

## The London Advertiser

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THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1924.

### No Longer a Public Servant.

Senator Taylor, the Conservative appointee from British Columbia, continues his attacks against the Canadian National Railways. He goes a step farther in his latest assault, claiming that "organized rascality has been brought under the personal protection of Sir Henry Thornton by his order to stop the police and detective investigation."

What Senator Taylor says is either one of two things, (1) true, or (2) false.

Senator Taylor made his charges some months ago, and stated that there had been no investigation. If his statement were true there was something wrong. But his statement was not true. An investigation had been ordered some time previously. The investigator published in the British Columbia papers notices of the sessions that would be held, and asked that all parties having complaints should come forward and make them. Every opportunity was open to Senator Taylor, or those associated with him in maligning the management of the National Railways and the merchant marine, to attend these meetings and reduce their loose talk to hard facts. This was not done.

The investigator took all the evidence and rumor he could find, traced it and tried it, and found nothing.

The British Columbia Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers' Association, representing the largest business in the province, took the matter up because Senator Taylor's charges intimated that the purchasing department of the Nationals was not conducted efficiently. This association took the trouble to send word to the government that its books could be opened at any time to show that the C. N. R. was not paying any more than other customers. The Taylor charges were meant to convey the impression that there was some graft in connection with purchases.

Not content with an independent investigation, and with the volunteered testimony of the largest manufacturing industry in British Columbia, Senator Taylor has resorted to a personal attack on Sir Henry Thornton.

It is the attitude of a man who is on a head-hunting expedition. If he cannot dangle the scalp of the Canadian National Railways on the belt of his hatred for public ownership, then in his rage he is going to clamor for the head of Sir Henry Thornton on a charger.

The people of Canada own the National Railways, they pay the deficits; and the success of the road is so important to them as to bulk as the chief consideration in public affairs.

The people of Canada also pay the salaries of the senators, and they are perfectly sound when they look to their publicly-paid servants to assist them in putting the National Railways on a profitable basis.

The people of Canada are willing to listen to helpful suggestions or constructive criticism from senators or commoners, provided they are made with the idea of helping the Canadian National Railways improve its service or increase its earnings.

But the people of Canada are not in a mood to stand complacently to one side and witness a senator whom they are paying blacken the reputations of the men of the National lines, and use every means he can squeeze from his senatorial privileges to discount the project in the eyes of the people.

Senator Taylor has arrived at the stage where he is prepared to ignore facts and the testimony of fair witnesses. He has so overstepped the boundaries of reason and fairness in his consuming desire to lay destructive hands on the property of the people, that he has outlived his usefulness as a public servant. In the public interest his absence from the Senate is more to be desired than his continued presence.

### The K. K. K. Moving In Politics.

The Ku Klux Klan is no longer content to play its part in night parades and in secret sessions. It has come out into the open, and is playing a part at the national Democratic convention which is just opening in New York.

The Republican convention, during its session at Cleveland, made much of the plea for religious tolerance. That can mean only one thing, opposition to the K. K. K., which is the essence of intolerance where lines of racial color and religious differences are concerned. The Democrats feel that if they do not come out and say something of a similar kind the Republicans will be in a position to go ahead and turn the tenets announced in convention into active political material during the campaign.

The difficulty is that the Klan has been most active in the territory where the Democrats exercise their greatest power, and from which they draw much of their voting strength. The Democrats find themselves in the peculiar position of wanting the K. K. K. votes, and yet wishing to publicly denounce the manner in which the organization carries on its work.

The K. K. K. is too great a load for the Democrats to carry in their election pack. Voters from the south are sure to see the hooded cap or the white robe sticking out some place or other, and the effect will not be good. Yet, by denouncing the Klan by name, are they likely to gain more votes than they would lose by giving it a place on the platform? That is the question the New York convention will have to answer.

The Democrats, as well as the Republicans, might as well come out and face the issue right now and have it done with. Why not both

parties unite in bringing the Klan out into the light where all can see? Once the hoods and the nightshirts are taken away the thing will not be as mysterious, and when it ceases to be mysterious it will cease to be powerful. The Klan has travelled a long way when it comes to be a power to be reckoned with at the national gathering of one of the great political parties of United States. The Democrats dare not take the thing by the hand and regard it as an ally. Why, then, not do the one honorable thing, and tell the Klan to get out and stay out?

### London As a Peony Center.

If you have a couple of peonies in your back yard growing flowers about the size of a man's fist, would it not be just as well to have instead a plant that would produce blooms the size of two or three fists?

That may or may not have been the idea that started so many Londoners experimenting with peonies, but that end has been accomplished.

It is a dangerous thing for the layman to start discussing the peony problem in London. There are so many experts hereabouts ready to say, "He knows not whereof he speaketh."

London Horticultural Society in the last few years has distributed over 10,000 roots. Growers in this district have listed and marked over 500 varieties; not that all, for there are at least 1,000 recognized varieties.

Just now the French growers have taken the lead in bringing out the most gorgeous blooms. They headed off the Chinese, who by the rights of priority should have had the business well in hand, but they lacked the genius to breed better flowers and the commercial instinct to exploit the field.

London peony growers are holding their exhibition in the armories on Thursday and Friday of this week. It marks the culmination of the efforts of a group of men who love flowers and who want to see others grow the best. It is not a close corporation by any means, and the amateur who wants to grow the real thing will find the members of the local association ready to tell him how to go about it.

### The Work of the Juvenile Court.

Judge Warner, of the juvenile court of London and Middlesex County, draws attention in his report to the city council of the need for centralization of all relief, charitable and corrective work, at least for the purpose of securing and filing information.

Reduced to plain terms, it means that there are too many investigations carried on over the same family. Under our present system of doing business it is quite easy to run into this difficulty, and equally hard to avoid it.

A competent investigator, acting for all the organizations interested in welfare work, could make all the reports necessary. It is much better that reliable records should be built up in this way than that the same family should be called upon three or four times to pour out its life history. A person accustomed to this work is in a far better position to place on file the real facts of the case than one who, from the best of motives, but carried away with the sympathy of the first experience, sees the thing in a different and far less discerning light.

Judge Warner's suggestion should be sufficient to revive interest in consolidating relief and corrective work in this city. It was attempted a short time ago, but it failed because a number of those who participated failed to see the advantage of centralization or something approaching it. At that time charges of job-hunting were allowed to come in where they should never have been admitted or considered.

The matter of Judge Warner's time being used by the city and paid for by Cronyn Memorial Church also comes up in the report. It must have been distasteful for the rector-judge to have to urge action in this matter. It has been necessary to engage an assistant at that church because so much of Judge Warner's time has been taken up in juvenile court work. Citizens have no desire that the burden of meeting this charge should rest on the parishioners of Cronyn Memorial Church, and the city council should be quick to rectify a condition that should not have been allowed to develop.

### Note and Comment.

Farmer near London complains that his pigs were stolen. Easy job for the police as the pigs are almost sure to squeal.

Signs point to the coming of the election in United States. Fifty oil companies are to be prosecuted as being combines.

County residents want to have their non-paying hens eliminated. It's easy to tell the hens that lay eggs. They cackle the least.

Ancient history was written on at the collegiate examinations yesterday. Long hair and tallow candles come under that heading.

Road makers in convention talk glibly of a tax on gasoline. As long as we have to fork out 31 cents per gallon, the driver reckons there's quite a tax on now.

A man near Chatham got drunk because his wife got her hair bobbed. If all men did the same there would be a wave of intoxication sweeping over the country.

German Reichstag witnessed a fight in which one deputy tried to strangle another. The affair must have been between newcomers, for it is well known that a politician can't be strangled.

Britain and France have sent a note to Germany warning her to cease organizing along military lines. Some sort of an organization that would end in the payment of her war debts would be more favorably regarded.

At a doctors' convention in Ottawa the opinion was expressed that some doctors were making too much money. That may be true in some cases, but not in all, because there are many doctors, some of them right here in London, who are notoriously poor collectors. There are many cases of people in poor circumstances who have never received a bill from some of these doctors.

## Dr. Frank Crane

### The Rules of the Game of Love

Some time ago I published an article on the Rules of the Game, in the latter part of which I referred to love and said it also had its rules as well as everything else.

I have been in receipt of many letters asking me for the rules of the game of love, some of which emphasized the point that there are no rules; that "All is fair in Love and War."

A city clerk, Michael J. Cruise, head of the Marriage License Bureau, which issues about thirty-five thousand marriage licenses a year, has gotten out a little pamphlet which answers this question for me.

He has a list of Don'ts for Wives and an equivalent list of Don'ts for husbands. Here they are.

His list of Don'ts for wives is as follows: "Don't nag." "Don't let your house or yourself get untidy." "Don't gossip about the neighbor's troubles." "Don't trump hubby's ace in a game of bridge." "Don't make catty remarks if he snores. Be sympathetic."

"Don't get millinery mania or a clothes complex."

"Don't get peeved if he shows he likes a pretty face in your presence."

"Don't cabaret unless he is with you."

"Don't encourage relatives to park at your house."

"Don't grouch if he is late for dinner."

"Don't be tightwaded."

"Don't be a killjoy."

"Don't wait till she's dead to send her flowers."

"Don't take boarders, male or female."

"Don't sneer at her dog if she has one."

"Don't think she's a dumbbell. Treat her human."

"Just forget she works as hard as you do—and gets less."

"Don't make a fuss over other women unless she is present."

"Don't treat her rough. She may fool you."

"Don't love her less or yourself more."

These may be superficial, but they are rules none the less and those who observe them may find them beneficial.

Perhaps they are as good as any I might give.

The one simple rule that is sufficient not only for love but for anything else is to do as you would be done by.

It is justice and not charity that most people want. It is to be treated justly and honestly that especially every woman wants.

We cannot do this unless we accustom ourselves to take another's point of view and put ourselves in another's place.

The great enemy of love is egotism; thinking too much of ourselves and not enough of others.

If we accustom ourselves to think of others there is little difficulty in keeping the rules of love; the difficulties we are in will solve themselves.

### Let's Have a Probe!

It doesn't seem to be a day that's worth a place in this here nation, that doesn't see us make a start on some new fired investigation. Let's start a-probin' into this, let's probe at that a little more, let's make the folks believe the thing is punk and rotten to the core.

Let's have a query into boots, likewise into the price of socks, let's see about the way they go and mix the coal along with rocks.

Let's go into the grocer's store and take along the village band, and ask the man just how he works to mix the coffee up with sand.

Let's ask Sam Baker if it's so that he has led a life of ease, by eatin' down the coin he gets for folks who pay their wedding' fees.

Let's ask likewise of Jimmy Bell, he has a million now or more, of taxes what the people pay to keep the bailiiff from the door.

And Ed. Buchanan, tell us now, speak quickly and with no mistakes, what have you done with all the seeds we hand you for our water rates?

New V. K. Keener, speak up at once, let's hear you open up and talk, and tell us if you kept the coin we gave you for school books and chalk.

And you, Bert Beal, and Miller, too, come tell the folks upon this ground, if you have took the cash we paid to make the learnin' mills go 'round.

And say, George Wenige, you've been mayor for 18 months so we are told, now have you gathered up enough to keep you easy when you're old?

Chief Birrell, too, we want to know what comes of all the fines you reap, now have you gathered all this stuff and piled it in a secret heap?

Let's have a probe around this town, it seems the proper thing to do, for other folks they're goin' ahead and paintin' things in blackest hue; let's take these men out one by one, and stand 'em up in two straight lines, why should we go on peaceful like, and be a-lagin' 'hind the times?—ARK.

### Money That Is Idle

(From the Hamilton Herald)

Mr. Joseph S. McCoy, United States treasury actuary, estimates that there is \$400,000,000 kept in idle stockpiles, ginger jars, mattresses and other hiding places in the United States. Mr. McCoy says that misers, who like money just because it is money, hold about \$44,000,000 of circulation; that children's banks—a more hopeful item—hold a total of \$1,500,000, while farmers hoard about \$125,000,000, largely because they want to keep a bit of cash on hand and in easy reach.

But more than half of the \$400,000,000 is being kept from working by the ignorant, largely by foreign extraction, who are not yet used to banks. Hoarded money is not money at work. Money, to be useful, should be kept busy. There's still a great field for the encouragement of safe, legitimate investment among the people who do not know how to make their money work for them.

### Press Comment

At the Great Agricultural Show.

A tribe of white Indians has been found in Darien, and two of them are being brought out. No doubt Johnny Jones will have them in a side-show at the Toronto Ex.—Toronto Star.

Hey, Don't Scare Them!

European farmers are coming to Canada to escape the high taxes. Like the iron foundry worker who went to the war to get away from the noise.—Prince Albert Herald.

Harsh Words, These.

Every Sunday you see a number of automobiles turned upside down in the ditches along our highways. The newspapers should not report them as accidents. Are they not the results of swelled heads and carelessness?—Milverton Sun.

Come In and Help Yourself.

A violinist entered a London music-seller's shop.

"I want an E string, please," he remarked to the assistant behind the counter. "Would you mind pickin' one ant for yourself, sir? I arlady knows the e's from the she's!"—Everybody's Magazine.

## The Fun Shop

PERPLEXING MOMENTS.  
By Molly Anderson Haley.  
WHEN THE VISITING RELATIVE DEPARTS.

What She Ought to Say.  
It's meant so much to have you here. I'm glad it's over for the year. And you are on your way.

What She Thought to Say.  
It's meant so much to have you here. It's been some strain, we'll say. We're glad it's over for the year. And you are on your way.

ON DINING WITH FRIENDS.  
What She Ought to Say.  
We shall not soon forget this meal. Delicious! Thank you very much. We've both enjoyed it and we feel so grateful to you two.

What She Thought to Say.  
We shall not soon forget this meal. 'Twas hardly worth the trip. For Walter never touches veal. And I detest prune whip.

The First Quarrel.  
Hubby—"Did you take me for a fool?"  
Wife—"No, I took you for a husband, but a woman can't help what she gets!"

Speakin' o' Snakes.  
Little Matuselah says: "It ain't no trouble a-tall identifyin' a snake of the reptile tribe, 'cause he looks and acts natural. But human snakes are not so easily identified since they ain't no law to compel 'em to get down on all fours and hiss, and howl, but if they was you might mistake 'em for a Lounge Lizard less'n the law was amended so as to make 'em stick out their tongue and hiss, and rattle the buttons on their clothes at the same time."

THE FRAT PIN.  
By Reev Appleman.

He wore his college frat pin just schward from his heart. And vowed that from its resting place that pin should ne'er depart. Years that passed still found him firm and standing pat. Still wearing his college frat pin in honor of his frat.

One day blue eyes confused him. His high resolve took chafe. A soft voice coaxed the frat pin from its old abiding place. They're now in a little bungalow with "velvet" on the mat. And the frat pin? Fastens baby clothes.

In honor of his frat!

Diogenes, Jun.

Farmer: "Why Zeb, where be ye goin' with that lantern?"  
"I'm goin' courtin'," replied the hired man.

Farmer: "I never carried no lantern when I went a-courtin' my gal."

"Yes, but look at what you got."

THE JINGLEJANGLE COUNTER.  
The barber used to talk us to death; Since the ladies came in he can save his breath.

He kissed his stenographer, who said with a start: "Is this instruction in commercial art?"

The Higher Education.

Teacher: Jimmie, show the other children how to spell "frog."  
Jimmie (getting up slowly): "Fr-fr-fr—" (and then, at a loss, he started to sit down). The boy in the seat back of him stuck Jimmie with a pin, and Jimmie got up very quickly, adding "O-G."

Teacher: "Correct."

BEDTIME STORY VIA RADIO.  
(Why Boys and Girls Become Unconscious.)

"Once upon a—grrrk—there lived a—awkkkk—who was—rkwk—of the fairies. And one day—yowawarkark—who was a fearful ogre. Now the prince and the—wheeee—were very dearly in love with each—awker. The ogre, who had—awkkkk—the beautiful young—awkerawkerawker."

"The prince started in—whack—errrr—with the aid of the fairies, and on the third day he saw—grrr—and a—grrr—who do you suppose he saw? You are right, little dears, it was the—awkererrr. And there upon the—wheeee—he found the beautiful young—awkk—guarded by the fairies and the—bzzzzzz."

"The prince stooped and planted a kiss upon the lovely weekeeper—of the princess. And they lived—birrrrrrr—ever after."

"Now, kiddies, tomorrow night the bedtime story man will—wheeee—a story about the little rabbit and the—ooowak. Good—awkk—night—wheeee."

Selected.

"You're one in a thousand," she whispered low.

As she pressed her ruby lips to mine.

And I dreamed of her love and a bungalow.

In a land of perpetual summer time.

Next evening I saw, as I passed her door.

Two forms merged close in the fading light.

While the same sweet words of the night before

Came forth—and I knew she had told me right.

The First Year Is the Hardest.

Bride: "George, dearest, when we reach our destination let us try to avoid giving the impression that we are newlyweds."

George: "All right, darling, you can carry this suitcase."

What with bank robbers and income taxes, the only way to keep your money nowadays is to spend it.

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## To the Editor

### Sends Word To London.

Cincinnati Man's Friends Visited the Old Town and Bought Copies of This Great Family Journal.

Editor of The Advertiser:  
Sir,—On Nov. 4, 1884, nearly forty years ago, I got on a Grand Trunk train and went to Chatham, where I remained until December, 1885, at which time I went to Detroit, and spent the next 18 years. Since November, 1904, I have been located here.

The other day, about two weeks ago, two men from our office attended a Grand Army Encampment, with Sons of Veterans, etc., at Warren, Ohio, which is in the direction of Cleveland, and having some time at their disposal after the affair was over, landed in Cleveland, and took a boat to Port Stanley, and from there to London.

After getting back, one of them knowing that I was from Canada, asked me if I had ever been in London. "Oh," said I, "my native town. Did you see the old Tecumseh House, did you get up to Dundas street, Richmond street, etc.?"

They had seen the places I mentioned, bought The Advertiser, and having a lot of loose change that they did not want to bring back to the U. S., which was in Canadian money, they had surprised a newsboy by giving it to him, and he caused some trouble by telling the other kids about it. Well, I said to them, you made that boy think you were some American millionaire. All this brings back to me recollections of London from about 1870 until 1884.

This was the time I was growing up, attending the old Bond Street and Intermediate schools, delivering newspapers, telegrams, learning telegraphy, working at it, from that to railroad work, which my father had been at before me, and finally settling down in Cincinnati at the same work. Another London old boy, Kingsley Evans, whom I went to school with, is here as representative of the Grand Trunk, or Canadian National, as it is called now. I haven't seen him for some time, but know where

to find him when not too busy with my own work.  
Some day I hope to spend a few days in London, but don't know just when. I haven't been there since about the beginning of the new century, 1900 or 1901.  
RPH. P. ANDREW.  
Cincinnati, Ohio, June 21.

### The Union Jack.

Major Murphy Explains Points About the Flag in Connection With Coming of Dominion Day.

Editor of The Advertiser:  
Sir,—On our Dominion Day, 1924, the Union Jack and Canadian flag will be displayed in prominent places throughout Canada. On the outbreak of the world war large quantities of Union Jacks with a good likeness of Lord Kitchener stamped on them were distributed in Canada and elsewhere. The Jack was reversed or upside down. The enemies of the empire knew the language of the flag better than many Canadians, and used this method of propaganda to advertise an empire in distress.

Whenever this war may bring in the head of its "contemptible little army," in September, 1914, the following appeared in the Kölnische Zeitung: "The British Empire is a collection of its train, certain it is that the laughable and childish military system of Great Britain will shortly fall to pieces."

"There will be no such country as Great Britain at the end of the war in existence. In its place we shall have a little Britain, a narrow strip of island territory, people by loutish footballers, living on the crumbs that Germany will throw to them."

"Then the once mighty empire with her naval strength represented by the few old tubs Germany will have left her, will become the laughing-stock of nations—the scarecrow at which children will point their fingers in disdainful glee."

In view of the foregoing it seems only fitting that Canadians should know the dimensions and the Union Jack, its meaning and language, and what it stands for. The dimensions are as follows:  
1.—The flag, doubled crosswise makes a square, or its length is twice its breadth.  
2.—The width of the right-angled

red cross of St. George is one-fifth of the width of the flag.  
3.—The width of the white border of the St. George cross is one-third of the width of the red cross.  
4.—The upper white diagonal strip on the dexter end of the flag (that is the end next the flagstaff) is one-half the width of the red cross.  
5.—The red diagonal strip is one-third of the width of the red cross.  
6.—The lower white diagonal strip is one-sixth of the width of the red cross.

7.—On the sinister, or out-end, or fly of the flag, the positions of these colors are reversed, or if the flag remained the same position and the staff were put at the other end of the flag, it would be wrong side up, or a signal of distress, especially if a half mast.

8.—The large diagonal white strips represent Scotland. Notice they are above on the dexter half and below on the sinister half of the flag.  
9.—The red diagonal strips, together with the narrow white diagonal strips, represent Ireland. Notice that Ireland occupies the upper position on the out half of the flag and Scotland on the dexter end of the flag.

10.—The width of the red and two white diagonal stripes together are the same width as the red cross.  
11.—It is charged with the cross of St. Andrew.

Which of old Scotland's heroes has led:

It carries the cross of St. Patrick. For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

We hoist it to show our devotion To our king, to our country and laws.

It's the outward and visible emblem Of advancement and liberty's cause."

T. J. MURPHY.

### LOWER ST. LAWRENCE RESORTS.