

London Advertiser

The Advertiser was established in 1863 and is published four times daily by The London Advertiser Company, Limited. The subscription rates are: London, 15 cents weekly. By mail: In Canada, \$5.00 yearly; in the United States, \$6.00 yearly.

The Advertiser is represented in Toronto at 85 King Street East, and in Montreal at 817 Transportation Building, by J. D. Rathbone; in New York at 247 Park Avenue, in Chicago at 132 South Michigan Avenue, and in Boston at 294 Washington Street, by the Chas. E. Eddy Co.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1923.

Some Action Needed.

The method in which the Grain Inspection Act is working is being inquired into at Toronto.

The charge is openly made that some of the mixing houses sell more high grade wheat than they buy. In other words, poor or moist wheat is bought at a cheaper price, placed with the high grade and sold as such.

The fact that Canada's reputation for producing the finest wheat or the finest flour in the world could be ruined in this way apparently matters not at all.

Canada grows a wheat that cannot be excelled or duplicated. The government should be the self-appointed policeman to see that that excellence is preserved. This is the way in which Canadian flour can become the standard of the world. It is our one big chance to sell quality.

If there are mixing stations that make profit by deteriorating the grade of grain from which flour is made to represent Canadian standards in the world, then these mixing stations are deliberately harming Canadian trade.

If that charge can be substantiated not one day should be lost in shutting down on these operations and issuing a warrant for the arrest of the men in that sort of business.

Canada might as well establish the point right now that the excellence of the western wheat must be maintained right through to the finished product.

Fifty Lawyers Too Many.

Fifty faithful lawyers scampered off to court in New York to see what could be done about breaking up the mosaic that was built around the will of the late Jay Gould.

This will was made over 30 years ago, and Mr. Gould thought he had made it adamant, lawyer-proof and airtight. He had the best lawyers of his day, and their combined intelligence was thought capable of turning out a document that would hand down to the heirs the wish and will of the man whose fortune was being distributed.

These fifty lawyers are no starters. The paint has been dry on their shingles for a good many years. The New York Herald claims two of them have been regarded as presidential possibilities.

The Herald, commenting on the foolishness of calling in fifty big lawyers to shed a million dollars' worth of light upon a single sentence, cites the case of one lawyer who, in his own will, warned the relatives of the folly of litigation over an estate. He had been through the mill and he knew what he was talking about.

Where Germany Stands.

The manner in which the German Empire was built up throws light on the methods being employed to tear it down. Germany, as this generation has known it, is not an old empire; compared to Britain, or even United States, it is a mere infant in years.

The German Empire, as it stood in 1914, was composed of 26 states and divisions. Four of these were kingdoms, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and Württemberg. There were six grand duchies, five duchies, seven principalities and three free towns. At the break of the war the empire also included the territory wrested from France, Alsace-Lorraine. The whole fabric was solidified by treaties between the North German Federation and the South German States. The completed article was a tribute to the organizing and directing genius of Chancellor Bismarck.

The will and the domination of Prussia became the will and domination of Germany, because Prussia had the number and the might. Out of 58 members in the Bundesrat, one part of the federal council, Prussia had 17, Bavaria 6, Saxony 4, Württemberg 4, and the remainder so scattered that their power was not centralized to the point of effective action. In the Reichstag, Prussia had 256 members, Bavaria 48, Saxony 23, and Württemberg 14.

United Germany was schooled into the mind of every German child; the rich Ruhr valley supplied the treasure that made a united Germany go out and capture many of the markets of the world. It was a great combination, welded together by a master mind, held together by a vision of world importance. It was a dual-purpose machine, military and commercial.

Critics of France say she sees in the present situation the psychological moment to strike for the undoing of the work of Bismarck. The war machine, the trainings and the

glory of conquering invasion have gone; the cohesive force of a wonderful military production has departed. The rich Ruhr, on which industrial Germany built her mercantile conquests, is in the hands of invaders. This is the two horns of the German people cut off.

Nor is that all. Germany's enemies are not all on the outside. She has had her exploiters who have used the hour of national torture to build great fortunes for themselves. Hugo Stinnes and his colleagues have built an industrial autocracy that disregards the well-being and the comfort of those who made their huge wealth possible. Some of the cruelest blows to Germany have been aimed and delivered from within.

The people of Germany today are helpless to strike out against these men. They are poor; they are pauperized by a pay envelope that transcends anything the genius of comic opera ever devised; they cannot give voice to their feelings, nor can they forget the wrongs that their own leaders have weighted about their necks.

Now Comes Explanations.

Officials of the Canadian National Parks branch at Ottawa issue a communiqué about the killing of buffalo at the Wainwright Park.

The first few killed were victims of a moving picture performance that wanted to stage a pioneer days scene. Indians shot harmless wooden arrows against them, but in order to provide the real thrill of the animals falling over dead, some sharpshooters with high-powered rifles were secluded, and they did the actual shooting.

The chances are that the film will be shown in places remote from Canada, and the impression given that we are still shooting buffalo with arrows.

Then there are too many buffalo for the pasture, and it is a fact that if they become huddled, malnutrition is certain to result.

If it were necessary to thin them out, the department should have proceeded by the quickest and most humane method. Knocking over a dozen or so for the movies has focused the eyes of the country on that buffalo herd. That was a bad move and poor judgment in every way.

The Status of the K. K. K.

The "imperial wizard" of the Ku Klux Klan admitted in an address at Dallas, Texas, that the Klan's hand is against the "Negroes, Jews and Catholics."

There is nothing in the admission that was not known before.

Any organization that exists for the purpose of raising its hand against any other section of the state has raised its hand against the whole state.

And any organization that has set its hand against the state is an enemy to the whole community, and must be adjudged accordingly.

Speaking of Tariffs.

The fact that Britain is ready to make a start—even a small start—in the way of preference or free entrance to certain goods from the dominions is not good news to United States.

Already there is talk of retaliation. That would mean a still higher tariff against British or Canadian produce entering United States.

That would be like putting an already foot on top of a fence that already kept the neighbor's cattle home.

United States tariff makers have their lot so fenced that outsiders cannot carry their full baskets in. Neither can their own people carry their empty baskets out.

United States takes some things from Canada that we should keep at home. Pulpwood, for instance, millions of dollars worth in a year. Canada's next tariff move should be to keep our raw materials at home until we have them as far advanced in the process of manufacture as it is practicable or possible to do.

What Steinmetz Left.

Dr. C. P. Steinmetz, the wizard of electrical application, and dean of mathematicians, left no estate, apart from a \$1,500 insurance policy.

A serious mistake perhaps, for he could have piled up a lot of assets. But Steinmetz left the electrical world richer. His genius brought work and enterprise to thousands.

Real wealth can never be reckoned on a cash register.

Note and Comment.

October 31 is fish day in Canada. So a whole lot of the finny tribe that have winked at hooks and worms for months might as well come along. It's an honor for a fish to be eaten on an official "fish day."

U. S. war department is seeking names for its gas balloons. A glance over the congress roll-call might settle the question.

The war hit the home of Bonar Law. Two of the finest boys a father would want to own fell in action, and the decision to take a post-war premiership hastened the call to the father.

Rarebits by Rex

CONTENTMENT.

I'd like to be a brunette black. A fair girl, dark girl, blonde. Oh, any kind of girl, in fact. Would suit me to the ground. For whether she be fat or squat, or just a rag and bone. Each one is certain that she's got A beauty all her own.

The blonde girl smiles at sweet brunettes. And brunettes laugh in turn at dashing blondes, while red coquettes. Bristle back and fair girls squint. The thin maid at the fair maid smirks. And throws out hints profound; But stout girls think all men are Tubs.

They like 'em smooth and round. And so each kind—the small, the grand or squint-eyed. Believes her "type" is in demand. And each is satisfied.

Some girls are so modest they won't appear in public without covering their faces—with powder. The taxicab chauffeur who was sentenced to jail recently, probably did not have the right change to pay his fine.

TABLOID DRAMA.

"Say, Nellie, which do you think is the most refined to chew in public—gum or peanuts?"

No man is really famous until people begin saying infamous things about him.

It is estimated that only 1.3 per cent of the girls who win beauty contests can make good lemon pies.

What do umpires do during the winter? There are so few callings that adapt themselves to defective eyesight.

If you have some occult power that enables you to pick out a man's name, you will make a good life insurance agent.

Mary Garden will play a leading role in the follies of 1924. She's going to get married next year.

A sociologist wants a mental test for persons contemplating marriage. But how can any couple pass it who are crazy about each other.

In these dry times an imperial conference is the next best thing to a Scotch conference.

NURSERY WHINES.

Hickory, dickory, dock; Bought some new oil stock. But the stock that I bought Didn't prove what it ought. And now all my clothing's in hook.

"Rich bachelor" is a contradiction in terms. If he's rich, how did he manage to remain a bachelor?

To the Editor

TO STOP LOCKJAW. Writer Points Out That Serum Has Had Effect of Reducing Attacks—Germs Find Place in Horse's Intestines.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—A well-known farmer was brought to Victoria Hospital in London, suffering from tetanus, or "lockjaw," as it is commonly called. I trouble was that he was kicked by a horse, not a serious wound, just a mere bruise. But the wound had become serious enough to pay much attention to. But in that wound were germs of tetanus, and they developed so rapidly that by the time the patient was brought to the hospital nothing could be done for him.

Tetanus is a disease that can be contracted on the farm, or by any person who works with horses. The government laboratories supply free of charge an antitetanic serum, which has been highly cultivated and rendered the person immune to an attack of lockjaw. Any doctor can secure this serum, and more of it should be kept on hand as preventive, as there are no bad after effects.

The tetanus germ lives in the intestines of the horse principally, although it can be found in a notable contribution to the cause of treatment of tetanus. When the soldiers first went to Belgium, which is a country that has been highly cultivated and heavily fertilized by the use of manure, it was found that almost 25 per cent of the wounded cases developed tetanus in some degree, and many of them were fatal. By the adoption of the antitetanic serum, this figure was brought to less than one per cent.

Lockjaw is not, as popularly supposed, a disease that looks the jaws until the patient dies of starvation. It is a nerve disease, that travels through the nerves until it attacks the brain; the whole nervous system is shattered, and it is for this reason that every precaution should be taken by those who may be exposed to its ravages.

Thanking you for your space.

M. D.

THEY HAD THE TIME.

Citizen regrets that Britain report is the cause of another flare-up in civic matters.

Sir—Just a word in regard to what I consider another fiasco. Representative businessmen in the city joined in the request that the extension of the Citizens' Research Bureau should be engaged to come to London and conduct a survey into the administration of certain civic departments. Whether these departments were in such shape that a survey was required, or whether the report should not have been taken into consideration of the interests of the citizens. There is no good reason why petty jealousies or differences should influence the decision of the city council, a major portion of the members of the council are men of business and of the Chamber of Commerce secretary should be asked to conduct the survey into the discussion of any civic question—if they do so obtrude—and, despite strenuous and vehement denials, there is no doubt that a suspicion that this is the case.

London is no mean city; London is too big and too important to have its business made a football for minor differences, political or otherwise. It is true we have not yet reached the stage where a breed of supermen can be induced to take up the discussion of civic affairs, but that is no reason why those temporarily put in high places should not bring to display in their private affairs. Let us have more business in London's administration and less damphoolishness. And in closing let me sign myself by that hoary but time honored nom de plume,

PRC BONO PUBLICO.

The Guide Post By Henry van Dyke

THE IDLENESS OF IDOLS.

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.—Exodus xx, 4.

He that maketh an image or likeness of anything in heaven or earth is higher than the work of his making, and the soul of the artificer is above the fruit of his labor.

If he bow down to it he is abased, and if he worship it he layeth fetters on his own spirit.

The heart of man hath not uttered the depth of his thought, nor the hand of man given shape to the fairest of his dreaming.

The living is more excellent than the lifeless, and a little child more precious than all graven images. The idols of the mind are fashioned in darkness, and the foolish pay homage to their vain imaginations.

There is a mystery of godliness, and the hand of man cannot reveal it to his vision. Therefore let us take pleasure in the pictures on the wall, but we adore only the King Invisible and Immortal.

Hallowed be his name in every tongue of man.

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HE PUZZLES THE SCIENTISTS



The name of Rafael Schermann in Vienna and all Central Europe is as widely known as the name of Sherlock Holmes. Until recent dispatches announced Schermann's coming to America early in November, few had heard of his amazing powers, which are well recognized in Europe. The achievements of Schermann, a Polish citizen, in his adopted city of Vienna, have aroused the curiosity of scientists and police officials. During his stay in the United States Schermann will give a series of lectures on his scientific bodies, and may be employed in connection with hitherto unsolved criminal mysteries.

By DR. OSKAR FISCHER, Professor of Psychiatry and Neurology, German University of Prague.

I HAVE worked with Rafael Schermann for about two years conducting more than two hundred experiments and tests. When I first met Schermann I was a skeptic. I wanted to meet him partly because of the fun I hoped to get out of it, partly because I was bent on conducting a fraud. After a few hours' investigation I changed my mind. I realized that not only was Schermann absolutely genuine, but also that I was confronted with a psychic phenomenon unmatched and unheard-of, with one that came well within the accepted meaning of the term miracle.

This realization resulted in two years' research of a most extraordinarily interesting nature. One shows Schermann a piece of paper with a few lines written on it. The paper may be turned upside down—it makes no difference. Schermann does not examine it as the ordinary graphologist does, but merely glances at it for one or two seconds. On the strength of this glance he will tell you what the writer looks like, what diseases he has as a child, what color his wife's hair is and how many children he has. He can tell you where, under what condition the lines were written.

Identified the Writer. Once he said to me about a sample writing: "This was written by a chronic drunkard in prison." So it was. Again, by way of experiment I wrote a few lines while sitting in the bathtub. Schermann said: "This was written in a bathtub."

This was written by a man who achieved social and professional success by exploiting the beauty of his wife. It was true. But the handwriting could not possibly show it.

Graphology in the ordinary sense can tell us, on the basis of examining script, whether the writer is a strong-willed or weak man, whether he is a heavy man or a slim person—whether he is vain or careless of appearance—or a man accustomed to success or a man living in the shadow of failure. It is the framework of contrasting generalities like these, approximating the specific in a haphazard way, that counts.

Schermann, by glancing at a script, cannot only give a specific characterization of the writer—he can imitate his characteristic gestures—how he eats, twirls his moustache, wipes his forehead.

liberative assemblies have been known to deal with matters of much more importance than the British report in much less time than remains to the members of the 1923 city council—and their discussions are popularly supposed to be so permeated with politics that no order of decision is rarely reached. There is no good reason to my mind why the report should not have been taken into consideration of the interests of the citizens. There is no good reason why petty jealousies or differences should influence the decision of the city council, a major portion of the members of the council are men of business and of the Chamber of Commerce secretary should be asked to conduct the survey into the discussion of any civic question—if they do so obtrude—and, despite strenuous and vehement denials, there is no doubt that a suspicion that this is the case.

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DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE
By ELENORE MEHERIN

CHAPTER V.

Grief. There was a ghastly hour in Matt Borely's backyard. An instant Denny covered his face, then he dashed to a chair, and, with the penknife Sid had given him, cut the heavy rope.

"Ketch him, Jimmy!" The order quivered in his voice. "He ain't dead! He can't be dead yet! You got him?"

And then Denny was kneeling on the ground—Prince Jerry stretched between him and Jimmy Foley, and not a throb in the little dog.

"He's breathin'." Can yet hear him, Jimmy? Denny's hands went gently about Jerry's neck. He tried to open his mouth and force down the water Katy brought. Then in a wild desperation they stood Prince Jerry on his feet.

"No use!" Denny's chin doubled up. "Tain't no use, Gwan away, Katy. Jerry's dead. He's dead, too!"

It was a long time before Katy dared to speak. Then she edged close to her brother, sitting with her poor, stiffened body on Jerry's arms, and she put her soft lips against his cheek.

"Dencher cry, Denny. Dencher do it. Maybe we'll get another dog."

That was the worst thing she could have said. Denny shook her off. But she went sneaking upstairs and came back quickly.

"Here, Denny, you can bury him in this." It was Katy's treasure—a little doll's trunk about half as big as Prince Jerry. Denny was putting leaves and grass into an old fruit box.

"Wouldn't fit!" He went on tugging the leaves. Jimmy Foley helped him lift Jerry into the box.

The covering was the hardest part. Denny knelt there, his head raining on Prince Jerry's nose. Then he held the dog out, held him quite a while. Finally he let Jimmy nail on the cover, and set the box in the hole they had dug.

Lizzie, oppressed with guilt and fright, watched in sullen obstinacy. Now the tears sprang into her eyes and she began to cry.

"Don't care! He had no right to bite me. He hurt me, he did. Look, the small red mark, but none of the children would speak to her."

Jimmy covered up the hole; Katy stuck daisies all around the edge, and dotted that with daisies. When she looked up, Denny, his lips trembling, said brokenly: "Bye, Katy."

Terror flew like a wild bird to Katy's young heart, her tears dropped faster. She caught his hand.

"Where you goin'?" Denny? It's supper time now. Where you goin'?" "That's all right, Katy. I'm goin'."

Aunt Josie was calling. Denny ran out the alleyway gate. Katy, mule with awe, leaned on the little towel, then she flung it down. Denny after him. There was no sign of Denny when she reached the street. Trembling with the momentous tragedy, she went to the kitchen.

"Call Denny," her aunt said quietly. "He's in the kitchen."

Uncle Matt was sitting at the table, his underslung jaw resting on his elbows. Opposite was Violet. Her eyes were like live coals burned in the ashly pallor of her face. She stared at her father with a look of hate and accusation as though she would have brainied him. But she said nothing.

"Quit staring at me!" he roared, glancing up suddenly. "Quit it!" "Violet gave no answer, except that her eyes blazed more hotly against him. He pushed his plate, jarring all the dishes on the table, strode out of the room, slamming the front door after him."

"Violet! You know better, Aunt Josie complained bitterly. "Now he'll get drunk."

"I wish he'd drop dead." "Violet gave no answer, except that her eyes blazed more hotly against him. He pushed his plate, jarring all the dishes on the table, strode out of the room, slamming the front door after him."

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