

50th Year,

Character Study of David Lloyd George, A Man Whose Ideas Are Flesh and Blood

[By A. G. Gardiner, Editor London Daily News and Leader.]

Mr. Lloyd George tells, with that boyish merriment that makes his so irresistible a companion, the story of a man who, having saved someone from drowning, was presented with a public testimonial. When, after the eulogies of the mayor, he was called upon to reply, he said, "Really, I have done nothing to deserve this reward. I saw the man struggling in the water and, as no one else was by, I saw he would be drowned if I didn't save him. So I jumped in, swam to him, turned him over to see that he wasn't Lloyd George, and then pulled him out."

There is nothing unusual in this story except its humor. You will hear the malignity without the humor wherever you go. You cannot escape it—in the tram, the train, the bus, on the platform, in the press, even in the pulpit. The amiable doctor who wrote to a contemporary insisting that any member of the faculty who attended Mr. George should be hounded out of the profession was not rebuking his brethren in terms of irony. He was stating what he believed to be the solemn duty of his class. The pests that afflicted society varied with the ages. Sometimes it was the black death, sometimes the smallpox, now it was Mr. Lloyd George. The significant thing is that the more polite the circles in which you move the more bitter is the hostility. I can only dimly imagine what happens when duke meets duke, for I am almost in the same formal position as Disraeli when he was writing his youthful novels of the great and the noble. "Your son," said an admirer to old Isaac, "your son must know quite a lot of dukes." "My dear sir," said Isaac, "I don't know whether my son has ever seen a duke."

Society and Mr. George. But in circles more accessible to the lowly, hatred of Mr. Lloyd George has become a frame of mind, a freemasonry, a kind of eleven commandment—unlike most commandments in the constancy with which it is observed. It is doubtful whether any statesman has ever aroused such bitter enmity in "society." The old lady, who when told at a royal funeral that Gladstone had entered the church, observed that she hoped "he wouldn't make a disturbance" truly reflected the feeling of society towards the "hideous refrain about letting Ananias and Judas go free to take in the Grand Old Man." But at least Gladstone had been to Eton—at least he was "one of us," a traitor, it was true, but still with something of the splendor of the fallen angel about his beautiful head. But Mr. George did not go to Eton; he went to a penny village school, worse, a Welsh village school, the uncle who brought him up did not own land, he mended boots—think of it, oh, Mayfair! He mended boots and preached in a strange tongue in a little tabernacle at the foot of the mountains. And now, but words fall Mayfair. It feels that the linchpin has fallen out of the universe. The truth is that someone has turned over a stone in the field and all the little creatures who have dwelt under it are running about in wild confusion and with wild cries.

At the Breakfast Table. And what of the man who has turned the stone? As he sits before you at the breakfast table, he seems the most light-hearted and untroubled of men. Even little Megan, who passes you the jam—for you help yourself in this little room—does not seem more gay, nor the black pug that snores on the hearthrug more free from care. Perhaps he has been up at an all-night sitting, perhaps he is in the midst of a word crisis. No matter; there is not a care in life, not a cloud in the sky. The sun streams over the broad parade ground of the Horse Guards outside, it streams in at the window, it streams through the talk. The postman has brought the usual delivery of anonymous vilification (unstamped). The victim is radiant as he reads aloud some new flowers of venomous abuse, the denunciation of his well-known habit of plundering the treasury. How, if he has not plundered the treasury, has he built that castle at Orliceth? "Two rooms and a kitchen on the ground floor," interpolates the plunderer gaily. "And I wanted three so badly," says his wife. Mr. George makes no repudiation of the charge; nay, he delights to prove it. He supposes he's very rich? "Well, said my friend, he gets £5,000 a year." "Yes, indeed," said the shepherd, knowingly, "but that's not it. He's near the pike." His eyes dance with mirth at this final and damning proof of his shame. For on his brow, as Mayfair will readily understand, shame is ashamed to sit. No exposure will do him any good—not even the Welsh shepherd's. Or, perhaps, one of the letters reveals his secret intention of setting up the guillotine in Whitehall. The idea delights him—he develops it with enthusiasm. He insists that the parade-ground outside should be designed by nature and the architect for an auto race, he discusses who shall go in the first tumbler, he gallops on in sheer revelry of invention. It is the sparkling improvisation of a spirit all fun and fancy. A book arrives by post.

"Christina Rossetti." "Yes, sweet meditative verse," he says. "Beautiful—for occasional use. It is like a shelter on the mountain side when you are caught in a storm. You are grateful for it, but you cannot stay in it long. You must get out into the free air and wind, and even the hall."

Action, Action, Action.

And as he puts the book down a little indifferently, I seem to feel for the first time that a chill has come over him. The spirit of that quiet cell of reverie in which Christina Rossetti habitually dwelt makes no appeal to the devouring thirst for action which possesses him. He has little use for shelters on mountain sides or elsewhere. He has the fever of motion in the blood, and is always at the gallop. "Rest?" said a famous Frenchman. "Shall I not have all eternity to rest in?" And Mr. George too is determined



to reserve his rest till the great silence falls. He has never learned the gentle art of loafing, never sat on the beach in the sunshine all the morning and flung pebbles at nothing in particular. Never felt that intoxicating peace which falls on one when there is literally nothing to do and all the day to do it in. A holiday is splendid for a day, tolerable for two days—the third day you discover that he has flown. He has poetry in him, but it is not the poetry of "wise passiveness." I have never heard him mention Wordsworth. It is the poetry of life and action that moves him—the poetry of sudden and swift emotions, of old, of the poetry of the clash of swords and the hint of battles long ago. Hear him picture those descents from their fastnesses in the mountains of the wild Welshmen upon the towns on the plain. You may almost hear the thunder of the hoofs and see the flames of the burning towns that they leave in their wake. And at the head of the raiders there rides a slight man with a large head, a gay laugh and a dancing eye. I think I know him.

The Battle Spirit.

For the fundamental fact about Mr. George is that he is a fighter, and since it is no longer possible to lay waste the towns on the Welsh marches with fire and sword he is out with other weapons to lay waste English Toryism. Never was there such a devastating fury of a man. He leaps to battle as joyfully as Lord Herbert of Chesham. "The first words I heard," says that fiery Welshman in his autobiography, "was 'Darrest thou come down Welshmen?' which I no sooner heard, but, taking a sword in one hand and a target in the other, I did in my shirt run down the stairs, open the

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A FIELD OF BURLEY TOBACCO, GROWN AT THEDFORD IN 1912. THAT YIELDED 1,700 POUNDS TO THE ACRE IN A POOR TOBACCO YEAR.

Dr. A. J. Grant, secretary of the Thedford board of trade, and a former resident of London, is one of the foremost in the army that follows the "Stay in Ontario" banner. Although Dr. Grant has a large practice in his district, he finds time to grow fruit and tobacco in the Thedford district, which is akin to the famous Arkona district in so far as fertility is concerned. Dr. Grant has the spirit of the new agriculture. He had it before the new movement in Western Ontario was crystallized, and he recognized that the keynote had been sounded in the campaign, conducted by The Advertiser, to encourage the district along with others in the progress of the new progressive movement. He has taken up fruit-raising and tobacco-growing extensively, and

Britain Has Enormous Lead In Naval Power

In his speech introducing the navy estimates on March 18 last, Mr. Churchill announced the policy of the admiralty to be the maintenance of a 60 per cent superiority over Germany in ships of the Dreadnought type. Subsequently he dealt upon the necessity for taking into consideration the quality of the ships and squadrons concerned in any comparisons. Britain's present superiority of 22 to 13 over Germany's completed Dreadnoughts represents a British margin of 69.2 per cent—well over the figure which the admiralty deem to be necessary.

There are some naval publicists who (when it suits their case) elect to compare fleets on the basis of total displacement, and if this method be adopted as between Great Britain and Germany at the present moment, it will be found that Britain's superiority is only 61.5 per cent—the total tonnage of our Dreadnoughts being 446,950 tons to Germany's 276,760 tons.

Since the beginning of the Dreadnought era, however, the designers of British battleships have given ample evidence of being able to put far more fighting power into a ship of given displacement than their rivals on the continent of Europe have been able to do.

Smaller Ships, But Better Guns. Germany possesses, in the Kaiser and Friedrich der Grosse, two battleships larger in displacement than anything yet completed for the British navy, for while their displacement is 24,110 tons, the displacement of the King George V. is only 23,600 tons. On the other hand, the Kaiser's main battery is 11 inches, while that of the King George V. is no less than 14,000 pounds.

This system of comparison applies not only to the latest ships of the two powers, but to the whole of them, as will be seen from the following table:

	Completed ships	Tonnage	No. of guns	Wt. of fire	Average broadside	Average per 1,000 tons
Britain	22	446,950	1,322	191,100	8,696	407.5
Germany	13	276,760	1,112	138,500	7,482	428.8
Superiority	69.2	61.5	17.4	36.2	16.3	22.6

In face of these figures it is as well to remember that a 60 per cent superiority over Germany in Dreadnought numbers means, on the facts adduced, a superiority of considerably more than that in fighting power.

A superiority of 160 ships to Germany's 100 (which is 60 per cent), would, according to the present comparison between the completed ships of the two powers, involve a total British broadside of 1,891,360 pounds, to a German total of 743,200 pounds, or a British superiority of 87.2 per cent in actual fighting power.

THE NEW PUBLIC HEALTH

The Advertiser Bureau of Public Health Information. QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, COMMENTS. Conducted by Institute of Public Health, London, Ont.

Questions should be addressed "The New Public Health," care The Advertiser, London, Ont. Private questions accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, will receive private answers. Medical treatment for individual cases cannot be prescribed.

Replies to Questions

A MOTHER.

(a) Are nursing infants in danger of catching disease from adult persons with whom they come in contact? Is this talk of risk in kissing infants all moonshine, or should we really be more careful?

Answer.—Nursing infants receive germs from the mouths of those who kiss them on the lips; also, when the infant crowds into him, mouth his own hands that other people have kissed, or handled with their hands, smeared with discharges from their own lips, or nose, or handkerchief. Of course, the mother transfers her mouth germs to the baby when she tries his teaspoonful of water with her own lips before she gives it to him, or sucks the rubber nipple to see how well it draws.

Now, if these germs the baby gets into it, are germs of tuberculosis, of "colds," etc., the baby may contract the disease. Curiously enough, nursing infants rarely contract measles, seldom scarlet fever, notwithstanding that all the brothers and sisters may get it, or even the mother, who is nursing him.

The kissing and fondling of infants by miscellaneous strangers is, therefore, disgusting, and to some extent dangerous, depending wholly on what particular infections the particular strangers who do it happen to be carrying. To let the whole family and half the neighbors feel the baby's tooth means that his little mouth is made a dumping ground for the discharges of the nose and mouth, sometimes the bladder and bowel, of half of them at least.

The baby has troubles enough without these added risks. Strangers should not touch him, and "strangers" should include all but his mother, just as far as practicable. H. W. HILL.

(b) Is there danger in allowing children to crawl over floors—I mean as regards germs?

Answer.—Yes, if dangerous germs are on the floor. People still spit on floors; and those who are civilized enough not to do so nevertheless bring in upon their shoes the spit of others who are not yet civilized. Whatever we step into comes into the house; and if we step into horse manure or spit or worse, it comes in just the same.

The baby creeping on all fours gathers these things upon his hands and puts them in his mouth. If disease germs are amongst the collection he thus gathers the chances of disease developing are great—so much so that it has been seriously taught that tuberculosis is largely contracted in infancy although often it does not show until later life. This is probably exaggerated, but the danger is quite evident. Babies should crawl—it is good and right for them to do so, but not in other people's spit, or over dog or cat tracks. Spread a piece of clean sheeting or similar material on the floor, surrounded by a "fence," and let the baby crawl there until he learns to walk. H. W. HILL.

(c) Are adenoids contracted in small children by using a rubber nipple?

Answer.—No. Adenoids are overgrowths of part of the membrane which lines the space back of the nose, above the throat. This overgrowth sometimes occurs in children without any apparent cause. At other times the overgrowth is the result of repeated colds just as enlargement of the tonsils follows repeated attacks of sore throat. Occasionally these "adenoids" result from the presence of tubercle bacilli.

These masses obstruct the breathing through the nose so that the child is

forced to become a "mouth breather." The chief point to be remembered about "adenoids" is to have them taken out. It is believed by many that enlarged tonsils and adenoids may be neglected in the child because they may disappear as the child grows older. True, but remember that the damage done to the child's development while they exist does not disappear if they are thus neglected.

E. FIDLAR.



DR. E. FIDLAR, of the Institute of Public Health, whose splendid article for this week likens the human body to a great city. It is an article that makes the whole matter understandable to the lay reader.

[Written for The Advertiser by Dr. E. Fidler, of the Institute of Public Health.]

Man's conscious weapon against his greatest enemy, Disease, might well be figured as a trident, for the vast subject of general medicine resolves itself into three parts—Pathology, the study of disease; Therapeutics, the cure of disease; and Public Health, which is concerned with the prevention of disease. What disease really is we do not know, for since we cannot define life, we cannot define disease. But we do know some of the manifestations of life, and so we know also some of the manifestations of disease.

Body Like a Huge City.

The human body may be likened to a huge city of countless citizens called "cells." These cells belong to certain tribes called "tissues," and, just as the tribe of Levi became priests for the children of Israel, so our cells tribes have each their particular function. Thus we have fat tissue, muscle tissue, nerve tissue, bone tissue, and so forth, each tissue comprised of many individual fat cells, muscle cells, nerve cells and bone cells, respectively. One tissue often spoken about has the function of filling in spaces and supporting other tissues and is known as connective tissue, and when it fills in a breach in the wall of our metaphorical city we call it scar tissue.

This great community of ours is the most marvelous perfection of harmonious co-operation. Several different tissues are here and there, grouped together to form a part of the body with a special function. Such a part is known as an "organ." Some of these organs are like immense factories employing millions of workers to make some specialized product which is necessary for the existence of

the whole city. The pancreas is such an organ, producing a wonderful "secretion," which contains several digestive "ferments," complex substances required to alter our food.

The food entering the great highway (the alimentary canal), which passes through the midst of our city, is reduced to simpler soluble substances by the output of just such factories as the pancreas. These simpler substances are built up into the food, which our cells require much in the same way as bread is made by the baker from flour and salt and water. This food is poured into the blood to be distributed to cells at a distance, first through flexible tubes, the blood vessels, finally through the spaces between cells, the "tissue spaces," which correspond to streets. If now you can imagine your meat and bread and butter passing by the door of your real house like the buckets on an endless chain, that all you need to do at meal-time is to reach out and take what you want, then you may appreciate the position, say, of a nerve cell placed far off from the base of supplies. Imagine, further, that heat is supplied to your house in much the same way as it is to down-town office buildings from a central heating plant; that pure, fresh air is supplied constantly and bountifully; that the waste from your house is immediately carried away either by the endoskeleton system, or by specially-trained scavengers (the phagocytes); that the streets are well patrolled by the phagocytes, who can be not only scavengers, but warriors; imagine all this and you may have some conception of the functions of the blood and the complete network with which each fixed tissue cell in the body is served, so that it can perform its particular duty without interruption.

A Horde of Bad Characters.

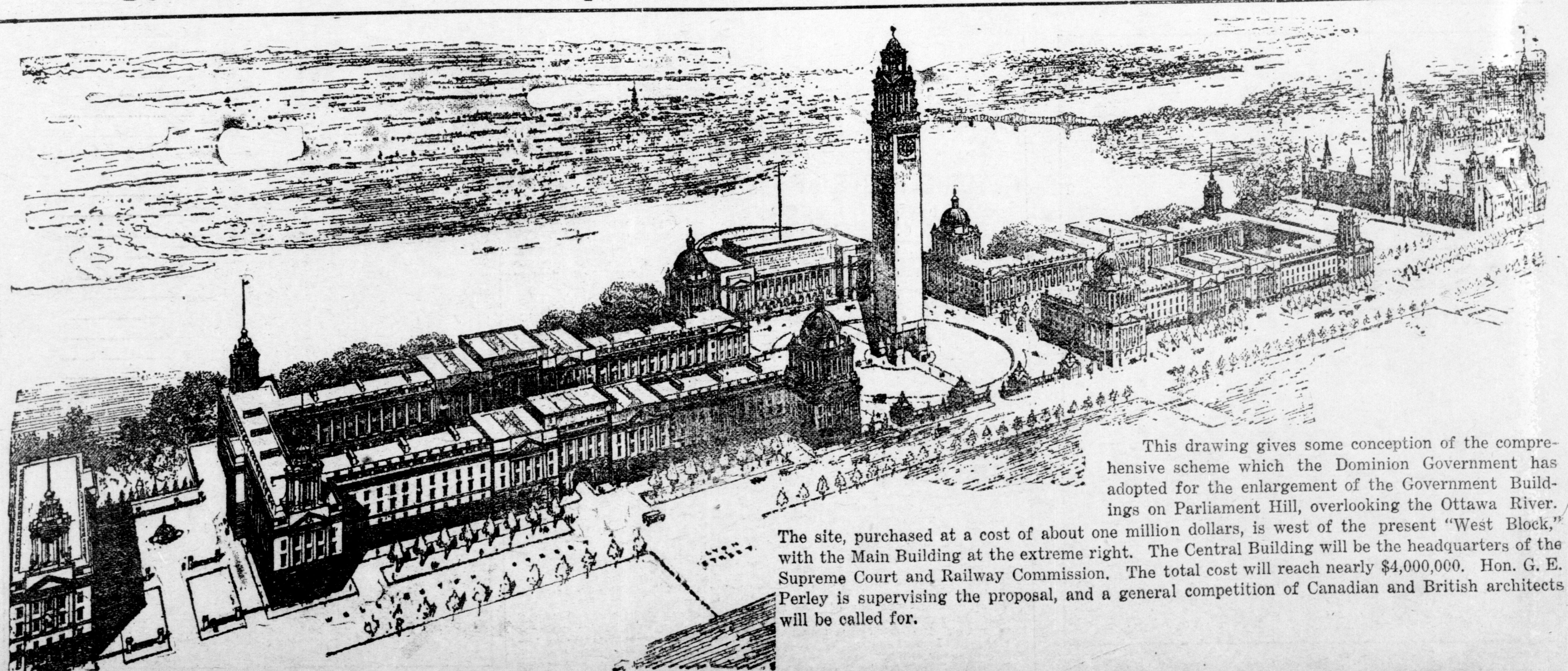
Now this great highway by which the raw food materials enter our city is infested with ruffians, beggars, sneak thieves, confidence men, and a host of other petty pests, but sometimes, also, with dangerous enemies.

The latter gain entrance to the city in much the same way as the men who took Littlejohn castle. They conceal themselves in a convoy of provisions and suddenly make their appearance when safely within the walls. The typhoid bacillus is just such an invader. The diphtheria bacillus and the pneumo coccus are similar enemies and pass the ivory gates unrecognized. As long as these foreign inhabitants remain in the great highway most of the organs are tolerated, but real danger comes when they try to make their way between the houses into the city precincts proper. Many are met, killed and carried off by the war-like police-men, but sometimes they are able to resist these phagocytic cells successfully and, using the food so ready at hand, and being most prolific, they soon establish a colony of their own. With great rapidity they manufacture poisoned foods, the meat and bread and butter, so to speak, having the same appearance as those made up by the body's own cells, but concealing a subtle poison. These substances are put out into the circulation, mixed with the good food, and resembling it exactly in outward appearance. And now what happens?

Nerves a Telegraph System. A certain nerve cell, for example, whose duty it is to control the calibre of certain tubes conveying food and heat to the outskirts of the community, finds it necessary in proceeding with its daily occupation to secure nourishment and so takes some of the meat and bread and butter passing by. Shortly after this meal a message comes to the nerve cell that the outskirts are wishing more heat, ask that the tubes be widened. When about to telegraph back the usual consenting order, the cell, its poisoned meal just finished, becomes suddenly ill; a partial

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General View of New Departmental Buildings To Be Erected at Ottawa



This drawing gives some conception of the comprehensive scheme which the Dominion Government has adopted for the enlargement of the Government Buildings on Parliament Hill, overlooking the Ottawa River. The site, purchased at a cost of about one million dollars, is west of the present "West Block," with the Main Building at the extreme right. The Central Building will be the headquarters of the Supreme Court and Railway Commission. The total cost will reach nearly \$4,000,000. Hon. G. E. Perley is supervising the proposal, and a general competition of Canadian and British architects will be called for.