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London Advertiser

TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1923.

The University of Western Ontario.

The laying of a cornerstone may be a small thing in itself, but it is one of the steps we have grown accustomed to in an undertaking that has definitely started in a given direction and is making progress.

The University of Western Ontario has made its first big step toward recognition as the educational center of the territory it is so well fitted to serve.

This school is the one big opportunity for a college training to be placed within the reach of the son or daughter of the average family in Western Ontario. For years a college education meant a lifetime of sacrifice for parents to whom the success of their children was the greatest thing in the world. Today it is here in London, within reach of the whole district, and within reach of many more family purses.

London takes this occasion to pay full tribute to the men who have stood behind this enterprise, to the men on the board and on the senate, to all others who have given unsparringly of time, money and energy in order that this great school should be gathered together under one fitting roof, and go ahead as a strong, capable unit in the educational life of this city and district.

More Workers Than Ever.

Any doubt as to how a woman candidate would be received in London has been set at rest. Any candidate could very well envy the meetings of workers that are turning out to the support of Miss Armstrong in London. Some of the old-timers were a bit skeptical at first; they wanted to see what the others were going to do, and they did not have to wait long.

The men in this campaign are around looking for a chance to get in on the organization, and they are finding keen competition because the women workers have swarmed in and taken possession of the camp.

Probably not in the history of Liberalism in London have there been so many workers, regardless of past political affiliations, come forward and offer assistance.

The idea of a campaign based on better home conditions for the people of London has made a strong, gripping appeal. It is a departure from the beaten path, and it leads in a direction that many are anxious to follow.

There is not a full week of hard work left. There are only a few days. Make every minute count.

If He Were Only in the Forest.

Hon. Howard Ferguson went into Prince Edward County on Wednesday to put Mr. Nelson Parliament, the Liberal candidate there, in his right and proper place.

Mr. Parliament was Speaker in the last session of the legislature, and had an excellent opportunity to watch the tactics of the Conservatives. His opinion is that they were there to hinder rather than help, and that their criticism throughout was harmful rather than otherwise.

Mr. Parliament also stated that many Conservatives were not behind their party as at present constituted.

Mr. Ferguson was quite het up over that remark. "I do not propose to tolerate any such suggestion as that," quoth he.

Farewell, Old Mustard Plaster.

Well, well. A lot of doctors gathered in Montreal, and one of them, quite an expert in his way, declared that the old mustard plaster was all wrong, and that the trouble it gave the patient was greater than the good it did him.

One by one, the fine old things that we looked upon as the fixed stars in our firmament of panaceas are being snuffed out by the very people who used to urge us to get into bed and put on a mustard plaster.

No man in his right senses would ever put on a mustard plaster unless a doctor told him to. With what infinite care it was prepared. A mixture of mustard and flour, a little grease underneath to keep it from taking the hide off.

And now, in this year 1923, a doctor in good standing rises to remark that the "mustard plaster is a relic of bygone days."

No doubt before the session is over some person will pull a long bow at the old idea of senna tea, while the very mention of sulphur and molasses would throw the gathering into an uproar.

Where We Get Our Milk.

Not so many years ago a dry season on a dairy farm was a disaster, or if not that, something fairly close to it. There was the old well near the barn, and a pipe running through the fence to an old wooden trough, where the cattle came to drink.

When that old well, fed mostly from rain and surface water, ran out, there was the dreary old task of putting barrels in the wagon and driving off to the nearest creek or pond, or to some place where there was a rock well or a spring. It added to the work, and it added to the annoyance and had temper of the cattle. Any man who has been through one of those seasons knows well enough what it means.

Today on many of the dairy farms around London it is a different matter. The herd come into the cow barn in the evening at milking time. In front of each iron stall is a drinking place and the water is fresh. As soon as enough of that water is taken out to the lower level an electric pump in the corner of the barn starts working, and puts more pressure on the tank, and fresh water comes to fill up the drinking troughs. It is from a deep well, and there is no work to it.

On a suspended track behind the stalls runs a box into which all the cleanings from the stable are thrown. The track runs out to the yard. More labor saved, more cleanliness.

The milking herd, all pure-bred and tested, in this case fine, well-formed black and whites, is clean, well kept, well fed, and if there is anything in the advertising man's phrase, "milk from contented cows," these were the original contented cows.

There are other such farms all through the district. The dairy farm of today is a specialized industry. The performance of each cow is kept on record, and the farmer knows when he has producers and when he has loafers.

City customers served from such places can rest assured that they are getting the best milk supply available. If as much care were taken by the consumers themselves in the handling of milk as is taken by the majority of the producers in this district, there would be little trouble.

Sir Henry Would Resign.

Premier Drury, on his visit to East Middlesex, took occasion to refer to Sir Adam Beck and his candidature for a seat in the provincial legislature. Drawing a parallel between the case of Sir Adam Beck, head of the people's power propositions, and Sir Henry Thornton, head of the people's National Railways, he asked:

"I wonder what Canada would think if Sir Henry Thornton, the president of the National Railways, elected to hold that post and still essay to run for the federal parliament?"

To this query there can be but one answer. Sir Henry would resign from the National Railway position, and if he did not his resignation would be asked for.

Premier Drury also stated why his government did not fall in line for Sir Adam Beck's hydro-radial plan. The Liberals took the same ground, and they hold the same views today. They did not think it was possible or commercially right to go ahead and build radial lines in sections of Ontario where the people already owned the National Railway system. They could not see the wisdom of piling on millions of dollars in a venture that would be a competitor with their own railroad. They realize that the method of transportation had changed rapidly in Ontario and that radial lines would have a very bad prospect of proving a financial success. There has been nothing since to show that they were wrong.

Sir Adam Beck still has that plan for hydro-radial lines, and if given an opportunity he will force the expenditure upon the province.

Sir Adam occupies a very delicate position in Ontario today. As a paid servant of the people he seeks a place in the parliament that is paying him. He is the only man in this entire election who has taken it upon himself to do this thing.

Spanking the School Teachers.

Are school inspectors supposed to turn the young lady school teachers over their knees and spank them? Are there printed rules and regulations to this effect, or are inspectors supposed to use their own discretion?

The Kingsville Reporter, down in Essex County, tells of a teacher in South Garfield who used to send children home when they did not behave. When a youngster stuck a pin into the hopeful in the seat ahead, the offender was sent home.

When another lad chewed up a good lump of paper and used his ruler as a slingshot to hurl it across the room, he was punished by being sent home.

The result was that there was quite a procession homeward bound for, strange to say, the children did not mind one bit being sent home.

So along comes Mr. Inspector to inquire why the young lady could not keep order in school. It may be he insinuated that she was a spineless young thing, quite afraid to strike out and assert her authority.

Just to demonstrate that she had some fight in her system, she slapped the inspector's face.

And just to demonstrate that he knew what discipline looked like and sounded like, the inspector put the young lady teacher across his knee and spanked her. Yes, sir, he spanked her in the good old-fashioned way.

Since then, according to the Kingsville Reporter, things have been going along splendidly.

We pass this suggestion along to the London inspectors or to any others who may be courageous enough to consider it.

Note and Comment.

Germany owes United States \$1,479,064,313.92, and already there is a fight on what they will do when they get the 92 cents.

Judging from the stand of builders in New York who have cancelled millions of contracts, plasterers' wages and tall buildings cannot both go up at the same time.

No doubt if the meeting had been held up in Northern Ontario Mr. Ferguson would pull up a tree from the Shelvin-Clark area and smite Mr. Parliament hip and thigh.

"They know that Mr. Ferguson is a millstone around the neck of the party."—Toronto Globe. And yet the Globe urges London Liberals to send down a supporter of that millstone.

Mr. MacBride says the Brantford Expositor is afraid he will start another daily paper there. And the Expositor promptly replies, "What really alarms this paper is fear lest he don't."

A magazine has a story on "Cheaper Clothing For Boys." But that is not it. What is wanted is a coat that will not poke through at the elbows and pants that will not give way in the seat. When that is brought forth we'll not squabble over the price.

Father's Day has come and gone, and as far as we can put our finger on the pulse of fatherhood it is about where it stood before. Many a father would call it a glorious celebration to find that his debts were all paid and there was a balance of \$2.50 in the right hand pocket.

The London Board of Education made a good choice when they selected Mr. Everton A. Miller as principal of the Central Collegiate. Mr. Miller, in the South London Collegiate, with a school that had been tagged for being torn down, has built up a splendid institution, with a school spirit second to none in the province. He deserves the recognition the board of education has wisely given him.

AS OUTSIDERS SEE LONDON.

(From the Goderich Signal)
Sir Adam Beck has accepted the Conservative nomination for the city of London. The Toronto Globe, which worships Sir Adam as if he were a brass god, appealed to the Liberals of London to support him, but instead they have placed a candidate in the field to oppose him and Dr. H. A. Stevenson, the Farmer-Labor member in the last house, and at their nominating convention they hurled some verbal brickbats at the venerable Globe and told it to mind its own business.

There is some method, of course, in the Globe's madness. If Sir Adam gets into the legislature he may be able to browbeat some of the members who oppose the Beck schemes for spending hundreds of millions for radials and other hydro undertakings on the credit of the province. In the legislature recently dissolved, the Beck faction did not have everything its own way, much to the dismay of the Globe, which has never ceased to resent Mr. Drury's blocking of the radial plans.

The Signal does not want to get in the Globe's class by offering advice where it is not wanted; but it cannot help remarking that it would like to see the London people get in behind Stevenson or anybody else who can defeat Beck. Sir Adam, as chairman of the provincial hydro commission, has already all the power that is good for him or for the province.



Rarebits by Rex

JUNE MORNING.
I wonder if you've ever wandered down
Some leafy morning in the month of June,
And found a little dell, all green and brown
With fairy pipes atone.
And through the dell, perhaps, with
tinkle clear,
The winds with jollity a little rill,
And on a mossy stone, the bank so
near,
You sit and all is still.
On such a morning in the month of June
With grief and care you have not
any part;
And silent sit—tis long until the noon—
And rest your weary heart.

The best news we've heard in weeks is that the man next door is going to send his daughter abroad to continue her musical studies.

Mrs. Krinkle told her husband she was going to take a beauty nap every day. And the brute immediately ran to the drug store and bought some sleeping powders.

The surest way to gain public esteem is to act as though you believed the public had as little intelligence as you yourself.

The Conservative member for Kingston received an acclamation, showing there cannot be any citizen in that town worth a nickel.

An Illinois man charges he was kidnapped by his wife. It is generally done before marriage and by subtler methods.

The first time Crique knocked out a man he begged his garden. Which is more than landlords or bootleggers ever think of doing.

The headline writer who wrote "Student who wed three women believed insane," evidently was a man of experience.

A neighbor tells us he has already got tired of his garden. It was a chicken.

OBITUARIES.
Let's say at prayer
For Silas Cate;
He tried to catch
A rattlesnake.

Under the sod
Lies Hiram Green;
He lit his stove
With gasoline.

A human skull was discovered recently in Chelsea Green said to be 200 years old, but from all accounts it bears a striking resemblance to the bonehead of 1923.

Women of New York are still wearing Egyptian clothes. This vogue for things Egyptian will not, of course, extend to the quality for which the Sphinx is noted.

Measles!

By ANNE CAMPBELL.
The sun is shining bright outside—
I hear the children play—
But I must keep the shades all down,
I cannot run today.

I've got a rash upon my chest,
My fever's climbing high,
But other children skip the rope
Beneath the summer sky.

My mother says when I begin
To soria out at night,
Because I am the object of
This sad calamity.

The way she has to climb the stairs
To 'muse me more an' more,
She is the person in the house
We should be sorry for!
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paper Alliance, 1923.)

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

FALSE LOVE OF SELF.
For men shall be lovers of self.—II. Timothy iii., 2.
Some Christians are like candles that have been lit once and then put away in a cupboard to be eaten up by mice.
How much better to stay lit and keep on burning even till the candle is burned out, so long as it gives light!
There are plenty of us who love ourselves as if we were our own grandmothers.
Whenever the little chap cries for more candy, or somebody else's doll, we let him have it.
Dear little fellow, he is so cunning!
But the scriptural image of the divine love, which is to be our pattern, is not indolent grandmotherhood but perfect fatherhood.
Now a good father desires each of his children to grow up, to develop.
He does not wish them all alike.
But he wishes the whole family to have peace and happiness.
He wants harmony from the different instruments.
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Your Health

HOW TO GUARD YOUR CHILD AGAINST SPINAL CURVATURE.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.,
United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

Since the visit of Prof. Lorenz to America there has been great popular interest in the deformities of children. Curvature of the spine is a common ailment of this sort. Parents are prone to overlook the importance of posture. Habits are quickly formed by the young, and what is known as "fatigue hump" may be induced in so often as to become the habitual carriage of the child.

Every child should be encouraged to merit the name "Straight Back." If there were no other reason for meeting the family at meal time, the importance of keeping an eye on the growing children would be sufficient. After a severe and protracted illness there may be such muscular weakness for a long time that unconsciously one takes on a stoop or slump. Children who are growing too rapidly seem to lack muscular control and may develop spinal curvature.

Viewed from behind, the spinal column is practically straight, but viewed from the side it has marked curves. It is held in position by a multitude of muscles. On the free and normal use of these muscles depends the uprightness and proper position of the great "back bone" of the human frame.

Every teacher should bear in mind the importance of posture, because someone has called the schoolroom "the factory of spinal curvature." In a shoe factory or a sawmill the products are assembled according to size. This is quite all right as regards inanimate things. When it comes to children, however, it is not easy to "grade" them.

School grades are classifications according to the mental development of the children, and school authorities are prone to overlook the body in the grading process. They seem to think that all the children in "5-A" will be just so tall, have legs of the same length and require the same height of desk and seat. Of course, this does not happen, therefore, many of the children in every schoolroom are in wrong position every hour they stay in their seats.

Growing children must be watched as to their "carrying habits." Their books or other burdens must not be carried in one habitual way.

The military experience of the vast number of young men who made up our army will doubtless be reflected in the improved posture of many children. Their fathers have been taught "setting up" exercises and the importance of an upright body.

Looking Abroad

By DOUGLAS MORENOlds.

Captain Horatio McKay, commander of seventeen Cunarders and at the time of his retirement in 1901 commodore of that fleet, probably occupied a warmer place in the hearts of more passengers traveling the Atlantic lanes than any of his contemporaries. For despite his rather brusque exterior he was geniality itself beneath the surface and there are hundreds who still remember the cosy little tea parties he was fond of holding every pleasant afternoon in his cabin under the bridge. He went to sea at the age of nine as a cabin boy, and news of his death at his home in England recently reached this country.

It was in 1862 that he joined the Cunard service as fourth officer of the old wooden side-wheeled steamer Asia. Eight years later he was given command of the Tarifa, which plied between Liverpool and Boston. In 1871 he was appointed to command the British Queen, and he subsequently became master of nearly all the crack ships of the Cunard fleet. In his long sea career he was many a critical situation and participated in numerous thrilling incidents, but never lost a ship.

The exploit with which Capt. McKay's name was most prominently known was the bringing into New York in the winter of 1902 without assistance the liner Umbria after one of the most serious accidents that can befall a steamship. The Umbria broke her propeller shaft in mid-ocean, and being a single screw ship, the prevailing type at that period, she was helpless. The Umbria was taken in tow by the Bohemia, but after less than an hour's towing the cable parted and the Bohemia disappeared. Day after day Capt. McKay and Chief Engineer Tomlinson worked on the broken shaft.

It being before the days of wireless telegraphy, the non-arrival of the Umbria, which was one of the most regular of ships in her crossing time, created intense suspense. She had a large passenger list comprising many prominent persons on both sides of the Atlantic, and when day after day passed and no word was heard from her the alarm as to her safety reached fever heat and newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic carried daily big-headed stories as to her probable fate. Meanwhile the mid-Atlantic McKay and his assistants persevered until they had patched the shaft so that the engines could be turned very slowly, and the Umbria crept into New York harbor three weeks overdue, with everyone on board well and overflowing with words of praise for Capt. McKay and his crew.

An earlier experience was in 1872, when, while in command of the Malta, Capt. McKay left Boston with a large number of passengers in the teeth of a blinding snowstorm. After a run of several hundred miles the steamer's shaft broke. McKay rigged up a jury jibboom and sent aloft topmasts and put on all possible sail. By midnight of that day the Malta was making 7½ knots under a full press of canvas—brig-rigged—headed for Halifax, the nearest port, where she came to anchor on the evening of the third day following the breakdown.

In the winter of 1890-91, when the Umbria was on her way to Liverpool and a thousand miles from land, a sailing ship flying signals of distress was sighted. Captain McKay altered his course at once and on approach the helpless stranger found she was in danger of foundering at any moment. A tremendous sea was running, but he got the Cunarder's boats away and after a terrific struggle with wind and wave they succeeded in rescuing the whole of the ship's crew.

In 1893 Captain McKay was given command of the Lucania, then the crack ship of the Cunard fleet, and was her master the following year when she broke all records by making the passage from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in five days, seven hours and twenty-three minutes. In August, 1901, the present system of reporting the position of ships at sea by wireless was inaugurated on the Lucania by the New York Herald. A Marconi outfit had been installed on the Cunarder and the Van-

tucket lightship had been similarly equipped.

The late James Gordon Bennett, who had shown the greatest interest in wireless and had brought Marconi to New York in 1899 to report for the Herald the America Cup races, sent the London correspondent of his newspaper across on the Lucania to describe the first practical demonstration of the new familiar method of ship-news reporting. Communication was picked up with the lightship shortly before midnight at a distance of 40 miles.

The correspondent sent off his wireless account of the epoch-making event, including a number of messages from prominent passengers and one from Captain McKay congratulating the Herald and its proprietor upon their enterprise. When the Lucania came up New York Bay early the next morning, copies of the Herald containing the story and messages wireless the night before were put on board at Quarantine and eagerly seized and read by the passengers, who had taken intense interest in the experiment.

Captain McKay, who was on the bridge, had no more than taken a rapid glance at the paper than he emitted a bellow and language that, coming from one who was rarely, if ever, heard to use the vocabulary of the sea, was paralyzing. "Man," he said to the correspondent, "I never said that. You and your devil's invention have misquoted me most shamefully!"

True enough, the text of the message printed in double column measure and ascribed to him was a composite of the messages of two other passengers and almost meaningless, while his own sentiments in a most frightfully mangled form were credited to a Mr. Murdock, a member of the Canadian government. The cause of this unfortunate misquotation was ascertained later to be that the operator on shore picked up before the Lucania's operator had stopped sending, with the result that the operator on shore picked up what was being transmitted by both at the same time. But Captain McKay was for a long time rather shy of putting too much faith in the accuracy of wireless.

The lowest castes of India are known as the "Untouchables," because merely to touch them pollutes a Hindu of a higher caste. In parts of Southern India the caste system is even more rigid than in the north, the Untouchables are forbidden to walk on certain roads, lest higher castes should be polluted merely by seeing them.

"The Ten Books I Have Most Enjoyed"

By REBECCA WEST.

Novelist, publicist and critic. Author of "Henry James," "The Judge," etc. "Vanity Fair" (Thackeray). "Don Quixote" (Cervantes)—I think partly because of Dore's illustrations, for I loved this book long before I could possibly have appreciated Cervantes. I know painters say they had bad art, but they're thundering good literature.

"Emperor and Galilean" (Ibsen). "Shakespeare, Sonnet" I can't help it. "The Golden Bough" (Frazer). "The Brothers Karamazov" (Dostoevski).

"The Dynasts" (Hardy). "Chapters From the Religious History of Spain" (Henry Charles Lea). A wonderful book, both for the stories of dead and living, and for the fact that Lea recreates, by sheer force of his own enthusiasm for the subject, because his style is cold and resourceless; and for its picture of a stage in the development of Europe.

"Leile des Penguins" (Anatole France). "Memoirs of a Midget" (Walter de la Mare). Tomorrow: Arthur Sullivan Hoffman.

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