

## London Advertiser

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1924.

### The Six-Sided Trustee

Dr. Silcox, principal of the Normal School at Stratford, believes that school trustees should be a peculiar people. Speaking at the Ontario Educational Association in Toronto, and addressing himself to urban trustees, he proceeded to deal with the education of these individuals.

It was an interesting thing to do, perhaps a little courageous as well, for one lone pedagogue to back the trustees up against the wall and picture to them the men they ought to be.

Dr. Silcox thinks the ideal trustee should "realize his own limitations in lines of work outside his own specialty." This would cause him "never to interfere in the work of experts engaged by school boards to do work for which they were trained."

The model trustee must be developed in six ways—intellectual, physical, social, economic, aesthetic, religious. He must strive to become a regular hexagon in these things. If he's lacking in physical fitness let him get out and play a few games—If his social leg yells at him to stop trying to be a model trustee, he must school that offending limb into submission. He has simply got to be a six-sided man or limp in the attempt.

Then, when a trustee has developed all these six qualities, what is he going to do with them? Is it a course in training to show him that he must leave school affairs alone? As a matter of positive fact the trustee has very little to do with what goes on in schools, with what is taught there or how it is taught. He may wrangle now and then with salaries, let contracts for coal, and see what it will cost to get a new school building. That's just about as close as he ever comes to the actual problem of education. If a man on the outside imagines that by becoming a trustee he is going to put his finger on the pulse of education, he is due for an awakening.

Trustees are average men; very likely they would not claim any other standing. They have gone out into the world with little or with much education and they have had to make their own way. They know better than any teacher can tell them whether the equipment they had was sufficient, and, if not, where it was lacking. It may be they would make more plastic trustees were they rubbed and polished into model six-sided figures such as Dr. Silcox would like to see.

On the other hand trustees who are representative of the people who pay the bills; they are from the mill run of humanity, the product of the average amount of schooling. It may be better to leave them alone. If they kick over the dashboard now and then and scare the teachers, perhaps it's a good thing. We'd rather see them a little rough than too well regulated.

### How Can It Be Done?

Civic authorities claim they are not worried over the loss of \$30,000 estimated revenue from the annexed area, half of it spent in 1923 and the rest in 1924 estimates.

The board of education are certain also that they can look around and find enough money to carry principal and sinking fund on \$275,000 for three or four months.

What becomes, then, of the impression created at the first of the year that civic estimates were all trimmed to the last dollar?

### The Right Thing To Do

Sir Thomas White, minister of finance from 1911 to 1919, has placed before the Home Bank inquiry all the letters contained in files marked "personal."

He took steps to do this shortly after his return to Toronto, and is to be commended for his action.

Progress in this inquiry should be as rapid as possible. There is rather a formidable array of counsel in attendance, and it should be impressed on them at the outset that they are there to facilitate the bringing out of facts quickly and with all detail.

The bank smashed on August 17 of last year. It is time the official story was told and the guilty ones asked to stand up for sentence.

### When the Stocks Break

President Gary spoke at the annual meeting of the United States Steel Corporation, intimating that the presidential election might interfere with business.

Wall street seized what he had to say and before the day was over 66 separate stocks had established new low prices for the year.

That is surely a financial autocracy, and goes to show how carefully a man in the position of President Gary must weigh and consider his every word.

The incident also illustrates how little the man on the outside knows of what is going on on the inside of the stock market.

Some man dies in a foreign land and at once a stock drops three or four points. A rumor gets a start, the market shivers and more prices tumble.

The best places for the small holder is with such gilt-edged securities as Dominion, provincial or municipal bonds. These were not numbered with the 66 that took fright at Judge Gary's speech. They are just as good today as before the address was given.

### The Chance of the Small Store

The Ottawa Journal produces figures to show that 80 per cent of the retail business in cities is being done by 40 per cent of the shops, 15 per cent of it by 20 per cent of the shops, and 5 per

cent of it by 40 per cent of the shops.

The number of failures, according to the law of averages, should be highest among the last 40 per cent that get but 5 per cent of the trade, and that is exactly where most of them do occur.

According to one theory a large number of stores handling similar lines should be a good thing for the consumer because the resulting competition will keep down prices.

That idea is faulty. Look at it in another way. Take the grocery or any other trade for London. It is a fairly fixed quantity. People eat about the same amount week by week. The more people who come in to share that business means an increase in the number of people who must live from it. Prices to the consumer cannot be lessened by increasing the number of people he has waiting on him.

The economist claims there are too many retailers, and he can produce figures that are convincing. But that is as far as he can go. He cannot keep more people from starting up, but he can warn them. The chances for the retailer, starting in in a small way, on small capital, are not bright.

### Once More the Home Wins

Mrs. Hilton Phillipson, member of the British House of Commons, is likely to retire from public life because she has three children at home who need her attention.

There is no need to open up the old question as to where a woman's work counts for the most.

Mrs. Phillipson is in a position to look squarely at the whole question. She was elected by the people—has a perfect right to take her place in the Commons.

She must have by now a very fair knowledge of what she can accomplish there, and whether she can invest her time to better advantage in public life or in her own home.

Her decision to look toward her home as the place that needs her and has the greatest claim upon her is wholesome. The life may be less spectacular and less exciting. Admitting all that, the world and his wife will smile and pass a knowing wink at the news. The call of motherhood has won.

### Once More the Chain Prayer

"Subscriber" sends the following to The Advertiser:

"O Lord, be merciful to me. Let Thy loving kindness shine on us. Let Thy breath be among all nations. Amen.

"This prayer was sent to me and is to go all around the world. Those who pass it by meet with some misfortune. Copy this with in ten days and send to ten friends, and see what will happen on the eleventh day. Please do not break this. Sign no name, only date. Be sure and send within ten days."

Will "Subscriber" please pardon us when we decline to be a link in the chain that is to go around the world? In so doing there is no fear that something extra serious will happen to those who don't pass it on, any more than the prospect of great blessing to those who do.

When people feel impelled to pray, let them get down on their marrow bones and do it right. This pen and ink substitute serves no good purpose.

### A Situation Becoming Worse

It was evident from discussion at the city council meeting on Tuesday evening that the decision of the Ontario Legislature to throw out the agreement made between the city and street railway company for street paving has resulted in a deadlock locally.

The major portion of the program for the works department is tied up, and will remain tied up until some solution is arrived at. When the question was put as to what step could be taken to go on with necessary work on city streets the only suggestion was that the city section be paved and the street railway portion be left alone. This was not entertained, nor should it be. It would be a bungling way in which to work, and would be an admission on the part of the city that bylaw 916 was of no effect, a move to be seriously avoided.

There can be only one good solution, and that is to go on and get the company to name its price. It is as much in the interest of the city to avoid arbitration if possible. Each party is bound to pay 50 per cent of such arbitration, and if it were protracted and with high fees to arbitrators both sides would lose money.

Events at Toronto have forced the council to a position where action looking to a purchase now seems very desirable. The whole thing depends on the price named. If the company want to name a reasonable figure, let them do so quickly so that the people may know what it is.

### Note and Comment.

The ideal condition is that we have fewer taxes to pay and more dollars to pay them with.

Russian reds are thinking of planting their flag at the North Pole. All right. An excellent place for it.

City council in London appointed a new tax collector, just when a lot of us were hoping they'd let the matter slide for a while.

Some one suggests "Trinity" as the name for the new school in West London. A trinity of the three R's—Readin', Rittin' and Rithmetic.

Miss Agnes McPhail has no admiration for the school system of Ontario. But then, is there anything to which she ever gave her whole-hearted approval?

An arrangement has been made between United States and Canada whereby property stolen in one country and seized by customs authorities will now be returned to the original owners. The common sense and plain justice of such an idea is so evident that it will surprise a good many to know that such a plan has just been adopted.

## Rarebits By Rex

### THE ONLY CURE.

'Tis said every ill in the world shortly will Be made very easily curable, And I hope that the boon will arrive very soon, For some have been found unendurable.

But I have a grave doubt that they'll ever find out A cure for young "Cigarette Jimmy." His begging well shows that he's in the last throes Of that awful disease they call "Gimmie."

I am almost as sure they will never quite cure The bird with the voice hail and hearty, Who gives you a whack, calls all strange persons "Mac," And appoints himself "life of the party."

Such people as these with their hopeless disease Might thrive in some good institution, But the only plan sure to effect a real cure Is summary electrocution.

Classics on your shelf may indicate that you are literary, or they may indicate that the book agent was a woman.

We know an old-timer who calls them the younger degeneration.

The claim of a Montreal man of \$25,000 damages for breaking his hip may, or may not, be excessive. It depends what he had on it.

For husbands who assist their wives to dress for dinner there are no such things as soft snaps.

The United States government has appointed more rum chasers. Are there not enough chasing it now?

### TO THE DOCTOR.

We sent for you to cure our ills, Although we know it's hocus-pocus; You fill us up with horrid pills, And every time you do, you soak us. An epidemic pleases you, You revel in the ills that blight us; You chuckle at a case of flu, And laugh with glee at tonsillitis. If you would win unbounded wealth, Ignore our ailments and connivings; Don't mind about your patients' health, Just stick to writing out prescriptions.

"Don't miss seeing our rugs and carpets. They can't be beat."—Advertisement.

Motto for automobilists: "Fliv and let fliv."

"The magistrate disposed of six liquor cases."—News item. Is there no limit to this man's capacity?

Marconi says the time is coming when alcohol will be transmitted by radio. We presume the temperance people are already making arrangements to wipe out the broadcasting stations.

### TRIALS OF A GERM.

Once there was a germ who decided to keep house on a young lady's upper lip. One day the young lady met a young man and they became engaged. Then they enjoyed their first kiss and the poor germ burned to death.

Another germ tried the same experiment. He perched on the young lady's lip and waited for her to be kissed. The young man kissed her. But the two had been married one whole year, so the poor germ froze to death.

If London appoints an attractive policeman to arrest masher, the law is almost sure to be winked at.

Ruth St. Dennis says the human form is the most beautiful thing in the world. It is quite apparent that Ruth never saw a bunch of business-men in bathing.

## Who Wants the Job?

King Alfonso of Spain would never have been king if he had his choice in the matter.—News item.

Perhaps he's right in what he says, at least it seemeth so to me, for bein' a king ain't just the job it's often pictured up to be. Most folks they think it is a snap to wear a crown upon your head, and have a man take off your boots and shine 'em when you go to bed. And in the mornin' when you rise just ring a bell and have six men rush in with breakfast on a tray and then go rushin' out again.

You'd holler then for James to come, he'd enter in a graceful way, and say, "Old dear, I've picked the clothes that you should wear about today."

And when you go upon the streets the folks will make the old town ring, by singin' verses here and there about hail, hail, here comes the king.

Yet praps we never stop to think about Alfonso's heavy care, some jay a-plantin' bombs and things right underneath his easy chair. And down the street a block or two some red he goes and hires a hall, and tells the folks what's gathered there they'd better have no king at all. And others in a cellar deep they plot to put him in the coop, or try to hatch an awful plan for puttin' poison in his soup.

Or else some day when he would like to dig the garden at his home, they yell at him to get his crown and start a-sittin' on his throne. It's hard, perhaps, to know what's best, it's tough for folks like you and me, but bein' a king in Spain just now ain't what it's all cracked up to be.—ARK.

## Press Comment

### The Fate of the Joiner.

When you find a shabbily dressed man these days, it's a pretty safe bet that he's trying to support a car and most of the town's lodges at the same time.—Wilmington Journal.

### They Carried Gold Bricks.

Had carriers, say The London Advertiser, get as high as \$1.25 per hour, but even at that, the rate of pay is not so high as received by some of the financial hod carriers around Queen's Park.—St. Catharines Standard.

### Begins To Look Like It.

Probably the greatest fear on the part of those who are chasing the late Deputy Provincial Treasurer Matthews is lest they should catch him.—Brantford Expositor.

### No "Truck or Trade."

The Irish Free State has just as much need for an ambassador at Washington as has Canada, which is another way of saying that the need is nil in both cases.—Montreal Gazette.

### The Law of Diminishing Thrills.

After all, Teapot Dome was much like the regular oil gusher. It made a splash for a while, but we are not hearing so much about it now.—Border Cities Star.

## Dr. Frank Crane Christ In Art

WE USUALLY picture Christ as our image of the ultimate truth. He is to the artist, as a rule, the man that ought to be.

Leonardo da Vinci's Christ of the Last Supper, the portrait that has stamped itself upon civilization's conventional imagination, is a thinker, a man weighted with supernal wisdom and bowed with experience.

Epstein's Christ is an eccentric, a man who, if he is divine, is a master magician.

Leonardo's Christ carries his head bent forward. Epstein's has his head thrown back. No thinker ever walked or sat with his head erect and tilted back. This is the attitude of the floor-walker, the lieutenant and the usher.

Epstein's perky, peculiar and mishapen Christ is a sign of the times. For in these days we look for salvation, economic and political salvation at any rate, not from wisdom, experience, thought, mature judgment and deep insight, but from some trick or fancy theory or new discovery.

Epstein's Christ means we are to be saved by some Lenine, Trotsky, Debs, Dowle or Cagliostro. Some wonderful legend of overturning the capitalistic system—that is, the destruction of accumulated property—is to bring in the Golden Age. Some fad is to abolish churches and save the souls by reading marvelous platitudes. Some new wrinkle is to simplify all governments, industries and systems of education.

Epstein's Christ signifies salvation by hocus-pocus. The human drama is to be made a success by some clever Belasco.

Leonardo's Christ is the type that suggests Franklin, Washington, Marcus Aurelius, Victor Hugo. Salvation is through him to come by vision, by seeing the truth of men and things, by perceiving the great cosmic laws that govern souls, by wisdom that grapples mystery, by faith that understands.

So Epstein's Christ is a good type of the abnormal twist of these times. It is the artist's revelation of the underlying spirit of Bolshevism, Cubism and all moral, intellectual and aesthetic sleight of hand.

But this world is never going to be saved by a man who carries his head perked up, nor by any woman speaking the bromide shreds of out-worn philosophies.

If it is to be saved at all, it will be by common sense, by the evolution of the moral instincts, by the accretion of knowledge and its use by wisdom.

Leonardo's Christ, the Thinker, is truer than Epstein's Christ, the Crank.

## A Song of French Roads By Rudyard Kipling



Rudyard Kipling

The National Roads of France are numbered throughout, and carry their numbers upon each kilometre stone. By following these indications, comprehensible even to strangers, the tourist can see at a glance if he is on the correct road. For example, Route National No. 20 conducts from Paris to the Spanish frontier at Bourg-Madame, in the Eastern Pyrenees; and No. 10 to the same frontier at Hendaye on the Bay of Biscay.

A SONG OF FRENCH ROADS. By RUDYARD KIPLING. (English Accent.)

Now praise the Gods of Time and Chance, That bring a heart's desire, And lay the joyous roads of France Once more beneath the tire— So numbered by Napoleon. The veriest ass can say How Twenty takes to Bourg-Madame And Ten is for Hendaye.

Sixteen hath fed our fighting line From Dunkirk to Peronne, And Thirty-nine and Twenty-nine Can show where it has gone, Which slant through Arras and Bapaume, And join outside Cambrai. While Twenty takes to Bourg-Madame, And Ten is for Hendaye.

The crops and houses spring once more, When Thirty-seven ran, And even ghostly Forty-four Is all restored to man. Oh, swift as shell-hole poppies pass The blurring years go by, And Twenty takes to Bourg-Madame, And Ten is for Hendaye!

And you desire that sheeted snow Where chill Mont Louis stands? And we the rounder gales that blow Full lunged across the Landes— So you will use the Orleans Gate While we slip through Versailles; Since Twenty takes to Bourg-Madame, And Ten is for Hendaye!

Sou'-West by South—and South by West— On every vine appear Those four first cautious leaves that The temper of the year. The dust is white at Angouleme— The sun is warm at Baye; And Twenty takes to Bourg-Madame, And Ten is for Hendaye.

Broad and unbridled, mile on mile, The highway drops her line Past Langon down that gray-walled aisle Of resin-scented pine; And ninety to the lawless hour The kilometers fly— What was your pace to Bourg-Madame? We sauntered to Hendaye!

Now Funtarabia marks our goal, And Bidassoa shows, At issue with each whispering shoal, In violet, pearl and rose, Ere crimson over ocean's edge The sunset-banners die. . . . Yes—Twenty takes to Bourg-Madame, But Ten is for Hendaye!

Oh, praise the Gods of Time and Chance That ease the long control.

## NOTICE

### A Change of Time

WILL BE MADE ON SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 1924.

For full particulars, apply to any ticket agent. Canadian National Railways. A16,19,23

## To the Editor

### Making Progress.

Easter Is a Time When Men Can Look at Work of Worth Going on in the World.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Well, Easter for 1924 has come and gone, and if the weather was somewhat backward we had splendid and inspiring services and addresses in the city churches as well as editorials and articles of rare merit in the local press. Easter, although originally a heathen festival, has been gloriously vitalized and renewed through the resurrection of our Lord and made the very emblem and embodiment of the world's and the individual's hope.

Amid all the sin and sordidness, the wanton lust and vicious criminality that abounds everywhere, this old world is still much better than it is usually painted. Did you ever go into a foundry at "pouring" time and watch the moulders with bared arms

running with their fire-pots full of the glowing hot metal? As each man comes to his "box" an attendant with a small iron rod pulls back the heavy "slag" from the lip of the pot. In order that the pure metal may enter the "gate" of the mould. Similarly it is society's seam and "reek" that invariably comes to the top and is minutely chinkled as news, and rightly so, while the golden metal of charity, of honesty and unselfishness goes on doing its work as the world's saviour, comparatively unnoticed. Yes and such a course of action is not unnatural, even in the Kingdom of Heaven, as illustrated in Christ's parable. You will remember that no fatted calf was killed for the constant, faithful elder brother, but for the returning prodigal. D. STEWART. London, Ont., Easter, 1924.

### DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Associated Press Despatch.

Versailles, France, April 22.—Several acres of the famous Meudon forest in Seine-et-Oise have been destroyed by fire, the origin of which is attributed to a careless smoker.

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