

Life's Little Comedies

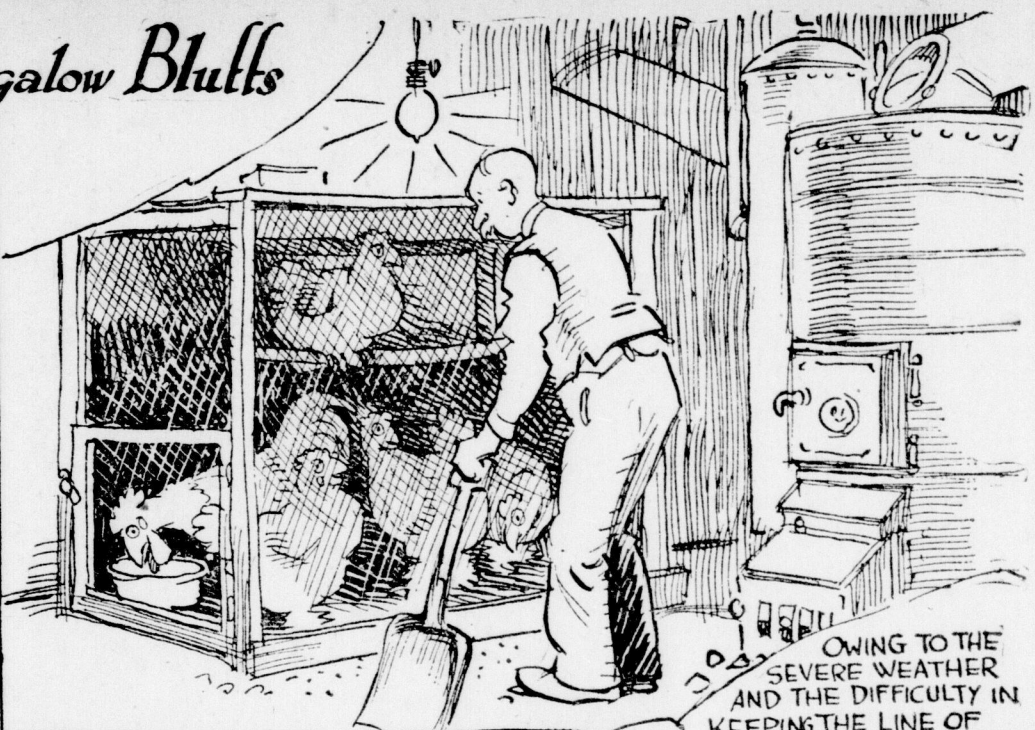
Bungalow Bluffs



SINCE THE WATER SYSTEM FROZE UP MR. TEMPS HAS BEEN GETTING THE HOUSE SUPPLY FROM "OLD TIMER'S" WELL.



THE MORNING AFTER THE BIG STORM — MR. SUBURB ARRIVES AT THE OFFICE AROUND LUNCH TIME.



OWING TO THE SEVERE WEATHER AND THE DIFFICULTY IN KEEPING THE LINE OF COMMUNICATION OPEN MR. NEGGS HAS MOVED HIS BUFF ORPHINGTONS INTO THE CELLAR.



THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL AWINDING AHEAD OF MR. AND MRS. RUBENS WHO HAVE JUST MISSED THE LAST NIGHT BUS AFTER AN EVENING IN TOWN.

Current It and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs from the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

in idleness; it is the rust that attaches to the most brilliant metals.—Voltaire.

man thinks he is overworked just because he takes all day to do a 3-hour job.—Standard.

Adding insult to injury: When a hunter shoots you full of buckshot and then explains that he mistook you for a chipmunk.—Hamilton Herald.

Correct this sentence: "And the hockey fan admitted that most of the rough play was by his own team."—Kincardine Review.

There was a time when citizens kicked against taxation without representation. Their complaint to-day is that they get too much of each.—Halifax Herald.

I am not at all sure that I was ever such a Tory darling.—Mr. Lloyd George.

The best place to have a boil is in the tea kettle.—Kitchener Record.

Blessed is the man who when he pays his grocer and butcher on Saturday night is square with the world.—London Advertiser.

In the morning, when thou art sluggish at rousing thee, let this thought be present: "I am rising to a man's work."—Marcus Aurelius.

It seems that China has achieved at last the true status of a democracy. Her treasury is empty.—St. Catharines Standard.

The ice crop is assured. Let's see; is the next worry about the peach crop?—Hamilton Spectator.

The probability is that Ramsay MacDonald's chief trouble will be with his fellow-Scots from the Clyde district.—Hamilton Herald.

Ramsay MacDonald is now going to govern the whole works. Scotsmen will never want for home rule. Hoot, mon!—Brockville Recorder.

Great minds have purposes, others have wishes. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes; but great minds rise above them.—Washington Irving.

We have Shakespeare's authority for the calculation that an honest man is one in ten thousand, and the current reference-books affirm that the House of Commons has only 615 members.—Mr. A. Wyatt Tilley.

sometimes the words are, "Now, I just want you to tell me what you think," but the real one is that of, "Shovel out a little more flattery, please."—Shelburne Economist.

Laws do not make reforms, reforms make laws.—Calvin Coolidge.

China Christians Fear Mah Jong Will Corrupt

LET the truly good beware the lure of Mah Jong.

Chinese Christians are greatly exercised at the rapid growth in popularity, both in America and England, of that Chinese game. As the result of a meeting of a number of Chinese Christians in Hong Kong, the National Chinese Christian Council has sent a letter to representatives of British and American religious and missionary societies pointing out that the game in China is almost invariably played for money, often for very high stakes, and, broadly speaking, it is not countenanced by Chinese of high moral standing. The fact, however, that the game is being so largely played in so-called Christian countries is, in the mind of some, giving a certain sanction to its use by Chinese Christians, with very deleterious results.

The warning letter runs, in part: "It is not for us to condemn good Christian folk abroad who play Mah Jong, nor would we say that it is wrong to play Mah Jong without stakes. We do, however, feel that in view of the terrible curse to this land which comes through gambling, and in particular through this form of it, Christian people in England and America should seriously consider whether they ought not to place a limitation upon what may seem to them to be quite legitimate enjoyment. We may remind you that the apostle said, 'All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient.'"

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W HEN Professor Morgan tried to persuade him to publish, in the interests of truth, a memorandum on Britain's foreign policy which was a kind of apology for his resignation, Lord Morley replied: "No, the truth can never be known. It will never overtake the legend. I have read many books of late, dealing with events in which I took some part, and all of them are wrong. 'History' always misleads. Far more depended on the conversations of half an hour, and was transacted by them, than ever appeared in letters and despatches."

Professor Morgan recalls two remarkable prophecies Lord Morley made to him the Sunday after the declaration of the war, one of them destined to prove remarkably true, the other remarkably false: "Of Mr. Asquith he then predicted, 'Mark my words, he is not the pilot to weather the storm'—a prophecy remarkable in its foresight in that the subject of it was then at the zenith of his fame and never appeared more secure in his position; he had carried his cabinet with him and had ranged the opposition on his side. Of Mr. Lloyd George he said: 'This war ends the race between him and Winston; his heart is not in this business—he is a man of peace. But

Rocket to Shoot Men 100 Miles High Special Parachutes for Safe Return

"The Rocket to the Planet," German Engineer Calls His Book of Plans—Different Scheme to Prof. Goddard's—Would Cost \$250,000 to Send Up Two Men

THE ROCKET TO THE PLANETS." That's the title of a book just published by a German engineer named Oberth, in which he discusses the mathematics and technical problems of a flight to other planets.

The project received much attention in America when Professor Goddard proposed last year to construct a rocket that would "shoot" human observers to the moon.

Oberth concludes and backs up his conclusions with detailed astronomical calculations and designs of such rockets, that it would be perfectly feasible to "shoot" human observers to another planet, but he adds that so far it is impossible, technically, to assure the observers that they would be able to come back.

He does hold, however, that information of the greatest value could be obtained by applying the idea to less ambitious projects, such as "shooting" observers some hundred miles high to the edge of the earth's gravity field, from where their return would be assured.

He believes that from such a height invaluable information could be brought back about

the earth and the stars and the physical laws which govern the cosmos.

He submits designs for a small rocket which would "shoot up" only instruments for registering temperatures, winds and other physical phenomena, and for a large rocket which would accommodate one or two observers. The first would be 15 feet high and would weigh 270 pounds, the second would weigh about 200,000 pounds.

Both instruments and observers would have to depend on specially constructed parachutes for a safe landing.

Instead of using nitro explosives for propelling the rocket, as proposed by Professor Goddard, Oberth would use alcohol water and hydrogen. This would be carried along in liquid form, converted into gas, and burned through combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere. The resulting high pressure gas would then be allowed to escape through a special engine and would propel the rocket through recoil against the atmosphere.

The rocket is to be built in two parts, one depending on alcohol water, the other on hydrogen for propulsion. The alcohol rocket would

be used up first and then dropped, while the hydrogen rocket would continue its flight.

From the experiences of airplane pilots and balloonists, Oberth believes that the human cargo of the rocket can be safeguarded against harm through a too rapid ascension.

The price of the small rocket Oberth estimates at \$3,000 to \$5,000. The price of the large rocket for human observers at \$250,000.

CATHEDRAL DOME DRAMAS, MAN SHOT IN ST. PAUL'S

THE fact that a few weeks ago a man was found shot in the Golden Gallery above the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral recalls two narrow escapes associated with the famous dome.

Mr. Gwyn was once measuring the exterior, for a drawing, when he slipped down the globular surface of the dome till his foot stopped on a projecting knob of lead, and, thus held on the vast round surface, he was rescued.

It was Sir James Thornhill, painting the cupola, who stepped back to have a better view of his work. He was about to step over the edge of the scaffold when a friend, seeing there was no time to catch hold of him, took a brush and smeared the painting.

Sir James sprang forward in horror, exclaiming: "What have you done?" "Only saved your life," was the reply.

LONG DISTANCE TALK

A REMOTE period is the one due at the end of a woman's remarks.

Subsidized Submen Breed Next Generation

Dean of St. Paul's Thinks They Threaten Our Civilization—Former High Death Rate Kept Them Down

HAT trenchant and outspoken thinker, the dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Inge, in a lecture on National Decay and Regeneration points out that in each generation the cream of all classes is skimmed off, raised to a better social position, and there sterilized," writes the London correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

"The lowest birth rates at present are those of physicians, ministers of religion and teachers. If it were the skilled workman who filled the cradles there would be less cause for alarm. But it is the slum dweller, the untaxed dole-receiver, who is producing more than his share of the next generation. The highest birth rate of all is that of the feeble-minded."

"Civilization, the dean considers, has brought with it an arrest in human evolution. Even in brains man makes no further progress. What we call progress is the result of accumulated experience. There has always been in England a large class of submen—beggars and wastrels—who were outside the social system, but the enormous death rate of the towns kept them down. They were not subsidized and encouraged to multiply as they are to-day."

"The unexampled decline in the death rate, due partly to sanitation and medical skill, but partly also to adaptation to town life, has created the menacing problem of overpopulation. The decline of the birth rate has prevented a social revolution, but it has not gone far enough to remove the danger. This decline in itself is dangerous because it is steadily impairing the quality of the population."

Larger Ships Are Unlikely, Not Economical to Operate

THE economics of trans-Atlantic liners of various lengths forms the subject of an analysis which leads to the conclusion that for the greatest return on investment to-day, the 600-foot ship is the logical choice, a vessel of this length giving about seven per cent. per annum return on investment. If a return on investment of about 3 per cent. would be sufficient, an owner would be justified in designing, building and operating a vessel of 700-foot length. The construction and operation of any vessel having a length exceeding this cannot be justified from a private owner's point of view under existing conditions. There are very few trips in the year when the 900- or 1000-foot ship will approach capacity in passenger carrying performances, and during the rest of the year these vessels will not carry any more passengers than, say, the 600 or 700-footers. It may, therefore, be said that world conditions will have to improve very materially before the 1000-footer is an economic proposition for either a European or American company, although less so for the European.—Marine Eng. and Shipping Age.

A Successful Man
TEACHER: "What is a successful man?"
Pupil: "One who can make more than his family can spend."—Answers.

Lord Morley's Remarkable War Prophecies

Declared Asquith Would Not Weather the Storm, But Was Wrong in His Estimate of Lloyd George — Vivid Description of the Cabinet Crisis of August, 1914.

Winston! there'll be a great naval victory in the North Sea and he'll go down to history as the Chatham of the age." Lord Morley spoke, of course, at the moment when Mr. Lloyd George's secession from the cabinet on the issue of the ultimatum to Germany had been almost an accomplished fact—of which more in a moment.

About Mr. Lloyd George: "Of Mr. Lloyd George he once said, 'I think much of him—I mean I think much about him,' which is the most concise way it could be put. In his 'Recollections,' Lord Morley never so much as mentions him. There was a time during which he succumbed to the magic of that personality and was not ill-pleased with his masterly flatteries, but, as with many another, the spell did not last, and he grew more and more critical both of the man and of his methods. Under the date February 15, 1918, I find this record of a conversation:

Lord Morley—If Ludendorff fails on the western front, L. G. wins—otherwise he is done. Of course, he wants peace.

J. H. M.—His greatest gift is his "drive." Lord Morley—Yes, he's got what Carlyle said of the Hindu god—he has a fire in his belly, but his weakness is looseness of mind.

J. H. M.—And his principles?

Lord Morley—Principles! Do you talk to me of his principles? What are they? But he is not dishonest, he's only tricky. Some shabbiness, perhaps.

More than two years later there came a curious change of estimate.

Lord Morley—L. G. may yet emerge with the reputation of Burke.

J. H. M.—But he has no fixity of purpose. He has too many acts of apostasy.

Lord Morley—But hadn't Burke? Weren't all his utterances on the French revolution "apostasies"? Isn't politics simply a matter of expediences?

J. H. M.—Would you say that of Lincoln?

Lord Morley—Ah, his task was infinitely less complex.

But when the Lloyd George government fell, says Professor Morgan, Lord Morley had apparently arrived at some very definite conclusions about the head of it:

vastating judgment that nothing would induce me to repeat it. It might almost be called defamatory, and it is not for me to justify.

A vivid description by Lord Morley of the cabinet crisis in 1914:

On August 2nd, a Sunday I think, we went to lunch at Beauchamp's—Lloyd George, Simon, and myself. Simon said to me before we went upstairs, "I think I've got L. G. he is with us." The next day—half an hour before the cabinet met—I said to L. G., "I'm going." He replied, "Don't be in a hurry." Half an hour later he said, "I stay. It's Belgium." Simon resigned with tears streaming down his face at having to leave Asquith. The same evening Burns came to me and said, "Simon's going to stay—he's withdrawn his resignation."

A remarkable conversation on February 15th, 1918:

One more quotation before I leave this subject. It is the record of a remarkable conversation on February 15th, 1918, to which I shall return in another connection, for it covered a wide field:

J. H. M.—If Bismarck had been alive the cause of Belgium would never have arisen. He would never have been a party to the violation of Belgium.

Lord Morley—Was it our casus belli? Did we put that straight to Germany? Did we give the Kaiser half an hour? Didn't we play into the military party's hands?

J. H. M.—But everything has gone to show that Germany had made up her mind to have war sooner or later.

Lord Morley—You mean it was "inevitable." That has been said of every war since Hannibal. I said to Asquith at the time, "We're only playing Russia's game." Why did she mobilize in the north as well as in the south? And by the end of the war we shall be sorry America ever came in—we shall have bar on our backs.