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London, Ont., Thursday, July 6.

Assassinate Turkey.

THE TURK has found out that he can wink at all the warnings that were given to him at the time of the world war.

When the war was over, Turkey was going to be either wiped out or so dealt with that she could no longer dominate the corner of the world that caused so much trouble when the war was on.

Today, what?

The Turk deliberately plotting, and carrying the plot into execution, for the extermination of the Greek minority of Asia Minor.

Thousands of the Greek residents of the Pontus have been sent off from their homes, the men going first under the guise that they were to engage in road building. The men from along the Black Sea coasts were sent to the interior near Sivas and Harput. There was no shelter, there was little food, and the men died in large numbers of typhus and exhaustion—a typical Turkish method of extermination.

Then in November and December the Turks started cleaning out the women and children. In March some 30,000 of these poor human wrecks were driven out to start for Sivas and Harput. Only a few hours notice was given and they were allowed to take only what they could carry.

Picture that defenseless pilgrimage at the mercy of Turkish soldiers! A writer for the Manchester Guardian, just returned from the district, says: "No sooner are they herded together on the road than the process of spoliation, ravishing and murder begins. Their money is soon spent for food or taken from them by the callous and brutal gendarmes who do the driving, or, later on, by the robber bands of Kurds, who hover about ready to plunder, to kill the men, and to abduct the best-favored of the young women and children. Hunger soon forces them to exchange for food every bit of their personal property and every serviceable garment until they become a crowd of naked, famished creatures, rendered expressionless and dumb by the depth of their misery, and completely at the mercy of the blazing sun or icy wind, an easy prey for the savage Kurd. The aged, infirm, and sick are left by the roadside to die, and the trail of their agony is marked by hundreds of unburied corpses."

And it is with these damned butchers and traffickers in the lives and honor of defenseless women and children that the supposedly civilized world makes treaties.

These human hyenas are recognized by the diplomats of powers that spilled blood that there might be no more wars.

Is it not about time that the red-blooded people of the world, irrespective of any other tie, got together and put the everlasting boots to the damndest set of dirty assassins the world has ever known?

Too Many On Farms?

ACCORDING TO reports of a speech made by Prof. ARCHIE LEITCH of the O. A. C. at Guelph, there is nothing to be alarmed at because people are leaving the farms and going to larger centres. Machinery on the farms has released this labor, and it is not needed in the country.

Now, there may be more in this than might appear on the surface, but it brings up a couple of questions that ought to be considered. One is why are so many people out of work in the cities?

The other would be why should it be necessary to continue the Agricultural College at Guelph if there are enough people on the farms now, and if their leaving for the cities in no way affects the situation.

That Big Sturgeon.

A T SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont., a fish was pulled up on shore, weighing 310 pounds. Local fishermen say he was eight feet long, and as there were quite a few around the chances are that the figure is not more than a couple of feet out one way or the other.

Then comes the question of age, one expert who looked him over claiming that he had been swimming for the last 100 years. That would make his birthday about July 4, 1822.

And of this fish it could be written that he had lived through the time of five British sovereigns.

Likewise that he had seen 23 presidents of the United States come and go.

In his younger days along the lakes there were no summer resorts, no flappers on the beach, and no mashers.

Neither were there parties of joy-riders coming to get drowned under the guise of going to a picnic.

Nor were there many divorces in the younger days of this fish. Men used to wear whiskers, look as old as they really were, stay home and mind their business.

Women used to wear their skirts and their hair long—now they wear them both short. And this old fish has had a chance to see the havoc the change has made.

'Twould also be interesting to know how many storms on the lakes

this old giant has caused. He had a lot to do with high or low water in the lakes, depending on which side of the lake he leaned to.

And he must have been well known among all the other fish in the Great Lakes. Likely they were all related to him, and the chances are that he gave advice year after year, unto generation after generation, on how to keep on being alive in spite of all the temptations of fish hooks and nets.

The traditions of the deep must have all been shook to pieces when word was spread that Old Dad Sturgeon had gone west.

Pretty tough to reach that ripe old age and then get caught up with a lot of other silly little fish only a few months old.

Marriage Licenses.

CITY CLERK BAKER of London is a few laps ahead of the provincial government when it comes to issuing marriage licenses. He has refused several applicants recently, and considerable notoriety has resulted. According to the strict interpretation of the law the chances are that the city clerk is running ahead of the statutes, but there are times when some person has to start out and blaze a trail, and this the city clerk of London is doing.

Commenting on the London situation, the *Ottawa Journal* says:

"The city clerk of London, having reason to believe that an applicant for a marriage license is physically unfit to marry, has done what has never been done before in Ontario. He has refused to issue the license for this reason. It is reported that action may be taken against him to compel him to issue the license, since there is no law requiring applicants to present certificates of health. Perhaps action against the official may succeed. If it does the law should be amended. What is the purpose of the licensing system if it is not that of regulation? And if this public officer has good reason to believe that a man who applies for a license is not one to whom the right to marry should be granted, should he not have the power to withhold the certificate?"

There is, as a matter of fact, nothing unreasonable or unjust in the attitude taken by CITY CLERK BAKER. No one will question that he had the very best of reasons for making the answer he did to the applicant for the marriage license. No details are given in connection with the case, and none are asked.

MR. BAKER has taken a course in which he is really open to action by law. It remains to be seen if the Legislature is going to leave him in that position, or whether it is going to come to his assistance by giving official sanction in the way of amended enactments to the course he has followed. One or the other must be done.

Smoking a Crime.

HISTORIANS tell us that smoking was at one time regarded as a crime, in the time of James I., who wrote to his "dear fellow countrymen" to eschew the disgusting custom of using vile tobacco like the beastly Indians. He went on to argue that civilized people might just as well go the limit and smear their bodies with dye and paint as to copy Indians in the habit of smoking. In several countries smoking was classed as a crime, punishable by the knout, excommunication, and even death, although no cases are on record of the latter punishment being enacted.

As far as records go—and they are not very complete—Columbus discovered tobacco when he was sent to explore the island of Cuba in 1492, bringing back word that he had seen the natives using it. Jacques Cartier, when he sailed up the St. Lawrence in 1535, claims that he found Indians drying tobacco leaf in the sun. Tobacco was not brought to Europe until Frances Fernandes, a physician sent by Philip II. to investigate the products of Mexico, took samples back to Spain in 1568.

Strange Things.

SCIENTISTS TELL us strange things, and now they have it figured out that we would weigh differently on different stars, or on the moon or sun.

Reduced to tables, for every person likes tables in these 100 per cent efficient days, it works out like this for a man of 160 pounds:

Here	160
Moon	27
Sun	4,000
Mercury	50
Venus	136
Mars	58
Jupiter	400
Saturn	171
Uranus	158
Neptune	139

In Ceres, for instance, which is 485 miles in diameter, the law of gravity is so little in evidence that folks like you and I would have to watch out otherwise we'd drop off into space. In other places we would be so heavy that our heads would just naturally sink right down through to our boots. All things considered, it's just as well we are where we are.

It is reported that snake bites can be cured by taking a good drink of whiskey, and now we're sure to have a whole lot of people rubbing up against the snake charmer's tent when the circus comes to London.

LITTLE 'TISERS

And now comes the season of the year when the milk dealer has to scratch to keep his bottles from being used for preserves and pickles.

There are so many different kinds of candidates in the Manitoba election that they are talking of electing out a stock book for election day.

One June bride is reported to weigh 500 pounds. The happy husband is sure she can't do any elegant stunts on a ladder from an upstairs window.

California growers are charged with allowing 8,000,000 cantaloupes to rot on the ground rather than send them to market and spoil the price. And each of the little 8,000,000 feels that it was sacrificed to the golden calf.

Monte Carlo may be all chopped up and wrecked. People will no longer be able to lose their money and their heads there, but in this country we can accomplish the same end by that national pastime, "keeping up with the Joneses."

A man cut out tobacco and meat a few years ago and started out to be 100 years old. He died a few days ago at 71, which will cause some person to remark that quite a pile of folks have beat that record and lived on T-bone steak and election cigars.

In case you want to get the real inside story on the freight rates, here it is from the *Toronto Telegram*: Toronto, per T. L. CHURCH, K.C., advised ARTHUR MEIGHEN to follow a policy of action for the country's sake, the party's sake and Mr. MEIGHEN's own sake. "We don't understand it, but take it for granted the readers will."

NOAH'S POETRY

CAMPING OUT.

Along about this time of year there always seems a feeling sent, that makes folks want to leave their homes and put their carcasses in a tent.

And so we went away from town and picked a grove beside a stream, and there we reckoned we would dwell in land that smacked of cheese and cream.

We went to bed to dream about the poor old folks left in the flat, and of breakfast made of mush and eggs that frizzed in bacon fat.

We woke up when the day was young, with streaks of dark and light between, and viewed more bugs and insects there than most folks livin' ever seen.

Mosquitoes, ants and crickets, too, and spiders crawled upon the wall, while moths and flies and worms and bugs had brought their folks to make a call.

Oh, they had waltzed upon the bread, the butter, too, had borne their mark, and in the cheese and pickle dish the whole caboose had had a lark.

But some folks rave about that life, and sing a song unto the lot of them what lies beneath a tent and sleeps upon a two-foot cot.

Ah, let me have my homely couch, where fleas can't smite me in the chest, where the worms can't build a ranch inside the pockets of my vest—where I can park my weary bones and lay me down in sweet content, and all you other folks can go and spend your summers in a tent.

—NOAH.

READ YOUR CHARACTER

By Digby Phillips.

NO. 259—WEEDING OUT THE THOUGHTLESS.

In some lines of business the handicap of thoughtlessness is not so great as certain advantages. The thoughtless person may possess a certain type of energy and activity. In others, however, the thoughtless person is a distinct liability. Suppose, for instance, that you are about to engage a man to take the responsibility of handling important financial transactions and records. You certainly do not want to hire one of those thoughtless, erratic sort of individuals for this work. There are many ways, of course, in which you can guard against this, if you take the time and trouble to go completely into the record of each applicant. But suppose there are a great number of them, and you desire to make a preliminary weeding out of the thoughtless ones.

All you have to do is to look over the letters of application. Hunt for those in which the writing is more or less irregular, but particularly in which the spacing between the lines is irregular, and in which the up and down loops of the long letters cut through the lines above and below in haphazard sort of fashion.

The writers of these letters, on the whole, will be the people to whom you don't want to give this sort of work. There may be exceptions, of course. There always are. But on the whole you can't go far wrong on throwing out these applications, if you have plenty of other more promising ones from which to make your selection.

Tomorrow—Filling the Sedentary Job (Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company.)

LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY

TODAY'S word is EXOTIC.

It's pronounced egz-ot-ik, with accent on the second syllable and all vowels short.

It means from a foreign country; foreign, not native.

It comes from the Latin—exoticus, meaning "outside."

It's used like this—"The trees lent an exotic magnificence to the scene."

25 YEARS AGO TODAY

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

JULY 6, 1897.

Christopher Langlois of Malden lost a helper in a most peculiar way. Her horns had an extraordinary curl, and she got one of her hind feet entangled in one of them. When she was found she was dead.

Mrs. J. R. Minihinnick and Mr. Harry Minihinnick have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. Minihinnick in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Arthur R. Stringer, the South London poet, was in the city today for a short time, en route from the east to Saginaw, Mich., where he is now residing.

The perennial jubilee hospital scheme was canvassed from two points of view at the city council meeting last night. Mr. P. W. D.

DR. BISHOP'S ADVICE

"SEEING RED"



SUDDEN fit of anger, in which one allows all self-control to slip the leash, is liable to be "unhealthy" in more ways than one.

Aside from the oft-proved fact that many crimes are committed during such outbursts, they frequently are followed by a depressed feeling or a profound fit of the "blues."

If you have "a temper," you alone can remedy the ailment, for that is what it amounts to.

You can train yourself not to let anger get control. When you are angered a strong mental effort should be made to regain your composure. This is often aided by the very simple means of counting, or doing

a certain number of exercises. Doing something very slowly or forcing yourself to think of something else often helps to subdue the fit of "seeing red."

Coaches and trainers will tell you that it is quite possible to learn self-control.

In football and similar sports it is essential. Boxers, too, must learn that they cannot do their best when angry.

A good golfer may play a poor game simply because he becomes enraged, either at the mistake of his own, or because of some movement or exclamation on the part of a bystander. Experienced golfers train themselves to forget the missed stroke—to think only of the strokes of the present.

So the average individual, just like the football player or boxer or golfer, can conquer sudden fits of anger, and save immeasurably in health by so doing.

He has the right to use his money as he pleases.

People take cats and dogs and make fools of them. They feed them highly, let them sleep all the time, until they grow shiny fur instead of muscles, and any lumberyard cat or logging-camp dog would be ashamed to do battle with them.

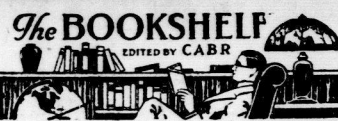
Too much money can be used to make a man just as ridiculous as food owners make their cats and dogs by too much luxury.

MORE THAN ONE WAY.

A gentleman with a sensitive and cultivated ear was annoyed by the persistent and wretched piano playing of a woman who occupied the adjoining flat. One day he met her in the hall with her 4-year-old daughter.

"Your little girl plays quite well for a child of her age," he remarked in his most friendly manner. "I hear her practising every day."

The offender made sure he was out when she opened the piano again.



PETER WHIFFLE. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf, publisher, New York. \$2.50.

THE imported bindings that adorn this book—of which, according to generous rumor, there are no less than some seventy varieties—are in perfect harmony with their contents. They are exotic, politely startling and pleasing; the one sort of clothing in which Peter Whiffle could be happily at his ease.

Assuredly this story belongs to its titular hero; it is "His Life and Works," the biography of an author who never wrote a book, the tale of a charming youth who falls victim to successive aesthetic and intellectual enthusiasms. But, more important, it is the story of its author.

If Mr. Van Vechten would write a round half dozen of these engaging biographical fictions, we might piece together a not too unreliable autobiographical mosaic from the collection. Which is in no way a disparaging criticism, for Van Vechten is a more interesting person than Whiffle.

The latter is, obviously, a mouth-piece through which the author pours elaborate lists of strange and precious things: opinions on literature, music, painting and sculpture; polysyllabic and almost unused words; in short, what might be the years' fruitage of a hundred note books or of an incredible memory.

Peter himself is a pale youth who belongs properly to the Nineties; he carries about him a delicate aura of unreality. Seen only in occasional glimpses, spaced by intervals of years, in Paris, in Florence, he is interminably preparing for authorship, without ever practically experimenting in his chosen medium.

At the outset, in Paris, he is convinced that "contingent" literature is the purest style of all; he will collect innumerable lists of all the beautiful practical, exotic, commonplace, perverse objects in the world, and these names will form his book, without definition and without explanation. It will be sheer verbal magic. Then comes his proletarian period. His novel will be the REVOLUTION in large capitals, with a resounding BOOM at the end. Diligently, for a time, he collects his red material. And later we find him passionately worshipping at the shrine of neglected Arthur Machen, the subtle neocromancer.

The book is crowded with opinions and judgments, gems, drinks and perfumes; with scores of more or less interesting people who parade the pages under their proper names, and with epithets and anecdotes.

"Peter Whiffle" is sparkling stuff. It is light, indeed, but it is delightful fare after the solid dishes of our solemn realists, who are all too apt to write as though there were no Paris of legend, Florence, music, art, perfumes, cats, gems, and Edith Dales in this world.

WHY EITHER?

Shopper—I want to get a fashionable skirt.
Saleslady—Yes, madam; do you want it too tight or too short?



A Big Bar

A full-size, full-weight, solid bar of good soap is "SURPRISE." Best for any and all household use.

Save Ontario's Forests They're Yours

The only effective way to fight forest fires is to prevent them. Help us save Ontario's forests. Do your share. Be careful of fire in the woods. Remember the ground itself is full of wood fibre and in dry weather WILL BURN for days and days, carrying fire to dry logs and stumps. The first puff of wind may start a flame and carry it for miles.

Don't throw burning matches, cigarette or cigar ends, pipe heels on the ground. Build your camp fire on a flat rock by the water or in an old fire place. Don't forget to put it DEAD OUT with water when you leave.

Ontario Forestry Branch
Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Our Own Country

CROW'S NEST PASS.

Q.—Where is the Crow's Nest Pass, and what is it famous for?

A.—Crow's Nest Pass lies in Southern Alberta and British Columbia, along the line of the C. P. R. branch line of that name.

It contains one of the richest coal deposits in the Dominion, which bids fair to last for a long period of time.

Everybody Smokes



Buy the 1/2 lb. Tin