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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, January 30.

THE MEN ALWAYS IN DEMAND.

From Ottawa there comes the word that every
deputy minister has been warned that staffs
must be reduced and the less useful people dis-
missed. No doubt this is necessary, even
though it may appear harsh and must cause
considerable hardship. It is noticeable that
one class of employees are not being let out.
Indeed, they are being given special incen-
tives to remain where they are. These are
the specialists, the men and women who have
so mastered their field that they are indispen-
sable. And so it is always, the man who can
make himself master of that field in which he
has chosen to do his life work will find the
world coming to his door seeking his advice
and his help. John Bunyan puts the matter
very concisely in some remarks on the medical
profession:

"Physicians," he says, "get neither name
nor fame by the picking of wheals or the
picking out thistles, or by laying of plasters
to the scratch of a pin; every old woman
can do this. But if they would have a name
and a fame, if they will have it quickly, they
must do some great and desperate cures.
Let them fetch one to life that was dead, let
them recover one to his wits that was mad, let
them make one that was blind to see, or let
them give ripe wits to a fool—these are
notable cures, and he that can do this, if
he does thus first, he shall have the name
and fame he deserves; he may lie abed till
noon."

It is an old lesson, but one that must con-
stantly be impressed upon youth, that what the
world wants always is men and women who
know more than their fellows. And whatever
the vocation the process is ever the same: first
to acquire a knowledge of the fundamentals of
the work, then to become familiar with the
methods by which advances in knowledge are
made and last and all the time abundance of
hard work done with the utmost thoroughness.
There is no other road to real success.

PROTECT THE FORESTS.

At the Northern Ontario convention held a
few days ago it was stated that at the present
rate of destruction the forests of Northern On-
tario would be wiped out within fifteen years.
As this estimate was based on expert knowledge
and investigation, it is a startling revelation of
the Heavens Government's failure to protect and
conserve a basic resource, and of the necessity
for the immediate and vigorous application of a
forest policy that will remove the menace. Few
things are so surely tied up with Ontario's rapid
and healthy progress as the forests. Their dis-
appearance would involve the loss of immense
water powers which in time could be harnessed
for the use of the entire province. As well im-
mense resources in fisheries and game would
vanish with the passing of the forests, and there
would be a serious depreciation in the
value of our mineral wealth. Rockless, waste-
ful lumbering operations, inadequate fire pro-
tection and the lack of an up-to-date compre-
hensive policy of reforestation are given as the
principal reasons for the present unfortunate
situation, according to those who have care-
fully investigated.

In this matter of forest conservation Quebec
is far ahead of Ontario. The Gouin ministry
has put into force a vigorous policy of con-
servation that is registering excellent results. Re-
forestation is being applied vigorously and widely,
fire guards are numerous and are equipped
with the latest forest fighting apparatus. Even
the aeroplane has been recruited to this most
important service of the people. The Drury
Government might to excellent advantage study
what our eastern neighbor has accomplished in
the vital matter of forest conservation. Whether
in co-operation with the Federal Government or
on its own initiative, the new administration
will be expected to at once act to remedy this
situation, which so seriously affects the entire
community.

WELL MEANING, BUT UNFORTUNATE.

Queen Mary is to be the recipient, if the
president of the International Anti-Cigarette
League has her way, of a letter from this in-
dividual, Miss Gaston of Boston, drawing to her
majesty's attention the rumor that she smokes
a cigarette after luncheon, and asking for a
denial. The letter as written ends with this
sentence: "It will be exceedingly unfortunate
if English standards fall below those of this
country through your example."

Within a few hours of this news tit-bit being
sent from Boston, there comes a dispatch from
Chicago announcing that a theatre in that city
had opened a smoking room for women at a
cost of \$10,000 and quoting the manager as
saying that women drove him to it by smoking
in the washroom, boudoir and lobby.

It is to be supposed that this president means
well and merely is afflicted with that ocular
trouble which makes the view of things near at
hand hazy while permitting excellent sight of
those afar off. Unfortunately, well-meaning
people often make themselves rather ridiculous.
There are hundreds of thousands of women and
men, probably many millions, in Britain and in
the United States who never have had this
smoking rumor brought to their attention, and
never would have heard of it had not Miss Gas-
ton written her letter and announced her action
in the press. Now that she has succeeded in
making a fuss about it, many of those who are
mentally feeble enough to be influenced by the
Queen's personal habits may elect to follow the
example she is alleged to have set. If they do,

the credit or blame belongs to Miss Gaston,
not to the Queen.

So far as is known, no theatre in Britain
has found it necessary to take the step to
which the Chicago manager was forced, so a
logical inference is that the zealous lady might
find enough to occupy her whole anti-cigarette
energy near home, without dabbling in foreign
personal and private business which does not
concern her. If the letter reaches the hands of
Queen Mary and she takes the trouble to have
it answered, she will be exhibiting a courtesy
which ought to be crushing. If the epistle gets
only its deserts, it will have its resting-place
in the waste basket.

GOMPERTS AND THE REDS.

Samuel Gompers, through the Federationist,
the official organ of the American Federation
of Labor, condemns the Red movement com-
pletely, finally and for all time. Gompers ex-
poses the Bolshevik constitution. He shows
that Lenin's "dictatorship of the proletariat
and peasantry" doesn't exist.

It is reassuring to learn that American
trade-unionism is awake to the danger of Bol-
shevistic propaganda in the new world. Gompers
says of this that while it is causing a lot of
trouble it is doubtful if it is more effective than
that "conducted by those who claim to be en-
tirely detached from Russian influence and Rus-
sian payrolls." What he strikes at is the whole
doctrine of disorder and destruction, whether it
emanates from Moscow or the parlor Bolshe-
vists of Boston.

That there is a Russian Bolshevik menace
to the United States can be proved out of their
own mouths. In the Review, a New York
weekly, Jerome Landfield gives the following
statement made by the president of the Petro-
grad soviet last February:

"We are willing to sign an unfavorable
peace with the Allies. . . . It would only mean
that we should put no trust whatever in the
bit of paper we should sign. We should use
the breathing space so obtained in order to
gather our strength in order that the mere
continued existence of our Government would
keep up the worldwide propaganda, which
Soviet Russia has been carrying on for more
than a year."

Lenine himself, however, sets forth the
whole plan with singular clarity and character-
istic Bolshevik logic in his proclamation calling
the Congress of the Communist International:

"The present is the period of destruction and
crushing of the capitalist system of the whole
world, and it will be a catastrophe for the
whole European culture, should capitalism
with all its insoluble contradictions not be
done away with."

In the same proclamation Lenine puts him-
self on record as follows:

"The dictatorship of the proletariat must be
the occasion for the immediate expropriation
of capital and the elimination of the private
right of owning the means of production,
through making them common public prop-
erty. The socialization (meaning doing away
with private property and making it the prop-
erty of the proletariat state, which is man-
aged by the workers on a socialistic basis,
of the large-scale industries and the central
banks, the confiscation of the capitalist agri-
cultural production, the monopolization of
large-scale commerce, the socialization of the
large buildings in the towns and in the coun-
try; the establishment of a workers' govern-
ment and the concentration of the economic
functions in the hands of the organs of the
proletariat dictatorship — are the most
essential signs of this."

In order to protect the socialist revolution
against external and internal enemies, and to
assist the fighting proletariats of other coun-
tries, it becomes necessary to entirely disarm
the bourgeoisie and its agents and to arm the
proletariat.

The world situation demands immediate
and as perfect as possible relations between
the diverse groups of the revolutionary prole-
tariat and a complete alliance of all the
countries in which the revolution has already
succeeded.

The most important method is the mass
action of the proletariat, including armed
struggle against the Government power of
capitalists.

The destruction of state authority is the
aim which all Socialists have set for them-
selves, Marx included and at the head with-
out the realization of this aim true democra-
cy, that is, equality and liberty, cannot be
realized.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Wanted, a premier. Apply Dominion of
Canada.

Uncle Sam bids fair to have a full stable of
contenders for his presidential prize this year.
Whatever the indications for the peach crop
may be, the ice crop is assured for this year at
least.

Rumor has it that the premier is on his way
to Egypt. Maybe he is planning to consult the
sphinx on our affairs at home.

Wonder what has happened to our old friend,
Bob Rogers, lately. He hasn't offered a solution
of national affairs for six weeks now.

Civil service positions at Ottawa will be
less popular after the house-cleaning that is
now in contemplation. The traditional Ottawa
"soft job" is being subjected to too many risks
these days to make it attractive.

Complimentary remarks are being passed,
and quite deservedly so, on the architectural
grace and design of the several new factories
that are under way in London at the present
time. It is something to be adding new indus-
tries to the city, it is still better to find those
industries erecting for their use buildings that
are creditable in outward appearance and up-
to-the-minute in the provision for the comfort
and welfare of the employees. It is an evidence
of the new spirit which views labor in quite
another light than that which prevailed even a
generation ago.

The London and Middlesex Historical So-
ciety has issued part ten of its printed trans-
actions. A number of most interesting papers
on early London history read before the society
by its members are included. The Historical
Society is performing a useful service in pre-
serving in its publications such a large amount
of information relating to the development of
this city from a hamlet to a city of more than
60,000 people. It is a pity that London is still
without an historical museum where the life of
an earlier day might be shown. It would be an
important addition to the educational institu-
tions of the city and one that would become
of greater value year by year.

From Here and There

HOW TO FIRE.

A businessman who is also a smoke expert took
the trouble yesterday to climb the Times office
stairs and draw a plan and explain to the editor
the proper way to fire a furnace so that it will not
belch forth clouds of smoke every time the
stoker fires up. An expert fireman who knows his
business, he said, will never shovel a fresh charge
of black coal all over the surface of the fire. Rather
he will merely throw a shovel or so of coal on
the chimney in smoke, blackening everything it
comes in contact with, and making a nuisance of
itself. If this theory of stoking be correct, those
who own furnaces should see that it is done as
laid down by our expert.

AN IRISH ANSWER.

An Englishman and an Irishman met one day,
and the former asked the latter some fun with
Pat, asked him if he was good at arithmetic.
"I am that," said Pat.
"Then, could you tell me how many shirts I could
get out of a yard?" asked the Englishman.
"Well," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard
you get into."

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

[John Ruskin, in "Modern Impressions."]
"Well, but railroads and telegraphs are so useful
for communicating knowledge to savage nations."
Yes, if you have any to give them. If you know
nothing but railroads and telegraphs, you know
nothing but smoke and gunpowder—what then?
But if you have any other thing than those to give,
then the railroad is of use only because it carries
nothing but railroads and telegraphs. The question is—
what other thing would you give? I believe if we
could have done it in less than 1,800 years with
modern means. Most of the good religious communica-
tion that I remember has been done on foot; and it
cannot be easily done faster than at foot pace. Is
it science? But what science—of motion, meat and
medicine? Well, when you have moved your savage,
and dressed him, and fed him with white bread,
and shown him how to set a limb—what next?
Follow out that question. Suppose every obstacle
overcome; give your savage every advantage of
civilization to the full; suppose you have put
the Red Indian in tight shoes; taught the Chinese
how to make Wedgwood's ware, and to paint it
with colors that will rub off—what next? Gradually,
thinking on from point to point, we shall come to
perceive that all true happiness and nobility are
near us, and yet neglected by us; and that till we
have learned how to be happy and noble we have
not much to tell, even to Red Indians. The delights
of horse-racing and hunting, of assemblies in the
night instead of the day, of costly and wearisome
contention for place, or power, or wealth, or the
eyes of the multitude, and of the ceaseless occupa-
tion of vulgar world, are not, it seems to me, enjoyments
we need be ambitious to communicate.

To watch the boy grow and the blossoms set;
to draw hard breath over blowers and to read,
to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are
the things that make men happy, communicate
these things when you have got them.

WILL HAVE HANDS FULL.

[Saskatoon Phoenix.]
The United States has refused to accept its
allotted share of the indemnity from Germany with
respect to the German ships sunk at Scapa Flow.
The refusal seems to be based on the high and lofty
ground that the United States is not getting enough.
The League of Nations is going to have its hands
full just as soon as it gets into working order.
It will probably wish before it is through that the
whole German navy had been sunk before the
armistice was signed.

WARNING TO THE LIVING.

[Cincinnati Inquirer.]
A man died owing a Missouri editor six years'
unpaid subscription to a paper. The editor did
not send any flowers. He attended the funeral and
placed a palm-leaf fan and a block of ice on the
casket.

THE VALUE OF A NEWSPAPER.

[Peterborough Examiner.]
For the past three days the people of Winnipeg
have been without daily newspapers, owing to a
famine in newsprint. The absence of newsprint
sheets has already taught the public to appreciate
how big a part the newspapers play in their daily
life. Naturally when there is no authentic method
of distributing news the city has been filled with
groundless rumors of happenings in the world
at large. Stories that lose nothing in vividness
as they pass from one to another have been circulated.
At such a season the value of the newspaper
offices have been kept constantly busy by in-
quiries to ascertain the truth about some of the
stories that spread through the city. The experi-
ence of Winnipeg has drawn attention to the value
of the daily newspaper in keeping the public in-
formed of the real facts of what is occurring in the world.
The service that is given in this respect is not
underestimated until a crisis like that in Winnipeg
shows how effective is the work of the newspapers
in the prevention of wild rumors and false reports.
That would be daily features were it not for the
corrective influence of the press. Again, the absence
of the newspapers had a very depressing effect
upon business, and upon every other line of the city's
activity. Three newspaperless days have been
enough to give Winnipeg people a much higher
opinion of the press than they have hitherto
entertained.

FATHER AND SON—CHUMS.

[Farmer's Sun.]
Some few years ago a wealthy businessman in
conversation with a friend said: "Can you guess
what I am going to give my boy this year?" The
friend, knowing the man to be very wealthy, at
once thought of a check of large proportions. After
making a number of guesses as to the amount of
money he was likely to give the boy, the business-
man interrupted with the remark: "I am going to
give my boy an hour of my time every day in the
week, and two hours on Sunday, to use in any way
he may desire."

That was the beginning of the Father and Son
movement, which has for its object the develop-
ment of a closer and more intimate relationship
between the two. We have various kinds of all-
important and most worthy, but, after all, no
movement is fraught with greater possibilities than
this Father and Son undertaking.

Many fathers make the mistake of thinking that
they fulfill their whole duty towards their boys
when they provide them with food, clothing, shelter
and pocket money. They then wash their hands
of the responsibility, forgetting that companionship
means more to a boy than all the riches in the
world. Exposed by far for the father to leave the
son a smaller amount of money and invest some of
his time in cultivating a closer acquaintance with
his boy and thereby help develop the lad's character.
During a certain period of a boy's life he looks to
his father as his ideal, and the father will but
interest himself in his child's pursuits, he can
retain the boy as a chum. This relationship keeps
the father young, while the father's comradeship
is infinitely better to the boy than if he were
allowed to go out on the streets to find his
associates among questionable companions.

In the country there are exceptional opportuni-
ties for a closer and more intimate relationship
between father and son. The work on the farm
and the closer relationship in the home make for
companionship. Father and son can have a common
hobby, and yet develop a healthy rivalry in stock-
raising etc. Give the boy a small interest in the
farm, nor were they given even a small interest
in a boy who has his own chickens, pigs, calves
or horse, is certain to be more contented and grow
up to be a happier and better farmer than one who
is denied these rights.

LOVE OF THE WILD

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

The man turned toward the path to
the creek, and the boy stood tall and
straight before him.

"Of course, you understand why we
Bushwhackers can't just be friends
with you, teacher," said the boy. "It's
because you are one of them—and they
are doin' all they can to break into our
little world."

He pointed toward the open.
"Out there is where they belong;
them and you. Go back there, teacher,
and tell them to go. It's best, I tell
you—best for everybody."
Away down across the clearing on the
far bank of the creek, a burst of yellow-
red light fluctuated against the
darkness, and the teacher saw a small
tangled net, silencing the whip-poor-
will's call. Colonel Halliday's mill was
running overtime. All this stimulated
that restlessness that had lately been
borne in the soul of the young Bush-
whacker. He stepped from the shadow
and shook his fist at the red glow.
"Dam' em," he cried. And paying no
heed to the figure which stood, with
bowed head, on the path, he stepped
away across the clearing toward the
mill light streaming from the log-house
window.

CHAPTER II.

Glow and Gloom.
Boy opened the door and passed
silently inside. He didn't want enlighten-
ment, the long gaunt figure of a man
sat bent almost double. He had a thick
coat of sandy hair tinged with grey.
His bewilderment face was hidden be-
hind a pair of bushy eyebrows. A thin-
fiddle lay across his knee, his sock
feet rested on the hickory fender, and
the ruddy glow of the log fire threw
a grotesque shadow of him against the
white-washed wall. A pair of hickory
shoes, polished and greased and
shiny, rested on his one side, while a
piece of white second-hand hickory,
crudely shaped to the form of an axe-
handle, lay on the other. In one corner
of the room a bunch of rusty rat traps
lay, and across the room on the wall
hung a long rifle, a short one, and a
double-barreled fowling-piece.

The lad simply glanced at the man
without speaking, and taking the dipper
and wash-basin from the bench, passed
outside again. When he re-entered, a
girl of about eighteen years of age
was pouring tea from a pewter pot into
a tin cup. Her face was toward him,
and a smile chased the shadow from
his face as his eyes rested upon
civilization. The boy stepped to the round
towel hanging on the door and crossed
over to the table. He drew back the
curtain, hesitated, and asked of the girl
in a low tone:

"Is she sleeping, Gloss?"
The girl shook her head. Her hair
was chestnut-brown and hung below
her waist in a long braid. Her eyes
were large, grey, and long-lashed.
She was like a fawn.
"You'd best not go in yet, Boy," she
said. "Granny's readin' her chapter
now."
"I'll just go in for a minute, I guess,"
he entered the inner room and stood
gazing across at the low bed and stood
by the door. The shadow of a woman
sat beside the bed, a book in her
blue-veined hand. When she closed
the book, she looked slowly and
stared at the boy.
"You feelin' some better, mar?"
he inquired gently.
"Yes, Boy, better. I'll soon be well."
He understood and he held the hot

swappin' jack-knives, and you ought
to have seen the look he gave me.
"It's a punishable offence," says he.
"Well, I don't mind you whistlin' Boy
some," says I, "I'm sure he needs it."
"I won't whip a boy like him," says
he. "I don't have to, and I won't."
"Well, I don't know as I blame you
for not wantin' to," says I. Boy's some
handy with his fists, bein' a graduate
in boxin' of long Bill Paisley's."
The big man stood up and stretched
his six-foot figure with enjoyment in
his huge fist the old fiddle looked like
a hand-mirror. He threw back his
shaggy head and laughed so loudly that
the burning log in the fireplace broke
in twain and threw a shower of red
and golden sparks up the wide chimney.

"When we were talkin' and he was
coaxin' the visitor to set up to supper
and make himself to home, who should
drop in but Bill Paisley himself. Gosh,
it was fun to see how he took in the
teacher. 'New night, sir,' says Bill,
bowin' low and liftin' off his cap. I
shook my head at him, but he didn't
pay any attention, as I went on eatin'
and let 'em alone. Bill got out his
pipe and felt in all his pockets, keepin'
his eyes right on the teacher and grin-
nin' so foolish that I nearly choked
on my rind."

"You're a martyr, sir," says Bill.
A brave man to consider so many
dangers best the paths. Swamp fevers
that wither you up and argue that
shakes your front teeth back where
your back teeth are now and your back
teeth where your front ones should
be. The are, snake snakes in these
parts," says Bill, "that have got so
used to bitin' injuns they never miss
a stroke, and they'll travel miles to get
a whack at a white man, particularly
a stranger," says he. "Then there be
wolves here up and two-year old stears
and they do get hungry when the win-
ter sets in."

"The teacher squirmed, 'I'll get used
to that,' says he. 'Sure,' agreed Bill, 'just the same
it's a good thing you're a brave man
and a husky chap. Met any of our
injun's yet?'
"I've seen 'em," said the young fellow look-
in' scared.
"Injuns are mighty queer reptiles,"
says Bill, "but you'll get along with
'em all right if you humor 'em with
presents and attend their pow-wow.
Might be a good idea to let on there's
nigger blood in you. But whatever you
do, if you should happen to have a little
nigger blood in you, don't let 'em
know. Injuns naturally hate niggers."
"Bill, get up and went in to say
'howdy' to ma. She wants to see you,
mister," he says to the teacher, when
he came out, "suppose you've learned
among other things, that there's such
a thing as talkin' too much, so be care-
ful."

"When Bill went away Gloss and me
sat down and listened to what that
Sims said, and you and I, we sat
each other. He told her all about you
stayin' away from school and a lot of
things that seemed to worry her. I
thought it queer, 'cause ever since he
has been comin' across here, we've
tried to make him feel at home, but

A Smooth skin in any weather:—

Wash well in warm water using absolutely pure soap:

Baby's Own Soap

—rinse well—and dry carefully.



In the interest of
your skin, use
Baby's Own Soap.
"Best for Baby and
Best for You."
Sold everywhere.

I just put it down that he had it in
for you, Boy, on some account, or
other."
Boy glanced at the girl and her eyes
fell.
"If it hadn't been our own house
would have thrown him out," Mo-
Tavish declared.
"I met him down by the creek as I
was comin' home," said Boy absently.
"I told him he'd best be leavin' this
parts."
The girl came over and leaned across
the table toward him.
"Boy," she said, "do you suppose he
will go?"
"Would you rather he'd stay?" he
asked quickly.
"No."
"Then he'll go."
She passed from the room, and Boy
sat huddled, his head in his hands, his
eyes fastened upon the guns hanging on
the wall. From the shadows Big Mo-
Tavish's fiddle was walling "Ye Santa
and Brases." The fiddle died and the
arms reached and
dried venison strips and the hama and
bacon hanging from the ceiling, flange-
ing from the olive green hides stretched
for curing on the walls, hovering above
the burlap of pelts and piles of traps
in the corners of the room. But Boy's
mind was not on the trapping activities
that soon would bear the times once
more. In his soul he was pondering
over the question of his new unrest:
a question which must be answered
sooner or later by somebody.
(To Be Continued.)

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears

the Signature of

Horlick's the Original

Malted Milk—Avoid

Imitations & Substitutes

TOPICS OF THE DAY

"The learned preachers who declare that the world is losing faith should consider the number of hair-restorers on the market."—Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Can We Conquer Russia by Kindness?

The hand that feeds Russia is liable to be bitten, in the opinion of some skeptical editors, who doubt the wisdom of applying to our dealings with Lenine the apostolic injunction: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." According to one paragrapher, it looks as though the Allied statesmen thought the policy of "feed the brute" ought to work as well with a hostile nation as it is supposed to do with a balky husband. The Echo de Paris wonders how "we are going to do business with the subjects of Moscow without doing business with Moscow, since by military requisition they can take anything sent into Russia." The New York Times, in taking a dig at Mr. Lloyd George, says that he "having failed to kill the wolf, now offers a new Russian policy. The Newark News calls it "the most sensible and hopeful move that has been made in dealing with the Russian muddle."

Don't miss reading this comprehensive article in THE LITERARY DIGEST for January 31. It will give you all the available information upon this vital subject. The article is illustrated with a clear map showing "Bolshevik Expansion Since July 1, 1919." Other enlightening articles in this number are:

Admiral Sim's Depth Bomb

The Situation Aroused by Admiral Sims's Charges Is One That "Must Finally Break Sims or Daniels"

Hoover as Presidential Timber
Clemenceau's Fall as Viewed Here
Why the Kaiser Ought To Be Tried
A Costly Strike Failure
Mexico Through Mexican Glasses
The Bolshevik Way With the Press
Japan Tiring of War in Siberia
Hot Clothes for Aviators
Opening New Orleans's Back Door
Dr. Einstein's Own Story
"Salesman's Fright"—Its Cause and Cure
The "Walk-out" of School Teachers

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