be defined in the terms of psychics and physics — the minds and bodies, modes of thinking and outward looks. The dilettantish Hans F. K. Guenther is followed, his "Rassenkunde des Deutschen Volkes" having become the anthropological gospel of Germany. He becomes rhapsodical. "The soul of the Nordic is as fair as his body."

When the blue-eyed blonds began to preen themselves on their Nordic souls simply because of their fair skin and to set up within the chosen but mixed "Aryans" a still more chosen caste the government thought it time to step in. The Department of Popular Political Enlightenment and Race Consciousness declared the "craze for blondness" and warned against "racial vanity and family conceit." More stress began to be laid on the mythical Nordic "soul" and the supposed ability, denied to other strains, to think coolly, logically and thoroughly, to dominate, to invent and to organize. But, points out Mr. Baker, these qualities are precisely the ones assigned by so good a geneticist as Lenz to the Jews.

The second commandment of the Nazi gospel is a belief in the immutability of race, no matter what the anthropologists may have proved about racial impurity and the instability of man as a biological species. Heredity is everything, environment nothing, according to this conception. Anthropologists, on the other hand, make it plain that while a Mongol cannot change his slant eyes and his yellow skin, he can nevertheless become socially a European merely by living with Europeans and learning their ways. If Western negroes were deported to the African jungles where they came they would be as socially miserable as white men. Yet Hitler thinks that he reduces the belief of environmental influence to absurdity when he says that "Americans ought to be American Indians if there is any truth to this view."

But others realizing the hollowness of Hitler's method of reasoning, fly to Lamarck, in whose doctrines very few biologists believe. Baker points out the dilemma:

Two compromises are being offered: (a) differentiation between race and species — an artificial differentiation; (b) assumption of the heredity of acquired characteristics — an unproven concept.

A third Nazi tenet is that the "Aryan" branch of the white race is superior to all others in its capacity for civilization, conquest being one of the evidences of superior endowment. The best minds in Germany swallow Hitler's dictum ("Mein Kampf") that "human culture on the European continent is inseparable from the existence of the Aryan," notwithstanding the cultural dominance of the Moors in Europe at a time when the Nordics were unwashed, ignorant barbarians who were regarded as an inferior stock by the Mediterranean peoples. The Hitler gospel has had repercussions abroad — notably in Japan — with which Germany would like to remain on the friendliest terms because of the supposed Russian menace — with the result that Frick, the Minister of the Interior, had to issue this ukase:

Hateful derogation of foreign races must be avoided in principle. The only demand to be stressed is that increasing influence of foreign blood over German be prohibited by all means.

Baker summarizes: While it has been officially declared that derogation of other races must be avoided, the opposite view is maintained with equal strength. Open contraction is the present status. Lastly, we have the doctrine that culture and race are synonymous and that a culture declines when the races mix — this despite the immense amount of historical and anthropological evidence to the effect that cultures flourish best when the races intermix.

Baker makes the point that Germans deliberately misinterpret eugenics to make it synonymous with the racial purity. Karl Pearson, leader of the eugenic movement after Galton, was not concerned with races or mixtures of races, but solely with social fitness. But in Germany it is assumed that racial mixtures are bad, despite the fact that there is not a pure human race in existence anywhere and that the Germans themselves are mongrels.

"If a composer discusses his work before it is completed he has a feeling that the public is looking over his shoulder." — Walter Damrosch.

HOW TO MAKE ICED TEA

Infuse six heaping teaspoons of Salada Black Tea in a pint of fresh boiling water. After six minutes strain liquid into two-quart container. While hot, add 1½ cups of granulated sugar and the juice of 2 lemons. Stir well until sugar is dissolved; fill container with cold water. Do not allow tea to cool before adding the cold water; otherwise liquid will become cloudy. Serve with chilled ice.

"SALADA" ICED TEA

A Sundown Party Is Fun

Writer in Glasgow Herald Describes the Most Popular Method of Entertaining a Large Number of People in Northern Rhodesia.

In Northern Rhodesia the most popular method of entertaining a large number of people is to give an outdoor sundown party. In small, rather isolated communities, where we have to rely on the same people every day for our physical and mental relaxations, a visit from a high official, from an interesting visitor from another colony, or from overseas, or from the Royal Air Force on their yearly cruise is enthusiastically welcomed. Then a hostess will seize the opportunity to despatch by a boy on a bicycle, invitations to her neighbors, and will think contentedly how a fresh face, a different point of view, and new ideas will bring a sparkle to her party and stimulate her friends for days to come. Moreover, it is a country where darkness falls quickly and early, and six o'clock finds us pleasantly relaxed after a game of tennis or golf and ready to occupy the time between sundown and dinner by being comfortably amusing and amused.

Glowing Scene

Grouped in a broken circle around an enormous wood fire, forty or fifty people sit idly talking. In the shelter of a sweeping clump of bamboos stands a table lighted by a shaded oil lamp and spread with decanters of the various drinks and aperitifs. Large jugs of fresh lemon and orange juice are there too, and the light glows softly on rows of glasses and the chromium tops of soda siphons. The head-boy, in white tunic and red fez, stands with folded arms beside the table, seeing that every one who comes has the drink he prefers.

Two or three boys move silently among the guests offering small savories — creamed corn on toast sprinkled with grated cheese, coiled brown and silver anchovies, minute sausage rolls, cheese straws, pink prawns garnished with capers and mayonnaise sauce, tiny hot sausages and miniature angels on horseback spiked with wooden sticks, stuffed eggs, olives, sardines on toast, water thin potatoes, and salted almonds.

Above, the star-brightened sky is deep, dark blue. Tall trees move a little in the warm, scented breeze. At the foot of a thinly wooded slope are

the moonlit waters of the lake. Now and again two shadowy figures bearing a great log break through the circle, creating a million sparks as they throw their burden into the blazing depths of the fire.

The murmur of voices is broken by gusts of laughter. There is a pleasing air of informality. No standard of dress it set. Some have come in flannels or washing frocks from tennis or golf; later arrivals who are dining out afterwards have changed into conventional evening clothes; several women wear trousers and gay shirts, but the majority have on their smartest frocks.

Pleasant Intercourse

The guest of the evening is much feted. A Government official makes encouraging suggestions to a labor-worried farmer, who in turn offers a scotch to temporarily replace a damaged Government one. A group of members of the fishing club argue amicably over last season's sport. An experienced coffee planter is in deep discussion with the agricultural officer and the postmaster is arranging to dine with a settler to diagnose the ailments of a new wireless.

And the women talk as women will. A feeling of good fellowship pervades the party, and one realizes how far these social occasions go to promote friendliness in a community so small that personalities are apt to become over-emphasized.

So we sit happily until one or two people rise reluctantly to take their leave. We say "Good-bye," and the cars with their contented owners disappear down the firmlined drive into the starry night.

Oysters Change Sex From Year to Year

OTTAWA—In the oyster world along the Atlantic coast of North America, the males and females interchange as between the sexes from year to year. In any one year a male may be a female and the next year the female may become a male. This change in sex has been under observation by the Biological Board of Canada for the past six years in connection with one of the oyster beds along the Prince Edward Island coast, and it has been found that the oysters can and do change their sex from year to year. It is the opinion that the oysters tend first to mature as males and later change to females, and that probably each year a few female oysters change to males. During the period, the females increased in greater proportion than the males. In 1931, 62 per cent were males and 25 per cent females; but by 1934, 76 per cent were females and only 22 per cent males. The remainder were doubtful as to sex.

Silenced

For nearly an hour the talkative man had bored his fellow-passengers in the railway carriage with accounts of his dog Caesar.

"Sir," said an old man who had been vainly trying to snatch forty winks, "suppose you took Caesar into a shop and bought him a muzzle, and then asked the assistant to put it on for you and he refused, what would you do?"

"Why," said the talkative one, "put it on myself!"

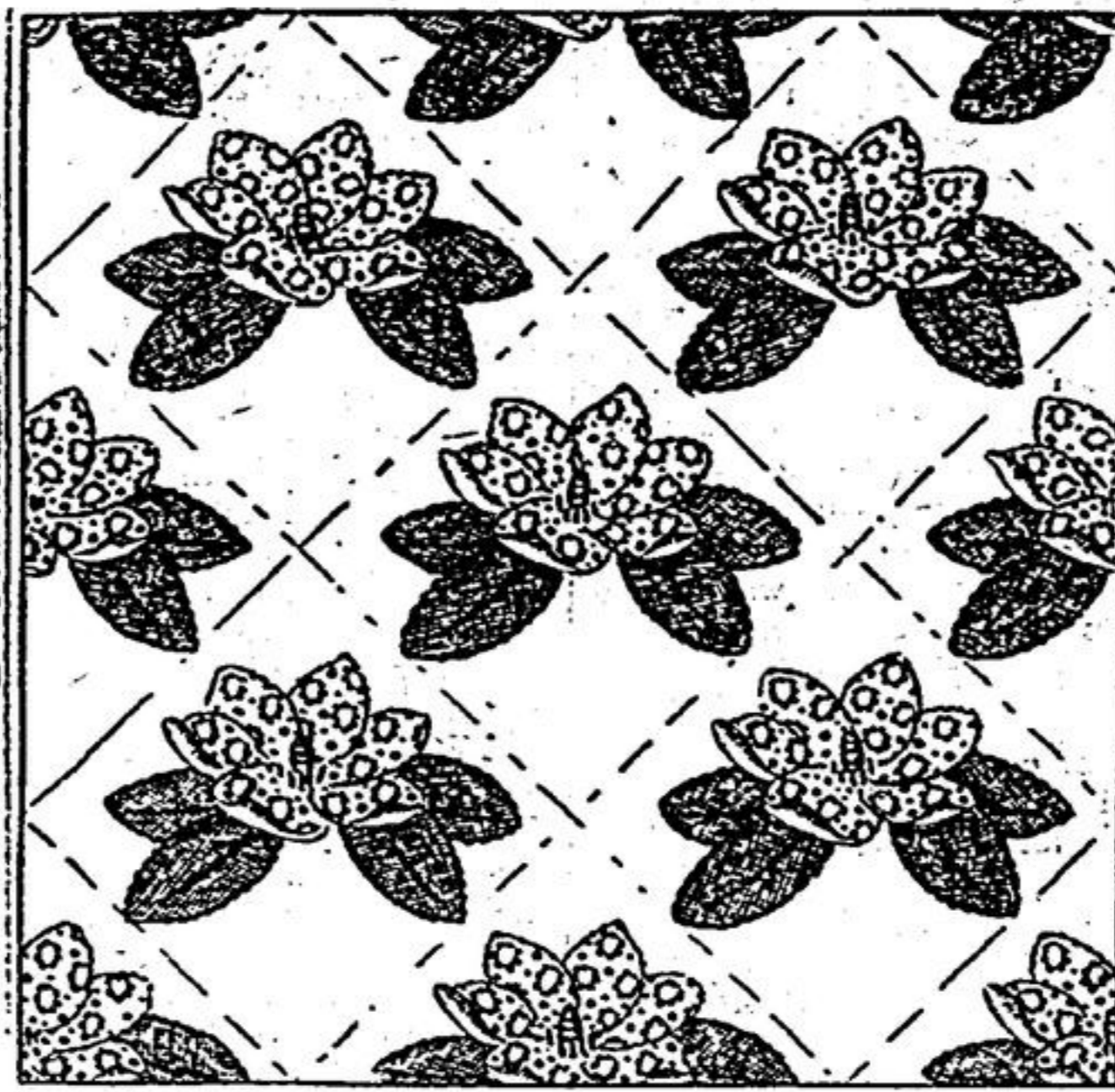
"Quite so!" was the reply, "and I think all here will agree with me that you would look jolly well with it on."

Journalism

"Newspaper work, like acting and singing, is perishable. That is the conventional thing to say about it. It is high time someone said that, like acting and singing, it is, therefore, profoundly modest. I count it a high honor to belong to a trade in which good men write each piece, each paragraph and each sentence, as painstakingly and as lovingly as any Addison." — Alexander Woolcott.

"The well-being of a nation depends upon the well-being of its neighbor nations and fair and friendly trade relations with those nations." — Richard E. Byrd.

Magnolia Blossoms Add Beauty to Laura Wheeler Appliqued Quilt



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Ease the Shock of Death Awareness For Your Children

Send Them to Sunday School for Religious Instruction and Don't Avoid Their Questions.

"What is the angel doing, mother?"

He had picked up an old magazine with a picture of Dan Cupid on the cover, a very beautiful cherub who may have been ten or twelve years old, but with beatific wisdom in his eyes.

"He isn't an angel, dear. He is a little fairy. Those are arrows he has."

After the meaning of arrows was explained the next question was a poser. Small Sam went back to the angel idea, "Why doesn't he have clothes on? Angels wear dresses. They wear dresses and go to see Jesus."

Mother said yes, that was right. "But," she added, "I guess some angels would rather go without clothes. Boy angels maybe."

"They live in heaven."

"Yes, dear."

"Why don't they like it here?"

"They do. Only they like heaven better."

"Heaven's up in the sky. Can we go there? Do airplanes see heaven?"

"No, it is too far away."

Just a Word to Children

"Harry's an angel now. Mary said so. But Richard said Harry was dead. What does dead mean?"

Mother said, "You go to sleep for a long time. And when you wake up you are in heaven."

If the boy had been older she would have tried to be more definite, but he is such a little fellow.

"Will I be dead sometime? I want to see heaven."

"Oh, sometime, but Grandpa's never been dead or seen heaven. People stay here a long time usually before they go away."

"Harry went. Where do wings grow, mother?"

"I think you had better get your sled now, dear. You need some sunshine before lunch. Oh, wings grow on shoulders."

She asked me what to do.

"The boy so often brings up the subject of angels and death," she said. "Possibly because he lost a little friend. He isn't old enough to reason it out so I never know what to say. About death, I mean."

Answer His Questions.

"Who does know?" I reminded her. "You and I were told it as you have told your son. Today we may have altered the conception of what form the spirit takes after winging away, according to our faith and reason; but even the greatest skeptics cannot deny the beauty of the idea of white-winged angels. Anyway, I think it better for you to answer the child's questions. So many mothers avoid it altogether."

"Why don't you start Samuel to Sunday School? Religious instruction is a part of my creed about child rearing. Whatever the religion of his parents and grandparents before him, it is best for the child to have instruction in that, I think. He learns, at least, to revere the things he should. As for death, I would not go too deeply into explanations now."

Canadian Oats Check Decline

Like the world area in wheat and barley, the world acreage under oats has steadily declined since 1929. In the British Empire, however, the trend has been in the opposite direction, the area under oats now standing higher than at any time during the period 1928-35. This is chiefly due, states the Imperial Economic Committee's report on Grain Crops, to the continuous increase in Canada since 1931.

Of the 15,890,000 acres sown to oats in the British Empire in 1934, Canada had 13,730,000 acres. The area sown in foreign countries was 117,270,000 acres, making a world total of 136,160,000 acres, and showing a decline in the world area sown to oats of 10,060,000 acres, compared with 1928. The progressive acreage in Canada is shown by the following figures:—12,840,000 acres in 1931; 13,150,000 acres in 1932; 13,530,000 acres in 1933; 13,730,000 acres in 1934; 14,096,200 acres in 1935, and 14,150,000 (provisional estimate) in 1936.

World production in oats has fallen below the level of 1928-30. The United States, as first among the world producers of oats, has been replaced by Russia. In Empire trade Canada retains her place as principal producer and exporter of oats. Indeed, in Empire trade, the Canadian exports of oats and the United Kingdom imports are the principal features of that trade. Normally, the United Kingdom is the largest world importer of oats, but she lost that place in 1934 to Switzerland and Italy for the time being. As already stated, Canada continues to be the chief Empire supply of oats, almost the only supply, it might be said, because the Irish Free State, once an important factor, now sends only very small quantities.

One Thing Spared Us

Observes the Calgary Herald—An Ontario contemporary voice a strong complaint against what is called the "plagues of June." It enumerates among others the caterpillar, the shad fly, the mosquito, and the black fly, all of which have made life in the banner province miserable of late. Fortunately Ontario seems to have escaped that annual Calgary discomfort, the down and seed pods from cottonwood trees.

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Streamlined Bathtub Arrives To Fit Into the Modern Scheme

Do You Walk Right?

To walk well there is only one rule—walk on one line and not on two. All this talk about the ball of the foot and shoulder carriage is unnecessary, for you could not possibly walk on one line a woman will appear more graceful, and if there is any soft drapery about her costume she will seem almost to float into a room. I know a woman quite short and heavy, who, by walking on one line, gives such an impression of perfect control of her body that she looks pounds lighter while walking than at any other time. This technique gives to a man dignity and directness of movement.—Margery Wilson, Charm.

The streamlined bathtub has arrived. It is announced that will be exhibited for the first time at the national plumbing convention in Buffalo next week. The makers explain that the new style in bathtubs is "designed to harmonize with modern types of construction and architecture."

We take it that the reference is to new styles in building and not to any revolutionary changes in the construction and architecture of the human chassis, which must fit into the new tubs. It is a comparatively simple task to alter the general shape and design of bathtubs, but quite another matter to mold the anatomy of some of us to proportions which fit neatly into a streamlined tub. Possibly the manufacturers should adopt as an advertising slogan "Shapely tubs for shapely people," thereby avoiding any complaints from purchasers about misfits.

Incidentally, the makers should be complimented on their commercial candor in announcing this latest contribution to the refinements of civilization, which is proclaimed as "a stimulus to the bathtub business." That is delightfully frank, as everything connected with bathtubs usually is. But it is just a little disappointing. We had hoped that the real purpose behind the streamlining of bathtubs was to promote greater speed in bathing, thus helping to relieve traffic jams in front of bathroom doors both in homes and boarding houses.

However, high-speed bathing has its dangers unless the new tubs are equipped with efficient non-skid devices and hydraulic brakes. It is obvious that the combination of a piece of soap and a streamline bathtub is likely to produce a degree of acceleration hazardous in the extreme to bathers who are in the habit of stepping on it. Apart from such risks, the new tubs have much to commend them and regular users doubtless will be kept in good shape that they will step out of the tub each morning ready to meet all-comers.

Old Orchard

Myra Jo Closser in the New York Times.

Why does the frame that youth has kissed farewell, And left to memory and tranquil task, See budding treetops tossed in a Spring gleam, With such a stir of foolish hope, you ask? How can the sap that rises in the wood Disturb a being blasted and encumbered By half a hundred years of drought and flood, Hailstorm and thunderbolt, but half-remembered? In an old orchard many a knotted tree, Long past its bearing when the harvest comes, Still flowers with a blithe futility When April tilts at Winter in the sun. So I, to age and impotence consigned, Put forth my verses—restless as the wind.

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