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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.
London, Ont., Wednesday, April 21.

GO WITH THE TRAFFIC.
A member of The Advertiser editorial staff, standing at Dundas and Richmond streets on Saturday afternoon, counted four near accidents in as many minutes. That they did not produce serious results for the parties menaced in each case was not due to their foresight or discretion, but more to the fact that Dame Fortune smiled kindly upon them at the time.

The first narrow escape noted was when a youth riding a bicycle was compelled to violently throw on his brakes in an effort to avoid striking a pedestrian who did not go with the traffic. As the speed of the bicycle was suddenly arrested, a motorist following the youth was in turn compelled to stop his car in order to avoid hitting bicycle, youth and pedestrian.

The second episode occurred when a small boy riding a bicycle disregarded the traffic policeman's signal to halt, and swung around the corner directly in the path of an approaching Ridout car, and serious injury to him was prevented by the motorman plunging his car. Similarly a local citizen rushed diagonally across the corner in order to save a few moments in reaching his car, not noticing an auto approaching in the opposite direction.

The final foolhardy stunt noted was an elderly woman vainly endeavoring to thread her way through a maze of vehicular traffic, which had to be arrested ere she could gain her objective on the opposite side of Dundas street. With common sense prevailing she would have waited a few seconds to go with the traffic.

In all of the above cases the solution for same is obvious. None of the people causing these difficulties watched the constable on duty at the corner and proceeded with the traffic. In some large American cities not to do so is punishable by a fine. It makes matters much easier to await the officer's signal and proceed with the tide, safe in the knowledge that death is not approaching on the right or left. Even though a few seconds are thus sacrificed this plan of procedure does not require one to awaken in a city hospital, and muse as to just how it all occurred.

ANGLO-SAXON UNITY.

In an eloquent address before the Rotary and Canadian Clubs on Monday, Rev. Dr. Eaton made an appeal for unity of the Anglo-Saxon race. The call is a timely one. Never has it been so necessary that harmony prevail between the British and American people, never so necessary for their own safety and the general peace of the world that they bury differences and understand one another. Evil forces with devilish skill are busy in the old world and in America endeavoring to split the two great English-speaking nations apart. Cleverly organized propaganda would make each appear to the other as lacking in good faith and treacherous. The seeds of misunderstanding and distrust are being sown and unfortunately to some extent have sprouted into a dangerous bitterness. The facts as to the intentions of the two nations are suppressed, kept hidden, and falsehoods take their place. The intention, of course, is to permanently estrange the empire and the United States, if possible even set them at one another's throats. The mind reels at thoughts of the calamity such a struggle would bring on the entire human race, yet a clash undoubtedly is the object, hope and inspiration of certain powerful influences, especially in the United States. Sir Auckland Geddes, Britain's new ambassador to Washington, referred to this just before leaving for his post:

"But let us make no mistake about it. This Empire of which we are so proud to be citizens cannot bear the burden of the world. It has the moral sympathy and support of America. If those who seem to wish to create trouble between the two great English-speaking communities had their way, nothing but disaster, chaos and the death of civilization can be looked for in this world. If, on the other hand, we are able to hold closely together, to understand each other's difficulties and each other's point of view, and to understand that the work each has to do is not for themselves, but for civilization, then I think we may look for the dissipation of the dark clouds in the not far distant future."

More men such as Geddes and Eaton are needed just now to warn the Anglo-American world against the detestable conspiracy to stir up strife, and the necessity of standing together against the monstrous menace that scowls from Eastern Europe, Russia and Asia. If we are to win to a cleaner, happier, healthier, safer world it can only be done by Anglo-Americans leading the advance in the fullest accord.

HOUSING—A WORLD PROBLEM.

To speak of housing as a national problem in these days is to underestimate it, for not only Canada, the United States and Great Britain, but almost every other civilized nation is having to face the problem of caring for the excess of population over actual provision for their shelter and comfort. The Building Age says that, at the most conservative estimate, the United States needs half a million new homes, and needs them at once. Great Britain needs quite another half-million, and Sir Kingsley Wood, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Health, says that the next ten years will see a need of more than 1,600,000 dwellings. Coming down to smaller units—and for reasons more easily understood—Chicago is short between 75,000 and 100,000 New York needs 40,000 apartments, and our story could be told with regard to

every city on this continent. More than that, vast numbers of the people now regarded as housed are really living under conditions that must be regarded as falling far below a proper standard. Anyone who has visited certain sections of the larger American cities can only come away depressed at the thought of the boys and girls who must spend their childhood years under such environment. As one writer has said of such conditions:

"The monotonous succession of smoke-grimed eaves of brick, all similar and sordid, a symbol of the sordid lives they shelter; the endless lines of wretched houses which all over the great industrial centres endlessly repeat, with the insistence of a machine, their sombre, invariable rectangles, cluster on cluster, mile after dreary mile of crushing hideousness, as though some spawn of insect life had settled there and swarmed. It is in order to produce an architecture no higher than that of a coral reef, to bring into God's light such forms of life, such visions, such monotonies of hideous depression, that a society is born."

There are few cities in America that can compare with London in the number of individual homes, with their bit of lawn or garden. The tendency almost everywhere is for buildings to grow higher, to be crowded in closer, to make rooms smaller, windows fewer, and always, rents higher. If this city thinks that it will, without effort, escape the evil conditions that prevail elsewhere, there is a sad awakening ahead. If London desires to maintain its present preponderance of individual homes, with all the better influences that individual family life brings, the time to assure the future is right now. There is a blight that settles on communities like a blight on plant life, and the results in the end are not unlike. What to do when decent homes and a proper environment cost more than most workers can afford is the problem that even London is facing today. There seems to have been some difficulty in securing men to work on the local Housing Commission. Perhaps some who refused realized how great a task there was ahead of them. If there were others who thought the task beneath them, they have missed one of the great opportunities of a lifetime to do really great constructive work for present day needs, and what is of even greater importance, for the whole future of London. The countries of the world will never come to stable conditions while great masses of their people are living in bestial conditions. There is very close connection between a man's home and his thoughts. We are forever studying what men are thinking about, but not always getting back of the thought to the cause of the thought. Reconstruction to be sound and lasting may have to go very far back of the conditions that are most in the public eye.

EDITORIAL NOTES.
When Germany loyally carries out the peace terms everybody will help her.

Add the outlaw strike to those other pests, the flu and the fly. Also swat it.

The Ontario Temperance Act is becoming so loose there is danger of it falling to pieces.

Hamilton folk are now getting fresh sea fish. Lobsters, of course, they can get at home.

"Made-in-Canada" means home-made, and we all know that home-made stuff tastes best.

With potatoes at \$6 a bag there's many a weed-covered war garden that is going to bloom this summer.

D'Annunzio is forming an anti-League of Nations, consisting of little peoples. A sort of bush league.

A noted American humorist considers the League of Nations a great joke. The fact that he sees it that way is rather one on him.

London men in overalls may not appear as Apollos, but we know some London girls who would look porkchutinous in bungalow gowns.

The verdict of the coroner's jury at Cork which finds Premier Lloyd George guilty of the assassination of Mayor MacCurrian is a display of impudence that shows up the farcical side of the wretched Irish business.

Commenting on the Government's immigration policy a writer in the Journal of Commerce says:

"Another point which seems to be receiving very little attention from the Dominion Government is the number of settlers from the South who are already coming in who bear unmistakable German names. The Great War Veterans are protesting against people from the alien enemy countries being allowed to come to Canada, but how can they do so, when the German citizens of the United States, but wholly German in heart, who may come in under the name of American citizens? In the recent lists of immigrants into Southern Manitoba, foreign names predominated, and these people are going on to the land of Canadian citizens who lost their sons during the war, and who, finding labor almost impossible to obtain, felt it necessary to sell out and retire into the towns and cities. No district in the West suffered more heavily in the war than Southern Manitoba, and it seems an irony that the farms which were denuded of help because of the boys who went overseas should pass into the hands of people with German names, and for all the evidence we have to the contrary, German in sentiment."

"It is also an irony that there should be an effort made to select the immigrants coming to us from Great Britain, and at the same time, because people who have money to buy land, to permit indiscriminate immigration from the South. Not the least troublesome of the alien enemies during the war were those who had come to Canada in the guise of naturalized Americans."

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

[New York Times.]
This "outlaw" strike, this program of anarchy, must be the labor unions seriously to consider the deadly danger which the radical and destructive element among them is inviting. Either they must control and repress that element or they will be smashed, hopelessly and irremediably. The majority of the American people have been kind to them, sometimes, through sacrifice of the general interest, but the majority of the American people would not stand the strike for destruction's sake, the building up of a proletarian autocracy. This outlaw strike is a good subject for official investigation.

THE AVERAGE FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

[Florida Times-Union.]
A prominent businessman was heard to say that if a shoe dealer selected two pairs of shoes from stock and placed them on two separate tables and marked one pair \$5 and the other pair \$10, though both cost the same, many of his customers would select the \$10 pair. They would do this for two reasons—because they wanted to tell their friends how much they paid for their shoes, and because they really know so little about shoe values that they would think they were getting the best pair for the money. The reality they were exactly alike.

From Here and There

BAR-T.

[Boston Commercial Bulletin.]
Sir James Buchanan has been made a baronet by King George of England. When his name and title are printed with the customary abbreviation "Bar-t," the first three letters are peculiarly appropriate, as he made his fortune by selling liquor, being the head of a whiskey manufacturing company capitalized for many millions of pounds. English papers say that the story of this poor boy from Glasgow rising to London and becoming the head of a great whiskey corporation reads like a fairy story. To an American it reads like the story of a man rewarded for winning great wealth at the cost of the health, happiness and lives of his fellow-men.

SHOULD WIVES GO TO WORK?

[Montreal Herald.]
Should women be free to work after marriage? The question has been the subject of controversy in the case of school teachers both in this country and in Great Britain. As a rule, school teachers remain on the stage after marriage, especially, as in the majority of instances, if they marry in the profession.

Dr. Marie Stopes of London strongly urges that women should be free to work after marriage, and in this she holds the view which has been illuminated by war experience.

A year or two ago her ideas would have been scouted in all but the most advanced circles. Today they meet with the approval of most sensible people.

A London Chronicle representative, who canvassed many people for an expression of opinion on this point, found that even those who disapproved in theory of the idea of a woman's experience of married women's work during the war provided strong argument in favor of it.

Miss Florence Underwood, secretary of the Women's Freedom League, put the strictly utilitarian point of view.

"Now that the cost of living is so high," she said, "and with prices still rising, many women find it just impossible to live on what their husbands can get for them."

"I am certainly in favor of married women working, but in any case the woman herself must be left free to exercise her own personal discretion about her own affairs."

"Nowadays many wives are practically forced into the labor market if they wish to have any means at all at their disposal. And most women are certainly not going to sit quietly and let their husbands go to the wall. Lots of good it did to tell you to go away, White Man," she was murmuring. "You come back. You indulge in perpetual worrying as to how both ends can be made to meet. The sensible woman sets about increasing her income; she tries to sell her abilities, whatever they may be."

"The abilities of many women do not find their best outlet in household management. There are many women who cannot look after a home, just as there are many who are good in a home, but incompetent outside."

Questions as to where the children would come in if a wife found her vocation to lie outside the home, Miss Underwood said a great many of the difficulties made about this aspect of the question were answered.

"Women of the working classes have to go to work as often as not," she pointed out, "and they manage to bring up children at the same time."

"If a woman 'let a woman' 'let a woman' 'let a woman' to the world, her work inside the home can probably be better done by a competent housekeeper. And she would be earning money to pay her way for herself and make more, not less, intelligent mothers."

TOILERS WITHOUT WAGES.

[New York Sun and Herald.]
Over in Hoboken, N. J., in a large surveying instrument factory, there is a colony of two hundred workmen who never receive wages, yet who are perfectly contented. They toil from early in the morning until late at night, and their only recompense is a house fly or two twice during a day. They are spiders—generally black, and spiders—and they comprise probably the most indispensable part of the entire working force. It is their duty to spin the thread that is used for cross hairs in surveying instruments. During the two months of the year when they work they produce thousands of yards of the almost invisible but invaluable fibre. This spider web is the only material that can be used successfully for cross hairs in surveying instruments. Human hair has been tried, but when magnified by the powerful lenses it has the general appearance of a mammoth dirty glass pillar, for human hair is transparent, and it is altogether too large for this delicate purpose. Platinum wire, finely drawn, is the best substitute for spider web, but it is too brittle. Spider web is not only small and tough; it is also very elastic. The spider colony works only during August and September. A strike among them may sound amusing to the reader, but it is really a serious matter. For the purpose of urging the little workmen to their tasks four girls, trained to expertness in their unusual duties, are employed; it is their task to coax the spiders to work whenever they show signs of reluctance. Coaxing the spiders really means irritating them. The girl places one on her hand and pats it until it jumps to the end of the thread, leading one end of its thread behind. Before the spider can reach the ground the girl quickly attaches the thread to a wire whirling frame, which she revolves in her hands. As the spider struggles to reach the ground she continues to wind, and in that way sometimes gets several hundred feet of thread from a single spider. The factory maintains a large cage for its spiders and feeds them on a succulent house fly. During the fall and early winter the spiders usually die, and so an entirely new colony must be recruited each spring. For selecting the spiders the company employs a number of boys, to whom it gives a course of instruction so they will know the right variety of spider to select.

SIC 'EM!

[The Nomad, in Boston Transcript.]
By the use of what phrase do you incite or urge on a dog to attack somebody or something? The Nomad was asked this question the other day. It struck him as a rather dull question. But when he found there was a considerable diversity, according to the sections of the country, he decided to make a list. In Vermont it was "St. boy!" when they want a dog to attack. In Massachusetts and farther west, the phrase employed is "St. em!" the first word being manifestly a mispronunciation of the word "seek." In Virginia they say "Bite 'em!" and farther south and west "Atta boy!" seems to be common. The Nomad intended to think that "St. em!" is the most inciteful phrase. "St. boy!" shares with it the merit of beginning with the hissing sound of "s," which apparently is peculiarly exciting to the dog nature. To make a real dog attack something, or somebody, (that is, if it is not afraid of it) is generally only necessary to utter a long hissing sound—"s-s-s"—and the dog, his mane rising on his neck, is off with a savage rush. Generally speaking, the dog does not need two invitations to make an attack, although he may recede from the assault before he reaches his victim, if the victim, on careful observation, appears to be capable of defending himself. How many thousands of times a day the dogs of the town start on a mad rush after cats, only to turn about when the cat, standing her ground, sticks up her back, exhibits her fangs, and gives every evidence of having unsheathed her claws. The dog valor instantly responds to the "St. em!" but still swifter than his rush toward his victim is the process of realization that the better part of valor is discretion.

This reminds the Nomad of a correspondence that he once had with Professor George Hemphill, then of the University of Michigan, now of Stanford University, on the calls of domestic animals—on the phrases, that is, that are employed in calling animals. These calls vary a great deal in different parts of the country. The call to cattle is about the same everywhere—"Co, boss!" "Co, boss!" which seems to have come down to us from Roman times. How do you call a horse? In Northern New England it is "Co Jock!" "Co Jock!" "Jock" short for John, being apparently a generic nickname of the horse. But the West knows not "Jock," and simply calls "Co! Co! Co!" The Vermont farmer calls his sheep "Co-dan! Co-dan!" and Professor Hemphill told the Nomad that "dan" is a corruption of "Nan," which is the generic nickname of all sheep and goats. In the West they corrupt this still further, and call "Co-da! Co-da!" Pigs are called "Pig, pig!" but generally with a "u" sound after the "p." "Puis, puis!" By the way, in this country we call cats with "Kitty, Kitty." But England seems to know not "Kitty," and calls only "Quee, puss!"

WHITE MAN
BY GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN.

He turned, went back to his post and sat down, dismissing Bahtub with a nod. Andrea's eyes were still fixed in a lightless stare. Presently she began to speak. "You bring me here, you let me fall ill, you shame my body. You are like the men that strap down little dogs and open them. You are like that. You have been staring at my heart, at my bare lungs, and all the unmanly beauty things inside of me. You leave me alone with a dagger—when I'm torn open. I don't hate you. You are nothing."

Her voice went on for a long time. He dropped his face in his hands, but he did not try to stop his ears. They listened to all she said, they told him she was suffering as he had known no one ever to suffer before. Her spirit spoke from beyond pain. In that hour he learned a great truth. Pain is a wall, a barrier. So far and no farther can flesh go and still hold to the memories, the fears and affections of every-day life. Beyond that barrier is a void where love itself is a stranger, where life and death are one and equally of no account.

He did not know when he fell asleep or when her voice ceased, but in the silence that came he met her as she was lying outside his room. He took it up gently. It was warm and moist. She was sleeping. He held her body close to him in the first realization of a great and overwhelming relief; then his spirit melted and he lay down beside her, and the long harsh strain. His limbs cramped, his head nodded, and fell back. He lay there, and lower until, one arm outstretched, he lay with his face half buried in the covers of the cot.

When again he awoke, the sea had changed its mind and come back; day was streaming across the sky. In a single hour of light, but he did not stir. In his head he felt Andrea's hand and in his ears was the lingering caress of her voice. Lots of good it did to tell you to go away, White Man," she was murmuring. "You come back. You indulge in perpetual worrying as to how both ends can be made to meet. The sensible woman sets about increasing her income; she tries to sell her abilities, whatever they may be."

"And I you," breathed M'ungo. He slipped to his knees, took both her hands in his, and looked into her eyes. He thought he could never take his fill of the sanity that had come back to them.

"Andrea Feller," he went on, "before you have time to think about it I want to tell you that you and I can never (I feel shame again, I want you to know that no man, however mean or tarnished by life, could do the intimate things that I have done for you and will still have to do, without feeling the pangs of a love that is rooted outside the limits of passion."

He dropped his eyes as though before a confession, and he said, "I saw you quite the other side of path. I didn't know that I had a heart. I had a strange content of love as a thing that you give generously to dogs, sparingly to men, and never to women except as a last surrender to the unknown."

He paused. Andrea smiled faintly. "And now," she answered. "Now I know that a man must travel far beyond the limits of ordinary emotion to come to content and browny happiness in some woman possessed of all the qualities that constitute affection, but love itself dwells far beyond the crossroads of weakness and strength. In the book of ultimate is strong—immutable. And so your helplessness, carried to that last degree, has wound itself around my heart with a grip that will never loosen."

"Poor White Man!" said Andrea. "Whether you want me," he continued gravely, "or mock me, whether you are true or untrue, pure or impure—all that counts is that you are mine."

[To Be Continued.]

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