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A Memorable Day at Ottawa.

What an expenditure of energy was poured out on June 23 to bring the session of the Dominion parliament to a conclusion. It started at 11 o'clock in the morning, lasted all day with the noon recess, and the night session was not over until 7:55 Saturday morning.

The House of Commons Debates for that day make a memorable contribution to the consumption of white paper in this country. It contains 144 pages with some 950 words to a page, or about 136,000 words in all. If a paper using the same body type as The Advertiser, and eight columns to the page, were to print the proceedings of that session, it would be necessary to use 17 full pages to contain the verbal fruits of Canadian statesmanship.

Hon. Arthur Meighen must have realized that it was his last chance to do a great deal of speaking. He made the best of it, his name appearing no less than 195 times.

Sir Henry Drayton was not far behind Mr. Meighen. Possibly it would not have been in good taste for him to outdo his chief in the number of times he spoke, but he came perilously near doing so, being credited with having spoken 183 times.

The prime minister was not conspicuous for his frequent speech, because, including the necessary moving of reports and answering of questions, his name appears only 57 times in that long session.

Mr. Meighen spoke for the sake of speaking. There was political rancor in many of his many addresses. There were old scores piled up that had to be settled right then or not at all. He opened with a savage attack on Mr. Healy of Windsor, charging that a vote of \$30,000 for harbor improvements at Belle River was purely a political gift. Evidence was produced to show that this work had been asked for a long time ago by the municipal authorities there, even before Mr. Healy had any intention of running for the Commons. The presentation of facts, though, did not bother Mr. Meighen, who insisted on reading extracts from letters without stating the name of the writer, and finally wound up by displaying an election poster used in behalf of Mr. Healy.

This election poster attack proved his undoing, because it is not so very far back that the face, figure, feet and all of Hon. Arthur Meighen were plastered all over the country, along with the wording, "Meighen Will Lead Us Through" or some such stirring appeal as "Let Arthur Do It." There was such an abundance of these posters that people used to wonder where all the money was coming from to provide them. Hon. Arthur Meighen is the last man in the country to have a word to say about the publicity given to the appeal of any candidate. His campaign was a veritable windfall for lithographers and billboard owners.

He also rushed into a bad bit of roadway when he ruffled the usually quiet and always moderate Hon. W. S. Fielding. Here is Mr. Meighen's utterance:

"Well, the house is faced tonight, two or three or four days before prorogation, with a set of estimates almost as big as the estimates that were produced in the middle of the session. . . . I would like the minister to tell where in the history of Canada estimates of that magnitude were ever brought down in the last week of the session. Occasionally there would be a single page and that would be all, and there would be a row over that."

Mr. Fielding's answer to all that was very simple:

"May I point out that the right hon. gentleman in his own last session of parliament, three or four days before prorogation—to use his own words, in the last week of the session—brought down estimates, not for \$15,000,000, but for \$23,000,000."

Mr. Meighen was thus barred from scoring a practice that is bad, no matter whether it is done by Liberals or Conservatives. The business of bringing down large estimates in the last days of a session should be discontinued.

Mr. Meighen was critical, sarcastic and doubtful. Not at any time was he constructive in all the long hours of that memorable session.

Energy That Is Wasted.

John Kearns, aged 21, of Freeport, N.Y., was put in the jail at Welland.

When no person was looking he climbed on a pipe 50 feet to the roof of the jail. From there he jumped to the top of the wall around the jail yard, and then swung out into a tree.

He was recaptured inside of an hour.

John Kearns is not in a class by himself. There are many others who expend whole tons of energy trying to wiggle out of trouble.

Were they to apply even a fair share of this same energy and resource to the ordinary tasks at which men work they would soon arrive near the top of the heap.

Purely a Business Proposition.

Brantford Municipal Railway, in its report to the ratepayers, shows a deficit in operating expenses of \$13,517, and adds that were it not for the operation of one-man cars the amount of the shortage would have been at least \$50,000. It is intimated that the next move will be toward a higher cash fare with some limitations on transfer privileges.

Brantford has demonstrated that it cannot run its street railway on a five-cent cash fare.

During the provincial election campaign much was made of the fact that the London Street Railway had been allowed to increase its fare to five cents, with almost unlimited transfer privileges. It is hard to see how anything approaching a good case could be made on this score. There is not a place in the country selling transportation at seven and nine tickets for 25 cents, as London railway was doing before the increase was granted.

Were the city to take over the road the cost of travel would have to be based on the cost of operation. It could not become a charge on the community at large, nor would it be possible to allow deficits to pile up in the hope of overcoming them at some future time.

All these things are straight business propositions. Those who sought to make political capital against Dr. Stevenson simply established the fact that he was a

member of the legislature which had permitted the London Street Railway to cease selling tickets at seven and nine for a quarter, and get a five-cent fare. They did not go any farther in the matter, not even staging the claim that it was an unjust charge, or that the people were being held up by having to pay the new scale.

Likewise in the last municipal election in London, when taking over the street railway was an issue, there were those quick to make the claim that if the city owned the line the fare could be four cents. On the face of it that was a poor claim to make because there was no justification for it. There was not one set of reliable figures put up to show how the people of London could buy the road, put it in shape, and then sell transportation at a four-cent rate.

This case is likely to come up again in London because we have not settled our municipal transportation problem. The city can express a willingness to buy the road, or the non-expression of such a desire gives the present company another five years in which to operate.

The point in the whole thing is this, that the tossing the local street railway issue about for political purposes and the attempt at another time to establish the idea that it would be possible to operate on a four-cent rate are both bad for the local situation if the people here are going to own and operate the street railway system. They must be prepared to do so on the basis of paying in fares what the road costs to operate.

The Fair Way to Probe.

If it is necessary to have civic investigations, the method adopted by London is undoubtedly the most desirable plan. The Citizens' Research Bureau has at its disposal experts, disinterested and capable, who can sift out a situation and name the desirable course to correct any defects that appear.

It is more desirable than holding an open inquiry locally, where witnesses would be called to give evidence against officers, or for officers. These inquiries seldom arrive at any definite point, because the people conducting them have not the training to put their fingers on weak spots and transform them into strong sections.

Local inquiries into fire, police or other departments in Ontario cities in recent years have thrown up mounds of local prejudice that are just as big today as they were three or four years ago.

It is highly desirable that this class of work be proceeded with on exactly the same plan that a physician would use when he diagnoses the case of a sick man. He is not seeking to hurt the man, but to help him.

Mayor Wenige is on very good ground when he sanctions this method of probing the working of various civic departments. When the findings are sent in they have a finality that could not be secured in any other way.

Selling German Marks.

And still there come those ads. of men who want people to buy German marks in the hope that some day they will recover.

Meantime German presses grind them out at the rate of millions and billions and trillions.

The wonder of it is that, with all these facts before the people—and they are before them every day—that any person is left who is gullible enough to place a good Canadian dollar over against a trainload of German marks.

It is not even a good gamble now; it is plain suicide.

Note and Comment.

One candidate in Toronto had 4,000 names on a nomination paper, and 2,000 votes on election night. Speaking of the incident he said: "!!X&QXX!!"

A Chatham magistrate sent a man to jail for a week for driving a car while drunk. In giving that short term the magistrate put his mercurial foot on the brake instead of his irate one on the gas.

The real idea of chasing stray dogs in London is to make them wear civic jewelry. It is figured that the extra tags sold in this way will pay for a used car far the pursuer. It looks like a dog-gone good plan.

Technical papers were read to a number of painters in Brantford. It was shown how paint could be shot on with a gun. For the sake of the ladies who read this page we hasten to remark that it was house painting that was discussed at Brantford.

Many of the Sunday school and other picnics are paying cash to children winning races. The claim is that the children would rather have the money. It was possibly expecting too much to ask boys to keep on running 100 yards for a cake of soap or a pocket comb.

When the miners in Sydney go to the extent of refusing to allow the pumps to remain in operation they forfeit a whole lot of public support and sympathy that might otherwise go their way. Flooding a mine means that it is out of business, perhaps for all time to come. At best, it means months of waste labor to repair the damage.

"No man charged with driving a car when intoxicated has a ghost of a chance of being dismissed when he appears before you." Such was the statement of a local lawyer to Magistrate Graydon of this city. Since when did a lawyer get the right to speak in any such terms to a magistrate? If an ordinary civilian addressed the bench in any such manner he would probably be sent down for ten days.

THE DIGNITY OF MARRIAGE.

(From the St. Louis Watchman.)

A short time ago one of our presumed radicals came out with an objection against all the fuss and ceremony attached to the fact of getting married. No doubt there was some foundation for the objection, but inasmuch as it was based on an attempt to belittle the importance of marriage it was all wrong.

For those who look upon the matter as a mere whim of passion, it is indeed a mockery to make much ado about the ceremony whether performed by judge or parson. If, however, the Christian idea is to continue, the event should be made impressive by a fitting amount of outward fuss and celebration merely for the sake of showing its importance in the lives of those who are united by these intimate and indissoluble bonds.

Barnyard ethics on the subject of marriage may be gaining influence, but a higher conception of the relation has not yet been wholly destroyed and dignified, if joyous, weddings are still in order.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

CALL OF THE STREAM.

I had started to work in the garden. And it needed it badly enough. For the soil was beginning to harden. And the weeds were unruly and tough.

But a juicy big earthworm was lurking. Just under the grass roots, and say. This weather's no weather for working. I hope they are biting today.

Cousins wants five per cent beer back—Headline. And so do his sisters and his uncles and his aunts.

It begins to seem there are not enough animals left for the new lodges being formed every day.

If Germany doesn't soon get right, she will get left.

In the Orient a man never sees his wife until after they are married. Apparently, the craze for cosmetics has gone there too.

A man wouldn't think of making a wife of his cook. But he wants a divorce if he can't make a cook of his wife.

Darwin says man sprang from monkeys. But we know now that monkeys sprang from mice.

Our next door neighbor's sick today. His wife tore him to ribbons. She learned that he had lost his pay. By betting it on Gibbons.

They say spilling the salt on the tablecloth is a sure sign of a fight. But a surer sign of a fight is for the husband to spill the gravy on the tablecloth.

Some men will kill themselves making a fortune so their sons can kill themselves spending it.

We have a southern friend who can do two things at once. When he says America won the war he talks through his nose and his hat at the same time.

You can't blame a proud grandfather for believing his grandchild is a great grandchild.

The English language is corrupt. It says a house is burning up. When it is burning down.

I had a tip on a slow nag. To him I made my way. "Oh, can you win this race?" I asked. The slow nag answered "Neigh."

Here's another blow for married men. Women are starting to buy shoes that button up the back.

Germany is turning out marks by the million. But Shelby turned out a lot of easy marks at the fight Wednesday.

They say Gibbons was a good loser. That \$100,000 ought to be sufficient to save his wounds.

Pinkie says that to enjoy a holiday a man shouldn't take his wife along. But it's better to forego heaven on your holiday than to get the opposite when you get home.

Measles!

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

The sun is shining bright outside—I hear the children play—But I must keep the shades all down, I cannot run today.

I've got a rash upon my chest, My fever's climbing high. But other children skip the rope Beneath the summer sky.

My mother says when I begin To sorta sorry be Because I am the object of This sad calamity.

The way she has to climb the stairs To 'muse me more an' more, She is the person in the house We should be sorry for!

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

Only take heed to thyself and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes saw, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life; but make them known unto thy children and thy children's children.—Deuteronomy, iv, 9.

Surely it would be a good thing, if, in our schools, it could be recognized that a child had far better grow up thinking that the earth is flat than to remain ignorant of God and moral law and filial duty.

And it would be a still better thing if, in all our homes, there could be a sincere revival of household piety—piety in the old Roman sense, which means the affectionate reverence of children for parents; piety in the new Christian sense, which means the consecration of parents and children to God.

This would refine the flame of devotion upon many a neglected altar, and shed a mild and gracious light through many a gloomy home, making it the brightest, cheeriest, holiest place on earth.

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Your Health

A WORD TO COLLEGE MEN NOW GRADUATED INTO BUSINESS

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D., United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

During the past few weeks there have been accounts of commencement ceremonies, the granting of honorary degrees and the announcement of prize winners.

Many a medal were distributed for scholastic attainment in encyclopedic knowledge.

It would be interesting to follow these splendid young people and to mark their careers. What has become of the prize winners?

Where are the medal men? Some cynic has written:

In the world where honor lies Medal men are seldom in it.

There are two faults to be found with many medal men and prospective medal men. Both faults are founded on the same defect: Intellectuals are apt to be so devoted to books written by dead people that they neglect contact with the living.

At the same time, they are neglecting to cultivate physical habits which will give them strong bodies.

Someone has said that "the most uncommon kind of sense is common sense—or 'horse sense' as it is called in the country—comes from contact with life, rubbing elbows with the man in the street. You have to be laughed at and snubbed a lot to take the edge off your 'smartness.'"

If you impersonate the caricature of a Boston prodigy and live up to the impersonation, you will miss the countless advantages of human contact. You may have your head filled with encyclopedic knowledge, but you will have no sense of proportion.

I doubt if any college these days will turn out an "educated fool," but the intellectual must be warned against the dangers of pure culture. Spend part of every day studying men. Then your study of books will be more profitable and your chance of a practical success in life will be much greater.

The intellectual is inclined to look down on the sports of college. He never dons baseball togs and is afraid of a sweater. He is fearful of being considered worthy. He feels himself above the pleasure of the field or gymnasium.

Young man, you may absorb all the wisdom of the ages, but if you have not health, you are doomed to failure.

Medal men who fail far want of common sense and for want of strength and health of body. They have brains, but their gray matter is never used for the common and popular things in life.

No matter how the medal men of 1923 have fostered these faults, it is not too late to mend. Give yourself

a thorough inventory and then proceed to develop the human side of your nature.

Real strength of mind comes from mental contacts and contests. Strength of body comes from physical exertion. Begin now, medal men, college graduates and all you other young folks! Be human enough to use your muscles as well as your brain cells.

ANSWERS TO HEALTH QUESTIONS.

O. S. Q.—Will you kindly advise me as to the cause of a very red complexion?

A.—This condition may be due to high blood pressure. I would suggest that you consult a physician for blood count to determine whether or not you have high blood pressure, and follow the advice the physician gives you.

F. G. N. Q.—Will you kindly tell me whether it is always necessary to have an operation to cure gonorrhea?

A.—No, an operation is not always necessary to cure a gonorrhea. For further particulars, restate your question and inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

A. V. S. Q.—Is it necessary for a boy 15 years old to take exercises night and morning if he plays in the open air from 5:30 to 8 o'clock every day?

A.—No, but he should practice deep breathing in the morning on arising. This is very helpful.

MISS A. L. Q.—I have a very bad breath and I have tried many remedies, but none seem to help me. What would you advise me to do?

A.—This may be due to constipation, indigestion, nasal catarrh, diseased tonsils or decayed teeth. You should first find out what is causing the trouble in your case and then suitable treatment can be outlined.

For instructions on the treatment of constipation, restate your question and inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MRS. M. Q.—Will you please tell me whether it is harmful to give a child of 2 years raw potatoes?

A.—Yes, it is very harmful to give a child of 2 years raw potatoes. The potatoes should be either baked or mashed.

MISS D. C. H. Q.—Will you kindly tell me what causes my tongue to become coated?

A.—This is caused by indigestion or constipation. If you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, restating your question, full particulars on the treatment of this condition will be given.

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TO THE EDITOR.

ORIGIN OF O. T. A.

Editor of The Advertiser:—Sir,—Will you kindly let us know through the columns of your paper which government framed the four questions that the people voted on about four years ago? Was it the Drury government or the Dr. B. government? Yours truly, D. E. Formosa, Ont., July 4, 1923.

Answer—The Hearst government was in power at that time.

Looking Abroad

By DOUGLAS McREYNOLDS.

Few writers have said harsher things about the Germans than their own poet Heine, who spent the latter part of his life in Paris and who is buried in Montmartre Cemetery. For many years his admirers in Germany took care that his grave was properly cared for, and made arrangements with a Paris florist for regular supplies in flowers for the poet's last resting-place. During the war this custom was discontinued, but recently its sponsors attempted to revive it. They warned the flower dealer that, owing to the difficulties of exchange, regular payments might not be forthcoming. To this message the florist replied: "Keep your money. I never ceased to decorate Heine's grave during the war. I have continued and shall continue to do so. If your money returns to normal, you can repay me; if not, your poet shall nevertheless receive his bouquet regularly."

Heinrich Heine always had an intense love for Paris from the day when in 1821 he proclaimed the French capital. This predilection for things French is probably due to the fact that his early years coincided with the most brilliant period of Napoleon's career, and the boundless admiration which he is never tired of expressing for the emperor throughout his writings. Heine was a true schoolmaster were rather the drummers and troopers of a victorious army than the masters of the Düsseldorf Lyceum, where he was educated.

When in 1840 the news of the July revolution in France reached Paris, Heine hailed it as the beginning of a new era of freedom and more than ever his thoughts turned to his lifelong plan of settling in Paris, a plan which he finally realized in May, 1831. His first impressions of the city were jubilantly favorable. Paris, he proclaimed, was the capital of the civilized world; to be a citizen of Paris the highest of honors. He was soon on friendly terms with many of the members of the capital, and for a time he carried on a lucrative journalistic activity as correspondent for German newspapers.

In December, 1835, however, the German Bund issued its notorious decree, forbidding the publication of any writings by the members of the "Young Germany" coterie, of which movement Heine was considered the leading spirit. The serious and immediate effect of this decree was to curtail considerably Heine's source of income. His uncle had allowed him 4,000 francs a year when he settled in Paris, but at that moment he was not on the best of terms with that relative. Under these circumstances he was induced to take a step which his fellow-countrymen found it hard to forgive; he applied to the French government for support from a secret fund formed for the benefit of "political refugees," who were willing to place themselves at the service of France. From 1836 until the revolution of 1848, Heine was in receipt of an annuity of 48,000 francs from this source.

In October, 1834, Heine made the acquaintance of a young Frenchwoman, Eugénie Mitel, a schoolmistress in a bookshop in Paris, and before long had fallen passionately in love with her. Although ill-equipped, vain and extravagant, she inspired the poet with a deep and lasting affection, and in 1841, on the eve of a duel in which he had become involved, he made her his wife. "Mathilde," as Heine called her, was not the comrade to help the poet in the days of adversity, but to raise him to better things, but, in spite of passing storms, he seems to have been happy with her, and she nursed him faithfully in his last illness.

In 1845 appeared the first unmistakable signs of the terrible spinal disease, which for eight years, from the spring of 1838 to his death, condemned him to a "mattress grave." In these days he used to have himself carried to the Musée du Louvre, to the little museum which stands the Venus de Milo, and here he would lie for hours, gazing upon and worshipping this most beautiful of marble, "the most perfect woman in the world," as he called her. These years of suffering—suffering which left his intellect as clear and vivacious as ever—again and again he stands the might be called a spiritual purification in Heine's nature, and to have brought out all the good sides of his

character, whereas adversity in early years only intensified his cynicism. The lyrics of the Romanzero (1851) and the collection of Neueste Gedichte (1858-1854) surpass in imaginative depth and sincerity of purpose the poetry of the Buch der Lieder.

Most wonderful of all are the poems inspired by Heine's strange mystic passion for the lady he called Die Mouché, a countrywoman of his own. Her real name was Elise von Kriemitz, but she had written in French under the nom de plume of Camille Seldén—who helped to brighten the last months of the poet's life. He died on the 17th of February, 1856, and now lies buried in the little cemetery of Montmartre, with the daily bouquet of flowers laid on his grave by the Paris florist, who recognizes his love for France despite the fact that Heine was a German.

"The Ten Books I Have Most Enjoyed"

By ZONA GALE.

Author of "Peace in Friendship Village," "The Kindred," etc., 1920 winner of the Pulitzer drama prize with the play, "Miss Lulu Bett."

"Biology of War" (Nicolai). "The Life of the Spirit" (Evelyn Underhill).

"The Middle of the Road" (Sir Philip Gibbs). "The Mind in the Making" (Robinson).

"The Manhood of Humanity" (Korcybski). "The Story of Mankind" (Van Loon).

"Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse." "Art of Creation" (Edward Carpenter).

In any list of ten possible books I would always include Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid." And in this case I would like to include one which I haven't read but feel sure of—Machon's "Hill of Dreams."

Tomorrow—Robert C. Benchley. (Copyright, 1923, in U. S. and Great Britain by North American Newspaper Alliance. All rights reserved.)

A SCOTCHMAN'S PRAYER.

(Written by recumbent.) Faith! another day has dawned; We've wakened frae our slumber sweet; Ern noo we face our daily tasks We'd fan approach thy mercy-seat.

Tae thine appointed throne o' grace Enable us tae venture pray'r. Oor lika sin we sairly greet; Whyles mists o' morn still hover by Wilt thou incline thy gracious ear?

Frae deep recesses o' oor herts Accept oor thanks for shepherd care! Deep gratitude an' ca's for aid Maun ever be oor daily pray'r. Oor lika sin we sairly greet; Tune lika hert fae lift thy praise

Frae morn tae e'en richt ongues Frae morn tae e'en richt ongues Frae morn tae e'en richt ongues Frae morn tae e'en richt ongues

Oh, wash us frae a' stains o' sin! Be pleased tae cleanse oor guilt awa' Gie thine ain Spirit tae us till We've nae a selfish wish ava'. Thy mercy an' thy righteousness Frae morn tae e'en richt ongues

Then hert communion wi' thyself! May we be favored at thy haud. Oor Saviour left his hame, an' thine Oor souls frae bondage tae reclaim; May a responsive, tender love In re-born herts supremely reign. We seek for guidance frae thyself That we may magnify thy grace; Fit we that when frae earth we're ca'd Wi' joy we'll see thee face thy face.

—Mack.