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THE LONDON ADVERTISER
COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, Dec. 28.

PUBLIC REVENUE.

THE LAW in Canada hangs a man to perform the public revenue of society for a capital crime. If the state did not take upon itself the exacting of penalties for crimes such as murder, private revenue would soon assert itself, and after most of the murders committed there would be a personal encounter, with the aggrieved person endeavoring to take the life of the guilty one. It would quickly become the obligation of one member of a family to avenge himself for the death of another. Savagery would replace ordered execution, and in the name of revenge crime would increase and human life would be held very cheaply.

Those who cry down capital punishment are prone to forget that human nature craves for revenge when blood is shed. The ordered minds of great men have brought mankind to the point of delegating revenge to the state, and in this way the seeking of private satisfaction has become obsolete. Men do not even fight duels because of insult, but start a lawsuit.

If Mike Tancigade is hanged next month because he killed one of his fellow-men the law will have carried out a policy of revenge for the protection of society. But it is doubtful if in this case the law will be meeting a demand to exact a private revenge publicly. There has been no private demand that the man be hanged; in fact, the demand made to the minister of justice is for a reduction of the sentence. So far as public opinion is concerned, the demand for revenge is limited to a prison sentence. And while it has been said that a petition will be signed for any purpose, it is doubtful if a convincing petition could be raised for any murderer who was known to the public to have killed a man cruelly in cold blood. Public opinion is quick to demand revenge when promiscuous murder is indicated. Crimes against women do not find public appeals for mercy in behalf of the perpetrators. While not a sure guide, the petitions which urged clemency for the foreigner are at least a proof of the lack of private desire that the man should be strangled by the law.

NEWSPAPER AMALGAMATION.

THE Windsor Record believes that newspapers in cities of 20,000 should combine, and do away with competition. It asks: "Who will say that Chatham, St. Thomas, Brantford, Stratford, St. Catharines, Kingston, Brockville, Guelph, Peterboro and like cities would not be just as well served by one five newspaper?"

This is all very well for one side of the bargain. But where will the publisher who drops out come in, to use an Irishman? Can his opposition buy him out, absorb his plant, take care of his printers and pressmen, and with increased capital expenditure make both ends meet? The Record says that many of these smaller city papers are now just making a fair living. Should they not be satisfied, rather than to give up the ghost? And who is going to get something like a fair price for the child of his life work the average editor in Western Ontario will not be likely to sacrifice all that he has labored so long to build up. Furthermore, he has a certain loyalty to his staff that he will not forget in times of adversity. He has a certain loyalty to his community, and he will not willingly end the life of the paper that has gained its right to live by its service to that community.

The cities of Western Ontario have splendid newspapers, and they are at their best where two of them exist rather than one. The grown-up community with one newspaper is never a satisfied community. The newspaper that has a community all to itself is usually a very neutral newspaper. It cannot be a party newspaper. It cannot take both sides of a question, and this is a weakness, because one of the greatest influences in any community is the thrashing out of public questions by the newspapers. This does not mean that two newspapers should be always quarrelling, but it does mean that they should not always think alike.

The public gets the best of it in the city with two newspapers. Competition in the search for news and features "speeds up" the efforts of reporters and editors to get out the best paper possible. For instance, the coming of the morning edition of The Advertiser into Western Ontario meant that every newspaper in competition with the new paper was improved. The public benefited. There may be much silly competition, much getting beyond one's depth in the effort to beat out the other fellow. But the increase in the price of newspaper will likely adjust much of the spending. Newspapers will learn condensation of news as never before, and will save much newspaper. It is unlikely that many of the Western Ontario newspapers will be driven into

amalgamation. If such an unwelcome state of affairs comes about, it will be upon the souls of the paper-makers that they have driven many journals out of business.

Meanwhile the publishers will be well advised to stay with the ship. Increases are justified in the price of newspapers. The public will be willing to do its fair share toward preventing the wholesale sacrifices of publishing houses that are much more important as business institutions than the average store or factory. One might as wisely advise the amalgamation of all shoe stores, groceries and drygoods shops, as to suggest that all newspapers should get together and secure a clear field such as the Windsor Record has. It is a one-sided proposal where Government patronage might be the deciding factor.

DEPENDENCE.

MR. STEPHEN LEACOCK takes a stab at "the woman question" in a recent book of essays. One remembers the genial professor as an opera bouffe economist on the subject of the reciprocity pact in 1911. When he becomes partly serious, we can't help laughing at as well as with him.

With quite a straight face he now assures us that "women need not more freedom but less; social policy should proceed from the fundamental truth that women are and must be dependent." Hence no votes for women.

But it is quite a surprise to hear that women are more dependent than men. The first condition of existence is food, and not one man in ten can or will cook a decent meal. Every man that has not a wife or mother to lean on for his meals looks up a good, kind housekeeper or boarding-house landlady and stays with her when he finds her—the most of the landladies are a self-sacrificing, philanthropic set of public benefactors. The brute has to be fed by some woman or other, in childhood, in youth, in old age; and talk of woman's dependence! It is old granny's cant.

In another part of his essay, Mr. Leacock says: "The vacuum cleaner can take the place of the housewife. It cannot replace the mother. No man ever said his prayers at the knees of a vacuum cleaner, or drew his first lessons in manliness and worth from the sweet, old-fashioned stories that a vacuum cleaner told."

Similarly, he and all the other stand-patters on the woman question expands on the work of the home-maker. Woman is not regarded as dependent in this sphere, but is allowed to do all the hard work, including the washing and scrubbing. Man depends on the "weaker" sex for his meals, his clothes and his home. It is not the men who nurse women in their sickness, but women are the ministering angels by the sickbed of man. What more can they do for him? What more absurd than to concede woman's ability to manage the house and the household expenses and to withhold from her a share in legislation to regulate the cost of living, food, clothes, soap, furniture, etc., or the morals or health of the community?

What can better illustrate the dependence of man upon woman than the nature of the matrimonial enterprise? It is a common saying that women often sell themselves to men, that men pay a home and upkeep for the comfort and care provided by a wife. It is not commonly said that men sell themselves to women. Women are independent enough in the daily routine of eating and dressing, but men need women to "do for them." Some women even manage the furnace and call their husbands in out of the wet.

The fact is that men as well as women in modern life are dependent on the machinery of the state or the civic community for their safety and welfare. An escort at night is not much good if the police are not on the job. A telephone to the police station is a better protection than the ordinary "man of the house." Traveling is just as safe or as unsafe for women as for men. As for dependence, it is true that the sexes are mutually dependent, and if either has the advantage it is in the woman, who is more self-sufficient, in the more limited range of her desires and needs, her quieter living, her practical sense, and her skill of fingers.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Canada needs national government.

Britain has striven for perfection in war government, but the Borden Government has been a law unto itself.

Imagine a man coming to our house the other day and wanting to demonstrate a new-fangled egg beater!

A good New Year's resolution for American officials, such as Wilson, Lansing, etc.: Be consistent, for once!

The masquerading warships of the Allies will, no doubt, on provocation, change their masquerade into an intense reality.

The weather is making it easier for the snow-shoveller, but where the snow-shoveller doesn't exist, skates will soon be the vogue.

The Kaiser has modified his expression about "Me and Gott." Now it is "Me and Gott and the United States" who are going to "do things."

The Toronto Star thinks Sir Max Aitken may be a good peer, but his peering as the Canadian official eyewitness did not amount to much.

Why should Washington make such a fuss now? Naturally Germany would connect the American note with her peace proposals. That was inevitable.

Those who criticized the board of education as a parcel of hare-brained spenders did not have the courage to advance to the polls when the time for nomination arrived.

The Guelph Mercury opines that some men are just plain liars while others claim they save money by sifting ashes. Anyway, the ashes feel fine after coming through the sifter.

The Stepladder Being Broken, the Powerful Katrinka Was a Great Help to Ma in Trimming the Christmas Tree.

BY FONTAINE FOX.—Copyright, 1916, by the Dominion News Bureau, Ltd.



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Spangles For Spragheti

BY OSBORN JONES.

They met at a "learn-Spanish-in-three-months" course, given at half past five twice a week. If it wasn't a case of love at first sight it was something very much like it. Hildegarde Henry had arrived a little late—the "boss" had kept her at dictation later that night than usual—on that first afternoon in November, and the fact that the only vacant chair in the room was next to young Alonzo Arnold was very good reason why she took her place there. Yet as the pretty little brown lady—her hair and eyes and suit and hat were all of the same soft hue—walked toward his chair and sat herself there he could not help but feel that she had favored him of all the other young men in the class, drawn as it by an intangible attraction to him. Perhaps he showed a touch of self-consciousness that betokened pleasure. Once on that first day she smiled at him. To be sure it was when the Spanish instructor had asked him how he did, in Spanish, and he had stammered out his "Muy bien, señor," with a particularly Yankee inflection. Everybody in the room had smiled, but her smile was the one that counted. He had caught her eyes and smiled a little, too. That was the introduction.

After a few lessons they exchanged a "good evening" when they met, for they continued to occupy the neighboring chairs of the first day. Then they became acquaintances, and then friends, and then Alonzo accompanied her to the subway station every evening after class. One evening toward the first of December he told her he liked her better than any other girl he had ever met before, and she had smiled and said something about Alonzo having liked his kind, courageous men, though Alonzo was not quite either. But there the matter stopped for a while.

Perhaps this was because about the fifth meeting of the class Alonzo had remarked harmlessly enough that he thought the course of Spanish very helpful and Hildegarde had said: "Yes, it would help so if one went to Spain, or Mexico, or South America." "Yes," Alonzo had said. "It would be a splendid trip to take, to go to Spain, or Mexico, or South America," and the girl in brown had said yes, and then added something about just doing on travel. Then:

"Now I have told you why I am studying Spanish, why are you?" Alonzo might have said that it was because he had read a certain advertisement in the paper to the effect that Spanish stenographers were receiving 40 to 50 per cent. more than the ordinary sort of stenographers, and that it was in order to make an opening for his own advancement that he was devoting himself to the new commercial tongue. After the girl's remark about travel this seemed too prosaic. He wanted her to imagine that he was a broker or lawyer at least. He didn't look just like a stenographer, he assured himself.

"Well, you see, I have interests in Mexico," he said. True, he had once bought one share in a Mexican oil well that had never paid dividends. "One can never tell when one might have to look out for one's own property." It seemed like a harmless deception. So the affair between Hildegarde Henry and Alonzo Arnold progressed, and it grew near Christmas, and Alonzo, in spite of the fact that out of the \$18 a week that he earned as a stenographer without a client, he sent nine home to his mother, managed to go to the big department store, and there he bought a fan. It was a large, sweeping, luxurious fan, such as he imagined the great ladies at the opera would use. He sat in state in their boxes, and it was covered with hundreds of spangles that would catch and reflect the light like so many diamonds. It was after the last lesson before the holidays that Alonzo made his presentation.

He was escorting Hildegarde to the subway, where she always disappeared at the close of her little walks, and they stood there in the misty night air with the stream of traffic hurrying past them. Alonzo tucked the little package under her arm. "It's something I hope you will like," he said, and then a little warm brown-gloved hand went into his overcoat pocket and left something there.

"It's just a little," she said, "but you can wear them with your evening

clothes." Then they stood and smiled at each other. At that moment Alonzo had almost courage enough to ask her the important question, but the fact that Hildegarde imagined him to possess evening clothes put him suddenly in mind of the gift that he knew must lie between them. If he proposed he would have to let her know that he was not a broker or a lawyer or an oil well owner, but just a stenographer. Still, as she smiled out of those brown eyes, he was emboldened. "Very soon I shall have to ask you a great question," he began. She turned her face away. "No, don't," she begged, and with a pressure of her warm little hand on his arm she left and joined the stream that swept down into the subway.

During the Christmas week there were no classes in Spanish, and that week seemed long. But Alonzo, in buying the spangled fan, had used up his entire balance of cash, and when he had dined on 25-cent dinners for four days he grew hungry. He might have sent less of his wages to his mother, but this Alonzo was too dutiful to do. In his hunger his eyes fell on those strands the girl had given him. He could not possibly use them now, and there on the bureau they could only serve to remind him of the gift that kept her from him. They were bought at the big department store that boasted of giving money back for unsatisfactory purchases. At least he could have a square meal on New Year's Day, he thought, as he carried the strands to the one in authority over such refunds, and stood sheepishly by while the money was secured.

"She must be rich, and she must have cared a lot for me, too," he said as ten crisp dollars were placed in his hand. Then he hurried off—hurried, that is, till he passed the fan counter. There stood the girl in brown. Hildegarde looked at him in the crowd. "No, I don't want the money back," she was answering. "I merely want credit to spend the money in some other department." Alonzo watched as she looked for the last time at the spangled fan and then signed her name on the credit slip that the salesman gave her. Then he followed nautically as she ascended in an elevator to the fourth floor of the big department store. "Sporting goods, automobiles, baby carriages and groceries," called out the elevator man.

Alonzo still followed. Once he had to seek the protection of a large pillar as the girl ahead of him cast furtive glances over her shoulders. But he still followed, past the sporting goods, the automobiles and baby carriages to the groceries. There she engaged the services of one of the smooth-voiced, smooth-shaven young men in white linen coats and began: "I have a credit slip that I want to use in this department. Will you take my order? First I want quite a lot of spaghetti—it's so nourishing. You might send five pounds of that, and then—"

Alonzo, hiding behind the coffee demonstrator's booth, but his hand spasmodically to his forehead. "Great gods and little fishes!" he said to himself almost aloud. "Spangles for spaghetti! How could she?" And the girl in brown went on ordering—flour, sugar, beans, tea, coffee, apples, potatoes, lard, butter and chocolate till the bill footed to fifteen dollars and three cents. She cast furtive looks out the three panes from her brown purse, gave her address, thanked the salesman and started on her way. Alonzo had received his surprise. A thought had come to him and was fast gaining credence with him. Perhaps she had no more use for the fan than he had for the strands. He reached her in the descending elevator, and when he had made himself known he held her arm in the crowd. "I've been watching you for the last quarter of an hour," he told her.

"And you know I exchanged those lovely spangles for spaghetti and things?" She blushed to her little brown curls as she spoke. "I was sorry to do it. You see, I haven't much money, and I have to support my mother, and it was a question of exchanging the present for groceries or going hungry on New Year's. With this help mother has been able to buy a chicken, and so we shall have quite

a feast. You see, I'm just a stenographer. I'm afraid I didn't want you to know that, because you are so much better off with your oil wells and your wide travel."

Alonzo interrupted her to pour forth his own confession, and they walked through the crowd toward the subway just as usual. When they came to the subway entrance the old longing to tell Hildegarde came, and somehow that night he did manage to tell her and to ask her the important question, and Hildegarde pressed her little hand against his and murmured a little yes that made him the happiest man in all that New Year's throng.

ITALY.

(Sunday Chronicle.)

Italy has done nobly and has shown herself a worthy and valiant ally. She will do even more; for this nation, great in history, consecrated by the immortal beauty of the fables, is rediscovering in the crucible of war the vigor of a vital and generous youth.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

A friend of ours had an operation on his nose and throat, and he is now singing: "How my adenoids annoyed me."

Oh, Hennyery.

Dear J. H. F.—I know a man who had fresh eggs for breakfast, roast fowl for dinner and chicken pie for supper.—H. Cost-of-Livin.

Dick, the office boy, was listening to a talk about munitions making, and suddenly remarked: "Oh, I see why my hens won't lay—they're all busy making shells."

It is thought now that President Wilson is praying for somebody to get him out of the stench, caused by his recent series of notes.

We know now what President Wilson got for a Christmas present. We bet somebody sent him a gross of fountain pens.

Sir Sam Hughes did not blow the works up in his speech the other evening. When Sam was minister of militia, folks knew that there was a minister of militia. Who's got the job now?

A gentleman criticized the board of education the other night. Poor business, judging from the interest shown in school matters by the citizens at large.

We cannot understand why folks were so excited about the Wilson peace note. Nothing ever came of the million other notes he sent.

Bill Bryan's daughter is said to be with the Red Cross. Runs in the family, as Bill knows a lot about the Cross of Gold and the Double Cross.

A lot of folks live, while many others just make money. Let's live.

The city of Hamilton got 71 new factories in 1916, and Windsor, Brantford and other cities got a big share. All have natural gas. Is there any connection, we wonder.

We have a number of presents, Christmas gifts, as it were, to exchange for grub. We are fond of grub.

Ball players' salaries may be reduced. We never were much of a ball player anyway.

Great is the power of the Ballyhoo during an election campaign. The bawzy is working o. r. time. Let's up and get 'em.

John Noble writes: A dexterous aggregation of men of chase snatched ostensibly into the forest last week, near Lyons, supplemented with a ferret, in quest of rabbits, whereupon sixteen rabbits were bagged, after a day's exploitation.

John also says that the guardian pro-

genitors of the municipality of South Dorchester were duly elected by acclamation.

Men are good guys, but when do you ever see of twelve men convicting a woman of shooting a man? Women on juries, that's the thing.

"BLESS THEM."
A man I love
Is Wm. Waite.
He never types,
"I beg to state."

I'm also fond
Of Izzy Wise.
He never diets
"We would advise."

—M. J. J., In The Conning Tower.

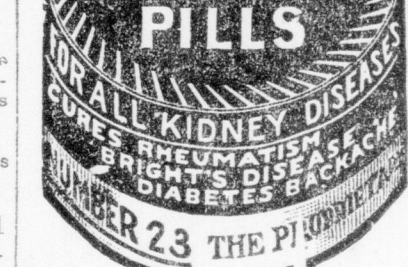
The man I love
Is Robert Rand,
He never writes
"Your note at hand."

I'm also fond
Of Harry Hill,
He never types
"Inclosed find bill."

—Boston Globe.

The man I love
Is Hiram Butt,
He never postscripts
"Please remit."

I'm also fond
Of Jennie Wren.
She never adds
"Excuse bad pen."



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Above reduced fares apply between all stations in Canada east of Port Arthur and to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

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R. E. RUSE,
C. P. and T. A. "Clock" Corner,
Phone 80.

—Grand Trunk Railway System.

IMPERIAL MUNITIONS BOARD

OTTAWA

December 27th, 1916.

TO THE MUNITIONS WORKERS OF CANADA.

The Imperial Minister of Munitions has entrusted to the manufacturers of Canada and their work people, the production of an important percentage of the shells which will be used at the front. It is vital to the successful prosecution of the war that these munitions be delivered weekly as promised. The present delivery of shells (save in one size) is below the promised quantity, and the shortage has become so serious that it causes grave anxiety.

If we, who produce munitions at home, are to be worthy of the men who have gone to the front, we must set aside comfort and ease and personal gratification, and give undivided attention to munitions output.

From a personal knowledge of the need, and personal contact with the suffering and the heroism of the men in the trenches, I urge the munitions workers, whether in the steel plant, or in the factory, to devote themselves with increased energy and unstinted time to the task of additional output.

Neither the soldier nor the sailor will have his New Year's Day free from duty. I appeal to the men and to the women engaged in munitions production in Canada, to forego Saturday afternoon, the 30th instant, and Monday, New Year's Day, and to continue at their work. The sacrifice is small, but to those who make it will come the satisfaction of having discharged a clear obligation.

Yours truly,

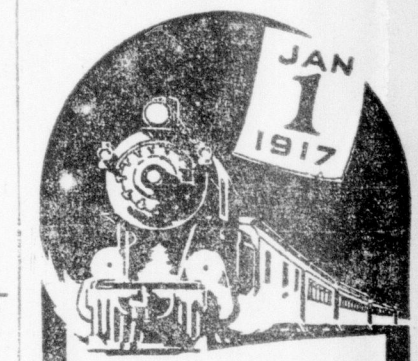
John Noble
Chairman.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

REDUCED RATES,
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Going dates, 23rd, 24th and
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EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 17.
To St. Thomas and Port Stanley—7:30 a.m., *9:30, *11:30, *1:30 p.m., *3:30, *5:30, *7:30, *9:15 p.m.
To Tempo, 4:30. To St. Thomas, 6:15 p.m. and 11:15 p.m.
Sunday cars marked with a star (*).



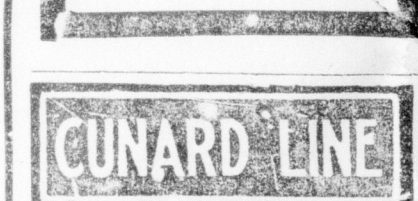
Start the year backed by the confidence of the veterans of the war. Friends and folks at home are still your best friends. YOU CAN VISIT THEM BY NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS

CANADIAN PACIFIC
SINGLE FARE—Going December 30, 31 and January 1st. Return limit, January 2nd.

FARE AND ONE-THIRD—Going December 28, 29, 30 and 31st. Return limit, January 3rd.

Purchase in advance
Tickets (in Sale) now

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