

# The Papers Say

EDITORIAL COMMENT FROM  
HERE, THERE AND  
EVERYWHERE.

## CANADA

### Unfair

A life insurance authority says that a woman may now expect to live four years longer than a man, the average expectancy standing at sixty-three in her case as compared with fifty-nine for the lord of creation. This hardly seems fair in view of the amount of time wasted by masculines in waiting for members of the fair sex.—Brantford Expositor.

### Air Force Expansion

Recruiting in the ranks of the Territorials in Great Britain may not be as satisfactory as the Government desires, but there is no lack of men presenting themselves for enrolment in the Royal Air Force. In the House of Commons on May 22, 1935, Premier Baldwin announced that the Government intended to increase the R. A. F. personnel by 22,500, including 2,500 more pilots, before March, 1937. The response was immediate and now it is announced that in the interim the force has been increased by 15,000 youths and men, and even boys, all desirous of service either in the air or as groundsmen. Viscount Swinton, Air Minister, in the House of Lords the other day stated that the "recruiting was" eminently satisfactory.—Montreal Gazette.

### Still Going Up

It is very gratifying to know that, so far as Hamilton is concerned, the street accident record for the first half of the present year is so much better than the corresponding period of 1935, an improvement attributed largely to Chief Goodman's safe driving campaign. But conditions generally are still far from satisfactory. In reviewing the situation for the whole province, the department of highways says the "collision with railway train" type of accident showed the greatest increase. Up to the end of June there had been 60 such accidents in Ontario, as compared with 47 in the first half of last year. In the same period motor accidents from all causes increased by 7.3 per cent., the number of persons injured being 5.4 per cent. higher and the property damage 7.8 per cent. higher than in the corresponding months of 1935. There were more cars on the road, it is true, but this does not account for the higher accident rate. As an indication that speed and carelessness were largely responsible, there was an increase of 28.6 per cent. in the number of fatal accidents involving collisions between motor vehicles.—Hamilton Spectator.

### Life On The Motor Highway

Ottawa man riding as a passenger in a neighbor's car was killed. The driver has been convicted in Pembroke of "criminal negligence." Another instance of the trust people so often misplace when nonchalantly they step into an automobile. The man responsible for the fatal accident was fined \$200 and his driving permit cancelled for six months. A life on the highway does not seem to carry a high value in the estimate of some courts.—Ottawa Journal.

### Swift And Certain

Within eighteen hours of the time they held up and robbed a business establishment in Hamilton, Ontario, two young men were sentenced to ten years in Kingston Penitentiary. It is a fair sample of the swift and certain quality of Canadian justice.

Armed robbery is one of the worst of crimes—and these young men have received sentences adequate to the requirements of the peace and security of the country.

And while one has no desire to draw comparisons, one is bound to recognize that if in the great neighboring republic justice were as sure and as swift as this, crime in the United States would be far less prevalent.—Halifax Herald.

### The Growing Caravan

Several touring automobile trailers have been seen in this city in the past week. It is estimated that there are 300,000 Americans now living in these travelling homes—largely people who have retired and unsettled down.—Calgary Herald.

### Peace River Wheat

The Peace River District has cut the first wheat and it averages 35 bushel to the acre. This has been a common yield in Kent county this year, showing that we are keeping abreast of the best wheat growing lands in Canada.—Chatham News.

## J. W. Dafoe Honored

The Institute of Pacific Relations has done John W. Dafoe, editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, a high honor in choosing him as its new chairman. No Canadian has made a more intensive study of international affairs. The opinions he has expressed in regard to these in the addresses that he has delivered both at home and abroad and in his newspaper and magazine articles have counted for a great deal. The recognition that he has received from the Institute which has just concluded its biennial sessions at Yosemite California, is thoroughly deserved.—Edmonton Journal.

## Canadian Art Abroad

Canadian art was not mentioned in the Ottawa agreements but works of art do constitute an item of commerce between Britain and Canada. More pictures come from Britain to Canada than move in the other direction. But there are some Canadian artists whose work is known in the Old Land and valued by discerning art lovers there. Last week Arthur Heming, of Toronto, received a cable from one of the old-established London art dealers asking that three canvasses be sent at once as there was a likely chance of disposing of them. This is indeed a red letter event. It is probably many years since any Canadian artist received a cable enquiry for his work from a London dealer. It is a tribute to the lure of Heming's north country pictorialism.—Financial Post.

## Cats Rout Rats

Any assertion that science is unable to devise an effective substitute for nature's rat catcher, the cat, probably would be challenged and might be refuted. Nevertheless, a New York Times news story lays the basis for such a claim. An air conditioning plant in New Jersey was overrun by rats this summer. Its engineers and other scientific experts tried their scientific best to rout the rodent invasion, and failed. Then a practical building superintendent went to the city pound and borrowed its day's catch of stray cats. As gusts of the factory, the cats are comfortably housed by day and at night they are given free range of the factory. Every morning the janitors sweep up the slain rats and conduct the hunting cats back to their daytime apartments. At latest report, the Times' story concludes, the factory's rat population was nearing extinction.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

## Matter Of Spelling

It's all a question of spelling: Calendar—the place. Calendar—a date-record. Calendar—a machine for smoothing and glossing cloth or paper. Calendar—a dervish. Cylinder—part of a motor. Colander (or collender)—a strainer.—Toronto Star.

## Tied Up Somehow

No man remains single. If he has no wife, he is married to a factory, a job, a casting rod or something like that.—Victoria Times.

## THE EMPIRE

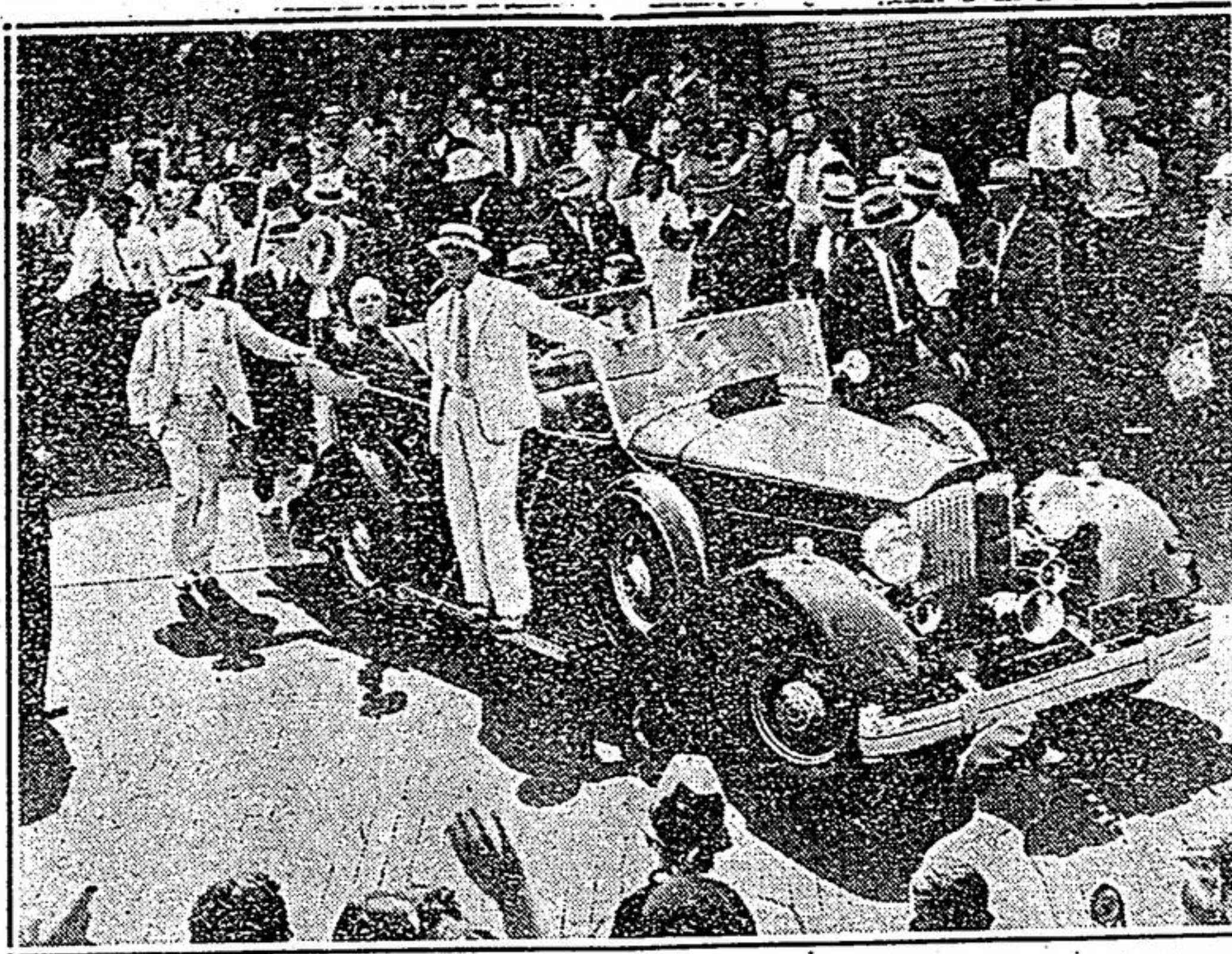
### Mining's The Thing

Only in mining are "plums" going begging. These, naturally, are not to be picked up by young newcomers. The way to the top, as in any other calling, is long and arduous. The point is that there is plenty of room there—Probably never before in the history of the mining industry has the demand for good men been greater or less easy to fill. The training facilities are available—none better. Scholarships are on offer. The chance for the right type of youth is splendid.—Johannesburg Sunday Times.

### Spilt Milk

Any fool can break the eggs, but it takes a cook to make the desired omelette out of them. Our frying pan is full of broken eggs, we are in fact confronted with a first-class mess, the raw material for a feast of omelettes. The world does not stop, and however badly we have played our parts, there is always the possibility of a fresh beginning. If out of corruption can come forth sweetness, then out of the failure of sanctions may come the dawn of sense. The better part for all of us would be to cease recrimination, and to decide for ourselves what is the future we would like to build, and how we can each and all of us contribute to its building.—Columbia Statesman.

## Hailed In Tennessee



President Roosevelt waves acknowledgement of the cheers of crowds in Knoxville, Tenn., heart of the TVA power web, as he passes through city for tour of Great Smoky Mountains National Park

## Position of Negro in Canada

(By Robinson MacLenn, in Toronto Telegram)

Then Lawyer Pitt told me the facts, as closely as he could determine, of the status of the negro in Canada. There are from twenty-three to twenty-six thousand negroes in Canada, he believes, but it is hard to say because "Count ten and you've missed four."

"There are four or five thousand in Toronto," he said.

"Four or five hundred of these are employed by the railroads. They make the best money. They average between a hundred and a hundred and fifteen a month. But altogether only about 25 per cent. are employed. There is no work for the boys that are growing up to manhood. The railroads won't take them now. No one will hire them. The hotels and the dining cars are closed to them. The governments won't even hire them to sweep the streets. There is nothing ahead of them but a few hours' spare work in pool halls or bowling alleys or barber shops."

"And the girls?"  
"Nothing now. There's hardly a one getting twenty-five a month—and dozens trying."

"That is domestic service you speak of?"  
"What else," said Lawyer Pitt, and his voice was soft and sad, "is there for a poor colored girl?"

"How many professional men are there in Canada?"  
"About 25, I guess," he said, and smiled ruefully, "counting those that are partly negro and don't want to be—and those that want to be and can't—about 25."

"Then this is your real problem—and condemning Father Divine and Green Pastures is just a little step toward another end," I suggested.  
"Yes," said Lawyer Pitt, "All we want people to know is that we aren't fooled by Father Divine—and that Green Pastures can be a beautiful thing but is a dangerous thing."

"It's like the Bible. You can take parts of it and twist them out of meaning. To me—and I saw Green Pastures three times—it was beautiful so long as I understood that it was merely an artist's representation of the concrete conception of God formed in the uneducated mind of a child—or an old preacher in the deep south."

"It is, if you lie, a phase in our progress toward understanding of theology. But too often there is the danger that those who see it may misunderstand—think that all negroes believed that God and Heaven are as shown in that picture. That is the danger."

"I personally don't condemn Green Pastures any more than I would condemn a sword. A sword can be a beautiful thing when it is skillfully made. But it can also be dangerous—depending on the hands into which it falls. That's what Green Pastures is like."

### Youth Ashamed

"But there is another thing," said Mr. Wadham, leaning over.  
"Have you ever thought of it this way? A little negro boy goes to see Green Pastures. His parents have no voice in the censorship to keep the picture from him. He sees this picture, and sees in it a childish conception of heaven—a conception that he feels is wrong, but can't quite explain."

"When he comes out of the picture he is hot with shame—the worst kind of shame—shame for his own people, whom he feels have been held up to ridicule, and whom he has no way of defending. If we negro peoples had some great accomplishments to which we could point proudly, we wouldn't mind so much. We could say—'But Green Pastures is only a part of our life—we have also accomplished this—and this—and this.' We can't. And that makes the little boy feel so terribly ashamed for his own people."

## Smiles and Tears

### Beauty Contestants Find Being a Belle Isn't All Cakes and Ale

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—Life at the "Miss America 1936 beauty and talent pageant" is a matter of smiles and salt-water taffy, with a few tears thrown in.

"You have to sit on a stiff board at night and smile all the time—kind of tiring, but a lot of fun," several contestants summed it up last week as they took off their shoes and wriggled their toes in a free moment.

A day spent with the beauties engaged in the current struggle for the "Miss America" title at Atlantic City's boardwalk resulted in these findings:

1. Walking around looking pretty causes girls to lose weight. "Miss Maryland" has lost four pounds since the festivities started, and "Miss Bluegrass," who inherited her beauty from her mother, one-time winner of a baby contest, has lost five, and now tips the scales at 95.  
(However—this may disprove the theory—Miss Virginia has gained five.)

2. Some comments are made which come under the heading, "catty remarks," although most of the crowd is wildly enthusiastic, and gallops in to the ballroom to see the beauties parade.

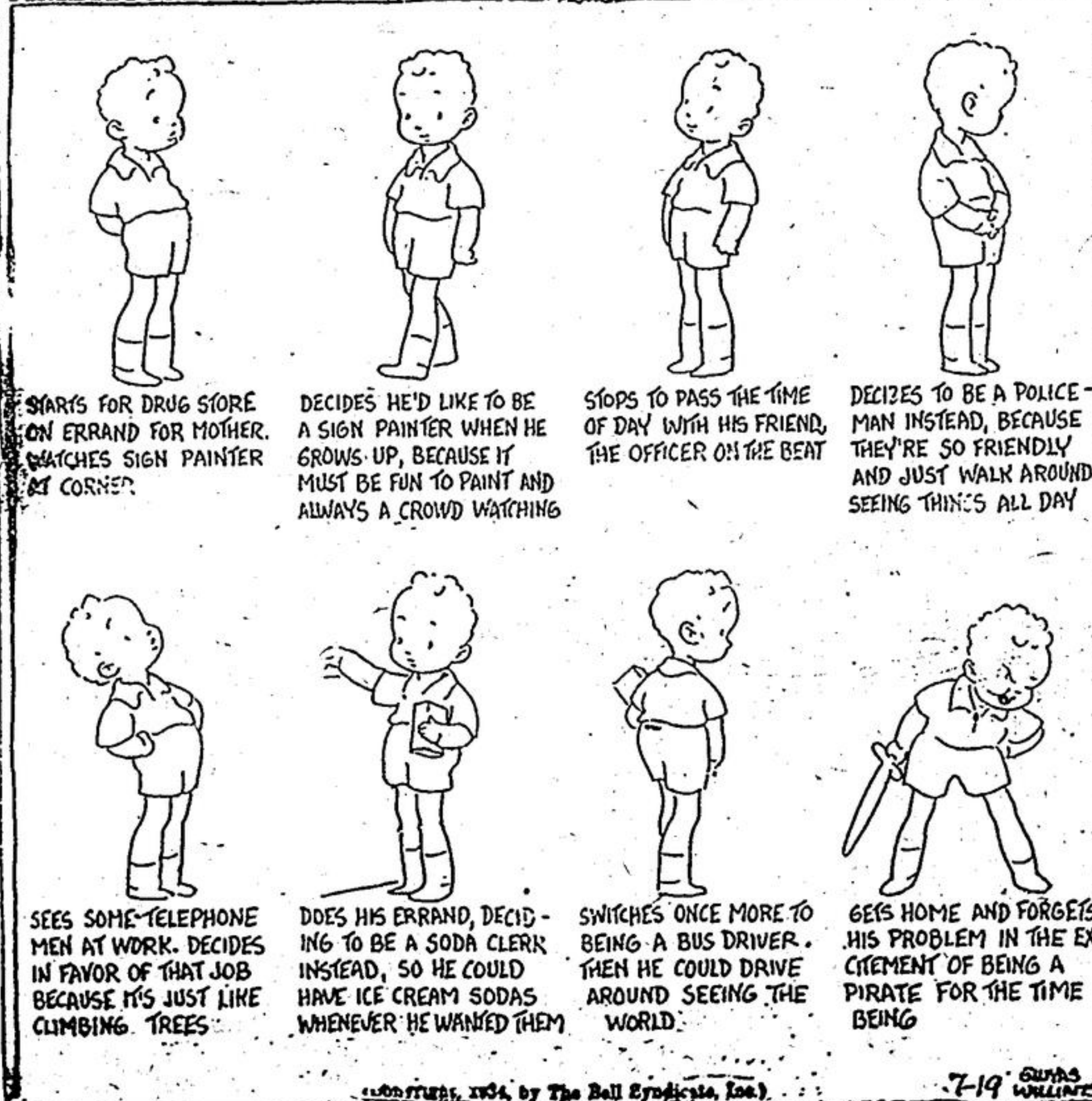
One skeptic said, "this is like an amateur night with no going," and a few relatives of beauties said of other beauties, "pretty—but such a large nose!"

3. Most of the girls in the competition have won all manner of beauty contests, and hold such titles as "Miss Sixth District," "Miss Chicago Parks," "Miss Peach Lake," and "Miss North Side."

Eight or nine mothers arm on hand to see their daughters perform, and give helpful advice between events: "Watch your hat, baby. Don't squint, don't smile too big."

## AMBITIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Their opinion of this year's beauties is that they are simple and unsophisticated, and they are glad because few drink and smoke.

## Out Of A Job?

Writes the New York Times—in March 1923, when Adolf Hitler needed money to finance his fight for power he received a loan from Dr. Ernst F. Sedlitz Hanfstaeng, a wealthy one of his friends, members of a family prominent in Munich art circles and a graduate of Harvard in 1909. When the Nazi leader fled from Munich on November 9th, 1933, after his unsuccessful attempt to overthrow the Bavarian authorities, he found refuge in the Hanfstaeng villa on Ufing am Staffelsee.

Until recently the two men have been close friends. Dr. Hanfstaeng was put in charge of the Nazi party's foreign press bureau. One of Hitler's favorite forms of relaxation was to hear Dr. Hanfstaeng's renditions on the piano, of Wagner and Beethoven. Now it appears their relations have cooled. Last week at the Nuremberg meeting of the Nazi party, it was believed that Dr. Hanfstaeng had lost his job as head of the foreign press bureau. "Putzy" as his Harvard classmates call him, was on hand for the meeting but merely as a spectator. He was subdued rather than buoyant as of old.

When the doctor who is a physical giant, was asked by journalists in Nuremberg about his alleged demotion, he wrinkled his eyebrows and said, "Humbly! I am here, am I not?"

## Brave Girl

One day last February, Clara Kathryn Van Horne, eleven years old, saw two younger children on a sled speeding down an icy hill toward a railroad track. A train was approaching, but the boys on the sled either did not see the train or could not stop. There was only one thing for Clara Kathryn to do and she did it. She hurled her own small body in front of the sled. When it struck her the two boys were thrown into a snowbank. The sled bounced on down the hill and under the wheels of the locomotive.

A couple of days ago the Legion of Valor met in Cincinnati. The Legion is made up of 1,000 men and women who have been decorated by the United States government for extraordinary gallantry. Just a military decoration doesn't get one into the Legion of Valor. A valorous deed, beyond the regular demands of duty, is required.

Among the 200 persons on the floor of the Cincinnati convention were the men who had proved their valor on the battlefields of France and in the Spanish-American War. Some were weather-beaten campaigners who had looked into the eyes of death on many fields. All 200 arose and cheered wildly when a small girl in a blue silk dress and with a pink ribbon in her hair was lifted onto a table and introduced as their queen of valor.

It was all a bit bewildering and embarrassing to Clara Kathryn. But it gave her a memory which she probably will treasure through life quite as much as she will the gold medal which was presented to her on her 12th birthday, September 12th, by President Roosevelt.

## Camp Closing

The camp is closed and none is left to break  
The silent stillness that surrounds the place.  
I sit and dream . . .  
Strange shadowy forms flitting from room to room,  
Vague voices seeming through the silent gloom  
To laugh or scream . . .  
The swaying boats lashed to a railed tree  
Be-moan the fact that none will set them free  
On this dull day.  
A cricket chirps; "Tomorrow sun will shine."  
What matter now, when none can spare the time  
To feel the ray?  
Summer is gone, and with it all the thrill  
Of life . . . The place is taut and still.  
"Ah, woe is me!"  
The lake reflects the greyness of the skies,  
And fishes jump and gasp to reach the prize  
They think they see.  
Sadness prevails. A squirrel's twittering voice  
Calls through the rain and bids us to rejoice  
And have no fear.  
For though the winter cold and grim must come,  
Another summer filled with joy and fun  
We'll hail next year.  
—Lang Wilson.

Because it would cost more than \$20,000,000 a year, the British Government has decided that a pension for married women at 55 is not practicable.

## Personal Estates Of Britishers

Sir Frederick Charles Bowring, D.L. of Sefton Park, Liverpool, chairman of C. T. Bowring and Co., shipowners and merchants, aged 79, left estate of the gross value of \$3,241,000.

The Right Hon. Robert Hudson, and Baron Borwick of Hawkshead, of Berkeley Square, W., and of Nice, formerly head of George Horwick and Sons, Limited, baking powder manufacturers, aged 91, left estate of the gross value of \$1,885,000.

George Augustin Macmillan, of South Kensington, S.W., a director of Macmillans, publishers, aged 80, left estate of the gross value of \$1,830,000.

Walter Hargreaves Brown, of the Founders Court, Louthbury, E. C., and Phillimore Gardens, W., partner in the firm of Brown, Shipley and Co., merchant bankers, aged 55, left estate of the gross value of \$3,545,000.

Harry Campbell Richardson Steyning, of Hoylake, shipowner, aged 70, left an estate of the gross value of \$1,730,000.

Reginald Oliver Ridley, J.P., of Inghelthorpe, Norfolk, aged 71, left estate of the gross value of \$1,237,000.

Mrs. Ellen Manning, of Forest Hill, S.E., widow of J. R. Manning, aged 86, left estate of the gross value of \$726,000.

John Murphy of Kingston Hill, late partner in R. and J. Rea, shipowners, aged 77, left \$772,000.

George Nicholson of Liverpool, who died on March 17, aged 93, left estate of the value of \$961,000.

George Isaac Nathan, of Spanish Place, Manchester Square, W., a director of I. Salaman and Co., Limited, ostrich feather merchants, aged 79, left \$585,000.

James Greig, of Edinburgh chartered accountant, left personal estate valued at \$522,000.

James Gibson of Dorking, for 25 yrs. a director of the Bukit Mertajam Rubber Company, aged 79, left \$822,500.

Sidney Mortimer of Beare Green, of Surrey, and of Lloyd's underwriter, aged 58 left estate of the gross value of \$807,500.

Sydney Cole Ambrose, of Tunbridge Wells, chairman of Batu Caves Rubber Company, left estate of the gross value of \$725,000.

Miss Isabella Jane Sanders, of the Stoke House, Exeter, left estate of the gross value of \$708,500.

Arthur Montague Rhodes of Uitenhage, Cape Province, South Africa, last surviving brother of Cecil Rhodes died, aged 76, leaving unsettled estate of the gross value of \$567,000.

Mrs. Caroline Cugden Garnett, M. B. E. of Pendleton, aged 82, widow of Stewart Garnett, left property of the value of \$539,000.

George Strachey Pawle, D.L. J.P., of Widdford, Herts, as chairman of Melbourne City Properties Trust, and a director of Plasmion, Limited, who farmed about 300 acres at Widdford, aged 80, left estate of the gross value of \$455,500.

William Ernest Mashaw, of Glasbury, Brecon, one of the founders of the firm of Charlton and Bagshaw, corn merchants, Liverpool, left estate of the gross value of \$450,400.

Miss Agnes Euphemia Keep, of Oakcroft, Hartfield, Sussex, left estate of the value of \$405,000.

## How To Look Well In Spite Of Hay Fever

The girl who has hay fever does no doubt feel much in need of special beauty routine, at this time, her nose being red and her eyes bleary.  
For comfort and appearance she should bathe her eyes with a good lotion several times a day, and put cream on her face especially around and underneath her nose before going to bed. If the cream isn't sufficient to prevent chapping, she ought to ask the doctor to recommend a good salve.  
If you have hay fever, better shop around for a face powder which does not make you cough and sneeze the moment you remove the cover of the box. Several manufacturers claim that their powders will not irritate an already irritated nose. It's up to you to try out several varieties until you find one that suits. Better yet, you might try a liquid powder. Several hay fever sufferers claim that liquid powders solve the problem.  
Leave off eye makeup and anything else that draws too much attention to your face. Sad as it seems, this is a time when you might as well face the fact that you are none too attractive a sight to behold. Concentrate on your hair, your figure, pretty clothes. Get people to notice those instead of your slightly swollen nose. Incidentally bathe your nose frequently with ice water. This tends to remove redness and reduce swelling.  
Above all, don't go around fretting and fuming about the red nose of your beauty. No one, except a doctor, can do much to help you anyway, so you might as well be cheerful about it all. Furthermore remember this: A slightly red nose, like a small pimple on the chin, never looks as horrible as you think it does. Try to forget the red nose and turn on the charm. The knowledge that the first cold day will bring relief should be something to be thankful for.