

London Advertiser

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Mr. Hay's Position.

F. Wellington Hay, in an address in the Ontario Legislature, brought up several matters in connection with hydro power. In none of his utterances was he the least antagonistic to the hydro plan of developing and distributing power as a public-ownership undertaking. His big point was that the municipalities which became financially responsible for the undertaking should have a voice in the management.

But when the Liberal leader brought up the matter of more favorable power rates for the smaller centers he encountered opposition. Mr. Hay could not see the justice of a smaller community having to pay \$38 per h. p. when a larger place 25 miles further from the source of supply paid only \$19, or just one-half the amount.

As soon as he tackled this problem the critics get after him, and they speak in terms of watts and over-head. The Toronto Globe starts out to show Mr. Hay where he is wrong, and says:

"The actual cost of providing stepped-down electric energy to a village of two hundred houses is far greater per house served than the cost of providing energy of like voltage to the closely-packed houses in a city like Toronto, Hamilton, or London. In supplying electricity to farms it may be necessary to run half a mile of wire for a single consumer, while on the average it is probable that there are not more than three or four consumers per mile of wire throughout the townships—other than those devoted to fruit-growing."

No doubt this is quite right and easily proved from facts, data and other mechanical details. Mr. Hay, we take it, is trying to move out into the larger sphere of bringing people in rural districts and small centers within the range of benefit from the use of hydro for power and light.

When Mr. Hay approaches the matter from that angle he is on perfectly safe ground. It does not indicate, as Mr. Halverson of Hamilton claims, that he knows nothing of hydro, nor does it show, as the Globe claims, that he is assuming an attitude that is impossible and wrong because the book of rules says the game shall be played according to the laws of the big league.

There is more worth in Mr. Hay's argument than might appear on the surface. If the benefits of hydro development are to be so distributed that they are going to give benefit where benefit is needed should there not be more consideration for smaller places? If not, then we are giving assent to a plan that will cause people to huddle more and more in the larger centers. It would not be possible for Mr. Hay to work out a schedule to back up his ideas, and he did not weaken his case by not doing so. He has shown that he is willing to take his stand as an advocate for rural districts and smaller centers that are being sapped because cheap power and cheap light is a large factor in making the larger centers better employment markets.

Speaking of Teeth.

Most people will be sorry to hear of the death in New York of the little chap who was born with a full set of teeth.

It did look as though we were coming to something new and quite worth while, for surely the plan of having the stork drop a card saying that teething was attended to would be a great saving of sleep and worry. No more of those rubber corkers that they poke into baby's mouth. No more searching around for a napkin ring or a spoon holder with a handle that could be bitten. And just imagine dispensing with all those days when the youngster is as cross as two sticks because he's trying to hatch out his share of eye and stomach teeth.

You know those two teeth that always come first right in the middle down at the bottom. Joyful, isn't it, when those two sprout? But just imagine being able to dangle the son and heir on your arm and show off a whole mouthful of teeth.

It's too bad that little New Yorker didn't live. He was surely the pioneer of an advanced idea.

The Charge Against Labor.

The retiring president of the Engineering Institute of Canada, in an address at Montreal, paid his respects to labor unions in no uncertain terms. In one place he is quoted as saying:

"Labor organizations have become schools of instruction in doctrines that are false and dangerous, doctrines which encourage the so-called worker to do less and less work, to be something other than a worker, with the result that production is restricted and that prices advance, and a condition arises in which the trades unionist is relatively worse off."

This charge is not a new one, and there are cases where actual figures have been quoted to show a deliberate attempt to cut down the amount of production under the guise of making employment for more men for a longer period of time.

But it is not fair that the charge should be made in such a general

way, because there are many unions that would not for one minute stand for this sort of business. Any doubter is welcome to come along and watch the men engaged in the production of daily newspapers, nearly all of them union men. Time is valuable; mails must be caught at certain very definite hours, and it is a matter of pride for the whole mechanical department when office schedules are upheld.

Other trades are no doubt able to produce similar records. It is not right, even if there are manipulators in some quarters of the labor movement, to put a blanket charge of loafing over many men who do a good day's work every day.

The Pace That Kills.

A Chicago couple, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Beardsley, sent invitations to their friends to a supper and dance at the College Inn "in honor of their separation."

The idea was supposed to be something unique, smart, out of the ordinary.

Man and wife had secured a separation from the loose bonds of matrimony now in vogue in United States, and were prepared to have a justification thereof.

Smart, unique, out of the ordinary. This business of hacking at the very vitals of civilization is treachery to the age and treason to heredity.

Meanwhile Canadians are satisfied to have their celebrations confined to wooden, tin, silver, and golden weddings.

Decoration Days.

London is not at all unanimous about what sort of receptacle is the best for the handling of its garbage. After the carts pass along some of the thickly-housed streets the boulevards look as though some young force of destruction had visited the scene.

The old wash boiler still has a big following. After it has sprung so many leaks that it cannot be mended it passes from the laundry to the back porch. But it is second fiddle to the soap box and the tea box. Here and there is a very peculiar household that has regular garbage cans with covers to fit. These places are considered to be a little too fussy. The real honest-to-goodness garbage can won't chum up with the old wash boiler or the soap box.

Some day we may advance to the stage where the city will supply a uniform garbage receptacle, easy to handle, and well covered; the cost of these will be the lowest possible figure, and may even be borne in part by the city. It would make the work of collecting more rapid and pleasant. It would mark the end of the hit and miss collection of garbage boxes with which we persist in disgracing and cluttering up our streets at present.

Note and Comment

Trotsky, according to reports, has taken a new wife, handsome, and a regular knock-out for dress. He apparently goes on the party that when a wife gets to be forty a husband should change her for two twenties.

The Brantford Expositor thinks that Mr. Bone is needed at home to work on his suggestive teaching of every day improvement right in his own land. It is very easy for world campaigners to overlook their own backyard.

A despatch from Russia tells that the people there were so hungry last year that they ate all the cats. So this year the place is deluged with mice, there being no cats left to eat the mice. Well, if the people ate cats last year, why should they not eat mice this year? One should be as good as the other.

A policeman in Lindsay caught a man on the roof at night. Before he put on the handcuffs it was found out he was a clerk cleaning off the snow. Next night a burglar climbed in a skylight and took \$4,000 worth of furs, and the officer missed him. But how can they expect a man to try front and back door knobs and look on the roofs at the same time?

The Fordney-McCumber tariff is making Canada trade more with Britain and less with United States. The framers of the measure certainly had no intention of bringing this about when they slammed the trade door in Canada's face. Canada is taking the one sure way of bringing the tariff extremists of United States to their senses.

Middlesex County Council and London City Council will have a joint committee which will meet now and then to tie up these two great constituencies. London has become a splendid center it is largely because of the great district in which it is located. The idea of thinking and acting in terms of the whole district is an excellent one. It is the kind of broadening out that we need.

A New York judge hands down a decision that forms a lively bit of a club to put in the hands of the barbers. He says a barber can collect for shave, haircut, shampoo, and all the rest, unless the victim refuses to allow the barber to keep on operating on him. Thus a man setting out for a haircut may be loaded up with a shave, shampoo, singe, manicure, shoe shine and his ears set back, and have to pay or leave chattels for the whole performance.



Legal Queries.

SCHOOL AFFAIRS.

Editor Advertiser:—At the annual school meeting is it the school law for the three trustees to decide among themselves who shall be the janitor?

Answer:—Yes. Or is it in the school act that it be decided by a vote of the ratepayers?

Answer:—No. Can such a meeting of the trustees be held elsewhere than in the school?

Answer:—No. Can such a meeting be held at one of the trustees' homes?

Answer:—Yes. Hoping to see these questions answered correctly in the columns of The London Morning Advertiser, I am, Dutton, January 29, 1923.

SEPARATION PAPERS.

Editor Advertiser:—Sir, Could you supply the following answers?

I have been separated from my wife for about two years and have proper legal separation papers. Since that, I have come into some property. Can my wife claim any or part of the property now?

Answer:—Kindly answer in your next paper and oblige. **CONSTANT READER.**

Answer:—If you will bring or send your separation papers to our Legal Editor, we will then be able to advise you in the matter.

Politics—Powder

WILLIAM McDONALD, editor of the Chesley Enterprise, was touring the northern part of this district a few days ago. In this week's issue of his paper, as a result, there is a heading that hops right up and says to the reader: "Look here!" The Chesley heading says: "Oh, Agnes!" And thus pens the Enterprise publisher:

"Last Friday afternoon we took the train to Elmwood on business. We sat near the end of the car. About midway in the same car and on the same side sat a lady whom we remembered having seen somewhere before. All of a sudden it dawned on us that it was Miss McPhail, member for South Grey, who was on her way to a public meeting at Hanover. We were sure we were right when the genial brakeman leaned over our seat and said: 'Did you see Agnes McPhail powdering her nose and looking in the mirror to see if it was done right?' We had noticed something going on in movements, as the lady member's back was to us. When we got off with a merry twinkle in his eye, saluted us thus: 'Did you catch Miss McPhail with the powder puff?' These trainmen had often seen their own wives dab a little bit of powder on their noses before attending some social function, then why should they notice a woman on the train going through the same performance? Because Miss McPhail, from the speeches she has made about the way those snippy little town girls had given her the cold shoulder in Owen Sound when she attended the Collegiate Institute there didn't seem to them as though she was just like ordinary women. They didn't reckon that the hectic life of the city and the social life of the capital have had their effect on the only lady M. P., and the democratic Agnes has succumbed to the wiles of the wicked world, and bedaubed her nose in public and viewed her features in a mirror with all the cool assurance of a full-fledged flapper. All the women are doing it, why shouldn't Miss McPhail? Since a deep sleep first fell on Adam and a rib was taken out of his side to make a woman, she has been trying to be attractive, and this will continue till the crack of doom. When we shook hands with Lady Brontë at the press convention this summer we detected traces of powder on her aristocratic nose. Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen's wife doesn't mind a few touches of the pearly powder, and Premier King's wife, if he had one, would likely bedeck her nose on occasions too.

If Agnes McPhail falls for other customs as readily as she has for the mirror and powder puff, she'll soon be like other women, and every woman will like her better too, for an body will like her better too, for an effeminate man and a masculine woman always seem to be out of order. The sea-shell pink may suit the cheek, but it isn't the right color for the nose; hence, women have recourse to the powder puff. The member for South Grey is no longer an unique feminine personality—she has all the foibles of her sex."

The Daily Story

FROM SOUP TO NUTS.

By Jane Osborn.

When it was agreed that Ballister, father and mother, should go to California the first of November, the rest of the Ballisters rather took it for granted that the usual Thanksgiving reunion at the Elms should be dispensed with. That is, all by 20-year-old Janet, who was remaining at home that winter with old Uncle Ned, her brother, Tom, still at high school, and faithful Maggie, in the kitchen.

"Of course, we're going to have Thanksgiving here same as usual," Janet told her brother, Malcolm, as he was starting off for college. "and you can bring home a couple of boys with you if you want, and we'll have Uncle Jed and old Mrs. Titus and everybody, the same as usual. I guess I can cook a Thanksgiving dinner all right."

"Good for you, Janet," was the brother's answer. "I hate not to come home for the holiday. If your household allowance comes out count on me to make up the difference. Have everything from soup to nuts."

Janet agreed. The Tuesday before Thanksgiving, Janet began making lists of what she would need in order to make her Thanksgiving bit of fare complete, and she began reading cookery books and compared a dozen different recipes for turkey stuffing, trying to find the one that contained the largest collection of ingredients. She had been practicing for a month in making pie crust and was quite an expert. She rejected a slim dinner in the kitchen, Maggie being allowed to intrude only when time came to wash up the dishes, for Maggie was a notoriously poor cook.

Wednesday night at 8 her brother arrived with two classmates. They had had dinner on the way, knowing that "company" was due the day before Thanksgiving would not be a welcome proposition to any housewife. A flushed but happy Janet met them in the family living-room after Maggie had let them in.

"Well, sister," beamed Malcolm, "how goes it? We've brought husky appetites and a slim dinner in the kitchen. Maggie being allowed to intrude only when time came to wash up the dishes, for Maggie was a notoriously poor cook."

Janet nodded in proud affirmative. "How many of the turkey weight?" said one of the companions, feeling that he ought to add his comment.

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plain and apologize and pay them two or three times as much as the turkey had been worth. The good woman looked surprised. "We don't give out turkeys," she explained. "They are so expensive. We've had chicken and roast pork in the dinners—but every dinner has been assigned. You know you have to have your application in ahead of time—I'm sorry."

Janet sighed and withdrew. At the door she sighed again, and thinking of the fiasco of her Thanksgiving dinner without her brother assigned, her hands convulsively clenched.

Janet looked, recognized and then rushed out the door. But he followed. It was Roderick Black—Roderick Black, with whom Janet had quarreled two years before over a trifle. Janet hadn't ever intended to speak to him again—so she assured herself.

"Something wrong?" Roderick asked as Janet tried to turn her head from him. "You wouldn't be here at this time of night? I've promised to deliver some dinners in my car." Roderick was leading Janet to the car, to drop her at the curb. "Hop in," he ordered. "and in a minute I'll be back with the baskets."

When Roderick returned he found Janet weeping quietly, for she was more exhausted than she knew from the long work of the day. She was bitterly disappointed about the lack of a turkey. Added to that, the sight of Roderick was too much.

Roderick took Janet beside him in front, and as they went slowly toward her home she explained.

"I wasn't ever going to speak to you again," she said with a sob in her voice, "but I had to tell someone. I think I'm half-witted or something. No one with a brain would forget the turkey for Thanksgiving."

Roderick soothed with one hand and drove the other, but he did not drive to the Elms. Instead, he drove a mile beyond to a rather famous country tavern. There he came to a stop, a client of mine. He's a good fellow, plenty of turkeys for the crowd tomorrow. Wait a bit and I'll see what I can do for you."

Janet waited. Inside Roderick was told that turkeys were scarce, that it would be ruinous to business to give a turkey for a twenty-pound bird. He doubled the amount, paid cash and came out with the turkey under his arm.

He drove Janet home before he went about delivering the church dinners.

"I don't know whether to have dinner at the Salvation Army or at the inn tomorrow," Roderick said. "If you would like to come and have it with us," Janet asked.

That gave Roderick courage. Before he would let Janet and her turkey out of the car at the back door of the Elms he asked her, as he had asked her on several other occasions, to marry him, and Janet said yes. Then she fled into the kitchen, threw off her ragged shawl, put on an enormous dress to hide her old dress and walked slowly into the living-room.

"Whose car just drove up at the back door?" asked Malcolm.

"I guess that was the turkey," said Janet with an air of unconcern. "By the way, I expect Roderick Black for dinner tomorrow. You don't object?"

"Why? I thought you and Rod weren't speaking."

Janet laughed merrily. "That's ancient history," said Janet, and as she had her brother's good night a few minutes later she said: "We may have something interesting to tell you tomorrow."

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MAN VS. WOMAN.

"I have yet to be convinced that are given all the brains,"—Mrs. E. N. Burnard, in The Advertiser.

Since Eve and her partner, old Adam, "Twas ever in the garden began, 'Twas ever that woman is weaker than man."

And history throughout the ages Has shown us—in action and thought—How man has achieved this distinction. What marvels he's wrought.

Yet woman is never undaunted, She always contented today; For weak though she is, she's strong enough To get her own way.

And one thing can never be contested Whatever the records we scan: That woman (pre-eminent) is mother of man.

WILLIAM GILES.

1,754,929 LBS. INCREASE FOR "SALADA." This figure, which represents the tremendous progress in public favor which "SALADA" has made during 1922, can be attributed only to its invariably high quality and tea-pot satisfaction.—Adv.

Your Health

AVERAGE HEARTY MEAL?

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.
Commissioner of Health, New York City; U. S. Senator-Elect from New York State.

How much do you eat at each meal? How much do you add to your weight? The oil is making my hair lighter.

A—The only thing you can do is to keep your hair free from oil by washing it every week.

MISS A. E. Q.—I experience pains in the back of my neck every once in a while. Will you please tell me what to do for this?

A—Am 5 feet 2 inches tall, weigh 120 pounds and am 15 years old. Am I over-weight?

A—You should have your ears examined and be advised about treatment.

For your age and height you should weigh about 112 pounds. However, it is not advisable for one as young as you are to reduce.

Yes, this may harm your lungs in time. Open the windows and use wet sawdust or torn bits of wet newspapers to keep the dust down.

This seems incredible, but the fact is well substantiated. To me it is a pound for every pint—"A pint's a pound the world around." Many persons drink too much at meals. It is probable that the persons at the dinner who gained most drank more than those who gained less.

Drinking a lot at meals means two things. It means the addition of an unnecessary amount of fluid. What is more significant, the fluid washes down more fat than could possibly be swallowed otherwise. I doubt if it would be possible to eat two or three pounds of food without taking an equal weight in water.

Everybody has a horror of getting fat, yet obesity is the bane of modern life. There are just two causes for excessive weight—over-eating and under-exercise. If you would be thin you must eat less or exercise more, or both.