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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,

London, Ont., Monday, December 8.

THE MINERS' STRIKE.

John Lewis, who heads the great strike of the soft coal miners of the United States, declares that the men will not return to the pits for the fourteen per cent increase. Only when they are granted the thirty-one per cent increase which was proposed by Secretary of Labor Wilson will production be resumed, according to Lewis. If Lewis is correct in his views of what the men will accept, and it is to be supposed that he should know, then his statement makes clear how altogether unreasonable were the original demands of the miners. The first demand was for an increase in wages of 60 per cent, a five-day week and a six-hour This meant a stupendous advance unequalled for size by any demands of labor. Had it been granted there would have been a doubling of the price of soft coal to all consumers, a cheerful prospect in the day of soaring prices. Lewis refused the offer of the mine owners and operators to arbitrate the differences. Apparently the miners' leader thought they could get whatever they pleased to ask. Now that they have learned that the general public of the United States is incensed at their unjust requests and that the Washington Government proposes to protect the public to the limit of its power. Lewis announces that the strikers are willing to accept just half the advance they originally demanded, and that without any concessions in regard to hours of Lewis' announcement makes it clear how senseless was the whole business and how utterly selfish are the men who are directly responsible for it. An entire continent has been thrown into great industrial distress, which very soon may bring physical suffering to millions of workers. It is not surprising that the American nation is wrathfully stirred over this display of arrogance and is determined that it

A SERMONETTE ON CIVIC SPIRIT.

Municipalities, like any other organizations, industries in locating are governed to a very his native province. large extent by the civic conditions that they find existing. Walter Parcelle, publicity director of the American City Bureau, discusses this question in a recent number of the National Municipal Review, pointing out that community publicity must be based upon an adequate plan of community development, and a plea is made for publicity that is based upon a good reputation. The community that is imbued with a right civic spirit is bound to make itself felt throughout the country, and in illustration of the idea that he has in mind he gives the following timely little civic ser-

There is a city in Michigan whose citizens once raised a fund of \$50,000 to be spent in what someone has described as the business of "factory grabbing." The money was so spent in three years. It did not bring a single new industry to the town. When the fund was about exhausted the organization met to wind up its affairs. The motion had been made and seconded, when a leading citizen arose.

"We have spent our money," he said, "an haven't a thing to show for it. This has set me to wondering if we were not on the wrong track. While we have been trying to bring factories here, we have overlooked our own city. The streets are out of repair. We have no parks. Our schools, fire and police departments are a joke. The city hasn't enough civie spirit to light a bonfire. Now, instead of going out of business, suppose we all chip in to another fund and spend that money trying to improve our home city. Let's try it for a

His enthusiasm prevailed. At the end of the year the results were such that the organization financed itself for another year, and

When the third year had run its course the same leading citizen made another little

"We spent \$50,000 to get new factories, and didn't get one. We have spent about the same amount to see how good a town we could make of this, and now look at the inventory: More than a dozen new industries have quietly come in and made their homes here. We have gained 40 per cent in population. We have good streets, good schools, several parks, efficient fire and police protection, and we are all loudly and proudly telling the rest of the country that this is the best city on the con-We not only believe it, but we show it, and if called on, we can prove it."

THE PRESIDENCY.

Already the campaign for the next American presidential election is under way. Within a few days the Republican National Committee will meet at the capital with the object of planning for the national convention. The delegates to this and to the Democratic National Convention will be selected by primaries, which will be held in March, but the field is now open for nominations to both parties. To date eight names have appeared, as possible Republican nominees, as follows:

General Leonard W. Wood of New Hamp-

Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California. Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts.

Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois. Charles E. Hughes of New York. Senator William G. Harding of Ohio. Senator Miles Pointdexter of Washington.

Besides these the name of ex-President Taft is mentioned, but his support does not appear to be sufficiently general or influential to put him in the running for the White House candidacy. At present General Wood-a Roosevelt man-and Governor Coolidge shape up strongly, the latter because of his sweeping victory a

the Massachusetts state elections. Democratic possibilities at this early stage are fewer than those of the Republicans, but in the list are the names of more widely-known

William G. McAdoo of New York. Attorney-General Mitchell Palmer of Penn-

Senator Gilbert Hitchcock of Nebraska, Secretary of War Newton Baker, or Governor James M. Cox of Ohio.

Champ Clarke of Missouri. William J. Bryan of Nebraska,

At present McAdoo appears to have an excellent chance of securing the party "O. K." He has, to begin with, the aid of relationship to President Wilson, and recently, by his exposure of the vast profits made by the coal and steel barons, has become very popular with Labor. Palmer has been strong and fearless in the administration of the attorney-generalship, playing no favorites, but some of the recent prosecutions he has put through in the interests of the general public have brought him into hostile relations with certain sections of trades unionism. Champ Clarke and Bryan are perennial old-timers, always dangerous as contenders. Herbert Hoover is another name mentioned, unofficially, as a possible Democratic candidate. His remarkable work in feeding Europe and his exposure of food trusts and combines in the United States has made of him a somewhat heroic figure-and certainly a popular onethat would make a strong appeal to the American people should the men supported by the party machine prove weak.

SID LOMER GOUIN.

Though not much attention was paid in Quebec to the rumor of Sir Lomer Gouin's probable retirement from the head of the Government, published in a Montreal newspaper, it is has given the story a direct denial, says the Quebec Telegraph. It would not have been particularly surprising to anybody if Sir Lomer, after his long term of office in public life, following a long and lucrative law practice, should have felt like retiring to private life and taking the rest and ease which he has so well earned. But his life has always been one of activity and usefulness, and a liking for public service is one of his personal characteristics. As a citizen of Montreal he devoted considerable time. while practicing his profession, to serve his fellow-citizens as a member of the city council. devotedly attached to the interests of his constituents, and an active and industrious worker upon all committees of which he was a member. His career as prime minister of the province for a period of nearly 15 years need not be dwelt upon here. He has been honored with the almost unanimous support and confidence of the province during all these years, and this confidence undoubtedly inspires in him the desire to continue to his fellow-citizens the valuable services which he has so long given them. get the "publicity bug" periodically, in their It is sincerely to be hoped that he may be long case generally with the one idea of attracting spared to remain at the head of the safe and industries, forgetting all too often that even progressive government which he has given to

EDITORIAL NOTES.

One Big Union seems as unpopular with the workers as with the churches.

There doesn't seem to be any rush of members offering to resign their seats for London's

The new speaker of the Legislature should add a new House rule, providing that punning on his name will be out of order.

Sufferers from smallpox may wonder how much larger any one would want the pox to be. Perhaps vaccination is the large pox?

Italy seems to have the faculty of coming nearer to revolution than any other country on earth, without admitting that it is in revo-

The Hearst Government is so "hearsed in death" that its former press organs acclaim the Farmers' Government as successor to its

University education is no longer something for the rich man's son alone. We are at the point where we believe that it is the right of any boy or girl who wants it.

Mayor Somerville will retire from civic life with the full consciousness of duty well done. His two years of office have been important for the municipality, and have seen an advance along many lines that is directly due to the energy and spirit of the man who has filled the mayor's chair.

OF COURSE HE WHIPPED HIM! "Say, pa, I had a fight with Jimmy Green to-

"Did you whip him?" "Gee, pa, ain't I tellin' you about it?"

A PAGAN FASHION.

[Hamilton Times.] The fashion of keeping little dogs as objects of luxury is not at all modern. Both Greek and man women used to have small pet dogs. over which they made as much to do as does a fashion able lady of today over her poodle.

Even men, usually foreigners, were not asham to stroll about the Roman streets carrying dogs in their arms. It is said that Julius Caesar, once seeing some men thus occupied, sarcastically inquired of them if the women of their country had

GOD'S COINAGE. Dorothy M. Bunn in the Westminster Gazette. Gold He giveth, scattered open-handed:

With which men's happiness is bought and sold By whose searing touch their souls are branded, But the gold of brod Rich sunsets, goldenrod and barley-plume,

Silver hath He-measure never stinted: Not the sparing piece Of hard-won ore, the poor man's scant increase

parsely meted, though in plenty minted-But the silver stream Dove's feathers, silver birch and minnow's glean

Copper strews He-His full coffers sharing: Not the meagre coin In search of which the child and pauper join, expectant; one, long since despairing-

From Here and There

Miss Rorley-Oldun-One thing worries me, and that is the wedding trip. It will be horrid to have

Her Dear Friend-Oh, don't worry. Get him to call you "Ma" when you're traveling, and they'll think you are his mother.

Salesman—This furnace is the best on the mar-ket. It will save you half of the coal you are now Pat-Well, send up two of 'em. I'll save all me

QUAINT SAMPLE OF INDIAN LORE.

[Quebec Telegraph.] In his book on the National Parks, Robert Ster-In his book on the National Paris, about the winer airplane sundaes, salumarine all forms of amusement so that she tribing Yard recalls a delightful old Indian parallel to splits and tank sodas were served, and might make herself what she styles. ing's story of Rip van Winkle-or perhaps it is the high cost of living, the fate of the

the original of Irving's Rip. and wily fisherman and hunter. He always had discussed. prices high. Gradually he amassed large savings in hiaqua, the little perforated shell which was the valued form of wampum, the Indian's money. The richer he got the stronger his passion grew when a spirit told him in a dream of vast hoards at the summit of Rainier, he deter- ter, Isabel. The spirit was Tamanous, which is the vague Indian personification store, and her share of the world's goods of the supernatural. So he threaded the forests and every week was seven dollars. Of this climbed the mountain's glistening side. At the seven, two went for board and room in the bottom of which was a black lake surrounded by purple rock. At the lake's eastern end stood cents was used for wearing apparel and \$3.14 was deposited in the bank. numents. The first was as tall as a man. was the image of a camas bulb; the two represented the great necessities of Indian life. The third was the latter seemed satisfied with her stone elk's head, with the antlers in velvet. At

the foot of this monument he dug a hole. Suddenly a noise behind him caused him to turn. An otter clambered over the edge of the lake and struck the snow with its tail. Eleven others followed. Each was twice as hig as any otter he The eleven sat themselves in a circle around him:

the leader climbed upon the stone elk head. At first the treasure-seeker was abashed. he had come to find hiaqua, and he went on digging. At every thirteenth stroke the leader of the otters tapped the stone elk with its tail, and the eleven though astonished and badly bruised, he went on but the biggest otter seized another in his teeth

Finally his pick struck a flat rock with a hollow nd, and the otters all drew near and gazed into the hole, breathing excitedly. He lifted the rock and under it found white hiaqua, every shell large, unbroken and beautiful. All were hung neatly or

otters, recognizing him as the favorite of the Tamanous, retered to a distance and gazed upon

dreamed of gratitude, never thought to hang a string from the buried treasure about the salmon and kamanas Tamanous stones, and two strings around the elk's head; no, all must be his own, all he could carry now, and the rest for the future."

Greedily he loaded himself with the booty and laboriously climbed to the rim of the bowl, prepared for the descent of the mountain. The otters, puffing in concert, plunged again into the lake, which at once disappeared under a black cloud.

which the voice of Tamanous screamed tauntingly. Terrified, he threw back into the bowl behind him strings of hiaqua to propitiate Tamanous, and there followed a momentary lull, during which he started homeward. But immediately the storm burst again with roaring like ten thousand bears. Nothing could be done but to throw back more hiaqua. Following each sacrifice came another full

Then he sank to the ground insensible. a meadow of camas. He was shockingly stiff, and every movement pained him. But he managed to gather and smoke some dry arbutus leaves and ea few camas bulbs. He was astonished to find his hair very long and matted, and himself bent and "Tamanous!" he muttered. Nevertheless. he was calm and happy. Strangely he did not regret

the lost strings of hiaqua. Fear was gone, and his Slowly and painfully he made his way home Everything was strangely altered. Ancient trees grew where shrubs had grown four days ago Cedars under whose shade he used to sleep lay rotting on the ground. Where his lodge had stood now he saw a new and handsome lodge, and presently out of it came a very old and decrepit squaw, who, nevertheless, through her wrinkles, had look that seemed strangely familiar to him. Her shoulders were hung thick with hiaqua strings. She ent over a pot of boiling salmon and crooned:

"My old man has gone, gone, gone. My old man to Tacouma has gone. To hunt the elk he he went long ago. To salmon pot and me?"

"He has come down," quavered the returned traveler, at last recognizing his wife. Hs asked questions. Charging it all to the wrath of the Tamanous, he accepted the fate as he found After all, it was a happy fate enough in the end, for the old man became the great medicine

man of his tribe, by whom he was greatly revered. [Boston Transcript.] "Jack told me I was queen of his heart."

"I asked him where the crown jewels were."

AS SHE SAW THEM. Marjorie (who has been to a matinee)-An' there was a lot of ladies dancin'-and they were nearly

THE SONS OF MARY. [G. S. B. in New York Tribune.] The Sons of Martha have not to worry-of that their tetrarchs will take good care: they care not a whit for the Sons of Mary, what they must suffer or how they fare.

The Sons of Martha demand an increase (a favorite indoor game that they play):
They spout and they riot until they win it—and Mary's sons are the lads that pay.

The sons of Mary in all the ages have dared the venture and taken the chance; They explore earth's riches and plan the bridges, invent the machinery, design the plants. It is through them that on every work-day the

It is through them that on every pay-day the Sons of Martha get every sou. They say to the railways, "Be ye fashloned." They

say to the ships of the air, "Go, fly."

They train the youth and they heal the stricken; They draft the maps and they paint the pictures; they carve the statue; the speech they speak-While the Sons of Martha are seeking solely to do labor for more per week.

The Sons of Mary their lives have given to fight the fever and purge the filth;

They graft the scion, they grow the blossom; they keep the fields of the world in tilth,

They write the book and they chant the poem, they

make the music and dream the dream:

They to the Truth bear unselfish witness; they have the Vision, they see the Gleam.

They do not preach that their only duties are reading dissension and going on strike; They do not teach that it's square and decent to scamp their work as they damn well like.

They aim to uphold a mind of fairness, not class suspicion and social strife.

They, too, must think of making a living—but they

etimes think of making a life,

And the Sons of Martha esteem this silly, convinced that Fortune will yield reward

To him that has the most brazen thorax, the lightes This, it seems, is the sum of their Credo—this way their reasoning runs:
"Let's force the birthright and s ize the ble

The Advertiser's

Daily Short Story (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) KEEPING FASHIONABLE.

repeatedly. you ought to dress up more and keep

the circular formation of marble at which airplane sundaes,

But the eight dollars-to return to the ubject. Of the eight dollars, two went for board and room and the remaining fashion's latest creations. Board and room for two dollars a week? Yes, you

fifteen cents purchased cinema thrills at the Palace Theatre, an average of 68 Contrasted with Elza's extensive and expensive wardrobe, Isabel's adornment was like a minnow unto a goldfish; ye er drab, nevertheless neat, attire.

ould better afford it, in fact, because dricks continued to order his ginger she had several hundred dollars in safethe situation as it was regarding clothes, the two girls should have changed positions. Silk at a soda founhind the silk counters, where Isabel pre-

Elza had a secret. She was in love. Every afternoon there came into Sil-The sun might for-

of a newspaper and remain absorbed in it until his beverage arrived, when he Can you let me wear a waist would fold the paper, thrust it into a pocket and sip of the cooling concoction, while his eyes roved abstractedly and looked at nothing in particular, although seeming to take in everybody thrust it into a Elza Correll believed in clothes, dricks. She did not know his voca-she had no knowledge of his voca-she had never spoken a word to Elza Correll loved John Henhe girl," she told her sister tion, she had never spoken a word to "Some day you'll learn that him or been addressed by him ex-

cept on a matter of business. Certainly Elza kept fashionable. Eight dollars constituted her weekly stipend earned by mixing tempting potions at not know, Elza felt that it behooved the constitution of the constituti League of Nations, the future of Jugo-Slavia and the salaries of the film stars

it," she told herself. "He's a brunet, and I'm a blonde; and they say that's the way it ought to be."

it was unrequited, Elza thought, and then she got to wondering if her aration attendant on being paid attention by the little winged god with bow and arrows. One day Elza observed: But there's no chance in the world for you, with those plain clothes

To which Isabel replied "She's a deep one," Elza mused.
"That's the way with brunets. The ginger-ale fiend must be a deep one,

Nor was there reason to complain: for sabel could have afforded more attractive garb as well as her younger sister— ed by her modish attire, John Hen-

One morning as she lay in bed snatch. ing a few extra minutes of semi-slum-ber, a startling fact crept into Elza's anged positions. Silk at a soda foun-ber, a startling fact crept into Elza's n was as out of place as cotton be-brain. She had no clean clothes! She ments to accumulate. She had intenderworth's drug store a fascinating, She leaped from bed, on the verge eatly-dressed young man who had the of a panic. Horrors! Go behind the

river might run dry, but always at 2 p.m. John Hendricks settled himself at his favorite place at the marble counter (unless someone else got there first) and She shook her sister, who was not ginger-ale.
he would plunge into the depths had been mixing drinks for an hour. "Isabel!" cried Elza, "Wake up!

ask you, but mine aren't fit." Isabel sat up and rubbed her eyes, and yawned, then glared at Elza as though debating whether to rend her limb from limb.

"You - want-to-borrowand—skirt?" she said, as though she could not believe her ears. "You—you queen of fashion-you want to wear my

Elza felt somewhat abashed. "Well, no, I really don't want to," she replied, "but there's nothing else to do." So it was that Elza Correll, fashion plate of Silverworth's soda emporium, appeared that morning in plain attire startlingly plain, so plain that her fel

While she worked Elza became filled with aprehension.

"What will the ginger-ale think?" she wondered, and resolve to keep out of sight at 2 o'clock. Bu this proved impossible, for a rush began and every available hand "Maybe he

Elza thought, but she realized she might as well hope to halt time itself in its flight. Sure enough, at 2 o'clock in walked John Hendricks. He seated himself and waited for his order to be taken. Contrary to her customary course of procedure Elza tried to keep in the background but all the other girls were busy, and "service" was a byword at Silver-

"Well, here goes. All is lost," nurmured and approached John Hen-dricks. For the first time in history "Hello!" he said pleasantly. "I'd like

Elza's power of speech was paralyzed nomentarily, but she managed to get ginger ale. You're new at this job, in working order long enough

"No-oh, no; that is, not especially new. I've been here off and on. "Never noticed you before," said the ginger ale fiend. "Must be you had

Elza deigned no reply. She bustee with the ginger ale while John plunged into his newspaper, laying it fountain with soiled clothes? turned with his favorite drink. And it saible! What was to be done? was a friendly smile, a sincere smile

'nothing fresh about it." as Elza re

"I've asked Miss Joyce to introduce us. I need some one to help me use a couple of tickets at the Temple tonight."
Miss Joyce, another soda fountain made worker, thereupon

them acquainted, and arrangements When Isabel went home that afternoon she found Elza enthusiastically formed of the big event of the day at

Elza, you made a hit with that young man because you wore plain clothes— my clothes. Take my advice and leave off the gaudy stuff tonight. You car

Elza completed her work at the tub, out when John Hendricks called for her she was attired in her sister's Sunday

her sister that she was going to marry John Hendricks, the real estate man. "Congratulations," said Isabel. "As long as you've confided in me I might as well tell you that I'm to become Mrs. Welding—the wife of the assistant

manager of our store." "Congratulations yourself," returned Elza. "You certainly did have the right dea about clothes, Isabel, John told me last night, when he proposed, that he had been long looking for a girl who make the girl. They help a lot-but

that's guaranteed against Cupid's ar-

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