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London, Ont., Monday, March 29.

DEMOCRACY WANTED.

In the last few years there has been an in-
creased interest in the study of politics, the
theory and methods of government, national,
local, municipal and even international. All
sorts of theories have a following. Many
things formerly taken for granted have been
called in question. Partisanship, majority rep-
resentation, old systems of taxation, the prestige
of property, or of education and culture, or of
business capacity, free speech and press, liberal-
ism, even democracy itself have come under
fire of sceptics and radicals. A mist of uncer-
tainty has risen into air that once seemed more
or less clear.

What is democracy? Most people use the
word as a slogan and would defend the thing
against insidious assailants. But it is difficult
to define democracy. Most of its friends in
English-speaking countries are inclined to say
that democracy is what we have, and some of
our ardent democrats, curiously, are out and
out conservatives seeking to maintain what we
have and opposed to change. However, democ-
racy ought to be defined, if its enemies are to
be resisted and its friends more enlightened
and sincere.

Rule by "the people" can be best understood
from what it involves. If powerful or
ambitious men are not to make the people their
pack-horse, all citizens of sound mind and out
of jail have to be equal for political purposes.
Equality is the very foundation of democracy
and must be most jealously safeguarded. The
Union Government at Ottawa has been crim-
inally undermining the equality of the Cana-
dian people by its election acts and by its re-
fusal to lighten the burden of taxation upon the
poor by a collection of income and profits
taxes. With increasing inequality among the
people, democracy shrivels up.

Another implication in rule by the people
is education, general, even and thorough, with
those unshackled media of enlightenment, free
speech and a free press. A people blind, deaf
and dumb cannot be a self-ruling nation. The
attempt of reactionaries at any time to repress
freedom of speech is a sign of the weakness of
their positions. If a sound position is unfairly,
ignorantly and demagogically assailed, it can
best be defended by vigor of speech and pen
at least equal to that of the rabid assailants.
Democracy delights and flourishes in fresh air,
in open, unhampered debate; it is suffocated
by tyrannical repression.

In a democracy, again, the elected assembly
must be quickly responsive to public opinion,
must constantly embody public opinion. Fre-
quent elections are a safeguard of this condi-
tion. It is the majority, always, of citizens
politically equal, that must be taken as ex-
pressing public opinion. Enemies of democracy
object to it that majorities are "usually wrong."
But this is not true. It is obvious that the sane
are always in the majority over the insane
and the "cranks," that the majority see white
as white, blue as blue, that practically every-
body in Ireland, for instance, makes a correct
discrimination between orange and green, that
most people know very well their economic
interests, just as even any animal is keen about
its food. No, the rule of the majority, of public
opinion, is much preferable to the domination
of minorities, coteries and cliques. Have we at
Ottawa a Government alive to, regardless of,
and responsive to Canadian public opinion? No
answer is needed. It is time to define to our-
selves democracy and see that we regain it.

SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.

(By Mrs. George Hambleton, M.A., late Fellow
of the Department of Political Economy, Uni-
versity of Toronto.)

Advanced social legislation enacted by the
Ebert Government of Germany has, so far, been
politically justified. Reactionaries, in their re-
cent coup, failed to secure the support of the
masses. Indeed, the sullen or despairing temper
of the working classes of Germany has appar-
ently presented a puzzle not only to the outside
world, but to leaders within Germany itself.
Only a short time ago, the guns of the estab-
lished Government were turned on workmen,
on crowds of women and children gathered
around the Reichstag to protest the passing of
the factory councils bill. The tragedy had an
aftermath of sullen resentment; and, on that re-
sentment, the militaristic ring staked its fate.
But it had failed to read the riddle. The coup
came to nothing. However dissatisfied he might
be with the existing regime, obviously the work-
man had no desire for reaction.

It is difficult, however, to find any real trend
of action among the great mass of German
workers. We read of revolts here and upris-
ings there; but evidence is confused and often
self-contradictory. Common thought, as re-
vealed by united action, has so often led into
the blind alleys of despair. Widespread, con-
tinuous and bitter strikes are carried on stub-
bornly to a certain point. Official reports over-
flow with complaints. They reiterate again
and again the danger which strikes hold for
German industry. They foreshadow disaster.
But the strikers seem always to stop just short
of their goal. The strike of metal workers in
Berlin was the most bitterly contested of
strikes since the armistice. It lasted from
September last until the early part of the pre-
sent year. It cost the strikers in all about
twenty millions of marks. Yet, in the end, the
men returned to work for a wage but a trifle

higher than that offered by the employers six
months ago. The official organ of the Metal
Workers' Federation in Germany—a federation
of more than a million members—declared be-
fore the struggle in the Berlin metal trades
began that strikes were almost useless. "Wages
have risen considerably," so ran the declara-
tion, "but no one can assert that conditions of
living have improved; it is impossible they
should because the perquisites are wanting." Nevertheless, strikes continue with little abate-
ment and with little gain to the strikers.

Unemployment has been increasing in Ger-
many since last November; and unemployment
charts show the relationship between unem-
ployment and national unrest—for, even in
disaster, the German still loves his scientific
charts. About a year ago, when Spartan re-
volts were at their worst, there were over a
million workmen unemployed. This month, ap-
parently, unemployed total between 350,000 and
half a million. In almost all the industries re-
quiring laborious work, it is difficult to get men.
For every hundred vacancies in the mines, there
are only about sixty applicants. But where the
appointment is clerical or requires lighter phys-
ical effort, the story is quite different. For
every hundred such vacancies, there are from
150 to 160 male applicants on the average—and
more than as many women. And even where
work is not held up by strikes, or conditions
brought about by the war—such as lack of raw
materials, transport or machinery—output for
the time worked shows a dangerous falling off
as compared with pre-war standards.

Under such conditions as these, the Ebert
Government has followed a policy of socializing
industry. "Economy of energy," so the Ebert
Government called its industrial program.
First, there were foreshadowed immediate regu-
lation of the coal and potash industry, control
of the necessities of life and the operation of
workmen's councils. Grandiloquent phrases
enunciated the theory that "Labor, as the
nation's highest asset, stands under the pro-
tection of the republic"; that "it is the function
of the republic to regulate the production and
distribution of economic goods for the benefit
of the republic." The phrases meant little;
and they were sufficiently vague to allow the
Government much latitude of action.

The simple fact of the matter was that the
German National Assembly was afraid to ex-
periment in real socialism. The Government
required 1,500 marks per annum (about \$375
at par) from every family in Germany simply
to pay the interest on the national debt.

So the differences between the Communists,
Spartanists, Extreme Socialists and the Ebert
Government deepened. Said the Government:
"A single false step taken now on the road to
Socialism would mean ruin." The extremists
lunged back the challenge, "We believe im-
plicitly in Socialism," they declared. "We
would try it out at any cost."

Here, the German Trade Union Congress
threw its weight on the side of moderation. Its
influence was enormous. In July, 1914, the
members of free trade unions in Germany
numbered two and a half millions. By July,
1919, the membership had swelled to over five
and a half millions. The trade union movement
had, therefore, become by far the strongest
factor among German workers. Specifically,
the Trade Union Congress declared for "politi-
cal neutrality"; and the real trend of the move-
ment became clear when this resolution was
adopted:

"The guiding principles for the future lines
of action of the trade unions include . . .
a clear and unequivocal declaration of adher-
ence to Socialism."

But this end is to be obtained not by vio-
lence, but by following the older, conservative
lines of trade union activity, and, particularly
through the newly-created works' councils.
Mueller, at the head of the Radical minority,
demanded the substitution of the soviet system.
But how the voting on the resolution actually
went is not available. Records on other votes
taken at the congress, however, show that the
Radical minority represented about one and a
half millions as against three and a half mil-
lions who supported the general policy.

The Ebert Government has latterly con-
tinued to follow a moderate course in its labor
policy. A national 8-hour day has come into
effect by force of law. In many industries, col-
lective agreements are enforceable by law. Finally,
through the factories councils bill, the
Government has established workmen's councils
in practically every industrial establishment in
Germany. This is tantamount to making uni-
versal collective bargaining compulsory.

It was in the passing of the factory councils'
bill that the strong Radical minority, active in
the Trade Union Congress, took issue with the
Government. They wished to turn the factory
councils into miniature soviets. For collective
bargaining they wished to substitute control by
the workmen only.

Perhaps that which has most encouraged
extremists is the breaking down of Govern-
ment food control. While artisans in cities
and towns are incomparably worse off than be-
fore the war, small farmers, tradesmen and
landowners have paid off their mortgages and
put money into the banks so fast—according to
the Neues Tagesblatt of Stuttgart—that the
banks have refused to accept further deposits
except at two per cent interest. A system of
food smuggling is undermining the Govern-
ment regulations. Indeed, in many cases, farm-
ers refuse to deliver food to the Government
agencies.

It remains now to be seen how far the
Radical minority can impose its view on the
working people of Germany.

DEATH OF JAMES E. MACDOUGALL.

James E. Macdougall who died very sud-
denly of heart-failure on Saturday morning,
was a remarkable man in many ways. Having
seen life from many angles and profited much
by the experience, he began and ended decid-
edly "one who loved his fellowmen." He
possessed a great fund of information gained by
reading and extensive traveling in his younger
days, both in North and South America and
in Europe. A good mixer, with a retentive mem-
ory, an unusual capacity for anecdote, he was
very entertaining. He had what the Scotch
call "innerliness," a quality that wants and
makes friends and holds them. Mr. Macdougall
was born in Canada of Scotch descent, and was
a typical Scotsman in his love of song and
story, his attachment to home and all that that
implies, his sterling wit, his loyalty both to

Canada and Great Britain. When the war
broke out he let his only son join the colors.

As a young man he had a varied experience.
At the time of the Centennial Exhibition in
Philadelphia he was private secretary to the
Canadian Commissioner. After returning to
Canada he took a position on the Canadian
Pacific and soon after was in Winnipeg in the
company's service. Here for a time his health
failed, and but for that misfortune, it is safe to
say he would have been one of the Canadian
Pacific leaders. He possessed the ability and
vision to fill successfully any position in the
company's service. He was a man of ideas
and initiative, with a mind suited to the wants
of the growing West. He would have been of
great value to Western Canada.

Mr. Macdougall's activities here began about
fifteen years ago, as financial representative of
the Northern Life. Later he re-entered the
service of the Canadian Pacific with head-
quarters on Broadway, New York, delivering
illustrated lectures all over the United States
for the company. For awhile he was connected
with the Bureau of Economics. Returning to
Canada he became connected with the London
Advertiser and the Dominion Dyer, in both of
which positions he rendered the best of service.

Some months ago Mr. Macdougall became
aware of the disease of which he died. It did
not unduly depress him. He went about his
duties as if there was no danger. If he re-
ferred to his illness it was hopefully. He was
apparently in the philosophic mind that could
say:

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar.
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

He was one of London's best and friendliest
citizens, playing the game manfully and wishing
well to all. He verified the saying "He who
would have friends must show himself friendly."
The more men there are like Mr. Macdougall
the better will it be for the comfort and happi-
ness of the place in which they live.

His widow and family have the heartfelt
sympathy of the community in their irreparable
loss.

From Here and There

TRENCHES PER YARD.

(London Daily News.)

Setting up after a world conflict brings to light
some amazing problems. Those whose duty it is to
spend their days juggling with the western front
figures have already calculated the exact number
of bullets fired, and the weight to an ounce of the
shells hurled across No-Man's Land. They are
now hard at work wading through battalion and
brigade war diaries, tracing and measuring the
winding lines on maps showing every portion of
the battle line from Neuport to La Fere, and then
performing on adding machines. All this energy is
being expended because we agreed to pay rent for
every yard of trench we dug in France and
Flanders!

THE REAL HINDRANCE.

(London Daily Telegraph.)

The manual worker is as much threatened by
this mad pursuit of wages after prices as the
employers; the brain workers—whether professional
man or clerk—are even more concerned than those
who have the backing of powerful organizations.
This is not a class problem, or even a departmental
problem; it is one of vital national importance. It
must be solved, and that speedily, if the nation is
to exist. It presents the great obstacle to recon-
struction, for high prices and high wages involve
necessarily an expanded currency of "paper" to
finance industry and commerce, and that in its turn
reacts on the exchanges and hinders the process
of exchange of our manufactures for other people's
good and raw materials.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN.

(New York World.)

Nearly forty years ago Professor William G. Sum-
ner of Yale prepared a lecture on "The Forgotten
Man."

The Forgotten Man, in the American scheme of
things is one who "is delving away in patient indus-
try, supporting his family, paying his taxes, casting
his vote, supporting the church and school, reading
his newspaper, and cheering for the politician of
his admiration, but he is the only one for whom
there is no provision in the great scramble and the
bid divide."

His biography is simple:
He works, he votes, generally he prays—but he
always pays—yes, and above all, he pays. He does
not want an office, his name never gets into the
newspapers except when he gets married or dies.
He keeps production going on. He contributes to
the strength of parties. He is flattered before elec-
tion. He is strongly patriotic. He is wanted, when-
ever in his little circle there is work to be done or
counsel to be given. He may grumble some occa-
sionally to his wife and his family; but he does not
frequent the grocery or talk politics in the tavern.
Consequently he is forgotten. He is a common-
place man. He gives no trouble. His abilities no
admiration. . . . Therefore he is forgotten. All
the burdens fall on him, or on her, for it is time
to remember that the Forgotten Man is not seldom
a woman.

The Forgotten Man was never more numerous
than he is today, and he was never more comple-
tely forgotten. At present he is engaged in liquidat-
ing the cost of the war, having incidentally created
about 12,000 millionaires. He is also working hard
to support the vast army of public employees who
have come into existence on account of war and
Congress and prohibition and centralization and
other evils. It was easy to demobilize the troops,
but demobilizing the civilian office holders is
quite a different job.

Incidentally, the Forgotten Man is hustling around
to sustain the profiteers in the luxury to which they
have become accustomed, to get hold of enough
money to pay his national and state income taxes,
and to meet the increased rent which the landlord
says is necessary on account of the enormous cost
of repairs that are never made.

A DEAD TOWN.

(Winnipeg Tribune.)

Beaufort [Arthur] is a little French town in
which ambition is dead. There is no goal to strive
for, nothing to work for. It is a town in which
private initiative has ceased to exist. Go to
Beaufort [Arthur] to live—if you wish to live a
living death. But if you prefer a community where
humans strive, where they forge ahead, where they
go from good things to better, where progress is
the program—then do not go to Beaufort [Arthur].
Years and years ago Alde Beniston, wealthy,
bequeathed all his great fortune to Beaufort
[Arthur]. Benefactor? No!

At that time Beaufort [Arthur] was a thriving
village, where many owned their homes and places
of business, their small farms, and young men
looked ahead to larger and better farms, bigger
businesses and finer homes.
But that fortune killed all this for Beaufort
[Arthur].
For there was this addition to the bequest:
"Beaufort [Arthur] should undertake to nourish
and sustain all the poor, without distinction of sex
or nationality, who lived within its boundaries."
Within six months the population had doubled.
Beggars, loafers, vagabonds, men and women, those
who would not work if they could get food and
shelter without work, streamed into Beaufort
[Arthur]. The village had to support them. Gradu-
ally and naturally some of the villagers were
weaned from their habits of work and thrift. The
others—those who would not stay to see their lives
spoiled—went away. And now the most of Beaufort
[Arthur's] population neither toils nor spins, and
the rich and idle village is dirtier, less progressive,
less decent for human habitation than it was when
it was a poor, hard-working town.

WHITE MAN

BY GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN.

So taken up was Andrea with watch-
ing the white man as he issued a rapid
fire of orders to his remaining lieut-
enants that when Bathub returned, saluted,
and led her beneath the lesser of the acacia trees she could not believe
her eyes for they showed a canvas
wash-basin on stilts, a clean towel laid
over the back of a chair, another chair
before a camp table with a clean cloth
and burdened with two sizzling fried
eggs, hot toast, marmalade a pot of
tea and an absurd squat bottle with
the stems of wild flowers rammed
down its throat.

She took off her cloak and Bathub
promptly hung it to air over a low
branch of the tree; then, while she
bathed her face and hands, he stood
by with the towel and when she was
through with that he drew her chair
for her and poured her tea. Children
began crowding around. He drove
them back and dragging his toe, marked
a wide circle on the ground with
the table as centre.

Up to that mark and no farther
came the children, and squatted in a
staring, nudging but silent ring. Andrea
sat down and gazed over their heads at
the cral in general and at the white
man in particular, for from him radiated
an activity incredible in comparison
with the languor that had preceded it.
Her eyes fell to the table and she real-
ized two things: she was unusually,
marvellously, hungry and the table was
set for one.

"Doesn't your master eat?" she asked
of Bathub.

"My master makes ready calls for
Mama."

"What is 'cra'?"
Bathub frowned in an effort to catch
up with a word that was on the verge
of escaping from his meager vocabu-
lary. "House!" he suddenly exploded,
and grinned with satisfaction.

Andrea lowered the fork that was
half-way to her mouth. "Makes ready
a house—for me?" Her eyes narrowed.
"I will not need a house. Tell him."

Bathub's grin broadened. "Sorry,
Mama," he said, "law like that every
Missis one but, every hut one tax."

Andrea stared at him open-mouthed
and then blushed furiously. "I mean
that I will not stay here," she explained
angrily. "Tell your master I wish
to speak with him—at once. 'Wait a
minute. You call him 'McGungo. What
does that mean?'"

"White man," said Bathub, and de-
parted. The white man gave a last order and
then obeyed Andrea's summons.

As he stepped into the shade of the acacia
he took off his hat and mopped his
wet brow. "Too bad we can't keep it
cool, like the morning," he said.

"I didn't send for you to talk about
the weather," said Andrea. "You have
been raining orders; now let me give
just one. You are to get that machine
in shape and take me back now—to-
day."

The man's eyes met her gaze steadily
but gradually his body began to tremble.
He put one hand out to the spare chair
as though to steady himself. "I want
you to believe me," he said in a low
voice, "when I tell you that what you
ask is impossible."

His eyes wander-
ed from hers. "I hadn't believed it,"
he said, half to himself, "I know it
now."

He turned as though to leave her.
"Wait," cried Andrea. Her heart had
sunk within her for she believed him.
There was something in the way he
spoke that even went beyond per-
suasion and robbed her of her main-
stay—her anger against him. "But—"
she stammered and stopped. "Oh, what
is to become of me?"

"If I could take you back, I would—
now," said the man duly. "When you
asked to come with me I knew, of
course, that you were unaware of the
fact that I was not returning. An
impulse drove me to grant your re-
quest on the grounds that it really of
very little consequence what happens
to any given individual. Impulses pass
but decisions are often irrevocable;
this was one of them."

"Why?" asked Andrea earnestly, and
then repeated more urgently, "Why is
it?" Later, in thinking over what he
had said she was amazed that the
words, as they fell from his lips, had
seemed the essence of good sense.

The man's eyes wandered toward the
aeroplane but he did not answer her
insistent question. "No real harm will
come to you," he said instead, "but
even so I am sorry. Logic is a treach-
erous thing," he added absently, "when
applied to humanity. I told you that
I didn't deal in personalities. I lied.
There is something about the warmth
of an individual person that melts cold
reason."

He left her abruptly and disappeared
within a nearby hut. She watched him
go with a feeling of partial desertion
that gradually was absorbed by a sen-
sation that was new to her—con-
sciousness that when this extraordi-
nary man spoke he left his words behind
him, not as transients but as perman-
ent guests of the mind. There was

something stark about his frankness as
though it had been caught in some
whirlwind of life and been stripped of
conventional clothes in the way of
meaningless phrases but for all its
nakedness it inspired not fear but a
rebellious trust.

CHAPTER IV.

Andrea swallowed a lump in her
throat. "I won't—I will not cry," she
said aloud. "I shall never cry again.
I'm really having a g—good time. I've
always been bored and I'm certainly
not bored now and only a fool would
cry over that." She settled down to
her breakfast in earnest, forgot that
she detested eggs fried, ate every
scrup of the toast, most of the mar-
malade, and drank three cups of tea.
Then she sat back and let her eyes
amuse her.

The cra's activity had centred
about the heaviest and smartest of the
huts. Women were cleaning it out
not only with brush brooms but with
scientific rags. Around it many men
were working, some digging trenches,
others cutting an extra door in its side.
Presently still others began to arrive
in a seemingly endless procession, bear-
ing posts, stripped of their bark, and
cut to uniform length, and great
bundles of wicks and thatch grass.

She watched them work with a won-
der at what they were doing that
grew vaguer and vaguer until she
dozed and finally dropped asleep in
her chair. She awoke two hours
later to find the white man standing
before her, clean-shaven, clear-eyed,
smelling of soap and looking almost
dapper in khaki helmet, shirt, breeches
and puttees.

"Well, Mr. White Man," said Andrea
with a slow smile of relief as though
he had been dreading her first words.
"Will you come now?"

She arose, started to follow him and
stopped with a gasp. "Why," she ex-
claimed, her eyes fastened on the hut
that had been the scene of labor. It
was transformed. Before it now stood
a veranda with a thatched roof. In-
closing the veranda, the hut and a
tiny garden at its back, was a mighty
stockade, each post of which was
sharpened to a needle point. From the
extra door ran a covered way as strong-
ly built as the stockade and which
connected the hut with its neighbor—
that into which the white man had dis-
appeared.

"Will you come?" repeated the man.
Andrea followed him only to stop
again when she reached the veranda.
It was carpeted with a long grass mat
of vivid colors and on the mat stood
chairs and a table. On the table was
a hand sewing machine and from cor-
ner to corner post swung a hammock.



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