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London, Ontario, Tuesday, October 10.

The Greatest Empire.

TO come across a favorable reference to anything that smacks of Britain or the British in a Hearst paper is not a common occurrence.

The policy of Hearst papers is anti-British, and in many cases outspokenly and offensively so.

The *Detroit Times*, a Hearst paper, though, has the following reference to British and German monarchs:

"Without tact or consideration for others is a cruel weapon which nobody can afford to use."

"Once when WILHELM HOENZLEK was Kaiser of the German empire, he attended a great dinner at the end of a boar hunt."

"One of the guests, a rough, honest landowner, tucked his napkin under his chin. WILHELM remarked: 'Does the gentleman want a shave?'"

"One cannot quite imagine King Edward VII. of England, WILHELM's uncle, saying those words. Edward would likely have tucked his own napkin in to make the countryman feel at ease."

"The sheer charm of the British king's personality had much to do with the forging of the iron ring of the empires which came to encircle Germany."

"Today King Edward is dead, but his son reigns over the greatest empire of history—an empire increased by acquisition of Germany's overseas possessions. And WILHELM, HOENZLEK is a broken old refugee in Holland."

"If Germany had had Edward VII. and England WILHELM II. as sovereign, how different might be today the world in which we live."

Something must have gone wrong in the Hearst mill when that phrase about Britain being "the greatest empire of history" got into print.

Allowing for all that, the Hearst paper has brought forth a phrase that we sometimes lose sight of. In days such as we are passing through in the troubled state of trade—when every effort is made to make Wall street supreme in the money market of the world—when we are told that India longs to break away, and that British power is waning—yes, it's well that we should pause at that phrase, "the greatest empire of history."

But not in any spirit of boasting, far from it.

Rather that the realization of this greatness should have a sobering effect, and saddle the people of this great empire with a proper sense of the responsibility that is theirs to keep it great.

If ever this world had need of a great empire the hour is right now.

A great empire is needed as a steady and saving influence.

A great empire is needed to hold men's minds and thoughts to ideals that constitute real greatness.

A great empire is needed to show broken, bankrupt, deluded Russia that law and order is a greater factor in a world crisis than chaos and a blind reaching out after fanatic visions.

A great empire is needed to point out even to Germany that gold is greater than paper and that an honest effort to discharge debt is the key to world honor, recognition and sympathy.

A great empire is needed to point out to France that toleration is more wonderful in a conqueror than an armed threat.

It is well that we should think seriously of these things. Not greatness for the sake of greatness—not strength for selfish purposes—not sacrifice that others may be oppressed.

"The greatest empire of history."

Let your thoughts grip that phrase. Let your sense of responsibility rise to the point where you realize that this greatness cannot go higher than the greatness of the people.

There's a saving element in that line, "The greatest empire of history," and as a people we must lift our heads to the heights, ever keeping our feet firm upon the ground of common humanity, our vision clear and our record clean.

"The greatest empire of history."

What a phrase—what a phrase—are we big enough to stand up beside it?

Not Much Loss.

MAGISTRATE GUNDY at Windsor sentenced a man to be deported to United States because he was "selling tips" at the races.

A man may have hid all his money under the barn before he was arrested, but it is a fact that when he was arrested he had a decent place on him, quite indicative of the pockets of many a man who persists in trying to beat the races.

The exporting of a man who sells "tips" at a racetrack will not be a serious loss to this country, nor a particularly large gain to the country to which he was shipped when he was deported from here.

He was performing no useful service, hence his absence is more to be desired than his presence.

These "tipsters" live on the credulity of the public. The men who are putting in the first or second day at the track are as glib as their mill. Very often they work two or three together. A stranger runs into a man looking at the boards where the money is played, and a little conversation comes up,

WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT



when it is intimated that "that chap with the gray suit certainly knows his business," and, of course, it follows that the green man hops right in and asks him if he can give him any information about the winners. Once he has got that far it is all over. The tipster then takes his man, rushes him up to the money wickets just as they are about to close, takes his fifty dollars or whatever the amount may be, buys tickets, and hands the thing back to the victim, with instructions to get down to the rail quick and see him at the pay wickets after the race. When the victim counts his tickets he may find he is one or two short, but he has nothing to show for it. Or the tipster may simply wander around giving advice and telling the easy ones to meet him when they cash in after the race. He then gives advice right and left to all he can meet, naming in turn every likely-looking horse on the board. He tells all his victims to meet him at the pay windows. Some of those he has tipped off must win unless the horses all fall and break their necks, and he saunters down and generally finds one or two winners who out of the fullness of their pockets are glad to hand over a share of the winnings to the man who told them which horse to play.

And so the business goes on, pure, simple, unadulterated bait for the easy ones to walk into the bear trap. The country is well rid of a man who tries to make his living in this way. He's not much better than the man who operates on the highway at night with a revolver and a dark lantern.

The Right View.

THERE is a commendable tendency on the part of some conservative newspapers to give the new president and board of the National Railways every opportunity to make good in the work to which they have set their hand. The management of this gigantic undertaking is so wrapped up in the financial credit of the Dominion that it would be dangerous to take any other stand.

In the last analysis it is to the interests of every ratepayer in the country that these roads should be brought to the highest standard of efficiency in an effort to determine whether they can be made a success from a financial point of view.

There are many men who as a matter of principle are opposed to the idea of the government of the country owning and operating railroads.

These men are not called upon to change their views, or to become exponents of public ownership. The present position of the National roads is not one that lends itself to a discussion on academic theories regarding public or private ownership.

The situation is—the country has the roads and must do the very best possible with them in the interests of the people whose money is at stake.

LITTLE TISERS

About the only way to get some people to go to church would be to pass a law against it.

As soon as people get a car in their woodshed they start to talk about their Gaurage.

Our idea of 100 per cent efficiency is the chap who knows where he put the hinges for the storm door.

It's tough when a youngster gets his ears boxed at school because his dad worked the question wrong the night before.

If this trouble in Greece calls out all our shoe shine parlors what will the 16-year-old lad do who is now too lazy to black his own boots?

A reader wants to know the best method to use when the family cat sticks its head in an empty salmon

With Apologies to Kipling.

After seeing a businessman light a cigar and flip the match thoughtlessly into a corner of his office near a waste basket, a visitor wrote the following paraphrase of one of Kipling's best-known poems:

"If you can toss a match into a clearing,
And never give a thought to put it out,
Or drop your cigarette butt without fearing
That flames may kindle in the leaves about,
If you can knock the ashes from your brier,
Without a glance to see where they may fall,
And later find the forest all aflame,
Where you have passed—with no one near to call;
If you drive your auto through the working,
And cast your stogie stub in the slash,
Unmindful of the danger therein lurking,
Or homes or happiness that you may smash;
If you can leave your campfire while 'tis glowing,
No thought of industries that it may blight,
Or of the billion saplings in the growing
Turned into charcoal ere the coming night,
If you can start a fire beneath a brush pile
When the wind is roaring like a distant gun—
You surely should be jailed without a trial
And labelled as lunatic, my son."

—Fire Control.

can and can't get it out. Borrow the neighbor's can opener.

Most folks are back from their holidays, and it looks as though the nations were also getting back from the ten-year naval holiday they took a couple of months ago.

By the way, Canada hasn't had a crisis to "threaten the life of this young nation" since the Conservatives quit their free trade talk the day after the last election.

They claim to have fish in California that swim backward. That's nothing; fish we tried to catch this summer always did that when we poked our 20c bamboo pole at them.

Today's diary—Rose, got in the milk bottles, felt cold. Looked at half-ton coal in the cellar. Got paper off front steps and read where it was going to be warmer. Furnace is still out.

We can't help but admire the chap who's got the courage to go into a millinery shop with his wife, and frown or nod his approval as his beloved tries on the various sky-pieces in the factory.

The youngsters came home today with a long list to fill out for fire prevention week. One question wanted to know if there was rubbish in the attic, and the other asked the same about the cellar. And the youngsters—bless 'em—wrote "No" in both cases.

The Bolshevik government in Russia sends congratulations to the conquering Turks. This may be an incident, and it may be more. A friendship that is ready to ripen into an alliance between the Islamic world and the Russian millions is not a pleasing thought.

Well, we're always learning something, and this time it is that in Britain it is very bad form to take the fork in the right hand, as it should always be held in the left. But still a lot of folks who eat with us seem to prefer the fork in the right hand, especially when there is a lot of cleaning up to be done.

The court at Hamilton decides that a man can go about spying on spooning couples if he wishes, but adds that if some husky swain turns in and beats him up, it is all right. MAGISTRATE JELFS hands out decisions at times that are as romantic as a moonlit night, and as brave as a chapter from the literature of the Stone Age.

Someone has been counting noses in Brockville, and announces that that city has two members of the Senate, two members of the Federal House, one of them a cabinet minister, and two members of the Provincial Legislature. Surely that place ought to be able to get what it wants unless the policy of the

25 YEARS AGO TODAY

HERE WE HAVE ITEMS OF LOCAL AND DISTRICT INTEREST AS RECORDED IN THE ADVERTISER OF 1897.

October 10, 1897.

Weather—Fine with showers at night.

Ace, the pacing stallion, owned by Henry Simon, cigar manufacturer of this city, won the 2:15 pace at Lexington, Ky., yesterday against one of the best fields of horses in the state. The purse was \$1,000, and the best time 2:09½, reducing his record four seconds.

There is an agitation on foot among local milk dealers to raise the price of lactical fluid from five to six cents per quart for the next five months. Mr. Jarvis, president of the Milk and Dairymen's Association of London, stated this morning that in all likelihood a meeting would be called in the near future to consider the matter. Dairymen say an increase is made necessary by the drought and

the consequent advance in the price of cereals.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett, of this city, and Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit, gave a successful concert last night in Brantford.

The Knights of Pythias have raised \$12,000 for a monument to John F. Rathbone, the founder of the order. It will be placed in New Forest Cemetery, in Utica, the owners of the cemetery donating a plot of 10,000 feet.

St. James' Church, South London, will be reopened on October 17. The Bishop of Huron will preach at both services.

Alex Fraser, city, was in Winnipeg on Monday.

Mr. R. B. Hungerford left today to attend a convention in Baltimore, Md.

Brain Testers

Can you arrange these letters to form the title of a well-known book for boys?

PROQUEUENRERS
The trees were set on the circumference of a circle.

sheet of water 70 miles long and 40 miles wide, lying north of Lake Superior in Ontario. It has a history dating back to 1671. The land around the lake is a forest reserve.

CANADA'S HIGHEST ROCKY MOUNTAIN.

Q.—Which is Canada's highest Rocky Mountain?

A.—Canada's highest Rocky Mountain is Mount Robson, north of the Yellowhead Pass, on the Canadian National Railways, having an altitude of 13,669 feet. It is the center of one of the great scenic areas of the west and has been twice scaled.

LAKE NIPIGON.

Q.—Where is Lake Nipigon?

A.—Lake Nipigon, the Indian "Great Bay of the North," is a great

H. G. WELLS' FAMOUS

OUTLINE OF HISTORY

The Romance of Mother Earth

The Education of Fear.

CERTAIN very fundamental things there may have been in men's minds long before the coming of speech. Chief among these must have been fear of the Old Man of the tribe. The young of the primitive squatting-place grew up under that fear.

Objects associated with him were probably forbidden. Everyone was forbidden to touch his spear or to sit in his place, just as today little boys must not touch father's pipe or sit in his chair. He was probably the master of all the women. The youths of the little community had to remember that.

The idea of something forbidden, the idea of things being, as it is called, tabu, not to be touched, not to be looked at, may thus have got well into the human mind at a very early stage indeed.

J. J. Atkinson, in his "Primal Law," an ingenious analysis of these primitive tabus which are found among savage peoples all over the world, the tabus that separate brother and sister, the tabus that make a man in run and hide from his stepmother, traces them to such a fundamental cause as this.

Only by respecting this primal law could the young male hope to escape the Old Man's wrath. And the Old Man must have been an actor in many a primordial nightmare. A disposition to capitulate to him even after he was dead is quite understandable. One who was not sure that he was dead. He might only be asleep or shamming. Long after an Old Man was dead, when there was nothing to represent him but a mound and a megalith, the women would convey to their children how awful and wonderful he was.

And being still a terror to his own little tribe, it was easy to go on to hoping that he would be a terror to other and hostile people. In his life he had fought for his tribe, even if he had bullied it. Why not when he was dead? One sees that the Old Man idea was an idea very natural to the primitive mind and capable of great development.

And opposed to the Old Man, more human and kinder, was the Mother, who helped and sheltered and advised. The psycho-analysis of Freud and Jung has done much to help us to realize how great a part Father Fear

TODAY'S INSTALLMENT—26.

Here is another set of ideas, ideas of repulsion and avoidances, that sprang up almost inevitably in men.

As soon as speech began to develop, it must have got to work upon such fundamental feelings and begun to systematize them, and keep them in mind.

By talking together, men would reinforce each other's fears, and establish a common tradition of tabus of things forbidden and of things unclean. With the idea of uncleanness would come ideas of cleansing and of removing a curse. The cleansing would be conducted through the advice and with the aid of wise old men or wise old women, and in such cleansing would lie the germ of the earliest priestcraft and witchcraft.

The Spell of the Spoken Word.

Another idea probably arose early out of the mysterious visitation of infectious diseases, and that was the idea of uncleanness and of being accursed. From that, too, there may have come an idea of avoiding particular places and persons, and persons in particular phases of health. Here was the root of another set of tabus.

Then man, from the very dawn of his mental life, may have had a feeling of the sinister about places and things. Animals who dread traps have that feeling. A tiger will abandon its usual jungle route at the sight of a few threads of cotton. Like most young animals, young human beings are easily made fearful of this or that by their nurses and seniors.

Speech from the first would be a powerful supplement to the merely imitative education and to the education of cuffs and blows conducted by a speechless parent. Mothers would tell their young and scold their young.

As speech developed, men would find they had experiences and persuasions that gave them or seemed to give them power. They would make secrets of these things. There is a double streak in the human mind, a streak of cunning secretiveness and a streak perhaps of later origin that makes us all anxious to tell and astonish and impress each other. Many people make secrets in order to have secrets to tell. These secrets of early men they would convey to younger, more impressionable people, more or less honestly and impressively in some process of initiation.

Moreover, the pedagogic spirit pervades in the human mind; most people like "telling other people not to." Extensive arbitrary prohibitions for the boys, for the girls, for the women, also probably came very early into human history.

Then the idea of the sinister has for its correlative the idea of the propitious, and from that to the idea of making things propitious by ceremonies is an easy step.

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Tomorrow—"The Shepherds and the Stars."

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