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The Transcript

Published every Thursday morning from The Transcript Building, Main Street, Glencoe, Ontario. Subscription—in Canada, $2.00 per year; in the United States and other foreign countries, $2.50 per year.

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MUNICIPAL VOTES FOR WOMEN

A measure entitled "The Municipal Franchise Act, 1922," which passed the Ontario Legislature last session with little discussion, has not received so much attention as it deserves. A few years ago the enfranchisement for municipal purposes of hundreds of thousands of women, which is the object of the act, would have been regarded as almost revolutionary. To-day it follows logically the adoption of woman suffrage in Provincial and Federal elections. There has been no reason for the delay in extending this right to municipal elections except that the women, after their victories in the wider spheres, rested on their laurels for a time. They owe their latest triumph to the initiative of farmers' wives who demanded to know why they could not go to the polls to vote for reeves, councillors and school trustees when they were on an equal footing with the men in choosing members of the House of Commons and the Legislature.

In effect the assessors are required to enter on the roll the names of the wives of owners and tenants, and they shall be entitled to vote at municipal elections. In cities of 100,000 and over it will not be necessary as in other municipalities to bracket the names of husbands and wives, but the names of the wives—where the husbands are rated or entitled to be rated—may be entered on a separate or supplementary assessment roll by the assessor or assistant assessor. The act will entail a great deal of work on assessors who do the enumerating, but the method appears to be the most convenient one. The new legislation enfranchises the wives, but leaves the daughters out of the reckoning. It is inconsistent that a young woman who is qualified to vote in Parliamentary elections should be held ineligible to take part in local affairs. Probably this anomaly will soon be removed.—Toronto Globe.

In the state of Iowa an education critic has been making an extensive investigation into the daily needs of 15,000 persons, of varying trades and professions, and has found how few of the painful arithmetical processes in public schools are utilized in adult life. He discovers that the arithmetic fetishes in public school curriculums and set by enlightened departments of education are not often employed even by bookkeepers and business men. In fact, the bugbear of the young student at school is quickly forgotten by the time he reaches manhood. There is very little use for these atrocious figure studies for the average scholar when he has to earn a living. They are merely nightmares of an obsolete school system, except to those few students who are destined to be teachers and will have to inflict them on another generation.

Canada's parliament assembled with the accustomed military and social display. Gov.-Gen. Lord Byng's speech from the throne outlined the government program for the season. Many vital measures are foreshadowed, one a bill to check combines and merges like the Canadian shipping combine on the great lakes. The session promises to be long and controversial, the western farmers being particularly active with various proposals. They insist upon the completion and operation of the Hudson's Bay railway, the creation this year of a state operated wheat board with compulsory powers to handle the season's crop, and some radical reform in banking.

PUBLIC HEALTH ACT

It may not be generally known that householders have an important duty to perform under "The Public Health Act" as it applies to communicable diseases, and that heavy penalty is provided in case of their neglect. At this time particular attention is drawn to section 53, sub-sections 1 and 2, of the act, as follows:

Whenever any householder knows or has reason to suspect that any person within his family or household, or boarding or lodging with him, has any communicable disease, he shall, within twelve hours, give notice thereof to the secretary of the local board or to the medical officer of health.

The notice may be given to the secretary or the medical officer of health at his office, or by letter, addressed to either of them, and mailed within the time above specified.

The act provides that any person who contravenes the provisions contained in the above section shall incur a penalty of not less than $25 nor more than $100.

CONCERNING HYDRO

By J. E. Middleton

In a recent electoral campaign a cheerful inquirer asked the Chairman of the Hydro-Electric Commission what would happen when he died—as if the whole genius, organization, and practice of the greatest electrical institution in the world were suspended on the life-thread of one man. The Chairman treated the interruption as lightly as it deserved, when he said that he was not going to die—at least that he had no intention of dying to please his enemies.

There was a time when the death of Sir Adam Beck would have made a mighty difference in the story of co-operative municipal ownership in Ontario. His energy and his persuasion were needed in the beginning to establish the principles of co-operation, to clear away misunderstandings, to prevent the rise of local jealousies and rivalries. His diligence and courage were needed to meet the opposition of private interests, to hearten the representatives of associated municipalities and to lay down principles of administration. Now all this spadework is done. The figures of ten years give proof that the enterprise is soundly based in every respect. The rate-schedules of hundreds of municipalities are saving to consumers millions of dollars annually. Customers of the "Hydro" in Ontario are paying for their service $10,000,000 a year and in the majority of cases the rates are from one-half to one-quarter what they were under private ownership, and what they are to-day in Buffalo, Detroit, Montreal, and other large cities on this Continent. An institution which is saving the public at the very least calculation Ten Millions a year assuredly deserves the popularity which it enjoys and justifies in full measure the work of the men who founded it.

The "Hydro" is established. It has "made good" in the most difficult economic time in the annals of the Modern world. Precedents have been laid down, a tradition has been built; a corps-spirit of enthusiasm lightens he work of the officials. Political considerations have been shut out of the administration. Such an institution has got beyond the danger-point. Public Opinion has been won to its side.

This does not mean that the work of the Chairman is ended. The "Hydro" still has many enemies who imagine that by hook or crook they can damage municipal ownership in the eyes of the people. Who can meet their attacks with more confidence and more success than the men who struggled through the difficult period, the veterans of a hundred fights? For this reason the longer Sir Adam lives, the better for the institution. Besides the question of the St. Lawrence is still unsettled. The one remaining water-power of large efficiency in the Province must yet be developed under co-operative municipal authority for the benefit of Eastern Ontario. There is "one more fight, the last and the best," and the Opposition has come to the final line of trenches. The Chairman has no time to die with this struggle impending.

The death occurred at the home of his sister, Mrs. Dugal McCallum, near Alvinston, on February 6, of Andrew Shields, in his 57th year.

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He Said He Understood Women

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

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Ben Underwood realized that all the neighborhood was interested in his courtship of pretty Alice Menefee. He knew that the folks near Alice's home and, in fact, all the folks in the Lakeside section of Brampton, where Alice resided, were wondering whether he would win Alice's hand or whether she would bestow it on his rival, Howard Brahm.

And Ben, realizing all this, tilted his chair still farther back and smiled at his good friend, old Mrs. Ferguson, through the smoke from his cigarette.

Mrs. Ferguson had been Ben's nurse when he was a baby. Now that her husband had become wealthy, she, too, resided in the Lakeside section of Brampton, but she had not outgrown her affection for Ben, and still mothered him, having no children of her own.

"You ought to be up and doing," declared Mrs. Ferguson, with asperity, evidently irritated by Ben's composure. "Brahm will be running away with the girl you ought to marry, before you know it, if you don't look out."

"She'll never marry him!" declared Ben positively.

Again he puffed contentedly on his cigarette. He could see, too, that in spite of Mrs. Ferguson's irritation his calm assertion had made quite an impression on her.

"Now, why do you say that?" she demanded.

"Because I understand women," declared Ben easily.

"Because you understand women!" Mrs. Ferguson exploded. "A lot you know about women. You'll see, you'll see!"

"Well, I understand this one woman—Alice, in particular," asserted Ben, bringing his chair down on all fours. "And I tell you she'll never marry Brahm. I'm as sure of it as—as—as anything at all!"

"But look at what he's doing for her," Ben's old nurse cried.

"He's always taking her out in that big automobile of his. And then look at that big house he's putting up. My, but it's a big one! And all the folks are saying he's putting it up for her. You ought to be putting up an even better one. You can afford it."

"I know I can afford it," said Ben, "but I'm not going to do it. I tell you I understand women and I know what they want. Now, don't you worry."

He stood up and patted Mrs. Ferguson reassuringly on her ample shoulder.

Mrs. Ferguson smiled a bit at this and caught his big, brown hand in hers.

"I hope you're right, I do hope you're right, Ben," she said. "I want you to have everything you want. And I know you want Alice."

"Yes," said Ben, as a wistful look came into his eyes. "I want Alice—bad."

For a moment he said nothing, his glance abstracted. Then he patted Mrs. Ferguson's shoulder once again.

"But I've got to work things out in my own way," he said. "I'm sure I'm right. I'm not going to sit by quietly and let Brahm walk right over me. I'm going to do something, all right. But I'm afraid you'd not approve of it."

"What is it?" demanded Mrs. Ferguson.

"That's a secret," Ben smiled. "I'll tell you later."

That night Ben went to see Alice and he knew that all the neighbors were watching closely as he drove up before her home in his last year's car and sauntered casually up the steps to the front door. Ben didn't care what the neighbors thought or said or did. If it afforded them entertainment to know he was calling on Alice, and if they enjoyed speculating about the outcome of the contest between Brahm and himself, let them keep on speculating. He didn't mind in the least.

Alice herself came to the door and greeted Ben with a cherry smile that made his heart pound loudly against his ribs and that brought home to him more forcefully than ever the fact that he wanted her very much, indeed.

Alice was a mighty pretty girl, though somewhat frail looking. She was the private secretary to the head of a big manufacturing company and worked hard all day. So Ben never stayed very late at night when he called on her. He knew she needed the rest and he felt it would be more considerate to her to go at a reasonable hour than to keep her up to all times of the night. And, surely, in this particular at least Ben demonstrated that he understood women.

"I'm going to a big party tomorrow night," said Alice, "with Howard. I suppose it will be fearfully late and there will be lots of people there."

"Yes?" said Ben, without much interest. "We've just taken the agency for a new vacuum cleaner down at our store," he went on, taking a seat beside Alice on the davenport. "It's a little affair, only weighs three pounds. People will use it to clean upholstery and get into corners and all that sort of thing. See here, here's how you could use it on this davenport."

Ben demonstrated the use of the article as best he could. As he did so he looked quickly and thoughtfully at Alice. What he saw in her face seemed to please him immensely, for he smiled delightedly.

"There's a friend of mine going to get married soon," went on Ben, "who's got one of the most complete little bungalows you ever saw. Everything all arranged so that the work of taking care of the house won't amount to anything at all. He's bought one of these new hand vacuum cleaners. He's bought a lot of other labor-saving devices from our store, too. Would you like to look at his bungalow?"

Again Ben looked carefully and thoughtfully at Alice. And again he smiled as she clapped her hands and looked pleased.

"I'd love to go!" Alice exclaimed.

"I'll come and get you Saturday afternoon," said Ben. "Maybe you can make some suggestions as to changes that ought to be made in the little bungalow."

Some time later, as Ben chugged down the street in his last year's car, his face wore a broad grin. Even the sight of the handsome new, big house on one of the most prominent corners in Lakeside, which was being erected by Brahm, failed to dampen his enthusiasm.

"I'll show these folks I do know a thing or two about women, after all," said Ben.

Ben still wore a smile on the following Monday when he was once more in Mrs. Ferguson's house.

"Ben," said Mrs. Ferguson, "I don't want to discourage you, but I'm afraid it's all off. I don't believe you've got any chance at all for Alice."

Ben puffed slowly at his cigar without showing much perturbation.

"Why not?" he asked, at last.

"Brahm's house will be finished soon and he's telling around he'll soon be taking his bride there. You know what that means?"

"Yes," said Ben, unperturbed. "It means nothing at all."

"Why?" demanded Mrs. Ferguson.

"Because," said Ben, "he doesn't understand women. Last Saturday I took Alice to see a little bungalow I told her a friend of mine was putting up. It's a neat little place—just the right size for a young couple. Plenty of labor-saving devices—just the sort of a house that a frail girl like Alice would love to be in. Do you think a great big house like Brahm's has any chance at all beside a little bungalow like that? Don't you think any girl would prefer to marry a man who thought so much of her that he wanted to give her a tiny, easy-to-take-car-of place, instead of a great big house where she'd be burdened to death?

Ben smiled at his old nurse as he said this. He saw her eyes glisten with delight.

"And the bungalow isn't your friend's at all!" cried Mrs. Ferguson delightedly. "It's yours. And you equipped it all ready to move in and then showed it to Alice for a surprise."

Ben smiled blandly.

"Not at all," he said. "It really does belong to a friend of mine!"

"But, I don't get the idea," exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson, greatly puzzled.

"Don't you see," he explained, "I showed the house to her so I could tell her it was my idea of the sort of a house she'd like to live in. But I didn't make the mistake of springing the whole completed job on her. Not at all! Why, one of the biggest things in any woman's life is planning the sort of a home she wants to live in, and actually seeing it go up! Remember that Brahm has put up his house to suit himself—to please himself and no one else in the world! Do you think Alice will ever marry him now?"

"No, I don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson emphatically and joyfully.

And Alice didn't marry Brahm. She's Mrs. Ben Underwood now, and very happy, indeed, in a little bungalow of her own designing, which is the envy of all her friends and relatives for its comfort and coziness.

Which goes to prove that Ben really knew what he was talking about when he said he understood women—the one woman, at least, in whom he was particularly interested.

MEANING HAS BEEN TWISTED

Word "Booze" Now Means Form of Intoxicants, but Originally It Was Far Different.

The popular use of the word "booze" has been considerably perverted. It is pure Turkish, and is the name of a widely used drink that is regarded as so far from intoxicating that its use is not only permitted but strongly recommended to the followers of the Prophet, whose religion makes them teetotallers.

For a long, long time "booze" has been used as a sort of generic name for intoxicating drinks, all the way from beer to champagne. Indeed, the dictionary so defines it, also defining the noun "boozer" as one who tipples, and the adjective "boozy" as "a little intoxicated; somewhat elevated or excited with liquor."

There is "boozing-ken," too, meaning a drinking shop. And for such use of these terms such high authorities are given as Kingsley and Macauley. The derivation is given as from the Dutch "buizen" and the German "busen," derived in turn from "buechse," a box; though what a good, honest wooden box has to do with strong drink does not appear.

Just So.

"I wish the centaurs were racing now!"

"Why?"

"Then you could get some stable information worth while."

HOCKEY

Carman Arena, Glencoe

Friday, February 16th

Northern Hockey League

FOREST vs. GLENCOE

Game called at 8.15

OLD-FASHIONED TEA MEETING

The Progressive Club, U.F.O. and U.F.W.O. will open their Hall at Woodgreen with an Old-fashioned Tea Meeting on

Thursday Evening, Feb'y 22nd

Mr. R. W. E. Burnaby, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Currie, of Strathroy, and Rev. Mr. Murphy and Mr. Frank McGregor, of Wardsville, will give addresses. Good Musical Program.

D. N. Munroe, Chairman. Supper served from 6 to 8.

Admission, 35c and 20c.

Come, and Bring Your Friends!