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Autumn Style

Feminine eyes, ever on the alert in all pertaining to dress, are catching a seasonal feast in the autumn displays of London's fashion houses. And feminine purses are incited to be equally pleased...

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EX-POLICEMAN

THE Air Minister, speaking in Yorkshire last night, said: "Britain cannot be the policeman of the world."

Others, including The Evening News, have been saying that for months and years. In fairness to those who think that we can and should, we must remind Lord Swinton that it was his colleague, Mr. Eden, who gave the impression at Geneva and elsewhere, that to play world policeman is Britain's most cherished and congenial ambition.

Since Mr. Chamberlain became Premier, these transports of promiscuous hubbubodydom have notably diminished.

For that let us be truly thankful. Wheel and Gun

PEACHING from motorways is on the increase and is giving the police a bit of trouble, says a Minister. Paper-factory

Paper Passes THE THIRTIETH issue of waste paper, it has revealed last night, are required to be torn Whitehall.

The Toad and the Puddle CONSIDERATION for others is an obligation, not a virtue, in an overcrowded world. Nevertheless it seems a bit hard on a road to be fined for running into a puddle and splashing a dirty clothes policeman, unless at the very least you show that he did it to you.

Science Is Wonderful THE DAY'S best engagement 4 p.m., meeting of the Society for the Study of the

The Little Snag THE Commandments Found, says a headline in a morning paper, were found by a school party, now returned, to school and kept.

Getting The Audience THE House of Commons issued a ruling that it is not the business of the police to be concerned with speakers at meetings.

Missing LANTING, the BBC, issued a "Pop" in the 11.40 p.m. time signal and apologized for it.

A Spurious Gesture IT is for going to bed, the police say, and the police, if it is to be a gesture, should see it through.

MEN FULL OF ANCIENT SKILL

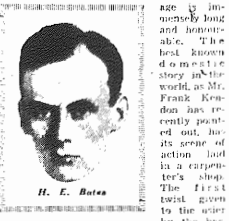
are dying with their secrets...

Says H. E. BATES

COUNTRY craftsmen, blacksmiths and carpenters, coopers and hurdle-makers, thatchers and wood-turners, makers of skittle-balls, shepherd-hooks, baskets, bells and cloth, were once the axes about which all village life revolved.



"Blacksmiths, next to barbers, the best gossip shops in the world."



bet-maker as he fashions a basket of the same used by basket-makers since ever baskets were made. There are wooden hoops made in Wales today which are identical in their specifications with hoops imported from primitive lake-dwellings in Sweden.

His Londoner Pilot THE pilot of Wilkins' machine, Mr. Herbert Hollick-Kenyon, is a Londoner by origin...

Sisters Under the Skin I TAKE with a grain of salt Sir Percy Bates's assertion that in the matter of the Queen Mary's state ship, to make her earlier voyage in D.M.B. his company is "not bothering about the record."

Big Earners YET these two ships are incredible successes, making millions, really big money, almost alone at that time among liners.

Friend of Melba MR. HENRY RUSSELL, Sir Londoner's brother, who has died suddenly, studied medicine in youth when he was only 16 years of age.

Queer Birds, These Thatchers THAT same day I saw thatcher working, holding slantingly to steep roofs in high factor's gables. Queer birds, thatchers. Lads drovers, they were never men of respect.

Compartmental Brain I STAID he went into the City after leaving school in 1911 to do constructional things in finance and to develop what I have heard described as "the perfect compartmental brain."

Return of the General GENERAL CHARLES G. DAVES is returning to London tonight for a few days in the capital where for many years he has been U.S. Ambassador. He was one of the great figures of the Hoover Administration, which ended with the slump of 1932.

To a Yard I AM sorry to hear of the death of the "British and American" former captain J. T. Inglis, the Earl of Lindsay, Lord Kinross and Sir John Gilmour, who at his funeral, and so on, his father, Walter Custumbridge, they say, could phone know to a yard how far Inglis could hit with any club in the bag.

Candid Critic AT ST. Andrew's more than anywhere else's a goodly number of one's public enemies. One never has had me that he would have to play a round there without his. Handly and he is a team.

Suburban Nature-Notes TRY-AGAIN CHESTNUTS To the Editor of "The Evening News" In the grounds of Stone House, Brentford, there are two chestnut trees, well-tended, but about eight branches which bear new leaves and spikes of flower in full bloom.

NINE ILFORD PEARS Your reader who has grown a 204 oz. pear will be interested to know that I have just picked one weighing 34 oz. from a tree of mine and on the same branch. F. SELL, 29, Southwick gardens, Ilford.

Words with Pamela

By PHILIP HUGHES

THE English language is ever undergoing change. What was slang fifty years ago is academic English to-day. The enlargement and enrichment of our language come, not from the frigid heights of universities, but from the man or woman who uses delicate slang.

I emphasise delicate slang, because I do not mean the gutter vernacular of the coarse variety dies in the gutter whence it arose. But if a phrase be delicate, it is a slang word.

It is a slang word which has been used by the right people will ensure its use by the right people. It is a slang word which has been used by the right people will ensure its use by the right people.

I am inclined to think that it is the modern young woman, she whom we used to call the flapper, who does most to change the English language, because she selects slang (especially from America) with such pretty discrimination.

Further, the flapper gives academic words new meanings. If the national vocabulary fails to convey what she feels intensely, she just takes the nearest word and bends it to fit the occasion, very much as she would bend a feather to fit a new hat.

Other day I was walking through the Park with my nice Pamela. She is very modern, delicate as a flower, yet quick-witted as a woman of thirty. I was astonished at the way she distorted the word "sweet" as she passed some young children playing motor cars with an old but box as dirty as themselves, she curled my arm and exclaimed: "Oh, the cherub! ... Aren't they sweet?"

"Sweet!" I explained, with pretended gravity, "is not a suitable word for describing little boys."

"Toad!" said Pamela. "Sweetly speaking, 'toad' is appropriate only to lumps of fat like sugar or honey. What you meant to say, Pamela, was 'fatuous' or 'padding'."

"No, I meant 'sweet'! No other word would do!"

I began to search my memory for literary authorities in support of what I had concluded, but realised the futility of it. The highest literary authorities are as sought to modern people like Pamela.

She chuckled my arm affectionately, and exclaimed: "Don't stare! I merely meant to say that the misuse of the word 'sweet' is a common error. It is a slang word which has been used by the right people will ensure its use by the right people."

I referred, in my own mind, to the fact that a slang word which has been used by the right people will ensure its use by the right people.

"You mean 'How many of them?' I submitted. "Why?" "Because they're not used to the logic of an slang word. They don't know how to use it. They don't know how to use it. They don't know how to use it."

The sun was beginning to set. The top of my head was just above the horizon. I was walking through the Park with my nice Pamela. She is very modern, delicate as a flower, yet quick-witted as a woman of thirty.

ACROSTIC I HAD an apple on Thursday. UPRIGHTS Caroline champion, and I was the victor. Complete on the right hand side. Complete on the right hand side.

1. It's all deserted, so I'm not. 2. The pocket is the gutter. If it's not in the gutter, it's not in the gutter. 3. Two fables, 'on' and 'off'. But why think of it? 4. The speed of a car is not the speed of a car. 5. Simple Simon went to a fair to catch a whiff. But all the water he had got was his mother's milk!

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