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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1924.

The Western Fair Opens.

The greatest gains that can be registered by the Western Fair can come from a more united support of it by the people of London themselves. In the past the majority of those in attendance have come from outside the city, from the farms, villages and towns of Western Ontario. The people of London have in many cases refrained from going because they say there is nothing there to interest them.

Let us see. The Western Fair is not the London fair; it is greater and more representative than that; it is the place where the livestock of the country is exhibited; where the products of the farms, dairies, gardens are brought into competition. It is, in short, a display of the very things that have made London what it is. This city would be a sorry place if it were not for the excellence of the district in which it is situated. So when the district brings into the city the very things that account in a large measure for the existence of the city, it is well that the residents of London should show a greater interest in the affair than they have ever done before.

Western Fair is the one place and the one reason for the people of this section coming together. It has kept its head in the rush for attractions and amusements. True, it has made room for these in good measure, but it remains essentially a place where the Dominion's finest livestock is shown. The people of London should pay greater heed to this section. It is an opportunity for them to get a greater idea of what is being done on the farms around here, of the excellence with which breeding of fine cattle is carried on, and they can learn there why Western Ontario has been, and still is, the greatest community in the entire Dominion.

The admission price this year has been placed at 25 cents, an experiment on the part of the directors in order to draw the crowd. The response to this move should be such as to show that the people of London are interested in the business of building up Western Ontario, and that they appreciate the opportunity of seeing an exhibit of the very things that have made London the city it is.

Easy To Get a Wrong Idea.

It is an easy matter to get a one-sided view of the Prince of Wales by reason of the avalanche of publicity that slides upon his every move on his present trip to United States. It might be said that there has been nothing but pleasure. Polo matches, horse races, garden parties and dances—on every hand it is entertainment and more entertainment.

Remember, though, that the Prince of Wales is on a holiday. It is a different matter when he is home. He occupies a position that is bound about by formality, which he seeks to break. As a businessman he has been a success; the estates he inherited have increased in value; his investments in real estate in various parts of the world have turned out to be good ones; he is called upon at home and abroad to attend functions continually, and he does it all as few young men could do it.

It would not be a difficult thing for a person in his position to drift into an easy, carefree attitude, where much would be taken for granted, where, with an outlook assured, he could go along and enjoy much and worry little.

There is a serious side to his position that has never received the amount of publicity that has been upon the prince in the days of his recreation. As an employer he is considerate, generous to all, and possessed of an intimate knowledge of those who carry on business for him. It was the prince who, in driving his own car through one of the boroughs near London, came upon a little lass of seven with an armful of field daisies, which she was gathering because she was going to have a birthday party at her cottage home that evening. The car stopped and he begged her to sell him a flower; she refused, but answered that she would give him one if he came to her party. It was this prince, who is now turning the social head of United States, that drove himself to that humble little home and entered into the spirit of the child's party. At the conclusion he pulled from his pocket a packet containing a hair ribbon that would please the child, and also a little framed picture with his own name signed, together with the date of the birthday of the seven-year-old. It was this same prince who, seeing one of his old stablemen limping at his work, found him to be suffering from rheumatism, and insisted on seeing that he went to his home and got proper treatment.

It is well to get both sides of the picture. The bubbles of amusement that are being showered on the Prince of Wales in United States show him on a holiday. They do not show the Prince of Wales as he really is.

The Trouble in China.

The war in China has broken so suddenly that it has been difficult for the world to grasp what it is all about. No outside power is attacking or threatening the Chinese. The whole trouble goes directly back to the fact that China has no stable central government strong enough to impose its will on the warring factions of the various provinces.

In many of these provinces there are whole armies of soldiers, unpaid, depending on plunder for an existence. Provinces are a law unto themselves; they build tariff regulations to keep out the products of the next province; the

currency of one is not recognized by another. In this confused state the petty rulers grow into more powerful ones. That is what has taken place with Wu Pei-Fu and Chang Tso-Lin. The alleged central government at Peking is powerless to stop the fighting because it has not the strength to back up any command it might make looking to such an end.

One hesitates to think of what civil war in China might mean to the Chinese people. It is a country counting its population by the millions, and Chinese fight with a cruelty and punish with a savagery not known even in the world war.

The navies of the world have hastened to the scene of the trouble. The warships of Britain, France, United States, Italy are anchored there for the protection of foreign settlements in Shanghai.

Sooner or later the world powers will have to take a hand in China, but they will have to go together, and with the purpose of doing the thing that is best for China. Situations similar to the civil war now raging are apt to develop at any time until there is a co-ordination of governments of various provinces into one central body that shall be strong enough to deal quickly and effectively with all the little war lords of the provinces. Until such time selfishness, love of conquest, plotting and scheming are at liberty to sprawl their paths of blood over the face of China.

Meanwhile there is a chuckle of delight from those whose business is best served by war and butchery. If the Chinese are to fight they must have rifles, poison gas, bombs, bullets and swords, and the landing of these implements of destruction goes on apace. On one side of the ledger is written the score of carnage, misery and the dregs of human suffering, while on the other the traffickers in arms write with a pen dipped in human blood, "profit."

The Growth of London.

London has a population in its city boundaries of 63,339, an increase from 61,369 in last year. Considering all the talk of people pouring out of Canada to United States, this is a remarkably good showing. Were the area immediately tributary to London included, there would be many thousands more added.

London has never grown rapidly, but it has developed surely. It has not been forced into positions it could not maintain by the bringing about of a boom. Figures bear this out:

Year.	Population.	Year.	Population.
1901	33,902	1921	59,231
1910	49,507	1922	59,741
1915	56,353	1923	61,369
1920	59,100	1924	63,339

People who have travelled widely come home to London with a feeling of satisfaction, and their belief confirmed that they have the finest home city in which to live.

London has a diversity of interests that make for a fair volume of trade all the time. It is an educational center for Western Ontario, and its prestige in this regard is one of the big factors in assuring its future.

London has pure water and lots of it, a park system that is unusual and almost unlimited in scope, cheap electric power and the lowest street car fare in the Dominion. It has homes that are well-kept, wide streets with rows of stately trees. In all it is a highly desirable place to live.

That is why it keeps on growing steadily and well. The people who come here are the sort that any city might wish to secure as residents. The latest figures of growth from the assessment department give a fresh touch to civic courage; they nudge the doubter and point to a still greater London in the future.

Note and Comment.

Gen. Afternoon Tea has so far not been hurt in the Chinese war.

Calling for tenders for the old registry office has become a habit with the city council.

The London Free Press announces a plan whereby it insures the lives of its readers, and goodness knows they need it.

Business has its times of depression even in police court. On Tuesday in London 25 names were called, but on Friday there was but one.

An O. T. A. fine of \$200 in London was paid in small change brought in a cigar box. A cigar box was probably the forerunner of the penny-bank idea.

The latest thing for ladies is a little mirror strapped to the wrist like a watch. The thing will not tell the time, but it will show, if used long enough, how time flies.

Golf tournament at Toronto is divided into four classes, according to ages, and the names of players are all given. Hardly worth mentioning that the tournament is for men only.

Malcolm McAdoo has left the Democrats and gone into the third party. His experience is slightly different from that of his brother William, who was left by the Democratic party.

Medric Martin, defeated last year in the mayoralty race in Montreal, hints that he may run again. Did he never read about the load of bricks that fell on Tommy Church in Toronto when he tried that experiment?

Authorities in Herrin, Ill., are indulging in heated arguments for and against the Ku Klux Klan. These arguments do not alter the fact that two years ago there was a massacre in Herrin, with no one punished, and that a week ago six more men were murdered there. The arm of the law in Herrin is a broken reed.

Old ideas are getting bowled over. It used to be taken for granted that the children on farms were healthier than those in the cities. Reports just out show that the death rate of children in the crowded east side of New York is lower than on the farms of New York State. Baby clinics, free nurses, better sanitary methods have made the difference.

Rarebits By Rex

OUR OWN HAY FEVER CURE.

(Splendid results have been obtained by hay fever sufferers who listen to radio music.—Dr. Jasper Haynes in the New York Sun.)

When your hay fever brings chills and neuritis, Grippe, influenza and chronic St. Vitus, Burning sensations and general debility, Heartache and backache and mental senility, You'll easily recover if you are not too sick To tune in and listen to radio music.

CHORUS:

"Sneezin' Blues" or "Tricklin'."
"Where the Ashes Flow,"
"The Nasal Trill," or, better still,
"Mighty Like a Nose."

Any of these, says a doc's diagnosis, is guaranteed to clear up an itching proboscis. And yet, from my personal fights with hay fever, I'm inclined to the thought that the doc's a deceiver, For there's only one cure if you happen to catch it, And that is to chop off your nose with a hatchet.

It is gradually beginning to dawn on us that the best way to keep friends is not to give them away.

Not merely must the roads be widened to hold automobile traffic, but many ditches in Middlesex need to be enlarged to hold the speeders.

Old Jim Snipper says there are some folks in Ontario so ignorant they think violet ray is a movie actress.

Our observation has been that it is usually poor, prunes who are forever making dates.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

At bridge, I played a steady hand; No expert work, you understand; Yet fairly safe and not unsound, And, all in all, I held my ground.

At poker, it was really rare When I did not annex my share; For since my very early teens, I've known the sweetness of four queens.

But since that wallop on the head I play another game instead; It rests my brain to Pung and Chow— The doctor says so, anyhow.

"Prince Wears Baggy Trousers"—Headline We don't like to boast, but we have worn 'em for years.

A modern revision of the ancient Barnum saw is that there are three men every minute, And Jim Snipper hints the opportunity to suggest that two of them get married.

A Los Angeles bandit received a sentence of 24 years. As he was escorted to the cells he said he didn't think he would ever steal again.

As we go to press Mars still remains the only moving star that hasn't yet appeared in the divorce courts.

This evolution stuff is being overdone. Just yesterday we heard of a Ford car turning turtle.

The old method of cutting one's throat with a razor is out of date. A much simpler way is to send your collars to our laundryman.

Ode to Charles Wheeler

Charles Wheeler of London has been re-elected president of the Canadian College of Organists.—News item.

How glad we be to read of this, of honor coming to this town, of Charlie Wheeler's name in print, a man of nation-wide renown.

The organists they cast about to find a chief to head their clan, require for to fill the post a noble handsome sort of man.

A man not flat nor yet too sharp, well versed in all the organ's work, and so they picked the chap who plays the organ at St. Andrew's Kirk.

I've often watched you folks at work, a-playin' things from out a book, I've figured too that all the thing ain't just as easy as 'twould look.

For when you go and play the toons to lead the people in their song, it's certain some one's goin' to rise and say you do the thing all wrong.

Then if you think they sing too slow, not joyful like and full of steam, you hustle them along a spell, when some poor soul is sure to scream, and yell "Hey, Charlie, for the love of Mike, have mercy on my ancient tongue, I'm blowin' too much wind away and wearin' out my healthy lung."

And if you ask some bird to sing, and if she springs an ancient crack, do not the folks around the place throw hymn books at your stalwart back?

There's just another question now, the thing's got me all puffed and beat, to know what playin' organ toons just how to work it with your feet. How is it that you raise your hoof and plant it down just where should be, it is a thing I tell you Charles, that's been a puzzle unto me.

We're powerful glad, indeed we be, to see Charles Wheeler's name appear, a head-in' up the organ men what gathered there from far and near. Quite proud we be to have you here, a-rankin' up with London's best, we'll greet you in a friendly way and pin a medal on your chest.—ARK.

Dead Over a Bag of Peanuts.

A Toronto lad is dead, apparently over an argument about the size of a bag of peanuts.

A human life cannot be measured in terms of peanuts, yet it is a sordid reflection on human nature that men fight over things that are not worth while.

It was written a long time ago, but it is as true today as ever: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Press Comment

One Method of Home Training.

The real modern parent promises his son an auto if he doesn't smoke or drink until he is 12 years old.—Columbia Record.

No, We Never Did.

Did you ever hear of a girl marrying the kind of a man that the fortune teller said she would?—Brandon Sun.

A Ten to 2,000,000 Chance.

It is said that there are 2,000,000 laws in the United States; but what about the Ten Commandments?—Kingston Standard.

That Would Be Awful.

That western farmers' wheat pool is proving so successful that an army of middlemen may yet be compelled to go farming.—Hamilton

WHY CHINA IS AT WAR

China apparently is on the verge of a civil war which conceivably might accomplish the great goal of the great conflict in Europe if prolonged. What are the underlying causes of this struggle? Junius B. Wood sets them forth clearly in this dispatch. For many years Mr. Wood has been chief of the Far East staff of The London Advertiser and The Chicago Daily News, and only recently completed a tour of China. He is home now on leave of absence.

By JUNIUS B. WOOD.

Special Cable to The Advertiser and The Chicago Daily News.

IN its present stage the fighting which has broken out in the vicinity of Shanghai is purely a local struggle for the possession of that rich and populous city and the port through which flows close to one-third of all China's commerce.

That it may be the spark which will plunge all China into a war, where all its armed millions will be arrayed behind either Wu Pei-Fu or Chang Tso-Lin, and in comparison to which China's fighting of the last decade will be merely neighborhood quarrels, is extremely possible. If that comes, it will be a war which has never been equaled—waged with the scientific engines of warfare which civilization perfected for its own recent struggle, but wielded by barbarians who still are the masters of the prisoners to gain courage.

The future depends on whether Marshal Wu Pei-Fu, war lord of the Peking government, shows his hand in the present struggle. The next contingency is whether Marshal Chang Tso-Lin, war lord of Manchuria and Mongolia, with his capital in Peking, builds up an army which will unloose the vast army he has been drilling under British, French, Italian and Russian officers for two years.

Some rough the great war will be an attempt to capture Peking and set up a new dynasty or proclaim a new president.

Such a move would start fires on all sides. Marshal Wu, on the Peking government, Hunan and Szechwan—the latter China's largest and richest province with a population of 60,000,000, nation in itself—have only been subdued this last summer by the governor of Hupeh, whom Wu delegated for the task.

Since when I was away west this summer The Advertiser was faced with a question which it could not answer. It was the time when some of the great world powers of the world were asking whether or not they were to be asked to send troops to the west, as there was no other person about who could tell whether they were Scots or not.

Now you have got me into a heap of trouble over this, for since coming home, and before you had sent me away from home, I had to do was to show myself any place and be recognized as a Scot. From then on the lastest was on the outside. If you can pass a few words of Gaelic tongue, so much the better, for then there is no latching at all, and the doors and everything else open to you. No doubt these white Indians knew this, and knew also that they were going to be taken from their jungle and carted around the world so at a New York of the very best auspices under the sun.

But they made one mistake, and that was that it is no use trying to pass as a Scot unless you are one. You go into a bank with a bogus bill, and the banker will bite it or put it down on the floor of a New York of the very best auspices under the sun.

They are certainly not connected with the Graham clan, which dates back to the days of the great Hugh Graham, a warrior who broke through the Roman wall away back in 420. Not a bit of it, sir. If those white

Indians had been Scots they would have taken those old Spanish bull fighters and chased them into the sea, and the chances are they would have taken possession of the whole of South America, and the whole of the world would have been its national coat-of-arms.

Those white Indians Scots? No, sir, not a bit of it. I am not going away from home for quite a long time to come, for fear you go wrong on another matter of Scottish history. As chief of the clan Graham, I force you this once for ever suggesting such a thing, but if you ever do it again we'll bring the pipers and the kilts men armed with the old Scotch bagpipes to your office and show you how the descendants of the great warrior Hugh Graham can carry on when thoroughly aroused. Yours truly,

DUGALD GRAHAM.
London, Sept. 5.

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