

The London Advertiser

Founded 1863.
London Advertiser Company, Limited.
Publisher and Proprietor, London, Ont.
JOSEPH E. ATKINSON, President.
H. B. MUIR, Managing Director.
C. A. M. VINING, Managing Editor.
Subscription rates: Delivered, 15 cents weekly; 60 cents monthly. By mail, in Canada, \$5.00 yearly; in the United States, \$6.00 yearly.
Special Representatives:
J. B. RATHBONE, Toronto, 55 King Street East.
Montreal, 1013 Transportation Building.
C. H. EDDY COMPANY, New York, Park Lexington Building.
Chicago, Wigwag Building.
Boston, Old South Building.
The Advertiser is a Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

MONDAY, JULY 21, 1924.

United States Does Not Punish Crime.

United States papers have in some cases denounced the execution of Walter Muir, an American citizen who was engaged in rum-running in Quebec. He got drunk, entered into an argument with a man he had never seen before, and in the end drew a revolver from his pocket and shot the stranger dead.

Casper Yost, editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, speaking to the American Bar Association, told his audience that "defective justice is the shame of America. In the United States life and property are less secure from criminal violence than anywhere else on the globe that is not in a state of barbarism."

Continuing, Mr. Yost said: "Approximately 10,000 murders were committed in this country last year, 50 times as many as in the United Kingdom, while in such cities as New York, Chicago and St. Louis more crimes of violence are committed annually than in the whole of England. And this disgraceful condition is not due to a greater degree of criminality, but to the comparative immunity from punishment or correction that the criminal enjoys in this country."

And yet Mr. Yost was speaking to a body of men, some of whom must lend their energies to building up the peculiar defences that are making it more difficult for common justice to be done in these cases of crime.

There is forceful evidence of this in Chicago now, where the lawyers engaged by the Loeb and Leopold families are engaged, not in an effort to seeing that all the favorable evidence shall be considered and will be presented, but in an attempt to build a sentimental structure out of brain-storm, thrills, peculiar temperament, and of these things they seek to erect a structure to set up in the path of plain justice.

Mr. Yost, as a journalist, and in a position to note crime and the appalling weakness of the American method of dealing with it, placed his finger on the sore spot. This sore spot it not going to be healed by American papers using their columns to denounce Canadian methods of justice that regard a man who shoots another to death with a revolver as a common murderer and treats him as such.

So Nothing Was Done.

What constitutes evidence of gambling? Detroit has its full share of notorious gambling places that are deliberately and carefully planned to make it hard for the police to gain entrance or secure conviction.

Jack Ryan's place on Elizabeth street is one of these. The police have been fooled a number of times when trying to secure evidence there. Their last raid was not a peaceful sort. It was carried on by many police, who, when confronted by locked doors, took sledge hammers and battered them down. It was necessary to go through five of these before arriving at the desired place.

Once inside the charmed spot, police arrested 74 men, gathered up cards, dice and all manner of gambling devices, and took the spoils, men and all, to police headquarters.

Then what? It is announced that the evidence was not conclusive. The officers had not seen the gambling going on.

The gamblers were in a gambling den, but they had not been seen in action.

They might have just dropped in there to discuss elections or the cool weather, and those five doors were barred and bolted so the people on the outside would not be disturbed by the conversation. Who knows?

A Dangerous Practice Continues.

People continue to travel on some of the most frequented roads at night without any light to warn motorists of their presence.

A London man coming from Woodstock on Saturday night says: "There were four rigs, three bicyclists and one man leading a horse. If there were those eight parties on the road in the hour or so that it took me to make the trip, there were many others. Particularly in cities where there is much dust created by passing cars, and with the glare from approaching cars, it is absolutely impossible to see these people in rigs, on wheels or walking. I cannot understand how they will continue to take such chances. In our car a man who sat with me in the front seat, as well as myself, were looking ahead all the time watching for these lightless vehicles, and we escaped one just by a matter of inches in a cloud of dust and a glare of approaching lights."

It is one of the most dangerous practices on the road. There have been fatal accidents all over the province from this same cause, and, as this Londoner says, the wonder is that a person will venture on these much-travelled highways without the precaution of displaying or carrying a light.

City People Go Farming.

The tendency is to drift toward the city. Here and there one finds an exception. A mile or so outside a neighboring city is a farm where a city man and his three sons have for years turned to the land. What do they know about farming? Apparently quite a bit, especially about poultry. It is often remarked that a poultry farm does not pay, but this one does.

There are at present over 4,000 White Leghorns on the place; no mongrels, all of the breed-to-day sort.

The family decided on an outdoor life; they could not keep them in.

gether and give them more independence than the city life to which they had been used.

They did not go in blindly. One of the boys attended the poultry classes at the O. A. C., worked at a poultry farm for a time; learned all he could about it, and then the start was made.

It was soon found that there was a market for their eggs, which are packed in dozen cartons; they can dispose of all the young chicks that come from their incubators, which, by the way, have now a capacity of 8,000, which will be doubled. They also discovered that many other breeders wanted to have their eggs hatched in a place so scientifically planned that it would give the very best returns.

A deserted farm of some 30 acres not far off was secured to grow feed; this year there are crops of oats, cabbages, mangels and corn.

To enter one of the large, airy houses in which are some thousand or more chickens, one is struck with the cleanliness of the place, the purity of the stock, and the genius that has been displayed in bringing the business to such a high standard.

These ex-city people work hard; they rise early, and when they sleep it is outdoors. They are tanned and hard of muscle. They watch the most favorable markets closely, and are always certain of the quality of the produce that leaves their place.

It is worthy to note this experience, because it is the reverse of the drift from the land to the city, and it is still more notable because several years' experience has labelled it a success. More power to them.

Bartering Husbands and Wives.

Julius Fleischmann, of New York, has not contested the divorce case brought by his wife, now in Paris. She is securing the document because she intends to marry another man. She has him all picked out; he is Jay O'Brien, a rather famous polo player. Of course she must wait six months before the wedding takes place, a very irritating detail of law.

O'Brien is not an awkward bridegroom, making the initial trip to the altar—not a bit of it. He has had two wives, Mae Murray was the first and Irene Fenwick the second, and divorce has operated in both cases.

What will the New York man do? It seems likely that he will now remarry his first wife, the mother of his three children.

The alarming part of the whole business is that the law looks on and says it's all right, and society stands ready to pay its respects.

This practice is running away off into the danger zone; it is hacking away at the sacredness of marriage and the sanctity of the home. It is a glorified and legalized form of a barter in wives and husbands, and as dangerous to the state as it is wicked.

Evidences of Exhaustion.

It was high time the House at Ottawa quit for the season.

In the last stage it came to a passage between Agnes MacPhail and Mr. Martell from Scotia, which ran like this:

Miss MacPhail—"If the honorable member were a typical example of Canadian, I'd have no objection to—"

Mr. Martell—"And if you are typical of Canadian womanhood, then—"

Yes, it was high time to quit, because that conversation could have been carried on just as well on the back-door steps of the boarding-house.

Note and Comment.

The attention of politicians is directed to the fact that a balloon tire can get along as well on 28 pounds of wind as the old fellows can on 65.

Attitudoherid has been brought to United States from Asia. A good many people were wondering what it was, until a kindly professor explained that a titanotherid is a perissodactyl uplate.

The Halifax Chronicle says the poets of the country are going to form a league. The coat-of-arms will be a wastepaper basket and a return postage stamp.

A Berlin writer says that before he was married he talked and she listened; right after she talked and he listened; now they both talk and the neighbors listen.

A boy who got into trouble in Portage La Prairie was ordered to be spanked, and his mother said she would attend to the matter herself. She did by going at once to the seat of the trouble.

There is a plan on to illuminate Niagara Falls, but the stickler is who shall pay for it. In bygone years newly-married couples used to pay for everything around the Falls. Has that source of revenue been dried up?

Mercy! It now transpires that Governor Charles Bryan of Nebraska, Democratic nominee for vice-president, used to be middleweight champion of Illinois. This fact was suppressed at the convention for fear that the knowledge that Bryan could wiggle his fists as well as his tongue would put him out of the running.

Ald. Douglass says Mr. Buchanan, manager of the public utilities commission, should attend to his own affairs. Mr. Buchanan, on behalf of the commission, put in a bid of \$10,100 for the old registry office. It was the highest bid, so Mr. Buchanan may be attending to his own business very well when he asks why the commission did not secure the premises.

The gas station mystery continues. In London we pay 30 cents, in Thamesford the paste-board signs beckon to come in and buy at 24; a little farther along a shingle has the glad news that the fuel can be had for 20 cents, while in Ingersoll they have struck a half-way price between 24 and 20, and sell for 22. Why not end the war and make it 25 cents all around?

Dr. Frank Crane

WESTWARD

The war, whose effect upon the nations of the earth we can hardly comprehend, has shaken up considerably the British Empire.

Great Britain is the most powerful national unit in the world, if not in history. But it is no such unified force as Germany was before the war, nor Russia under the Czaars, nor the Rome of the Caesars, nor the Greece of Alexander. Neither is it anything like Japan.

For one simple reason. It is a democracy and at the mercy of its people.

Its various colonial possessions, and even the British Isles themselves, will not follow blindly the autocratic will of king or ministry.

"I doubt," said Sir John Macdonald in 1884, "if England will ever consent to having her parliament placed in a dependent position to federal legislation."

Hardly 40 years have passed since this declaration, which at the time was little disputed, and already the independent strength, hastened by the war of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and even India, and the growing consciousness of these colonies of not only their power, but of their political individuality, compel England to a co-operation with them as well-nigh equals.

In a certain sense, England sees herself as a dependent upon, and not a mistress of, her starward offspring.

For England, industrialized to excess, is unable to live by herself. She owes her enormous prosperity and her dominance in the economic world to the exploitation of immense territory.

But the colonies in these territories have grown to such an extent that she would be entirely unable to dominate them autocratically.

The British Empire is no longer an autocratic exploiting power situated in London. It is rather a huge world corporation of formidable states and the balance of power easily lies in the colonies rather than in the mother country. The people of these colonies speak our language, belong to our blood and have our ideals. Everything should be done to encourage hearty co-operation with them, for in any world crisis they are the people who would more naturally take our point of view.

Joe's Wife Went Away

Yes, Joe's a youngish married man, I've known him for ten years or more, his wife's gone off to visit folks what's housed beside the blue lake shore.

And Joe he's stayin' home a spell, he reckoned he'd have quite a time, nor would he have to scamper home just when the town clock peeled out nine.

Well Joe, he started out at once to play the haunts he used to know, allowin' when his wife went off it was his chance to plunge and go. He put his choicest raiment on, he dressed up like a bloomin' jay, a-flurin' that he'd raise the deuce when his dear wife had went away.

But when he's roamin' round the streets he can't just find the tribe he knew, the girls and boys he used to greet all have some other thing to do.

So Joe, just itchin' for a romp, he's tried the thing each night in vain, he's put his colored shirt away, and parked his little bamboo cane.

And in the house, oh what a wreck, the pots, the shiny fryin' pan, they'd give the blues into his wife, they'd shock the careful Mary Ann.

Joe figures how he'll cook himself, can opener is his leadin' tool, while now and then he lines his ribs a-sittin' on a pork-beans stool.

He's pickin' at his teeth he is, he's growlin' now both night and day, Joe can't see no good cause at all about his wife a-goin' away.

Joe ain't the first to try a-goin' to, to cast the anchor from his house, and a-tearin' round at nights, a free, unshackled joyful spouse.

It always works out just that way—these gay and merry married men, are cheerful when their wives depart, more cheerful when they're home again—ARK.

A Real Difference

(From the London Standard.)

There is a clear distinction between mere "strike-breaking" and government action to maintain essential services. The private employer has the right to lock out his workmen if he finds wages too high or profits too low. He can close his shop or factory when he likes.

A railway company, a gas, electricity, or water supply undertaking cannot do this. It is under statutory obligation to continue in business in bad times as well as good.

Therefore, while the unlimited right to strike on the part of the private employee is unchallengeable, there is a clear limit to the liberty of men in public utility works to "down tools," and a government which treats such interruption of essential services as a mere dispute between capital and labor is ignoring its first duties and responsibilities.

Press Comment

Kind of a Mean Trick.

It is rather hard on the Toronto Globe, after all the worrying it has done over Premier Ferguson's delay in announcing the day of the prohibition plebiscite, to be the only morning paper which today failed to give the desired information. It evidently does not enjoy the confidence of the authorities at Queen's Park—Brantford Examiner.

No, He Won't Answer It.

Who wants a plebiscite anyway? Premier Ferguson might well ask this question—Brussels Post.

Well, They'll Know After This.

The architects of the British Empire Exhibition have used Oregon pine instead of British Columbia fir in some of their buildings, and Canada is asking for explanations. The explanation probably is that the architects thought Oregon was in Canada—Toronto Star.

But the Troops Are Out Now.

It looks as if parliament needs another Henry Ford to "get the boys out of the trenches" on Parliament Hill before Labor Day—Peterborough Examiner.

There's a Defect Some Place.

Big fish stories are scarce, which would seem to indicate that the fishing is poor, or the fishermen more truthful than usual—Peterboro Examiner.

A Dangerous Thing To Say.

The Senator who gravely assured his fellow Senators at Ottawa a few days ago that Canada could do without the Commons, but that only the Senate keeps the country from going to the demitition how-wows, should apply for a job as a vaudeville comedian. He could surely get a laugh out of his audience—Ridgeway Dominion.

The Fun Shop

VERSES AND REVERSES.
By Samuel Hoffenstein.
A LULLABY.
In Jingle-Jangle Fashion.

Sleep, my darling baby, sleep;
The French eat frogs; Australians,
sheep.

II.
Today will go, tomorrow come;
I'll bake a cake and give you some.

III.
Angels o'er your slumber sing;
A kangaroo's a funny thing—

IV.
A kangaroo will make you laff,
But not so much as a giraffe—

V.
Not so much as a giraffe;
I'll bake a cake and give you half—

VI.
A chocolate cake and a gooseberry
tart;

Sleep, my darling, have a heart!

VII.
Don't you worry; ma will keep—
You bawled all day, and now you
sleep!

Her Comeback.

Webster, in a jovial mood—"What
would you do if I should leave you
dear?"

Mrs. Webster, quickly—"How
much?"

A Complaint.

Generosity is mah middle name an
sociability is mah nature, but I done
hates familiarity.

I'll share mah meat wif mah dog;
I'll frowl libber to de fish, an' de birds
is welcome to mah las' crumb, but
they's a place where mah middle
name an' mah nature les natchally
fuse to mix; an' dat's when a
boomin' bumble bee snutes wif me
ovah de possession of de shady spot
undneath de honeysuckle vine an'
backs up an' tries to nush me off
my own nock; den's when I les
natchally bawks.

Not Much Required.

Miss Flapper—"Where are you go-
ing to spend your vacation?"

Miss Flapper—"I really don't know.
As a matter of fact, I haven't a
thing to wear."

Miss Flapper—"Why not go to the
seashore?"

Items from the Boston Enterprise.
As Reported by Griff Crawford.

Ford Parsons, who is hard of hear-
ing, got too close to Will King, who
was playing the slide trombone at
band practice Thursday night, and
got two front teeth knocked out when
Will slid to a hard note.

Judson Whipple, our genial post-
master, forgot to put up the mail for
No. 3 Friday. He said he got inter-
ested in reading the postcards and
did not notice what time it was.

Fitch's warehouse burned down
Sunday night. The fire department
got all ready to go, but Chief Hen-
derson could not find his bugle so
they gave it up.

THE JINGLE-JANGLE COUNTER.
Who says the woman never pays?
She pays enough for marcel waves.

In battalions troubles come;
Jaws are full of chewing gum.

Babies cry and flappers giggle;
Fishes swim and tadpoles wiggle.

"This," chuckled the gay married
man as he plucked a blonde strand
from his coat, "is what I call escap-
ing a divorce suit by a hair!"

The Daily Program.

Smith—"We call our new cook
"Radio."

Friend—"Why?"

Smith—"Because she picks up
everything you hear, around the
house, and then broadcasts it to the
neighborhood."

—and Reverses.

"Henry," said his wife sternly,
holding out a handful of red, white
and blue disks, "are these poker
chips that I see in your pocket?"

"Why, yes, my dear. I suppose they
are. You see, I—"

"Well, all I've got to say is this:
If you haven't got sense enough to
cash in your chips when you quit the
game, it's time you stopped playing
poker."

To make a weak fish strong keep
it out of water and away from ice.

Perfect Game.

Though some folks frown on kissing,
I am here to state
I'm fond of osculation
And find it more than great.

With me it is a habit,
I pray I never shake;
I find it is the only
Perfect game of give-and-take.

Pencil Sketches.

Sister's "Sweetie," a handsome
young lieutenant, making one of his
very rare visits to the city, was be-
ing entertained at dinner, and of
course, everyone was on best be-
havior.

During a slight pause in the con-
versation baby reached for the pen-
cil in daddy's pocket and began
poking it in his eyes.

"Oh, baby must not put pencil in
his eyes," mother remonstrated.

In his little hurt voice he replied,
"Well, sister writes on her eyes."

A Georgia woman who swore she
would never marry a day-dreamer
was recently wedded to a night
watchman.

The Language of Love.

Kris—"Did her father come be-
tween you?"

Kross—"Oh, no," replied the wiled
suitor, "merely behind me."

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Readers are requested to con-
tribute. All humor: Epigrams
(or humorous mottoes), jokes,
anecdotes, poetry, burlesques,
satires and bright sayings of chil-
dren, must be original and unpub-
lished. Accepted material will be
paid for. All manuscripts must
be written on one side of the
paper only, and should be ad-
dressed to The Fun Shop, The
London Advertiser. No manu-
scripts can be returned. The rates
are \$1 to \$10 for accepted ma-
terial, and 25 cents to \$1 a line
for poetry.

To the Editor

Consult a Lawyer.

Not Sufficient Information Given
Without Having Possession of All
the Papers.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—Would you kindly give me a
correct answer to my legal query?

A and B together own 25 acres,
valued at \$1,000. A and B have been
willed another 25 acres valued at
\$1,200, in which they are to share
equally. At present A works farm
No. 1 and B works No. 2. How much
money would B have to pay A to
divide the two farms equally and
each own the one he works?

"Thanking you, PUZZLED."
R. R. 2, Merlin,
July 17, 1924.

Answer—This is a question that
cannot be answered from the in-
formation given, as the nature of the
will is not known, nor the arrange-
ment under which the first farm is
held.

If it is desired to divide the
property equally it would be ad-
visable to take the papers and consult
a lawyer. It is much better to have
matters of this kind attended to
definitely, and with a full knowledge
of all the facts, as it saves any pos-
sible misunderstanding later on.

Effect of Bad Name.

Authority on the Matter Says the
Puff Adder Suffers From an Un-
deserved Reputation.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—A certain old story has an
application in your Friday despatches.
A Quakeress said to an offending
dog: "I'll not beat thee nor abuse
thee, but I'll give thee a bad name."

So she called out "Bad dog, bad dog!"

The neighbors took it up "Mad dog,
mad dog!" and they pursued and
killed it.

A venomous African viper or adder
when irritated puffs out its chest and
loudly hisses, and is therefore
popularly known as a puff adder. In
this country one of our harmless and
most useful snakes, the hog-nose, has
the same habit, and on this account
has unfortunately acquired the name
blowing adder or puff adder, with all
the odium and fear properly attached
to the world wide species.

In view of this fact one can
believe that it was not intended as a
hoax on the news editor to send
him a despatch narrating how a boy's
life was saved by the clubbing of a
blowing adder in the nick of time.
It illustrates, however, the need for
the diffusion of useful knowledge.

J. D.
London, July 19.

"MILLBANK"



THE QUALITY CIGARETTE

SARNIA WILL PROTEST CROW'S NEST RATES

Claim Lower Rates From
Other Centers Places City
Under Disadvantage.

Special to The Advertiser

Sarnia, July 20.—Sarnia will protest
through its Chamber of Com-
merce to the Board of Railway Com-
missioners against the present freight
rates, which are alleged to discrim-
inate against this city.

Figures will be quoted showing that
Windsor, Chatham and other centers
in this vicinity have a big shipping
advantage over this city.
Among the figures procured by the
chamber are those which show the
shipping rate on agricultural imple-
ments from this city to Regina to be
\$1.25, a hundred pounds as compared

with 92 1-2 cents from Chatham and
Windsor; kerosene in barrels \$1.51
and 50c; wire fencing \$1.55 and \$1.07;
representing three of the