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Justice Grows With the People.

The Chicago Tribune uses the Loeb and Leopold case in that city to illustrate the difference between British and U. S. methods of conducting murder trials, pointing to the superiority of the British plan.

The Tribune concludes that there is far too much publicity given in advance of trials in the United States; the newspapers carry all the propaganda that defence and prosecuting counsel care to put forth, and in that way both sides have practically placed their case before the jury prior to its selection.

The Tribune concludes that the remedy is in placing drastic restriction on publicity given to such a case before the trial.

Yet the Tribune's explanation is not deep enough. We do not imagine that were the tables reversed, and British papers full of details and probable defence and prosecution theories, that British justice would falter and collapse.

Many of the murders that have been committed in Chicago this year, 177 so far, have had very little publicity. Many of the 300 in 1923 were passed over with scant notice, and yet only one man paid the extreme penalty of the law.

The failure of the United States judicial machinery to stem the flood of murder is not to be found in the length to which papers go. There can be no defence of the thing of which the Tribune complains, but the battering down of plain and unrelenting justice comes from a deeper cause than newspaper publicity.

The British people have an inherent love of justice. It finds expression in a phrase that is world-wide—"British fair play." It came to the surface when the forefathers of the British race inhabited the land bordering on the Baltic; they carried it with them to the right little island now known as the heart of the world's greatest empire. These same qualities have been the tools with which Britain has supplied her new lands; with them they have turned colonies into nations, autocracies into free agencies; they have guaranteed and pledged the freedom and the safety of the individual. It is in that atmosphere that justice finds favorable soil to sink its roots; it is in such a condition that a greater thing than justice has spread its limbs—the love of justice.

If the Chicago Tribune realizes—as it apparently does—that British justice is far superior to that of the United States, it will have to go deeper than newspaper publicity on crime to find the cause.

It will have to stand back and look at a land that so highly regarded the sanctity of a signed document that it was ready to throw its contemptible little army into the field the moment that Germany, a party to that document, set the foot of the invader on Belgian soil.

It will have to view a nation that can look upon a conquered enemy, Germany, and deliberately plan for a policy that will allow that conquered nation again to work back toward the commercial position from which it was thrown.

It will have to look on a Britain that is collecting neither principal nor interest from her war debtors, and see her facing problems of unrest, high taxation and unemployment, and yet through it all sending her envoy to United States to arrange for the repayment of every last dollar she owed to that country.

If the Chicago Tribune will take that view it will learn the secret of British justice, and it will be forced to the conclusion that its theory about the newspaper publicity on a murder trial accounting for the broken reed that U. S. justice has proved itself to be, is a hopelessly small speck to hold up as a determining factor.

At the Conservative Picnic.

The East Middlesex Conservative picnic in London could be termed a fairly successful event. There were attractions to draw the people there, box 1 bouts, guessing contests, baby show and baseball match. It was a difficult thing for a speaker to get into his stride on such an occasion—he really could not be sure whether the people had come to hear him or to witness the sports.

Donald Sutherland, M.P., of South Oxford, largely a rural riding, paid his respects to the U. F. O. in true Conservative style, referring to them as "a selfish group that slipped into power in Ontario to promote their own interests."

It is to be hoped that the farmers who honestly sought redress for their grievances, and who came together in the U. F. O. in an attempt to better their conditions, appreciate fully the sneer leveled at them by this speaker at the Conservative picnic.

Mr. Sutherland had nothing better to offer them; he had no solution for their problem; he did not suggest a method by which they could buy on the same level as they are forced to sell. Not a constructive word, but simply a cheap sneer about the U. F. O. being a selfish group looking after their own interests.

J. L. Stansell, the Conservative member for East Elgin, assumed the role of financial critic. He used one fine generality, "You know the promises the King government made, and you know they have not been carried out." That is as far as he went. Mr. Stansell should not have ceased so abruptly. The King government promised to reduce taxation—it has done so; it promised to cut expenditure—it has done so; it promised to give the National Railways a fair

chance to succeed, free from political pressure—it has done this as far as the government is concerned; it promised to interpret the tariff requirements so that natural resources would be benefited and industry not harmed—it has done so, for witness the statement of the makers of agricultural implements that their position is now favorable.

When Mr. Stansell is content to make the bald, old-time statement of broken promises, he is balking at facts. He must have taken it for granted that his audience could be hoodwinked by his sweeping and unproved assertion.

Mr. Stansell also joined hands with those who have been seeking to make the operation of the Canadian National Railways as difficult as possible. He said: "The government bought the Scribe Hotel in Paris at a cost of \$4,000,000, which is absolutely thrown away." That is a brave statement for Mr. Stansell or any other man to make. It leads to the conclusion that the management of the National Railways are an incompetent lot of wastrels, that they are pouring money out without any regard to value obtained. That is exactly what the enemies of public ownership, and the enemies of the National Railways in particular, wish to establish, and Mr. Stansell used his position on a Conservative platform in London to further that class of work.

If Mr. Stansell wanted to be fair why did he not tell the truth about the Hotel Scribe? Why did he not explain that it was a large office building in Paris, right in the heart of the city, that can be rented to give a seven per cent return on the investment? He had access to all the evidence at the inquiry into the deal; as a member of parliament a copy of the evidence would be forwarded to him.

Why, then, does he prefer to ignore all the facts, and join issue with those who seek by loose talk to belittle the business ability of the Canadian National management? There are enough forces doing this work now, and it must have come as a painful surprise to many of his friends to find Mr. Stansell ready to take a hand in that sort of business.

Cheating the Law For Money.

The lack of common honesty is one reason why we have to maintain forces of officials to protect people from swindlers.

That is the meaning of a report from Ottawa stating that shipping agents and shipping companies had been so flagrantly dishonest and so miserably dishonest that it has been necessary to change the plan of bringing people to Canada on the signed statement that there was a place for them to work.

The agents of these companies are interested in one thing only, securing from the immigrant his passage money. What becomes of him after that is no concern of theirs.

Ottawa reports that the agents made trips to Western Canada, where they secured signatures from farmers stating that they would employ an unnamed individual. As they were paid from \$1 to \$10 for each blank filled in, many of them signed a number of these papers, having no intention of giving employment and knowing all the time that they were becoming a party to plain fraud.

These documents were sent to the agents in Europe and hundreds of people were dumped into Canada, on the assurance that it would be an easy matter for them to cross to United States from here. Most of them have not been able to do so, and Canadians face the problem of providing for a class of people they do not want.

The weak spot in the Ottawa story is that the shipping companies are not named. Ottawa must know the offenders, and it should give publicity to the names, and it should deal with the western farmers who signed the fraudulent papers.

Surely there is enough old-fashioned honesty left in the Dominion to scorn the corrupt dollar. If there is not then we are in for a bad time.

Another Case at Hamilton.

One man lies in a Hamilton hospital with a fractured skull, while his companion was bruised and cut.

They were sideswiped by an American touring car, the driver of which turned around to see the car toppled over in the ditch, and then passed on.

This is not the first case of the kind, but it should be the last. A performance of this character is bound to create prejudice against U. S. tourists coming through Canada, a feeling that should not exist, because the great majority of them display a tendency to show courtesy and fair play.

Note and Comment.

Can she make a cherry pie? No, but she can wield the can-opener.

The coast is clear means going into your old barber shop and not finding a single woman there.

In United States 5,000,000 people can neither read nor write, so they all go in for turning out popular songs.

Some of the girls are back from their holidays, and the postcards in masculine hand are starting to follow.

Years ago a girl's bathing suit was quite a formidable thing, but the 1924 models are made to slip into a vanity case.

The man who has made a very good living though he quit school at entrance, worries himself sick because his boy can't master algebra.

A writer in the New York Journal says women need more sleep than men. That's why wife goes to bed at ten and husband comes home at two.

London can feel proud of the G. W. V. A. band. Its concert performances are excellent, including a great variety of standard selections. It also has a number of soloists who do exceptionally fine work. The organization is deserving of every possible encouragement.

Dr. Frank Crane

TOTEMS

Sir James Frazer has given us many interesting observations upon the subject of totems. A totem is the animal, plant or other object, which protects the tribe or clan. Thus, it is the name, title or emblem of the tribe's collective conscience.

One of the first plans of the human animal when he began to think was to form a group with other animals of the same kind. This group had many advantages. It furnished protection as well as social pleasure.

But it also had a very important psychological effect. It profoundly affected his mind. Thinking is mighty hard work, and the group consciousness saved him a lot of thinking.

It does yet. Humanity is much the same as it always was, whether it has existed four thousand years or forty thousand, whether you accept the chronology of theologians or of the scientists. In either case it has not been long. Compared with the stretches of cosmic history, it is but a thin line upon a vast page. We have every reason to believe that the human race is still in its infancy.

Scratch a twentieth century mind and you will find a troglodite. Now the greatest offender against the tribe is not the man who refuses to obey the totem and who opposes it. The greatest of all offenders is the man who says that the totem is nothing but a totem. Just as the chief offender among idolaters would be the wretch who claims that the idol is nothing but a piece of wood.

And the greatest trouble with us is not that we have totems, for, indeed, they have their place and use. The trouble is that we think totem.

Most people do not think at all until they find out what somebody else thinks. Far from regarding it as a weakness that we have no opinion except that of the mob, we take pride in our mob ideas. And we cast out as a leper anyone who dares to think for himself. The party calls him a renegade, the church calls him a heretic, and the nation calls him a traitor.

Indeed, most of our feelings that we call respect and reverence are nothing but the remnants of the old totem sentiment which our cave-dwelling ancestors experienced.

Cluckin' in July

I wish some poultry man would come and tell me the reason why my speckled hen has took the wish to be a cluckin' in July.

Why, way last spring her sister sat for three whole weeks inside a box, a-hatchin' out in that there time the slickest little fuzzy flocks. That was the time when she should set, she seemed to know it was the thing to do her cluckin' all at once and do it in the early spring.

But now that other speckled hen she's took the notion for to set, I turned the hose upon her hide and made her souse in sticky wet; I put a brick bat in her nest, she propped her carcass on the thing, and settled down to work on that like sister did back in the spring.

At times it is annoyin' too to see that old hen hog the nest, a-cloggin' up the layin' place and causin' trouble for the rest.

The other hens come cratin' in to make an egg that seems quite fair, but that old speckled bullet head she keeps a-sittin' right in there.

And then those busy hens run out and come to me and lay complaint, and when I reach that chicken coop my temper ain't just like a saint. Once more I grab her by the neck and chuck her out upon the floor, a-tellin' that there speckled hen to not get back in there no more.

She's sittin' on a door-knob now, she seems to think the thing's all right, for she's a-warmin' at that knob, a-sittin' on it hard and tight.

She ought to have some common sense, when summer sun is in the sky, she should be shootin' out the eggs instead of cluckin' in July.

I wish some folks who know such things would write me just a line or two, a-tellin' me in gentle terms the proper sort of thing to do.

I ain't got heart to take the axe and cause that speckled hen to die, but just the same she's got to quit this game of cluckin' in July.—ARK.

Why They Laughed

(From the Pittsburg Sun.)
The Rev. Guy E. Shipley, editor of The Churchman, told at a dinner in New York a number of church anecdotes.

"Late one Saturday night," Dr. Shipley said, "a young divine received a wire from his bishop ordering him to preach the next morning at a certain church. This church was unknown to the young man. Nevertheless he prepared his sermon, took the train, arrived and preached duly."

"He preached from the text, 'Without money and without price,' and, to his astonishment and annoyance, every time he quoted this text—and of course he had to quote it pretty frequently in the sermon's course—the entire congregation shook with laughter."

"Well, after the exercises were over the young divine asked one of the vestrymen the meaning of all that unseemly mirth."

"The vestryman gave a loud guffaw and said:

"Our own minister—the one whose pulpit you are supplying—is named Price, and he absconded yesterday with a large sum of money."

Press Comment

The Land of Opportunity.
New York's the city of opportunities. A man who went there broke now owes \$203,005.85.—Memphis Press.

That's How It Should Be.
It may be just a coincidence, but it seems strange that primary teachers make the best wives.—Manila Bulletin.

The Great Outdoor Display.
Things even up. Europe has finer art galleries, but she can't compare with us in the matter of billboards.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

Working Both Ways.
Russia is buying aeroplanes by the hundreds and other implements of war while promoting pacifism in all other countries.—Chicago News.

When the Boys Come Home.
Some of Canada's members of Parliament have been in Ottawa so long they'll need to go home armed with a letter of introduction to their families.—Peterborough Examiner.

A Point To Remember.
A psychiatrist says that Nathan Leopold, Jun., shows singular manifestation of the thyroid, the pituitary and the adrenal. Poor Bobby Franks whom he murdered does not show any manifestations at all now.—Kinoardine Review.

But What's In a Name?
If a girl proposes marriage to a man she merely tries to make a name for herself.—Chicago News.

The Fun Shop

If Only Grandma Were Alive Today!

(On looking at grandma's picture.)
By Claribel Weeks Avery.
Sweet lady, with thy silvered hair,
Clad in the graceful garb of old,
I wonder what you used to wear
When silver locks were gold.

Are girls but sisters everywhere,
In every time? Did mother scold,
And father feel inclined to swear
Because they thought you bold?

Were you a torment and a care,
A black lamb in a sober fold?
I wish I knew the stories rare
Those prim lips never told.

Different "Toast."
Teacher had written this sentence
on the blackboard: "The toast was
drank in silence." And asked who
would correct it.

Little Harold marched up to the
blackboard and wrote: "The toast
was ate in silence."

That Famous Good-Bye.
Stella: "Does Jack stay very late
when he calls on you?"
Bella: "Does he? Why, he already
calls our milkman by his first name."

VERSES AND REVERSES.
I'd like to lie beneath the trees
In a fragrant Japan-cane,
And look just like a chocolate man
In my coat of Hindustan.

They All Can!
Hubb: "My wife is a resourceful
woman."
Dubb: "So is mine. She can al-
ways find a use for my spare
change."

The Last Dance.
She (cuttingly): "Do you step on
the feet of all your partners like
this?"
He (catching the mood): "No,
only those with abnormally large
ones."

Recipe.
Stranger in town: "Please tell me
how I can get to the hospital?"
Old inhabitant: "By being care-
less."

Why Men Go Wild!
She kissed him. Then, smothering
back his black hair, as she gazed
into the depths of his dark eyes, she
murmured:

"Did I div on a nasty dog biscuit
for breakfast?"

Sidney says that the loose leaf
system dates back to Adam's time in
the garden of Eden.

A Cold Cut.
Hostess: "Do you like tongue?"
Cynical bachelor: "I was always
fond of tongue, and I like it still."

And Then the Fireworks.
Wife: "I am afraid people will
make fun of us if you call me pet."

names over the telephone, as you did
this afternoon."
Hubby: "Why, I didn't call you
this afternoon!"

Tell Us?
What sort of a male flirt is a potato
masher?

What sort of a female is a spin-
ning-jenny?

What sort of a legal complication
is a sport suit?

What sort of an easy job is a gin-
ger snap?

What sort of a safe is a pole vault?

What sort of postage is a hand-
stamp?

Dinah: "How come you didn't git
no chickens ova at Marse Benton's
Place?"

Temus: "Well, ah concluded 'at
his ol' bulldog liked niggah a whole
lot bettah'n dis niggah liked chicken."

**WAIT TILL "DOC" TRAPROCK
SEES THIS!**
Old Doc Traprock, crooked old skate,
At least he's on the bias.
One thing's certain, he's not straight,
The blamed old Ananias!

**After Reading This One We'll Call
It a Day.**
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clerk in your Fun Shop."
Proprietor: "Are you a wit?"
Applicant: "My wife has always
called me a half-wit."

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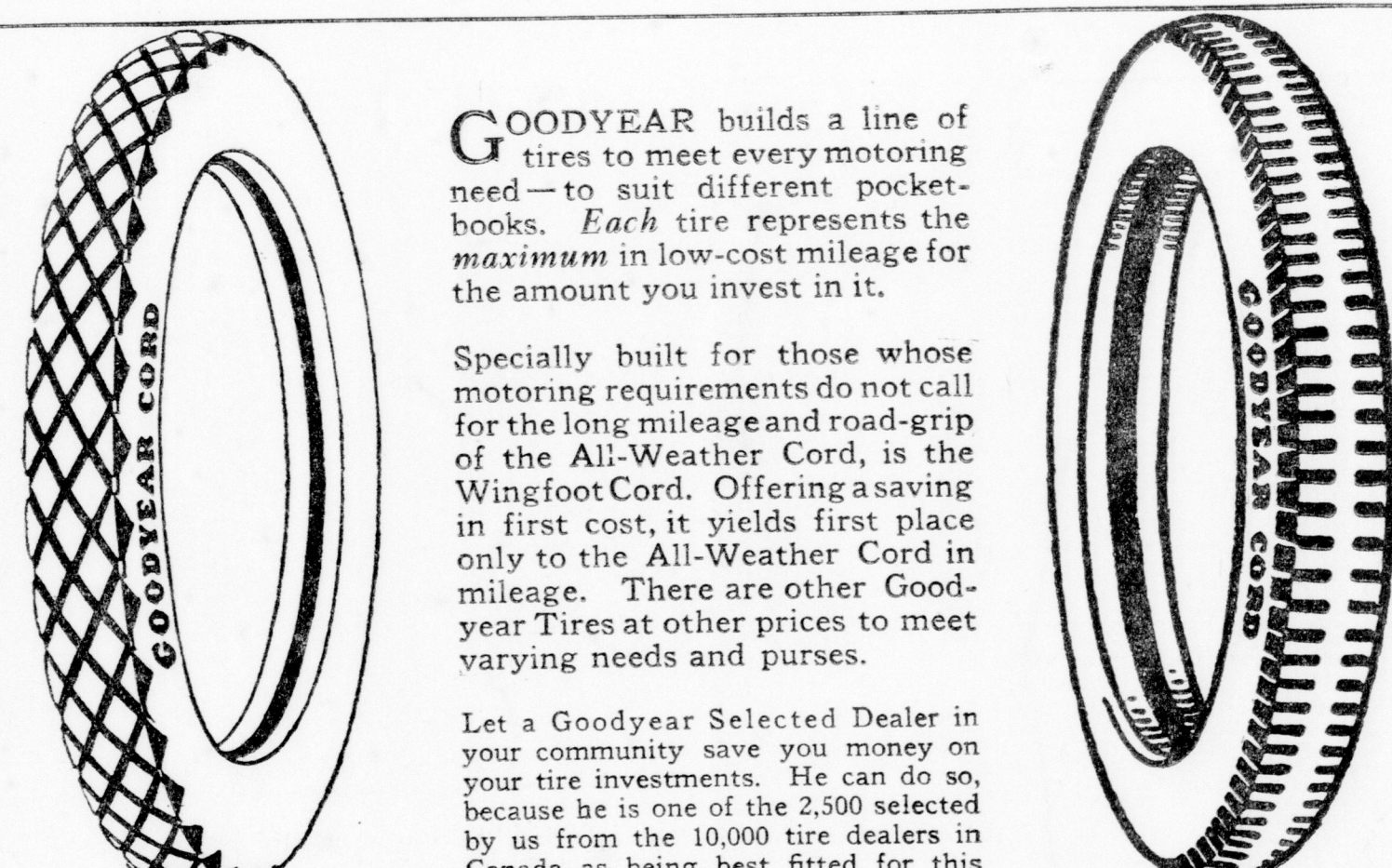
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