

London Advertiser

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1923.

Get All the Facts.

It was inevitable that there should be a difference of opinion regarding the amount of publicity given to the Imperial conference. There were matters for discussion that could not be belated from a public platform, and again there were sure to be times when publicity would be the right thing.

At a gathering of this sort, made up of premiers of dominions, it is well to remember that they are honorable men, each anxious for the best results. There is not a man among them but realizes the serious responsibility that is his in trying to carefully interpret the feelings of his people, and catch the national aims and ambitions of his colleagues from other dominions.

It is with poor grace and poorer taste that a few Conservative papers in Canada are seeking to turn to small political advantage the meagre information that is coming from the capital of the empire.

Premier King, or any other premier in similar circumstances, should have fair treatment and sympathetic consideration. He is there, not as leader of the Liberal party, but as premier of the Dominion of Canada.

If, when all the facts and reasons are known, it appears that he has failed in his duty, let the criticism be forcible and plentiful. It is not fair to speak yet with but a small knowledge of what has transpired or what is transpiring.

Watching the Ball Game.

Watching a ball game played in New York, right at the corner of Richmond and York streets in London. The attendance, cheers, everything except the admission. And it is all possible because of a clever device called the "Playograph." There is the diamond, the bases and the list of players, with an arrow pointing to the one at bat. The ball goes to the pitcher's box, travels over the home plate and is registered on the board as strike one. If it is hit it goes to right, center or left field. If it is caught the runner is seen to fade away as he nears first and the result is registered as "one out."

Crowds? Yes, thousands. The staid businessman comes along. Of course he shouldn't stand out there in the road. He should have a reserved seat, but with a sort of patronizing smile he steps out on the road, watches for the time Babe Ruth shall bat, gives a very dignified grunt of pleasure when he whacks the ball so hard that the Playograph shows it is a home run. And he stays—of course there is business to attend to, but it can wait. So he stands out there in the middle of the road, jostles with the crowd, and grumbles when a street car ambles along to spoil his vision even for half a minute. You know it's contagious.

The baseball-fan, and he is a numerous person in London, says it is the best baseball service ever given. He stands there for two hours, shouts his objection when the indicator puts the wrong man at bat, and registers his approval when his favorite pitcher downs them one, two, three.

The world is moving, and standing on The Advertiser corner watching a ball game in New York is quite up with the rest of the procession.

Getting an Education.

Education is an excellent and a wonderful thing. Not in years have a body of young men so vigorously entered into college work as on the day of initiation at Western. If the speed is maintained Dean Fox will be pinning on B.A. decorations in a year.

This form of education is intensely practical. When a student gets hit on the nose with a tomato in which mortification has already developed to an acute stage, his mind at once turns to the thought that tomatoes should be consumed when they are fresh. Doing things on time will be his hobby, and when he graduates he will probably write a series of books on 100 per cent efficient, and start a large factory for making time-saving devices.

Then, it is a fact that another student got struck in the ear with an egg. It is said that a contented old hen put this egg in a nest by the straw stack shortly after the conclusion of the Boer war. That would bring home to him the need for the grading of eggs, and he may turn out to be a produce merchant or a chef in a restaurant.

The presence of so much loose soot in bags would at once show the

need for a new style of architecture that would sprout a chimney in which soot would not collect. There is a greater market for this than for Andy Gump's combination hair brush and mirror.

The appearance of the crowd after the performance was over would also drive home the lesson that a man who shoots stagnant eggs is very likely to be struck with a stale one himself, and that those who heave bad tomatoes at other people's heads are almost sure to be smitten on their own jaw with a like missile. Likewise those who seek to blacken other folks with soot or anything else will certainly have cause to reach for the cleanser and the hot water themselves. That's a bit homely, we know, but just the same it's capable of fairly wide application.

They Will—They Won't.

The Free Press is in a bad way about the window panes at Alexandra School. On October 11 in one corner of page 15 a heading was inscribed to say:

"Will Not Remove Double Windows—Education Committee Takes No Action on Recommendation of M. O. H."

Quite plain in big black letters, so that even a very pronounced Conservative could read. Those windows were going to stay right there.

On the same page, and likewise on the same date, is another heading, mightier than the first. It found place away off in the opposite corner, where it says:

"Removal of Double Windows Without Breach Is New Problem For School Board—Trustees Willing to Accede to Request, But Believe That Operation May Be An Expensive One."

Then the story following this heading is also quite emphatic: "After weathering the storm and sunshine of a dozen years, the double glazing in Alexandra Public School windows is to be removed."

Well, well, and there in the opposite corner stands that heading: "Will Not Remove Double Windows."

You see, if they take 'em out the Free Press will be able to say "We told you so," and if they do not take these windows out it will be able to point to the other corner and say "There, we told you so."

Such is the ne-s of the day.

Their Deduction Is Wrong.

A pamphlet used by anti-prohibitionists points to the claim that 2,000 were killed in United States last year by the use of moonshine, drawing the inference that prohibition laws are the cause of these deaths.

All of which is positive nonsense. These deaths were the result of breaking the law.

A man goes in to rob a bank. It is against the law, but he goes just the same. In the carrying out of his scheme he gets shot and killed. An inquest is held, and the man who did the shooting is not blamed, neither is there a statement sent out that the death was due to the law that allowed people to shoot those who robbed banks.

Anti-prohibitionists are not going to make much progress in seeking to capitalize for their own purposes the results of law-breaking.

Why Mr. Meighen Speaks.

When Mr. Meighen spoke at Weyburn, the chairman said it was not the desire of Mr. Meighen to forward the interests of the Conservative party on his tour.

Why is it that a chairman feels called upon to get up and give expression to such an idea? Mr. Meighen is out for two purposes: (1) to increase his own standing as the leader of the party, and (2) to discredit the government as much as possible.

If there are other reasons, they do not appear on the surface, nor can they be guessed from the subject matter of his speeches.

The effort of Mr. Meighen's Weyburn chairman in trying to throw up a smoke screen is at least amusing.

Note and Comment.

Many a father's fondest hope is that his son shall grow up to be like he used to be.

American \$1 bills raised to \$20 are in circulation around St. Catharines. Sort of a 20 to 1 chance with odds in favor of the man who gets rid of it.

Glencoe schools were closed for several days to be fumigated in an attempt to head off the measles. The youngsters are understood to be entirely sold on the theory of fumigation, and even more so on the practice.

In the day's news Walkerton figures as saying good-bye to three young men who are leaving there, while Aylmer had a dinner for two more who are going away. The Ontario towns keep on handing over the cream of their young manhood to the larger centers, a contribution that is great and priceless, and yet one for which the smaller centers get scant recognition.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER

