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THE BABY-SAVERS.

LONDON's first grand baby week is drawing to a close, but it isn't the end of the campaign for baby's rights by any means. It has only been the artillery preparation for a steady, persistent victory-winning drive against the foes which decimate the ranks of babyhood before the gateway to the first year is reached, the enemies which, even with stouter physical resistance upon the part of the children after the first year, continue to mow down the innocents in ruthless fashion.

All week long King Baby and Queen Baby, too, have held the most conspicuous spot in the sun. All eyes have been on The Baby, and The Baby, with royal assurance, has accepted the attendance and kotowing of grown-ups as a divine right. The Baby has reserved the royal right to accept homage according to his royal will, disposition or pleasure. The Baby has gurgled, has giggled, has cooed, has chuckled, has wept, has protested according to his disposition and physical condition, in response to the service that has been offered from nurses, doctors and representatives of all creeds, nationalities and callings who have enlisted to engage in London's battle for its own and Western Ontario's babies.

The number of babies in London, of beautiful babies, of bouncing babies, of thin little babies and of plump big babies, of babies in the pink of condition, and of babies in need of radical change in their diet and general care has proved a revelation. Even with a knowledge of London's birth statistics, it had been one thing to con figures, and another to see babies in street cars, babies in baby buggies, in sleighs, in go-carts, the streets alive with babies on parade every day to the recruiting headquarters in the Y. M. C. A. building.

The parade that has passed each day up the stairway in the Y. M. C. A. building to the baby clinic rooms has been nothing more nor less than a demonstration for the rights of childhood. One of the provincial exhibits has a collection of the banners under which London and Western Ontario babies have been taking their stand this week, banners bearing such inscriptions as "We Want Sensible Mothers," "We Want Thinking Fathers," "We Want Pure Food," "We Want Fresh Air," "We Want Proper Clothing."

The number of babies which came in from Western Ontario points on Thursday, notwithstanding almost impassable roads and uncertain trains, indicated the extent of the awakening in Western Ontario to the importance of a big strike for Baby's Rights, and the determination of Western Ontario babies to hold valiantly their own part of the line. While London has had the honor of producing the two perfect babies of baby week, from the standpoint of physical efficiency, and general development, Western Ontario sent in a fine, sturdy unit of winsome babyhood to do the Western Ontario honors.

Every day of the child welfare exhibit has emphasized more forcibly the need of permanent organized effort along the lines of saving babies and building up a healthy citizenship. In the 400 or more babies which have already been brought to the clinic, only two have scored as perfect. To be sure, a number have reached the excellent mark, but dozens, from the best of homes, in undergoing the tests, have shown the need of still better care. Adenoids, diseased tonsils, back troubles and other weaknesses entirely unsuspected by the mothers have been revealed. There have been strange cases, where King Baby has been a sick king indeed, because he has been receiving too much instead of too little food, or quite the wrong kind of food. King Baby's little system in one case after another has registered a protest against artificial feeding. There have been beads on his lungs and his bones have been improperly developed, as a result, even if he did look fair and fat. Having once seized the throne King Baby and all the members of the Royal Family of Babyhood have no intention of abdicating. They have taken a determined stand for their rights and are backed up by mothers, fathers and a public opinion that has grown up with magic. But it is such a deep-seated public opinion, withal, and built upon such a foundation of common-sense, justice and patriotism that there isn't a loophole for doubt to creep in concerning the backing the baby's rights movement is going to continue to receive in this part of Canada, even to financial support.

THREE DANGEROUS PARTIES.

THE Russians have their Bolsheviks, the United States has the I. W. W. and Canada has its own Nationalist party. While in some respects there is no connection between the three, yet the general aim—to establish a class at the cost of a democracy—is the same. The I. W. W. is said to have furnished leadership for the Bolshevik movement. When those Russian "radicals" who had attached themselves to the I. W. W. in America saw the early revolt which dethroned the czar, they secured passage to Russia. When it is recalled that Trotsky himself was held for some time at Halifax by the Canadian immigration authorities, the conjecture as to what might have happened in Russia had he been refused a permit naturally comes to mind.

The workmen of Russia after having waited in vain for the brutal action they craved of their leaders as the only sufficient indication of "progress" and freedom turned from Kerensky to the "Reds," who were prepared to slaughter, and in the name of democracy to become a more atrocious system than the secret police of the czar. The I. W. W. propagandists were awaiting the chance for a wholesale horror, and

they struck for blood. Today finds Russia on the brink of massacres of upper classes and bourgeois that, as William T. Ellis writes, will make the days of the French commune seem tame. A new chilling shuddering awaits the world, once the veil is lifted.

Our own Canadian Nationalists, while never advancing a doctrine of physical violence, except in certain notable instances by leaders now serving under the Borden banner, have at the same time talked and agitated for their class as against the whole people. Nationalism is a very dangerous influence in Canada. But Bourassa, like Trotsky, seems to have no serious trouble in having his "passport" issued. He fosters the doctrine with never a word of rebuke from Ottawa. If his paper were issued in another country it would be refused entry into Canada. The spread of Nationalism is seen in Ontario, and has a considerable following in Essex County. Loyal French-Canadians combat this influence, but at the same time Le Devoir will be found to have a considerable circulation in the neighborhood of Windsor.

GREAT WAR VETERANS.

THE Great War Veterans have done a great work in London this winter. They have performed their service of relief unobtrusively, and have by their worthy efforts won a high place among the organizations which work for the city. They are fortunate in having as officers men of common-sense and fine British spirit.

All citizens will unite in the hope that whatever else is done in the way of donations, the city should esteem it a privilege to make a substantial donation toward the home which the veterans are planning to erect. Hundreds of returned men are members of the association, and whenever the funds are required The Advertiser feels sure they will be forthcoming.

A POET KNEE DEEP IN SLUSH.

WE ALL DETEST the slush! Though it comes as a mediator from heaven in times of distress, we find it an unwelcome guest. The snow, the rain, the sun, the frost, the ice have all been sung in poetic celebration, but who ever heard of one satisfying verse about slush. With great delicacy we proposed the subject to our poet Bill the other day, hoping against hope that he might find some note of joy in his daily wanderings through the home trenches, and that slush might be dedicated as the friend of mankind. But even Bill is disgusted. In the silence of our heaped-up filerium he wrestled with artistic soul and brought forth the following issue:

OH, WHAT SLUSH!
These days it is slush, slush, slush,
With the streets and sidewalks all a mush;
In spite of wearing brand-new rubbers
We all feel like a lot of tubbers
While paddling through this slush.
With rubber-boots and high-heeled shoes,
And weather like this gives us the blues;
While walking about we begin to flop,
Get up and look about for a cop.
Saying what is not a prayer
When your next door neighbors see you there:
All we can do is softly swear
About this slushy weather.
Some folks give us the ha ha
When we try to catch on a street car
And lose our rubbers in the rush
While we are paddling through the slush.
Then when we get home again,
Read the proba that speak of rain,
Say to the wife, with a look of disdain,
We are as bad off as the folks in Spain.
No matter how we are dressed up,
When our way we go
First thing we know we are mused up
With the slush these autos throw.
But, alas, we must be contented
If we do not get killed in the crush.
For we will be lamented
By those who peddled through this slush.
—BILL.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Shiver and complain—and then think of the boys on the North Sea vigil.

We are glad to see the jaunty spirit with which the drafted men carry themselves. They have the stuff of which fighting men are made.

With dozens of babies crowding its spaces what a tempting target for a German air raider the Y. M. C. A. building would have been this week!

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice would have had one of the strangest stories of the war to tell had he lived. He held the mastery over German intrigue for many trying months.

The fire that took the lives of many infants at Montreal was no more cruel than the Hunnish air raiders who cast their explosives upon the schools and hospitals of Britain.

The death of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the death of Vernon Castle, the death of Donald McLean—all are incidents of the war that would in all probability have been avoided in peace. Statesmen and young crusaders are daily marked as sacrifices. The chivalry of their offering will not be lost on the world.

TO ALL MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

[Christopher Morley in Life.]
Felix Fivet, aged 3 weeks, was murdered by the Germans in Dinant, Belgium, "for firing on German troops."
—(See Hugh Gibson's "Journal From Our Legation in Belgium," pages 323-325.)
Whenever I see my baby, asleep and safe in bed,
Nestled against the pillow his fragrant little head,
And smoothing down the blankets his mother sings and stoops,
I think of Felix Fivet, who "fired on German troops."
When the last cathedral crumbles, when the cottages are dust,
When Prussian high commanders are sated of their lust,
When in his grand compassion, the Hun withdraws his men—
The blood-stained streets shall cry aloud when Belgium speaks again,
And every tortured hamlet and every vanished shrine
Shall testify, shall testify the horror of that time—
The buried, bootied cruelty, the anguish of the weak:
Dear God! That shall be Pentecost when Belgium mothers speak.
So when I see you safe in bed, my blessed sleeping boy,
And tightly clutch his head, you some best beloved toy,
And when your mother tucks you in, and by your crib she stoops,
I think of little Felix, who "fired on German troops."

NOR ICICLES IN JUNE.

[Guelph Mercury.]
A news note to the Toronto Star says that London, Ont., had no rain in January. Neither did it have a snow storm last August.

THE WESTERN VIEW.

[Vancouver Sun.]
Back east, where the coal famine prevails, they do not feed the furnace regularly any more. It is lucky if it gets an occasional light lunch.

Bits of Byplay
by Luke McLuke
—COPYRIGHT, 1917.

More wheateless days is the appeal
Of your great food salesmen.
And Thomson knows full well that
We'll take every day
At a wheateless day.
If that will beat the Kaiser.
Huh!
"You should never ask your friends
to do more for you than you would
do for them," said the Optimist.
"No," agreed the Pessimist. "They
wouldn't do it anyway."
Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is the universal
language?
Paw—Money, my son.

Oh!
"After all," said the Gothamite,
"morals is a matter of geography."
"Then this town is the geographical
limit," replied the Westerner.

No joke.
He longs to fondle and caress
The girl who's turned his head,
And what he says means whole lots
less.
Than what he leaves unsaid.

Notice.
C. A. Head, Pittsburg representative
of the James T. Downey Company, of
Chicago, has been appointed superintendent
of the Safety First Department
of the club.

Gosh!
We don't know why we should be,
but we do know that Mrs. B. Mad-
der lives at Broken Arrow, Okla.

Our Joe Miller Contest.
T. C. Ogden claims that the oldest
joke is the one about the lawyer from
a little town in Indiana who had
to go to Indianapolis on law business.
It was his first trip to a big city
and he was a little green. He put up
at a hotel and went into the dining
room. At the close of the meal the
colored waiter said: "What will you
drink, sah? Coffee, tea or milk?"
"Give me some tea," said the lawyer.
"Yes sah," replied the waiter. "What
kind do you prefer: Oolong, Hong
Kong, Poo-Chow, Young Hyson, For-
mosa, Nankin, Moyane, Pin Head or
Gunpowder, sah?" The lawyer was
somewhat confused, but finally replied:
"Bring me Store Tea, you dum fool.
Do you suppose I came all the way to
Indianapolis to get sassaparilla?"

Oh, Joy!
If he will let us know when he is going
to meet his best girl we will hang
around 801 Bank street, Cincinnati, and
see Joseph Kist.

Names is Names.
Garnet Deer lives at Urbana, Ill.
Our Daily Special.
It's a Poor Fool That Can't Be Work-
ed Both Ways.

Luke McLuke Says.
We do not know much about color
harmony. But we do know that green
never becomes a woman when she is
green with envy.
Politeness is merely something that
adults adopt to conceal the fact that
they are just as selfish as children.
The fellow who is so sure that
he won't deal with the local merchants
whom he has known for years is usually
the same fellow who is gulled by the first
stranger that comes along.
It does a man good to eat too much
greasy food once in a while. It makes
everything look black to him and makes
him think of his past and his future
and gives him a good sleep.
You often rent a house that is too
large. But you never rent a flat that is
too large.
The old man who is married for his
money and the old woman who is mar-
ried for her money are the best insur-
ance risks in the world.
A wife used to be satisfied with
clothes, but nowadays she considers an
automobile absolutely necessary in the
pursuit of happiness.
Do not despise the little things. A
peanut can ride out a storm that would
sink a battleship.

Wait a Minute!
By J. H. F.

Since the Weatherman started mixing
his stuff, Old Probabilities has been off
in his guesses. He could make no mis-
take in January, for it was all one
variety.

Fat women are the desideratum, as
John Noble would say, among many
races. Oh, well, that makes some of
us satisfied.

A Chicago lecturer says bow legs are
not nearly so common as they appear
to be. There appear to be a few bow
legs all right, but you must.

Some gent reminds to remark that
this is not a cold winter. He would
find fault with the Yukon, that bird.

The Germans may again wage war
on Russia. Trotsky and Lenin may
get the deed done, if it is done. We
don't feel very mad about this.

Senator Reed Smoot advocates a
monthly fast day. Fast days are com-
ing fast enough.

If Russia does not get a licking now
from Germany, it won't get it later on,
just as sure as shooting.

The new \$10,000 American bills have
a portrait of Gen. Grant on them. We
never expect to see Gen. Grant's por-
trait.

John Noble says something from
Belmont: A mass meeting of the repre-
sentative yeomanry of Belmont and
environment, comprising 200 men, as-
sembled in the Masonic Hall on Tues-
day afternoon to hear Mr. McGregor of
Tilbury, a disney name, elucidate the
fundamentals of the farmers' clubs.
John Noble presided efficiently, while
Stanley Finch of Mapleton was duly
suzzetted as recording secretary. The
enthusiasm engendered was marvellous.
After the syllabus had been discussed
enthusiastically, the meeting dispersed
absolutely to meet next Saturday for
crystallization.

The maximum volume of silk con-
signed to the Canadian Silk Producers
Company aggregates 45,000 pounds each
consignment four times a week.
The slogan of the wayfarer is that
the thoroughfares are a menace.

"Mary's Ankle" is the name of a
comedy. Many ankles on exhibition
there are jokes.

German soldiers may marry as often
as they like, according to official regu-
lations. After all, the Huns are often
suffering from punishment.

The Ladies Home Journal says of one
of the heroines in a story: "She wore
a coat of colored silk, enough to dis-
play about ten inches of the most rav-
ishing pink knees." A fine recruit for
the Kitties, that.

We read of an actress being robbed
of \$50 cash, and \$10 worth of jewelry.
She could not have been much of an
actress.

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