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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, March 26.

A NOTED NOVELIST PASSES.

The death in England of Mrs. Humphrey Ward removes one of the most popular of the present day English writers of fiction. She had the knack of story-telling, and as she frequently used social, political or religious issues as a background, her books had a wide appeal, an appeal that went beyond those who read merely for entertainment, and that sometimes involved her in sharp controversies with adverse critics. This was especially the case with her first novel, "Robert Elsmere," the story of a soul that threw off orthodoxy. In this work she treated the whole religious problem in a manner so radical and startling as to cause general discussion in press and pulpit throughout the civilized world. That was thirty years ago. Today much that was denounced in "Robert Elsmere" and following novels as heterodox is openly accepted by the church.

Mrs. Ward was a prolific producer of fiction. During the thirty years since the publication of her first book she published new stories at comparatively short intervals. The best known of these are "Fenwick's Career," "Marcella," "Eleanor," "Lady Rose's Daughter" and "Diana Mallory." Besides her literary work, Mrs. Ward took an active part in political and social affairs, and was prominent as an opponent to woman's suffrage. She was a niece of the great English writer and essayist, Matthew Arnold.

THOSE LEVEL CROSSING TRAPS.

The recent level crossing fatality which claimed the life of Dr. J. E. Kidd has revealed the fact that during twelve out of every twenty-four hours at least three level crossings of the Grand Trunk in this city are unprotected by a watchman. One of these crossings is in Matland street, where Dr. Kidd met with fatal injuries. The other two are the William street and Egerton street crossings, and according to local Grand Trunk employees there are more cars shunted over the latter crossing nightly than over any other in London.

In addition to the above three there is a series of branch lines running across Adelaide street, south of Horton, to the roundhouse and coal chutes, which are unprotected by a flag man night or day. To augment the danger at this point there is a sharp curve from the main line which prevents trams riding cars from signalling promptly to the engineer in case of threatened accidents. The yard employees who switch cars in this vicinity, state that it is the bugbear of their daily toil, a score of near accidents occurring here daily.

The three unprotected crossings have no watchman on duty from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. At the Matland street crossing, where the fatality occurred, a switch tender is working continuously, and it is part of his duties to warn pedestrians and give vehicular traffic the right of way. However, as many switches which he must visit are hundreds of feet from the crossing, many times during the night and early morning hours the roadway is neglected. At this point buildings adjoining the tracks on the north and the street and the view of the yards nearby is consequently obstructed.

There may be a legitimate reason for no night protection at these potential death zones. Possibly it is because civic or provincial restrictions on such matters are too lenient. To many who look at the matter from an economical point of view the reason is apparent. But when economy is incompatible with the safety of human life there should be a sweeping change in the present state of affairs, enforced by order of the crown, and that with the slogan "DO IT NOW," before more citizens pay with their lives the toll exacted by such slackness.

RURAL COMMUNITY CENTRES.

Intimation in an address of the minister of agriculture, Hon. Manning Doherty, a few days ago, is given of the Government's consideration of a plan to establish community centres in rural districts. Such an undertaking would be a really constructive move on the part of the Government, for certainly there is no greater hardship nor drawback mitigating against the popularity of country life today than the isolation from one's fellows which it entails.

One of the things which has contributed very much to the disheartening of returned soldiers locating on New Ontario land grants has been the loneliness and remoteness of an undeveloped country, and the entire absence of means of recreation so readily afforded in urban life.

It should not be too difficult to work out a feasible plan for the establishment of community centres on at least an adequately experimental scale, both in the new and old rural settlements of Canada. And old Ontario, as well as New Ontario, the Maritime Provinces as well as Saskatchewan and Alberta, need the community centre. Some critics may say that the community centre idea might better be left to the provinces to be worked out in conjunction more or less with the public school system, but there is a big enough problem in the development and improvement of the school system for most of the provinces to handle. The community centre is an ideal method to continue the education of Canadians into adult years, and offering a common meeting ground for native-born Canadians, as well as immigrants of all races and types, it should prove a

splendid institution for the assimilation and amalgamation of all into one common, vigorous and united Canadian nationality.

Citizenship lectures, courses of lectures in historical and literary subjects, moving pictures, night schools for foreign-born immigrants, drama leagues, literary societies and musical organizations, are means of instruction and entertainment which would be greatly fostered by the establishment of community centres where every member of the community, irrespective of religion, race, education, vocation or station in society, would be encouraged to meet and better understand the other members.

Great as the convenience of free mail delivery in the rural communities has been, it has to a considerable extent removed what formerly was the time-honored rudimentary community centre, the village postoffice. With no reasonable excuse for waiting for their mail at the crossroads grocery store, the members of the old-time informal debating society which congregated nightly around the square box stove, and swapped stories about Sir John A. Macdonald is no more. The farmer gets his mail at the door and buys his groceries from his co-operative consumers' association. Hence, he rarely visits the little village of which he was once an integral, although suburban citizen. Picturesque villages that once dotted the countryside are slowly passing from view. Big farms are taking the place of small farms, and the isolation of rural life is steadily increasing.

Community centres some day will possibly be as common as schools and churches, and then with their thoughts centred in their own little country section, the boys and girls will no longer dream always of the far-off city. Just as good gymnasia, just as entertaining motion pictures, just as fascinating bowling alleys, week-end community dances, community choruses, debating clubs, dramatic clubs, social evenings and all other forms of entertainment, and wholesome amusement, as are found in the city will be provided near at home in the community centre. It is to be hoped that the Government will at an early date announce that the splendid ideal proposed will take practical and actual form in as many communities as possible.

GERMANY WEATHERS A STORM.

Bolshevism's advance in Germany has been headed off through the Ebert Government making big concessions to the workers. The soviet was rapidly gripping the industrial districts, and communal government was being strongly established when the cabinet persuaded the workers to call off the general strike and support of the soviet system by agreeing to a coalition ministry that will have in it a strong representation of the working classes, and by "firing" Noske. The resignation of Noske more than anything else shows how powerful the extremists had become. Noske has been Germany's strong man since the formation of the Republican Government. He broke the rebellion at Munich and within three days had the Kapp counter-revolution in hand. In his iron way he is the one man in Germany today capable of preserving order. That he should have been dropped by the Ebert Government is a spectacular indication of the widespread and powerful influence secured by the Spartacists, extreme socialists and other radical elements. On the other hand, it is encouraging to know that extremists and radicals, despite their strength, have been willing to compromise in the interests of general peace. That is not the way Lenin would have done it, but in the German character there is a lack of the passion and fanaticism that rules the Slav, and which makes him capable of committing the grossest violence and injustice in order to attain his ends.

The collapse of the Kapp conspiracy proved that the German people would have nothing to do with anything savoring of the old regime of repression and regulation, yet the habits of law and order drilled into them by a militaristic government for years is probably one of the explanations why the German people have not gone over bodily to Bolshevism. The entire old world situation is improved by Germany's weathering of the storm, as the mischief-making Imperialists have been given a heavy setback and the mass of the people appear to be against acceptance of Red doctrine of the extreme type.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There is too much talk about the limitless natural resources of Canada and not enough exploitation of them.

A New York judge says that with the young love and insanity are the same thing. Quite a few folk who marry will agree with him.

In smashing the monarchist plot and making peace with the Reds, the German Government is playing both ends in favor of the middle.

MR. ASQUITH IS SOUND.

As Asquith certainly continues to "frame" well. Sound on the liquor question, sound on the Turkish question, he has just shown himself specially sound on the League of Nations question. Unlike Mr. Clemenceau, Mr. Asquith has, it would appear, no need to daze himself on this subject. He believes in the League of Nations, whatever happens. True, he considers that "so long as America is not a participating member of the League of Nations it must wear a fragmentary and lopsided aspect." But then, he utterly refuses to believe that America would ever, in the end, allow the ideals for which the war was waged "to be left in jeopardy." Most Americans, it may be ventured, will gratefully believe that, in this view also, Mr. Asquith is sound enough.

HEARST NOT DANGEROUS.

Hearst is one with Horatio Bottomley, the English publisher—a mischief-maker. If ever there was a time to foster good feeling between the two English-speaking peoples, it is now. Yet Hearst goes daily out of his way to sow distrust and hatred in America against Britain and all things British. Nor has he spared Canada, our neighbor, in his tirades. If Canada has an idea that the Hearst propaganda of hate has made any headway in America, she is in error. The great majority of Americans pay no attention to it. The Hearst newspapers were properly scotched during the war. If they had any actual influence on the thought of the country, they lost it then. If it is only Hearst there need never be any doubt as to friendly relations continuing between Canada and the United States—a relationship founded on a simple "gentleman's agreement" of more than a century ago, to disarm on the border. That agreement stands today before the world as the most successful example of disarmament.

From Here and There

DEATH.
(M. W. Cannon.)
Lord, since you let him die and did not save
My dear love for me,
And since my heart has gone to him
Over in Germany,
I only have one prayer to make
To you for him and me.

That you will give him in your heaven
(Dear Lord, I know him well),
Neither the harp nor floors of gold
Of which I have heard tell,
Nor Jasper, nor onyx palaces,
Nor fields of asphodel.

THE FARMER'S CHILD.

(Detroit News.)
It has been assumed that because the country child has all the features of the country he is, of course, surrounded by fortunate and wholesome surroundings. But the possession of all outdoors is far from enough. The farmer's home is, as a rule, insanitary in many respects. It is often terribly unventilated, and the dwellers in the house are fed many hours a day with bad air. Country water and food are less wholesome than water and food in the city. The standards of living on the American farm, when tested by the accepted principles of sanitation and hygiene, are alarmingly defective.

THE ONLY WAY.

(London Daily Chronicle.)
The Turkish Government is in Constantinople now, and the Allies, with their occupying soldiers and ships, and their many troops going over its head, have exceptional means of pressing it. Yet they have not been able to prevent during this very year the occurrence of Armenian massacres on a Turkish rule from every district which has a considerable non-Turkish population. But that will not be rendered easier to effect in practice by the internal of Turkish chauvinism, which the Constantinople decision is likely to stimulate.

MINISTERS IN PARLIAMENT.

(London Daily News.)
An exceedingly interesting constitutional point is raised by the nomination of Mr. Asquith, Macdonald as the Labor candidate for Argyllshire in opposition to Sir William Sutherland, appointed as Coalition Liberal whip. Mr. Macdonald is a minister of the Church of Scotland, and under the act passed in 1801 (consequent on the election of Horne Tooke for Old Sarum), a minister of that church, as well as of the Church of England, is declared not to be capable of being elected as a member of parliament. The does not mean, of course, that he may not be returned to parliament.

THE DANGERS OF THE MOVIES.

(Intelligencer.)
Educators must not be led astray by the moving picture's hold on the public's mind. They must not put the word in jeopardy. Teaching a young child to think in pictures is a bad habit, merely reverting to the primitive state. The test is the child's ability to express its thoughts, and not one child in a thousand can do that in pictures. Our faint-hearted magazine editors have set a bad example which must be kept out of the hands of the young. So-called stories which are nothing but running accounts of moving picture thrillers. A mind fed long on that stuff will never know what sound thinking is. By all means the pictures when they are useful, but better no pictures than neglect of the word.

TASTES OF BLOOD.

(London Morning Post.)
We confess we are not much reassured by the interview with Lenin which has been given to a correspondent of the New York World. He promises to give foreign capital "the most generous concessions and guarantees," and he adds that "socialistic corn tastes the same as any other corn." We cannot agree. Russian corn will taste of blood. Nor do we speak the suggestion that the capitalists are to be made happy. We hope that concessions in Russia to certain allied and international capitalists have nothing to do with the intrigues for peace. For each concessionaire will be, in fact, receivers of stolen goods. We fear that if the truth were known a good many of the fine professions about peace would be found to originate in very practical—and rather sordid—considerations.

THE COAT IS BUT THE GUINEA STAMP.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)
America has passed the stage of sartorial distinction in class. It has come to the point that a gentleman must act like one if he is to be recognized. We can no longer spot him by his clothes. The clothes are too spotted themselves for that. And that is a sad state of affairs. A man as a desirable criterion for classification of a man as a gentleman than judging him by the way he ties his cravat or the newness of the crease in his trousers. Clothes do not count any more in the United States. We are coming to the American stage where a man must prove himself by what he does and not by what he wears. All the silk shirts a man can buy out of his excess wages will not make a gentleman of him if he is not a gentleman inside his skin. What goes on the outside of the skin can be imitated, but not what lies inside.

LOST MOTION.

(Detroit Free Press.)
Anger is lost motion. It is effort out of place and time. Walk away from it. It is always—lost motion.

Another place where lost motion hovers is about those whose self-expression differs from yours. Don't tamper with it. Recognize it. Applaud it. Shake hands with it. Smile in its face.

Two people with the same sunny disposition, the world may come together only to disagree so that the power of each is lost. That's a good deal the trouble with the interests of Capital and Labor. Their ideals are much the same, but each thinks the other is trying to get something on the other. So there is trouble.

There are many great concerns in the world that never have any strikes. Simply because the employer and employees understand each other and work together.

There is a universal spirit always at work, and when two differing interests find it, there is always concord and agreement—and no lost motion.

You who are all the time imagining that someone else is after your job or your opportunity or your prize—be it what it may—stop for a moment and look the proposition squarely in the face. No one sees or understands as you do, and no one can be after what you are able to get.

Lost motion follows him who wanders from his own bench.

That is a pretty good phrase—watch your step! We all either overstep or understep. And every man has a limit as to steps. The one made wrong is lost motion lost.

Let us try to conserve—losing nothing that rightfully belongs to us, or unjustly interfering with what belongs to another.

Let us try for harmony and efficiency.

LAUDS MR. RANEY.

(Brandon Examiner.)
Hon. W. E. Raney is making a pretty good record for himself as attorney-general of the province. One of his latest deliveries is that the government has under consideration a new provincial elections act, which will include among its provisions the fixing of a definite date once in every four years upon which the government of the day will go to the people. The object of the change is to prevent any unfair advantage being given the party in power by which it is enabled to fix the election date to suit its own partisan ends, even to the extent of bringing on elections a whole year before the expiry of a parliamentary term. The change now proposed, if made, will correct a long-standing abuse, and ought to be accompanied by legislation providing that the writs for by-elections must be issued within a certain period after a vacancy arises.

SWISS WOMEN FORCE AHEAD.

(Liverpool Post.)
Mlle. Marie Frodholm, who has been appointed director of the Bank of Geneva, and will sign the notes and scrip issued by that bank, is only 28 years of age. She proved herself an excellent financier during the war, and is the first woman in Europe to hold such an important position. There are now two judges, nine barristers, three engineers and a number of university professors and doctors of the law, all of whom are Swiss.

WHITE MAN

(By George Agnew Chamberlain.)

Andrea sank back in her seat, cramped up in body and mind, and cried like a baby. Great big sobs came tumbling up and out of her swelling throat. For the first time in many years she felt that she wanted her mother and at once. The old, familiar ache that comes to us all in moments of misery, the ache that demands something soft to cling to and cry against and makes humanity in sorrow as eternally a babe, dependent and helpless, filled her to overflowing. "Oh, Mummy! Mummy!" she sobbed like a little child and a moment later just exactly like a little child she stopped crying, sniffed twice, blinked her eyes dry, and presently smiled for no special reason, just as a dawn smile when the sun breaks out from the dewy clouds of morning. What had happened? Why, a most important thing. She had suddenly realized that no one could hear her crying, not even herself!

Andrea felt lots better. She sat up straight, shielded her eyes for a look around and forgot worry. She laughed at herself. How young—infantile—she had been in her mood! She was the best of it was that something of that youth was clinging to her still, as though the hand of time had not touched her. She had been so young and universal fount of babyhood and had come up aperiçeu. She threw out her arms, opened her mouth and yawned and swallowed a gulp of cold air. What was the man had said? Something that stood out, something that was quite "different." "Personalities have no futures." It sounded like a new idea. She puzzled over the phrase and clung to it, for her mind was quick to grasp the fact that here was its initial hand-hold in the struggle to comprehend the first stranger in all her life who had become immediately important.

"Every person one meets," thought Andrea, following the line of her discovery, "has to be climbed. Some people are insignificant mounds, some you just walk over them; others are high cliffs that it takes a long time to climb, but that give you a view and wider views the higher you go. And with a vindictive look at the solid back in front of her, "that are just great rock hard boulders."

Her mood drew down at the corners but she would not succumb again to feeling sorry for herself. Instead, she shielded her eyes once more and took stock of the various handiworks of God. The world was good to look upon that morning. It was twirling by in a strange rotative movement that gave it an illusive appearance. It was like a new toy in the way of panoramas. Things started to come nearer, changed their minds, and then swept into the past, lingering long and plain as though they hesitated before an irrevocable plunge.

Her skirts she could look straight down. She did so and on for half an hour and the thing she saw told her much. She and plain, for she saw that she was under and away in an endless gentle undulation cut twice by long, wandering silver bands as quivering as though whole body were quivering only by a deliberate effort of will.

His eyes seemed to fix with a certain relief on a spot, a clearing, far ahead. He settled back tensely and made for it. The engine back-fired

BUT WISELY THEY DON'T

By FONTAINE FOX

(Copyright.)



If all the men put on their straw hats in March as the women do.

doubtless teeming with hippos, crocodiles and snakes!

Her eyes grew wide at the thought and then narrowed. "It would be great fun to stand on the bank anyway," she was thinking. But to get across that would be the hitch. She frowned over it. Then, suddenly, curiously swooped down upon her again and sank its talons deep. "What—that does he think he's going to do with me?" In the ache of her whole person came to a violent stop, with wings buried in the mud-plastered walls of two separate huts.

The shock cast Andrea forward; instinctively she threw her arms around the man's neck. She felt the quivering of his whole body as though it were shaking with an agony. To her astonishment he became for an instant almost pitiable. But only for an instant; then he nerved himself, climbed out of the machine and helped her down. She gave a long sigh of relief and looked up at him with a half smile on her face. He had taken off his goggles. His eyes were grey and large. They stared at her without seeing her, and in them was a visible trouble as of some deep and hidden struggle.

with the ripping report of a galling gun, coughed and stopped. The man gripped the steering-gear tightly and tipped the machine's nose down for a long, reaching volplane. On the backs of his hands Andrea saw little gleaming bulbs of sweat. Striving to escape the crest of a tree he made a reasonably successful landing, in spite of his agitation. The aeroplane took the ground in the wide beaten circle of a native canal, shot across it, and then came to a violent stop, with wings buried in the mud-plastered walls of two separate huts.

CHAPTER III.
Andrea gazed at him, her lips parted in wonder. At last he felt her

eyes upon him and a deep flush mounted from his neck and swept upward, lighting the tan of his face with a subdued glow.
"If that happened to me," thought Andrea, "I'd be as red as a field of poppies."
"—beg your pardon," stammered the man, and started walking up and down with quick strides. Andrea knew instinctively that he was warning up muscles that had been suddenly frozen, steadying shaking knees and shaky heart.
She turned her eyes from him and gazed around to get her first glimpse of the real Africa. From the very start it left her puzzled. She stood at the far side of a great circular court, beaten hard and swept clean as a floor. Within its bounds were two acacia trees, thickly fronded, wide-spreading. Around the court, thirty high-peaked huts stood like sentinels. Behind the huts, other but far smaller structures swarmed—chicken houses, strongly walled granaries on four stilts, pigeon coles, a stockaded cattle corral and a smaller goat fold.
But what puzzled her were the Africans themselves. A flying machine, specimen of a white and dominant race, yet the blacks continued their various occupations and disoccupations apparently unperturbed. There were three women pounding millet in ponderous wooden mortars. They continued to pound. There were other women doing various things—breaking up firewood, sweeping out huts with bunches of brush for brooms, cooking, nursing babes, languidly watching naked children at play. Whatever their occupation, they made no sudden move of variation; even their tongues kept still.

To be continued.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

"Attorney-General Palmer says the price of meat has been falling for three months. At the same rate of speed it should reach normal level in 832 years."—New Haven Times-Leader.

What Germany's Week-End Revolution May Lead To

The outbreaks and disorders in Germany, some for monarchy and some for Bolshevism, brings up sharply the question whether it is to the best interests of the Allies to enforce upon Germany the terms of the treaty. A Washington dispatch says a fear is felt in official circles that Russian and German Bolshevism may join hands and drag Europe down into red ruin unless aid is extended. "Simple sagacity, apart from any more generous consideration, sanctions a liberal enforcement of the peace terms," avers the Atlanta Journal, which remarks that "it would be a strange sort of equity that would end the play by plunging the rescued heroine back into calamity rather than spare the villain a pang or two of his sentence."

The leading article in THE LITERARY DIGEST for this week, March 27, presents a study of American editorial opinion upon the enforcement of the Versailles treaty, and by reading it the average reader will get an unclouded idea of many problems that confront the Allied nations at the present time.

Other interesting news-articles in this number of the Digest are:

British-American Discords

A Survey of the Press in the United States and Britain Shows There Is Food for Serious Thought in Present Relations Between England and United States

- France's New Hour of Need
- State Attacks on Prohibition
- Woman-Suffrage Victory in Sight
- French Replies to President Wilson's Charge
- A Way to Win South America
- Aiding War-Criminals to Escape
- Detachable Power for Freight Boats
- Reasons for the Motor Bus
- Making Movie Daylight
- The "Crucifixion of Humanity" in Sculpture
- Britain Judging America by Movie Manners
- What the "Geniuses" Did to Ireland
- Ancient Redwoods Butchered For Grape-Stakes

- The Madonna of the Battle-Field
- Industry's Encroachment on Sunday
- To Make Christian Feasts of Hindu Festivals
- The Origin of the Presidency—Lessons in American Citizenship Series
- Canadian Trade—Crops—Coal Output—Paper and Pulp—Fisheries
- A. Mitchell Palmer—"Fighting Quaker"
- When Insomnia and a Few Marines Saved Port-Au-Prince
- The Free and Easy Spenders
- The Yankees in Siberia
- Best of the Current Poetry

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