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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED

London, Ont., Friday, February 6.

"THE CURSE OF BIGNESS."

At a time when most American and other universities are boasting of their vast enrollment one college has had the courage to strike out on another tack and place the limit on its attendance. This is Oberlin College, an institution of exceedingly high standards, which announces that for the coming year its attendance will be limited to one thousand students, and that only enough first year men and women will be admitted to make up the total number. It is explained that one thousand students is all that the university authorities feel they can do proper justice to if they are to maintain any sort of relations between teacher and pupil other than that of attendance at classes.

"The Curse of Bigness," as Louis Brandeis entitles one of the chapters in his book, "Other People's Money" is ever with us. We do so like big things. We boast of our area, even if most of it is uncultivated or merely being scratched: we boast of the size of our cities, though we know well enough that where there is vast population there comes vast misery; we even boast in numbers of our religion-everywhere the spirit is that of the adding machine and the mechanical computer. Is biggness the main aim of most of our activities? Sometimes it

It is pretty nearly time that in some things we were brought back to common sense. It is more important that our youth come in contact with inspiring teachers than that they be long to a university numbering its students by the thousands: it is far more important that our cities should keep their schools and other institutions up to the needs of the day than that we should jump London to 100,000 people and have a quarter of them unprovided for. And not less true is it that active spiritual effort is not always to be gauged by the num-

ber of members on a church roll. It isn't always easy to stand up for the better as compared with the bigger thing. "The curse of bigness" gets into our bones. But where one benefits ten suffer by it. The only kind of growth that is worth while is the growth that moves evenly on all sides, that is not lob-sided, but four-square and solid. Cities, universities, societies and individuals all come under the same rule. Unwarranted growth has to pay the penalty sooner or later and if not in one form then in another.

IT'S IN THE AIR.

The feeling that a general election is not far distant is in the air, particularly that section of the political atmosphere that percolates and circulates in the vicinity of the Parliament Buildings. Even a cabinet minister hints at it. Hon, A. K. Maclean has openly intimated that a Dominion polling is due in order that the federal political muddle be cleared up. Mr. Maclean is right. He is one of the Liberal leaders who united with the Borden Government three years ago with the understanding that the conclusion of the struggle would dissolve the partnership. With the signing of peace the Union ministry was to drop out. That hour is long overdue, and that the Union cabinet realizes it is demon strated by the shuffing of portfolios in order to avoid the test of a bye-election. There is a clamorous demand for an election from the country and the ring at Ottawa knows it. It cannot put off going to the country much longer. An early general election is in the air.

CIVILIZATION SAFE.

Every few days somebody announces that the world disorder and discontent is about to knock the bottom out of civilization, following which, the human race will rapidly revert to a state of abject savagery. These black prophecies would carry little weight were it not that all too frequently they come from men whose opinions we are accustomed to accord unusual attention. A noted English labor leader and socialist is a consistent offender along this line. He has repeatedly declared that civilization is slowly but surely sinking into the morass of anarchy, and that what is left of mankind will be hopelessly bestial. This Jeremiah of today criminated against. probably reaches his gloomy conclusions from a consideration of men and events in the mass. As he looks over the world, especially the old world, he sees millions milling in misery, ripe for any outbreak or outlawry that may promise relief. But he overlooks the individual. If civilization is doomed the individual must first let go all those high standards and ideals that today keep him humane, decent, happy. The mob is composed of units, and if civilization breaks down completely it can only be because the individual loses faith, hope, courage. Honesty and virtue go by the board, generosity and humanness are replaced by meanness, selfishness and cruelty. It is difficult to believe that the men and women we live with, associate with daily, have only a veneer of civilization, that the kindly, large-hearted, toperant fellow you work beside, or live beside, or do business with, will next month or a year hence be little more than a ravaging animal of the jungle. In fact we don't believe it, if we but stop to reflect. We are not headed for any such calamity. Financial collapse and industrial chaos may bring on world-wide tumult and turmoil, but the race will weather these trials because implanted in the individual are the incomparable qualities of courage, faith, hope and charity. There is no social convulsion big enough to wreck the base on which civilization in its last analysis

stands, that is the desire in the vast majority of men and women that right and justice and decency shall rule them. That kind of a race does not sink to the level of the savage. Next time a celebrated "gloom" feels inspired to new predictions of mankind's downfall, just consider your neighbor. Then you will realize that Mr. Gloom is conversing through his headgear.

THE TREES IN WINTER.

"When I'm a-weary of the babbling world, Its books and all save silent woodland things, I clamber where the pine its shadow flings Over the path that's 'round the boulders curled, And watch the great white clouds drift slowly

Dipping their points and spires innumerable Into the wilderness of thin blue sky-

"Trees are the most civil society," said Robert Louis Stevenson-"An old oak that has been growing where he stands since before the Reformation, taller than many spires, more stately than the greater part of mountains, and yet a living thing, liable to sicknesses and death, like you and me: is not that in itself a speaking lesson in history?" And perhaps at no time of the year do the trees make deeper appeal to our sympathies and understanding than during the winter months when in each tiny, frail twig there are the marvels of little resting buds wrapped in the mystery of sleep beside the leaf scars of the season past and keeping leaf promises of the awakening time to come. Quite secure from the ravages of frost and wind and storm, from the mighty tree trunks and branches, on out and up to the sky, the ambitious little twigs swing in the wind. heedless of the drifting flakes of snow, or stiff little icicles that perch among them, dreaming of dainty oriole nests that will be woven anew near the old ones that still cling to their fingers, and of leaf whispers in the days of tingling life of the springtime

"Each softly curled leaf is a dream laid at That was born in the magic of Spring.

The tenderest dream of a frail little twig

That wanted to let its heart sing-

Intricate and lovely the inter-woven designs of the leafless trees stand out against the winter sky with a beauty that is hidden in the days of spring and summer. Then do the silvery-coated tree trunks proclaim their strength and character in their typical branching and growth. Sturdiness of oak, frailty of drooping poplar, delicate, towering droop of elm. rounded symmetry of maple, shelter-seeking dependence of birch, are all interestingly displayed like many personalities against the year round beauty and sombre green of pine, tamarack, hemlock, balsam, spruce and cedar, as they stand silently in the white snow in quiet

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT.

unpretentious winter loveliness.

Monday next will see the opening of a five days' campaign to secure \$11,000,000 for the home and foreign missions activities of the Presbyterian, Anglican, Baptist, Congregational and Methodist Churches of Canada. This campaign is known as the Forward Movement, and is perhaps the most highly organized and most comprehensive evangelical enterprise ever launched in this country. It is proposed to use the funds gathered for purposes that will strengthen the work of the church in every activity. It is expected that there will follow as a result of the campaign a great increase of membership in church, Sunday school and kindred associations, and a grand spiritual awakening take place throughout the Dominion.

EDITORIAL NOTES. Regard to the elementary rules of health is wise at all times: in the midst of the widespread epidemics today it is vital.

Socialists in the United States are booming Eugene Debs for president. That Debs is at present in prison on a twenty-year sentence is perhaps the best recommendation in their eves for choosing him.

The Forward Movement is the contribution of the churches of Canada towards reconstruction. At its greatest success it will hardly do more than the things that must be done, so pressing are our national problems.

The best import from the United States this year will be the American tourists. They come to Canada and pay for scenery of which we have an abundance and which remains with us after they have paid for it and gone.

Canada is around the nine million mark, according to government estimates. Even at that we haven't made the best job of assimilating the newcomers. If we are to have the immigration that is promised for the coming years now is the time to prepare to receive it.

One moral of the Austrian who earned more than \$5,000 last year in a St. Catharines plant is that he must have been a pretty useful man to his employers. We hardly think that a Canadian having as much brains or energy, or a combination of both, would have been dis-

A COMMODITY OF DOUBTFUL UTILITY.

[New York Times.] A diamond field, apparently of unparalleled richness, has been discovered in a waterless and tree. less desert in Bechuanaland, and from all over South Africa men and women are rushing to stake out claims. There is nothing surprising about this, of course; the lure of easy money is here presented in one of its oldest and most unfailingly attractive forms, and those who join in the rush will never stop to think of the fifty who must be disappointed for every one who has luck. Yet, when the world is in its present state, when it so badly needs commodities of real value, and when labor is so hard to attract to any useful work which promises only moderate returns, this new diversion of energy and enterprise must be regretted.

The world cannot be set on going again until many men are willing to work at occupations in which work must be hard and long and profits moderate, in which the hope of gain will depend on intensity and continuation of effort. But nobody wants hard work or small profits, of course; but hard work for small profits has made our civilization, such as it is, and, while it lacks perfection throwing it away to start again from the Stone Age. In ordinary times most people do hard work for small profits because they have to, but the nt compulsion is apparent only the discerning, and the hope of large profits, while not much better grounded than at other times, seems more alluring. If this were a new oil field one could be more hopeful, for oil is something useful. But the opinion may be ventured that the world has a supply of diamonds already adequate to its needs; labor spent on getting more is labor diverted from some useful work, and money spent on gems is money which just now could be better spent on things somewhat less showy.

From Here and There

CHANCES OF FUTURE WARS.

[Vancouver Sun.] Marshal Foch is propably right in his somewhat pessimistic remark that to suppose there will be no more wars is "merely foolish." There is room for whether all the nations wil be forever content with the boundaries now assigned them. Even if they were, there are plenty of other cause of conflagration lying around loose. Moreover, the League of Nations, which was expected to provide machinery for peaceful settlement of future disputes, is having a sickly childhood and does not give

much promise of reaching vigorous maturity.

But exactly what does the distinguished Frenchthe next war victory will go to whoever is best prepared? If he means purely military preparation, the facts are against him, as Germany can testify.

There is such a thing as spending too much time and energy in getting ready. the next generation arming and drilling. The forbids any such course. The better plan is to strive for moral, physical and financial progress, and not to be too solicitous about preparation against danger until the need becomes reasonably

THAT'S LUCK.

[Ridgetown Dominion.] It has been explained that we need to be prepared for bad luck, but that good fortune does not equire to be guarded against.

All the same, it would certainly add to the cheer fulness of life in general if lucky omens were more widely known. How much brighter things look to if we have reason to hope that something good

Everybody, of course, knows that it is lucky to pick up a bit of iron or coal. So it is to pick up a pin if its head is toward you; if not, let it be. It is a sign of good fortune to put on some garment inside out, but only if it is done by accident, and the garment is allowed to remain reversed during the day. William the Conqueror put on his mail shirt back to front on the morning of the Battle of Hastings, and we all know what luck he

If you find your keys or other steel articles rusting, do not be annoyed about it; it only shows that

somebody is putting money by for you. better is it if a strange cat comes to stay at the house. Speaking of cats, pessimists, of course, assert that when they tear the furniture with their is "scratching luck" to her masters.

PROHIBITION AND POISON.

Anti-prohibitionists profess to find in the reports deaths caused by the drinking of wood alcohol argument against prohibitory legislation. But the bottom is easily knocked out of an argument of land

"See what your dry law does!" says the scoffer he points to the headlines recounting a growing death list from indulgence in beverages with a isonous kick, says the Chicago Evening Post. But the scoffer is wrong. This is not the result of the dry law: this is the result of years of licensed liquor selling. The saloon created appetites which are now seeking satisfaction in a quicker poison than it provide. The wood alcohol product of the days when whiskey was plentiful. for those whose appetites were formed under the -although many of these may be helped -but by what it will do for the rising generation and for generations to come. We cannot eradicate the appetite where it has been acquired, but we can prevent its acquirement by millions of young Americans who will grow to manhood and womanhood in a saloonless land.

CLEAN COAL

We have only to examine the reports of the geological survey to see why coal comes to us with varying percentages of ash and other impurities. Says Power Plant Engineering (Chicago):

with layers, ranging in thickness from the fraction of an inch to several inches, of bone, slate, shale or or clinker in the boiler furnace and when the percentage of sulphur is excessive it causes rapid corrosion of all metals coming in contact with the gases of combustion. While the engineer has always recognized the value of clean coal for his furnaces, it was not until the coal shortage of two years ago that he appreciated the condition in which the coal comes to the mouth of the mine. At that time many carloads of coal were rejected because of the great percentage of slate and stone which it contained. While the average percentage of unavoidable ash in bituminous coal mined throughout the county is in the neighborhood of 10, many complaints were investigated when the amount of ash was above 30 per cent. These conditions brought about a more thorough study of coal-washing and cleansing processes, and today the largest and bestequipped mines are prepared to deliver cleaner and better coal than ever before. The concentrating table method of purification is among the latest developments in the field of coal-mining, although it has been used extensively in metal-mining."

"PRINCESS PAT'S" BABY.

[London Express.] Everyone who has seen "Princess Pat's" baby including his proud father, Capt, the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, R.N., says without exception that he is

He is a splendid example of babyhood, with even of deepest blue-large eyes, like his mother's-and lots of curly dark hair. He is also described by those who have seen him as one of the best-tempered babies imaginable.

Young Master Ramsay-his names are not yet settled, but it may be taken for granted that one of those finally chosen will be Arthur, after his maternal grandparent, the Duke of Connaught born on the Sunday before Christmas Day. The weather has been so unfavorable during the first eleven days of his life that he has yet to take his first airing abroad. On the next sunny day, however, he will be taken out by his nurse in the gardens at Clarence House.

At present the little fellow lies happly gurgling and sleeping in his dainty white cot decorated with pink ribbon bows. His nursery overlooks the garden, and is a large, airy, pleasant room at the top of Clarence House.

OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunity never comes in silks and satins, and m is it heralded with the blowing of horns, or led by a brass band. It usually sneaks up to us en we are not expecting it.

Opportunity stands at our side from morning until night. Every time there is work to be done which no one else wants to do, opportunity beckon us to step up and embrace her, because it is here that the first step toward leadership is taken. The poet who wrote in his verse that opportunity knocks but once did the world a tremendous

damage. Every time a person does you an injustice you are face to face with opportunity-glorious opporbig you are by appplying the Golden Rule, forgiving

Every time you have a chance to get the better your fellow-men in a business deal you are face to face with opportunity-opportunity to increase your own self-respect and gain the contience of your fellow-men by doing the usual thing by not taking advantage of that chance.

It makes no difference what may be your calling in life, or how lowly the work you are doing at present, you have a glorious opportunity to raise yourself into more important and more profitable service and better service than you are actually

You know where your neighbor keeps his family n. You could drag it out and humiliate him. What a wonderful opportunity stands at your side ment and bids you be big and great enough to let that skeleton remain undisturbed

The world says mean things about you. What a wonderful opportunity you have to prove the world a liar by your good conduct, your kindness toward your neighbors, your fair dealings in business, your splendid example of forgiving and forgetting.

Opportunity is always and everywhere beckening to you to embrace her. When you are alone she stands by your side and bids you impress upon your own heart and mind through the principle of auto stion, that you are an honorable, sympathetic, just, kind, progressive citizen, and that you are enjoying happiness by helping your fellow-men find it.

What greater opportunity than this could one

LOVE OF THE WILD

"Little chap," he murmed, "yoursolf, and I wanted the wood after the same and coat. I not rect it same and coat. I make the source of the works, cheel," and the same and the

Boy crept in and shamefacedly swept

CHAPTER VII.

Boy crept in and shametacedly swept the cobwebs from her poor little face. Then he sat down on the stump chair, and, laying his arms on the table, rested his head upon them.

In the open the clouds scudded low above the trees, and it began to snow. Boy arose and walked about the little house, his eyes searching it for the small trinkets the girl had treasured there. A bunch of dead flowers rustled in the cracked cup on the bark shelf. They were tied with a gorgeous bit of red flannel, which, he remembered, Gloss had been careful to explain was watered silk. Boy smiled and pressed the knot between his fingers.

On the floor lay a home-woven straw hat. Its decorations, too, were of woodland flowers faded to ashes and scent-

tak me awa back to the time I first saw your mither, Gloss. Ye will na be gangin' oot i' th' snaw, pet," noting with concern that Gloss had on her cal and coat. "I ne'er lak ta see ye rambin' aboot i' th' woods after th' snaw falls on account of the wolves, cheeld."

"And she was beautiful, and I am like her," said the girl softly. "Oh, Granny, I'm beginnin' to miss my

wood swales, for the sky was changing to the slate-blue of even-tide. Down in the stumpy potato-patch Boy and Big McTavish were busily engaged in turning the snowy tubers out of the black scal

black soil.

Gioss skirted the patch, keeping a thicket between her and the workers, and passed on southward until she reached a wide ridge of giant beech trees, whose long outstretched arms were fruited with the toothsome nuts which the first frost of autumn would send in a shower to the carth. On the floor lay a home-woven straw hat. Its decorations, too, were of woodland flowers faded to ashes and scentless. Boy caught it up and held it at arm's length; then the threw it from him and sprang out into the darkening wood again.

He hurried on, passing the tree-swing where he and the girl had played so warm and tipoed into the many tipoed into the inner room.

Granny McTavish looked up from her knitting, a smile on her wrinkled face, "Lass," she said softly, "but ye are scentis," main like your dear little mither the songs, and the scentis of nature.

Beyond a tangled counter the heart of the girl. Her great eyes were alive with life and on the wrinkled face, "Lass," she said softly, "but ye are scentis," main like your dear little mither.

Beyond a tangled counter to see in their kingdom. The old-time restfulness and happiness had stolen back to the heart of the girl. Her great eyes were alive with life and on the wrinkled face, "Lass," she said softly, "but ye are scentis," main like your dear little mither care unexpectedly upon another creative.

him and sprang out into the darkening wood again.

He hurried on, passing the tree-swing where he and the girl had played so many summers. He passed through the hickory grove where they had garnered the nuts for the winter's cracking; through this and into the heavier timber and deeper shadow where the light was very dim and forest whispers stirred and vibrated. A fox gided across his path, switching into a clump of haze bushes. A cook grouse, drumming upon a decayed log, arose on Granny with looked up from her knitting, a smile on her wrinkled face, "Lass," she said softly, "but ye are gettin' mair like your dear little mither every day. And she was bonnie, aye, she was bonnie, lassie."

The girl sank on her knees and took the old hands in hers.

"Am I like my mother Granny?" she sides heaving. And so the two animals of the Wild gazed at each other with a deep and growing wonder.

"Aye, dearle, ye have her smile. Ye Nature had built these two after the

same fashion. Both were slender and graceful; both were alert and watchful; both possessed long-lashed eyes; both were wild, free, and beautiful.

The doe stood with her slender muzzle lifted, her sensitive lips atremble, her humid eyes fastened upon the girl of the forest, who, instinctively, she felt, would do her no harm.

For a moment the two creatures stood gazing at each other. The doe

who was recently play-the Imperial Theatre in St. Louis, Mo., made the statement about grey hair and how to darken it: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey, streaked or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and W ounce

These ingredients can be bought a any drug store at very little cost. An ply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look twenty years younger. It does not color the scalp, is not sticky, or greasy, and does

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

"Just as we get John Barleycorn buried, along comes Sir Oliver Lodge to tell us there is life after death."-Philadelphia North American.

How Would You Punish The Kaiser?

Some time ago THE LITERARY DIGEST prepared and forwarded to the justices of the state supreme courts, to district, county and circuit judges, and to the heads of the legal departments of American universities, a brief questionnaire. If William Hohenzollern is found guilty, The Digest asked, both of conspicuous responsibility for the war and of authorizin g military violations of international law, what penalty should be imposed upon him? Three hundred and twenty-eight replies have been received, covering every section of the country and representing a wide diversity of opinion.

One of the most comprehensive and interesting articles in THE LITERARY DIGEST this week, February 7, gives a summary of these replies, which, coming as they do from such an admittedly authoritative section of the public, may be justly claimed to represent America's best judgment.

This exclusive news-feature is illustrated by a full-page cartoon, in colors, by Cesare, representing the kaiser at the bar of justice; and other half-tone illustrations showing him in exile; also humorous car-

Other striking news-articles in this number of The Digest are:

Molders of Bread and Molders of Ideals

Facts Ascertained from an Intensive Study of Statistics Showing Comparative Wages of School Teachers and Various Day Laborers

Alien and Sedition Bills of 1920 Socialism on Trial at Albany Selling the Irish Bonds The Kansas Strike Cure Returning Our Soldier Dead English Land Going Back to Farmers Ex-Preacher Tells of a City Under "Soviet" Rule

American Brains and Business Invade London France's New Boulevardier Presi-

dent Senator Edge, an Apostle of Business Sagacity and Common Sense.

Germany's Mysterious Army Turkey to Remain in Europe Poland, Shield Against Bolshevism. China Speaks Out in Meeting Rural Religious Demoralization Ships That Won't Roll The Best Artificial Limbs Yet A Genuine Native Drama Helping Disabled Soldiers "Carry On"

Rusinia: Who Are the Uhro-Rusins -What These Words Mean-Map of Rusinia

Many Interestin g Illustrations.

February 7th Number on Sale Today At All News-dealers.

