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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1923.

What Is National Greatness?

The Dearborn Independent tells of a man from England who dropped into the office and spoke of the feeling of resentment there was in Britain toward United States and United States goods. He claimed that in Regent street "you will see store windows filled with German goods displaying German trade-marks to all passers-by. But if a merchant has a stock of American goods he carefully removes every evidence of their place of origin—they would not sell otherwise."

The Dearborn paper comments on the situation as follows:

"The reason for this state of mind is obvious. Britain is slipping off her high places. Telling herself that she is the greatest nation in the world has no effect in improving her fortunes. She hates to bow to a nation which has only the aristocracy of work to boast of. She cannot forgive America for possessing more energy and brains than Britain does. So she just cordially dislikes us and says so with superior bluntness."

We don't think Britain has been engaged in telling herself or the world at large that she is the greatest nation in the world. Since she emerged from the war Britain found by even a cursory process of stock-taking that in world possessions she was very humble; her shipping trade had been broken down; her place as a seafaring nation of carriers had been seriously challenged; she was in debt on a colossal scale; her pound sterling was very much discounted. There were labor troubles at home; there were suspicions between her and her immediate European neighbors; there was a huge war debt to pay to United States and there was no prospect of Britain collecting from her debtor nations. There was surely nothing in that situation that could warrant Britain "telling herself that she was (or is) the greatest nation in the world."

The claim that Britain "is slipping off her high places" can very conveniently be linked up with the above. Britain was not in a position to slip off a very high place. As positions are rated by dollars and industry, she was in humble station.

Britain has not slipped off a high place, rather she has moved toward it. It seems necessary here to take only two of the cardinal characteristics that make nations either great or small, (1) the determination of a nation to pay its debts, and (2) a realization by the nation of its moral obligations in a community of nations.

Before urgency developed on the part of United States for collecting war debts Britain sent a financial commission to United States headed by Mr. (now Premier) Stanley Baldwin, and undertook the repayment of \$160,000,000 per year for sixty-two years; these payments started in 1923 at a time when Britain had no prospect of collecting from other nations. It made her people the most heavily taxed in the world, but it was exactly what the world expected Britain to do. Her money was not high in the world market; New York discounted it heavily. Britain tried no substitutes and took no short-cuts to currency restoration. It was the rough-hewn path of dogged persistence that led back to the reinstatement of the pound sterling.

Britain has recognized her responsibility to other nations, not by proclaiming, as the Dearborn Independent states, that she is the greatest nation in the world, but by a course of toleration that treated defeated enemies as equals and persisted always that confidence is greater than suspicion and mutual advantage is stronger than individual pre-eminence. It was her desire that true national greatness should become the property of all nations. Her statesmen contributed leadership, the sincerity of which has never been called into question; they defied war-born prejudice in asking fair treatment for Germany and in making possible her entrance to the League of Nations on an equal footing with other members. Britain conquered the inherent fear of France of German aggression, and it was in London that German signatures were affixed to the Locarno pact.

All these things are attributes of true national greatness. They are not computed in terms of ocean tonnage, nor are they written in trade statistics or clipped off as coupons. They can only be designated as the visible evidences of a sense of national honor that has not "slipped off its high place."

Guelph Has a Problem.

Guelph faces a peculiar situation with its street railway, a road that is owned by the city but operated by the hydro-electric commission. There were defects when the road was operated by local control, and there have been more defects since operation has been carried on by the provincial body.

The hydro commission, according to the Guelph Mercury, states frankly that it has no remedy to suggest for removing the annual deficits. It cannot compel sufficient people to ride on the cars to make the system pay any more than a local board could. The service is there, the roadbed is in fair shape and the cars run on time, but people do not ride in sufficient numbers, and this tendency will increase rather than diminish, as it has done elsewhere.

The Mercury questions whether a city, as such, is called upon to provide transportation for the few who use the cars at the expense of those who do not, and it is a pertinent point. The Guelph road runs at a loss; the loss must

be met by all the taxpayers, and in this way those who do not use the service are helping to provide transportation for those who get it for less than what it costs.

Guelph finds itself in the position of a man who has made a losing investment, and who finds it difficult to decide whether to hang on or let go. If he lets go he stands to lose his entire investment; if he hangs on he will do so at a smaller initial loss, yet one that will repeat itself with monotonous regularity, and if the process is continued long enough one loss will equal the other.

On the other hand, transportation is necessary. Guelph is one of those comfortably-built places where people are not huddled together, and for that reason distances are comparatively great, and many people who have built homes some distance from the business or factory sections have no doubt done so because there were transportation facilities.

A problem such as this, if it is tackled by the entire council with the one idea of arriving at what will prove the best and fairest solution, will make the council itself more competent. It brings the members face to face with a large business proposition, one that is losing good money each year. A public servant who bends all his energies to stopping that leak or pointing to a workable alternative is receiving a business training well worth all the time and energy he devotes to it.

The Storm in Texas.

The state of Texas has received more notoriety than any section of United States during the year with the possible exception of Chicago and its water theft, and one woman, Mrs. Jim Ferguson, more often called "Ma" Ferguson, stands in the center of the publicity wave.

James E. Ferguson, serving his second term as governor in 1917, was impeached on the charge of stealing state funds. Last year his wife entered the race for governor on the plea that she desired to vindicate the family name. She was successful, and one of her first acts was to sign an amnesty bill restoring civil and political rights to her discredited husband.

Graft was the reason why the governor was impeached in 1917; graft charges are the reason why there are repeated calls for a special session of the legislature to deal with them. The answer of Mrs. Ferguson is a plain "No." The law provides that a special session must be called upon request of a sufficient number of members, but the answer is "No" and there it stands.

The Houston Post-Dispatch gives some idea of Ferguson methods in Texas, especially with regard to emptying jails on Thanksgiving Day. "While the people were gathering in their temples of worship and in their homes to express their gratitude for the good things that had come to them during the year, the governor of their state was opening the prison doors and bidding a horde of murderers, rapists, liquor law violators, thieves, to come forth and go their way."

"Twenty-two of the number were serving time for the killing of fellow human beings. Six had been convicted of criminal assault. Twenty-one had been sentenced for burglary, theft or robbery. These are the Thanksgiving gifts of the governor of Texas to the people of the state—105 proven criminals, all in a bunch."

The decent element in the community are sick of it, and although law is being defied they have so far found no way to work a cure. They claim they are governed by the man whom they impeached for crookedness eight years ago, because he directs every move his wife makes. The Texas affair is about as confusing as some of the things that come to pass in United States courts of justice.

The Position of Mayor.

Mayor Duquette of Montreal will not run for office again. His reasons are that he has power to preside, but is powerless to voice an opinion; his only authority is over a secretary and stenographer. He regards his position as mayor as only a social necessity, and himself in that office as merely an administrative figurehead.

If a mayor is a success as a presiding officer he has gone a long distance in making the work of the council effective. The fact that he realizes that his authority is limited is not a bad thing in itself. Cities generally get into trouble when a mayor refuses to recognize the limitations of his office.

For The Last Time.

"Batting" Siki, the Senegalese pugilist, has broken into print for the last time. A policeman in New York on his beat early in the morning found him lying dead on the sidewalk. Two bullet wounds told all the story there was to relate.

A giant in framework, he had made more money in his short, inglorious career than most men get in a lifetime, but money to him was simply a lever with which to pry open more excess and more debauchery.

It's a poorly balanced machine where the fist is mightier than the brain.

Note and Comment.

A baker in England has made a Christmas cake that weighs a ton, and there have been much smaller ones that felt that way.

Japan is telling the warring Chinese the spots where they can't fight. One way to stop the war would be to make the restricted district large enough.

Scarcely a half dozen women in London have been fined for breaches of motor laws in a year. Most of them play safe by doing their driving from the back seat.

Detroit man of 104 years was excused from doing duty on a jury. He probably felt he was too old-fashioned to sanction the views of the average Detroit court of today.

A deputation waited on the provincial government asking some let-up in the requirements of proof of age. It is urged that when a girl is obviously 21 years of age it is needless to ask her for proof of the fact. The trouble is that it's difficult now by appearance to tell whether they're 21 or 41.

Yes, It's Wicked

By ARK.

A chap lives up not far from me, he's smart in everything he does, yet he's a jay that not a man would own up that he likes or loves.

It's not that he's a wicked guy or tells his wife to split the wood the trouble is it seems to me that he's too everlasting good.

And he's a married man as well, a sort of model husband type, who helps to clear the table up and he can either wash or wipe. He helps to dust the picture frames, he sweeps the corners of the stairs, he dabbles in a varnish can and paints anew the kitchen chairs.

And on a certain day each year he goes and puts the fly-doors on, he has a mower of his own and shaves the whiskers off his lawn.

He always has his garbage cans as neat as any cookin' tin, this fussin' round the premises it seems a specialty with him.

Now all these things are fine I know, we ought to praise a jay like him, but yet I know of seven men who'd like to boot him on the shin.

The women folks they dangle him before their faulty husbands' eyes, and say the girl who landed him she surely fished a worthy prize. They point out how he helps at home, and never argues with his wife, and never stays out late at night, but trots a sort of model life. And they can't see why all us blokes can't cease from all our noise and sin, and start and make attempts to be a model person shaped like him.

I know it's wicked for to think and still more wicked yet to say, as how we wish he'd sell his house and move just fifteen blocks away.

(Copyright)

The Once-Over

Today is 8 B.C. Eight days before Christmas.

We were shocked to read that the Druses rush into battle crying "Ham! Ham! Dam! Dam!" They must be a hard-boiled lot.

A headline assures us "Bankruptcy figures point to prosperity." How come?

A baby dromedary has been born at the Detroit zoo. Yes, you've guessed it. They named him "Volstead."

Barely having recovered from its Red Grange complex, the American public has gone mad over Melle Dunham, fiddling champion of Maine.

Poor Battling Siki! He had bad luck right from the time he agreed to fight the man named Mike McTige in Dublin, Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day.

"Lawyer's secret revealed in suit" says a headline. Well, all we can say is he shouldn't have given the suit to his wife to press.

Toronto social workers found that 277 applicants for relief possessed between them 47 telephones, 28 pianos, 5 organs, 88 gramophones, 2 motor cars, 2 trucks and a motorcycle. No wonder they needed relief.

We sympathize with France in her financial crisis. We have one ourselves every time the rent comes due.

The council of the League of Nations is having almost as tough a time over Mosul as the London city council is over the street railway.

It was a British M.P. who said recently that people in America were divided into just two classes—those who have still a little and those who have a little still.

E. J. P.

Isn't It The Truth?

Fatherly kiss: Any one your wife finds out about. Well-balanced ration: Highbrow for hash.

Counter attack: What happens on Dec. 24 where the toys are.

France now has all the ingredients for Fascism except a Mussolini.

Nature provides a grand opera voice, but you must learn to sing unintelligibly.

Perhaps the miners could get an injunction requiring the operators to come clean!

In football, victors tear up the goal post; in politics, they tear up the platform.

The're removing the tax on mah jong sets. Let's see, now, what in thunder was a mah jong set?

If your voice returns within three minutes and the humor doesn't, it is called "putty good."

There's no hope. By the time we can get radio reception from Europe, every orchestra over there will be playing jazz.

A position is a job where you accept 60 per cent less wages for the privilege of keeping your hands clean.

An ideal traffic cop is one who doesn't act as though he made the rules just to spite you.

Feminism won't worry us a great deal until somebody begins to hold beauty contests for males.

A husband and father isn't fully tamed until he stops bringing in minority reports.

The meanest man is the one who is so good to his wife that she never has opportunity for martyrdom.

Wouldn't it be awful if there could be no tax reduction until everybody agreed on where to pay it?

Correct this sentence: "It is astonishing," said the man, "how many coal dealers go broke."

R. Q.

Editorial Opinion

A WORD FOR PETER.

From the Brantford Expositor.
SINCE the acquittal of Andrew Papall on the charge that he conspired with Aemilius Jarvis and Peter Smith to defraud the province of Ontario, it appears to be a gross injustice to keep Peter Smith in the penitentiary on the same charge and the same evidence. The imposition of a fine of \$100,000 in the case of Peter Smith was tantamount to a sentence of life imprisonment. It is undoubtedly a case for executive clemency.

ANOTHER TOWER OF BABEL?

From the Bruce Herald.
IF CANADA is not to be as polyglot a country as Europe, English must be the one language of all our primary and public schools. A party of 72 immigrants landed at Montreal lately, speaking 16 different languages.

ABSOLUTE PROOF.

From the Ottawa Journal.
SO DENSE was the recent London fog that the pigeons in St. Paul's cathedral slept all day. It seems incredible and we cannot accept the statement without reservation until the correspondent assures us that he actually heard them snore.

An Unmoved Spectator



Uncle Sam.—"Take this off! Can't you see it's killing me?"

To the Editor

Quick To Report.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—In common with other citizens, I was glad to read this morning that the street railway service was not going to be stopped, but I can't get it clear in my head yet what all this fuss is about. I wrote the other day asking you if it was that was trying to force the situation. The meeting on Tuesday night did not give any answer to that question.

The plan fact is, that the city council asked for the reduction of fares from five cents to seven and nine for a quarter, and then two days after it was granted to them they had to call a special session and say by a unanimous vote that they didn't want the very thing that they had asked for.

It may be that I am not well served in such matters, or that I am jumping at conclusions, but if I'm wrong in this summing up of the situation, then I'm ready to be corrected, and I have no doubt the Advertiser will be glad enough to publish the letter of any person who feels called upon to set me right.

If other businesses were run on the same basis they wouldn't last the week out. FAIRPLAY.

London, Dec. 16.

The Pound of Flesh.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—Is Canada in danger of losing something? Is she in danger of seeking to gain the whole world by starving in any degree helpless millions throughout the earth whose needs, due to blighted crops, give us a clever chance to demand our pound of flesh and to extract all that business-like traffic in our bountiful harvest can be made to pay?

A Canadian pioneer once had a heavy crop of wheat in a season when his neighbors around him, hit by the blight, had none.

That winter, with bursting granary, he, too, had a chance to gain the whole world.

Instead, he emptied his store to needy neighbors, who each got from him no more than a spring supply of seed, no more than wheat.

And what a darn fool he was, according to wheat pool standards, asking each recipient of his bounty to give him a pound of weight for weight the following autumn.

Can any way be found to let that simple decency which prevails among individual Canadians express itself collectively in control of Canada's wheat market this winter? JOHN COTTAM.

London, Ont., Dec. 16, 1923.

HOMELIKE.

"This is the best parrot we have," said the dealer, "but I wouldn't sell him without letting you know his one fault. He'll grumble terribly if his food doesn't suit him."

"I'll take him," said Miss Pitt promptly. "He'll seem quite like having a man in the house."

JUST THE SAME.

Brown: "Did you hear those fool roosters crowing early this morning?"

Mrs. Brown: "Yes, dear."

Brown: "I wonder what on earth they do that for?"

Mrs. Brown: "Why, don't you remember, dear? You got up early one morning yourself, and you crowed about it for a week."

SUN-PROOF.

Drygoods merchant—"James."

Clerk—"Yes, sir."

Merchant—"Why don't you pull down those sun curtains? Don't you know that the goods in the window are guaranteed not to fade?"—The Progressive Grocer.

INQUIRING AUTOS.

"Gentleman—Enclosing check for pings sent on free trial. Have driven my Ford with them over the worst mountains in Vermont without changing a wheel. Other cars would turn and look at me when I went by them."

From an advertising card.

PROBABLY SO.

She: "I wonder who invented that superstition about Friday being an unlucky day?"

He: "Oh, some poor fish."

25 Years Ago

From The Advertiser, Dec. 17, 1900.

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At the annual meeting of the Children's Aid Society of this city last night, the following officers were elected: President, Sheriff Cameron; vice-president, Messrs. V. Cronyn, T. B. Scott, Andrew Thompson and Mrs. Yarker; secretary and inspector, Mrs. J. Sanders; treasurer, Mrs. J. T. A. Hunt.

The Hellmuth ladies' college held their annual Christmas concert at the college on Oxford street last night. An enjoyable program was presented.

Hon. J. Israel Tate, dominion minister of public works, made a short visit to London this morning.

Ten hockey teams compose the city league. They include: Memorial, Orient, St. John H., High School, Lacrosse club, Arlington, C.S.T. John, London South, Victoria and St. Paul's clubs.

Certain St. Thomas school teachers have been given a raise of \$150. They now receive \$550 per annum.

A basketball club has been formed at the St. John's athletic club. A number of prominent London young ladies are among the members.

Hon. Geo. W. Ross, "christened" the smelter at the opening of the Midland iron works. It is said to be the first step in the great march of the iron industry in Canada.

The city council of Chicago has passed an order banning prize fights in that city.

The Dutton extension of the Detroit River and Lake Erie railroad has just been completed.

car rides at seven and nine for a quarter. In fact it is more than likely that the five-cent fare has gone. There is not much ground for doubting that a street-car ride for five cents is about the cheapest public service performed today. The community that goes out to fight it is likely to find that it is into a hopeless campaign. Of course in the background of the battle with the street cars, is the bus. Perhaps a service of that kind can be maintained on a five-cent fare. That may hold while the street cars and buses are in competition on the same routes, but when one or the other is forced out the survivor is pretty certain to demand a higher fare."

QUITE CLEAR.

Mrs. Smith had inserted an advertisement in the papers for a new nursemaid and was interviewing the first applicant. "And what," said she, "is your attitude on corporal punishment?"

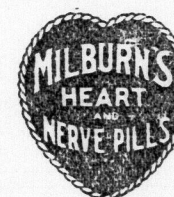
The applicant thought for a while and then replied, "Generally I take 'em across my knee, but I can smack 'em across the back if I want to."

She Couldn't Sleep Heart Was So Bad

Mrs. J. D. McClintock, Charlotte-town, P.E.I., writes:—"About a year ago I was greatly troubled with my heart."

I could not sleep at night, and was so nervous I imagined that I could see everything in the room moving, and would have to turn on the lights before I could get to sleep.

After having read of your



I took several boxes of them, and can now get a full night's sleep without any trouble, and feel fine in every way."

H. & N. Pills have been on the market for the past 32 years; all dealers sell them; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Hotel Brighton

Atlantic City, N.J.

ESTABLISHED 1875

IN the center of the exclusive beach front section. Spacious open and inclosed sun decks. Hot and cold sea water in private bath rooms. New fireproof addition. Orchestra of soloists. Private garage on premises. American plan. Phone Marine 1020.

50-18

Winter Economically in the South of France

This winter, of all times, go to the Riviera—to Cannes, Nice, Mentone—amid the palms, roses and violets—where the blue Mediterranean stretches away like a sheet of sapphire towards Africa—where the balmy sunshine invites you to golf, and tennis, bathing and boating—winter resort of the world's royalty and the inner circle of the socially elect.

Go to the Riviera this year because it is economical. The wide difference in value between the dollar and franc, makes your holiday—ocean voyage included—most reasonable in cost. Canadian Pacific travel experts will plan your trip and make reservations on any of the Canadian Pacific steamships sailing frequently from St. John, N.B. direct to Cherbourg.

Ask your local steamship agent for special literature or write:—

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