

## The Free Press

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Monday, June 1, 1925.

### An Adventure In Education

A decided innovation in university extension work is the Middlesex Educational Assembly, which is to be held at the University of Western Ontario on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. From all parts of the county young men and young women, most of whom have not attended a university, will come together for two days to consider some of the questions that are set down on the program, to enjoy the facilities for recreation, and, above all, to seek just a little wider outlook on life and the world.

It is not an ambitious educational program that has been laid out. There will be no attempt to compass any broad field of knowledge in two days, but there will be an attempt made to stir intellectual curiosity, to start these young people adventuring in knowledge and thought, and that is one of the best kinds of impetus that could be given.

The University of Western Ontario, as Dr. O. D. Skelton pointed out in his convocation address on Friday, is so young that it can still go adventuring in education without feeling too tightly the tug backward of tradition. An older and more staid institution might wonder whether it was within its field to try an experiment of this kind. Western's authorities have no hesitation in trying out this or any other plan that is in keeping with its design to fit into the life of this part of the province.

The program which has been laid out for Wednesday and Thursday includes addresses on literary, economic, historical and scientific subjects by members of the three faculties and others who have been asked, by virtue of their special knowledge, to assist. There will be sufficient variety in the program to interest all tastes and a choice is afforded by having more than one lecture or demonstration being given at the same hour. The recreation feature will be in charge of the young people who are attending, assisted by the physical department of the university.

No gathering of quite this type has heretofore been held in a Canadian university and its carrying out will be watched with much interest, as its success will mean the extension of such facilities to the other counties in Western Ontario. There is sufficient backing to this effort to indicate that it will be successful, for the gathering is under the auspices of the Junior Farmers' Improvement Association, the Junior Women's Institutes, the Middlesex community clubs and the extension department of the university.

**A Notable Anniversary**  
Five hundred years ago this May and Jean of Arc was burned at the stake at Rouen. On that day she paid the price for being a dreamer, a reformer and a simple child who conceived a mission that did not fit in with the ideas of the feudal or ecclesiastical systems.

Midway in her short public career Joan realized the fatality of taking up just this mission at just the time she did, and among just the people with whom she had had to strive, but she was of the mettle that accepts without hesitation when it is the only way.

Joan's story has been told over and over from many points of view, but as late as two years ago the greatest among many dramas was written around her unique action.

The subtle British dramatist, Bernard Shaw, has given a version of the thought, life and impulses that have yet been written. It is conceived with so much insight and tenderness that the whole literary, dramatic world has been enthralled by its beauty and sincerity.

It is an ironic touch of fate that the people who for generations have been most blamed, though wrongfully, for the atrocious deed, should produce the man who most nearly has told her tale aright.

The audience and the critics likely to be severe towards Shaw's drama—the French—have been most generous in praise of it, and such praise is a real touchstone to the value of "Saint Joan" as a true record of the life, impulses, thoughts and deeds of La Pucelle. From the pen of one of her best critics, Pierre Brison, comes the following

colloquy, published recently in Les Annales:  
"Without losing a trace of his satirical verve, the subtle British ironist has drawn the most noble and the most reverential portrait of Joan. He has spoken of her with all the fervor of a poet. He has shown delicacy of sentiment and a feeling for the tragic of which one did not realize him capable. Then, too, this unique drama at times has a strong vein of comedy and again is bitterly sarcastic. In 'St. Joan' Shaw in turn mocks, scoffs, pleads and argues with wit and strength, and the play at the one and the same time has all the best elements, it seems to me, of the pamphlet, as well as the drama."  
Again at one and the same time it is filled with local coloring and yet is essentially modern. It is liberal and true, exact and fantastic. Truth stands shoulder to shoulder with paradox.

As for the character of Joan as conceived by Shaw the critic says: "She is possessed of high soul, is led by a dream. Simple, sincere, trusting altogether in her faith she accomplishes miracles—and from act to act Joan passes from greatness to greatness."

This indeed is praise such as Shaw deserves, for he has so presented his picture as to astonish, touch and to inspire.

To recall laudatory remarks at this time seem justified by the double tribute it involves.

### Fighting the Corn Borer

The average business man and townsman has taken little interest in the fight that is being waged in Southwestern Ontario against the European corn borer. To him the borer has just been another farm pest and a matter for the farmer and the department of agriculture. However, G. C. Crawford, of the entomological branch of the department of agriculture, who is leading the fight against this destructive insect, put the matter in a different light to the London Kiwanis Club on Friday and showed that the curbing of the ravages of this insect is of as vital interest to the urban community as to the farmer. He so aroused the members of the Kiwanis Club that it was decided to take action to help back up the farmers and the Government in their fight.

The corn crop is one of the most important and most valuable crops in Western Ontario. Mr. Crawford declared that if the ravages of the pest were not stayed in five years' time this crop will be so ruined that the value of land in Essex County will drop \$35 an acre and in Kent county \$20. It is not hard to figure out what this means, not only to the farmer, but to the business and city man as well. The prosperity of city and country in Western Ontario is interdependent. Anything that hurts the farmer reacts at once upon the civic communities. The cities and towns are only helping themselves if they give every support to the departments of agriculture and to farmers' organizations and township and county councils in fighting this latest enemy of rural Ontario.

### The Progressive Split

The Farmers' Sun and The Grain Growers' Guide, the official organs of the Progressive party in Ontario and Western Canada, are both disturbed over the action of a number of Progressive members in Ottawa in refusing to stand by the platform of the party and in supporting the Government's fiscal policy. They both sadly point out that it was for repudiation of policy they have in the past condemned the Liberal party; now these Progressives are pursuing the same methods. The Farmers' Sun, referring to the recent vote, says:

"This vote was on an amendment proposed by a member of the Progressive group, and the amendment was a declaration in favor of the adoption of the tariff policy which all Progressive members were elected to support. One would have thought that no member of the group could have hesitated for a moment as to how he should have voted on the more honor due to credit, and compelled the farmers to launch out into practical politics on their own account. The Liberal party in 1896 swept to victory at the polls on a tariff for revenue platform, and after one substantial measure of tariff reform it promptly sought to keep itself in office by compromise with the protectionists, and it succeeded for 15 years. The Progressive party came into existence to inaugurate a vital change in the political life of the country, and to secure reforms many of which the Liberal party promised but failed to give. Now, after four years of the glamour of Ottawa, nearly one-third of the party are a decided tendency to follow the devoted path of old party tactics. There is all the more reason to be sure that those who have remained true to their pledges and the principles on which they were elected."

The Grain Growers' Guide comments in the same tone:

"This split in the Progressive ranks on a fundamental principle, and a specific plank in the party's platform, is disappointing and regrettable. It reveals precisely the same tendency to compromise and defer the issue on the tariff that brought the Liberal party into discredit, and compelled the farmers to launch out into practical politics on their own account. The Liberal party in 1896 swept to victory at the polls on a tariff for revenue platform, and after one substantial measure of tariff reform it promptly sought to keep itself in office by compromise with the protectionists, and it succeeded for 15 years. The Progressive party came into existence to inaugurate a vital change in the political life of the country, and to secure reforms many of which the Liberal party promised but failed to give. Now, after four years of the glamour of Ottawa, nearly one-third of the party are a decided tendency to follow the devoted path of old party tactics. There is all the more reason to be sure that those who have remained true to their pledges and the principles on which they were elected."

The whole matter of fact is that a large number of those elected on the Progressive tickets were never really at heart Progressive; they were camouflaged Liberals. In the interests of honesty and sincerity in political life it would be better if these Progressives would walk over to the King Government benches, where they really belong.

### NOTE AND COMMENT

What so rare as a day in June!

Reckless driving: the new sin.

An old hat is called "elephant" because it has no nap.

This Government is so sure you're right, Dr. Manion, to "take a dare."

Unity is a good word, but it has to mean U as well as the other fellow.

The borer is a "little member," but it worketh a great fire.

If X stands for nothing, why use the "ray" to find it out?

The fall wheat doesn't seem to have any protest make on account of the low temperature of the month of May.

"Be it ever so humble there's no place like home." (Signed), Wilhelm Hohenzollern.

## THE THIRD COLUMN

### FRIENDS.

Good friends are few.  
Not many if you have lived a hundred years.  
You would discover, who,  
Through all life's care and hurt and  
Joy and sorrow,  
Would stay by you.

Acquaintances grow thick  
The time the level pathway and the  
fair,  
But they to change are quick  
When storms come up and dangers  
bring despair,  
But one or two will stick.

Gold can be multiplied,  
Treasure and lands increased, but  
friends  
Love only can provide  
And but a few, love ever gives or  
sends,  
Loyal, however tried.

—Edgar A. Guest.  
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### JOYOUSNESS, FORTITUDE AND FAITHFULNESS.

These are three sterling words. My reason for making note of them here is that a young lady by the name of Miss Dorothy Lee, who is the daughter of the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, recently won the title of "Sunny Jim" at her school.

The title is bestowed each year at Bryn Mawr College upon the student who during the year has shown most conspicuously these qualities.

I am certain that here is a young lady who is not going to have a difficult time in handling life.

For life itself isn't hard. It's the way we look at it and take it up. Joyousness, fortitude and faithfulness!! The words make you feel like going right out and taking some great hill "on high" just to repeat them.

I wish titles like the one at Bryn Mawr were bestowed in every high school and college in the world. Just consider what the offices and homes of this land, and every land, would become with these words as a motto over the entrances.

Nothing is truer than the assertion that we only take out of life what we put into it. Although it has often been proved that we really take out much more than we apparently put in where we give without thought of taking anything.

Joyousness, fortitude and faithfulness on our part always draws others with like qualities towards us. Miss Dorothy Lee, whose name is now put in your yard and you are inspired at once to have them all over your place.

Beauty of mind and heart are contagious. Too many people think that too many things matter. As a statement of fact, only a few things matter at all. And three of these things I would name as—joyousness, fortitude and faithfulness.

—George Matthew Adams.

### YOUTH IN AGE.

When a man is old and shaken, he will sigh, in his distress, "By my hair and teeth forsaken, little boys! it how I dress. Blooming damsel do not heed me, my clothing of pink and blue and green, gaudy widow do not need me in the business they pursue. Let the youngsters have plenty of fine rags, intricate flares, no one cares ten hoots or twenty what an old gray duffer wears." So the old boy goes to pieces, dropping from the well-groomed line, wearing flaps that hang over his knees, and shoes that need a shine. And his hat is old and flabby and his coat and vest are stained; his appearance is so shabby that his wife and sons are pained. By his garb he advertises he's a has been, sad to see, with no hope of pulling prizes from this world's great Christmas tree. People say, "He once was clever, with ambitions quite a few, but he's shot his bolt forever, he is finished, he is through." What a contrast is the voter who in age is standing straight, always claiming that his motor still is hitting on all eight. All the sloth of weaklings scoring, he wears trousers nicely creased, he is dolled up every morning like a bridegroom at a feast. Though his teeth are plugged with putty and his eyes are chinaware, he considers old men and coming back to Ontario last fall I realized what a difference there is between Ontario and our Western Provinces, for here I found beautiful farms with comfortable homes, these farms being of small acreage and neighbors were close. There are splendid roads and as one drives from one village to another now one is struck with the beauty of these farms, with their fruit trees loaded with blossoms, truly a grand sight, especially to one who has been seeing nothing but the bare prairies.

Last fall I made it my business to

### ADVANTAGES OF WESTERN ONTARIO.

Editor Free Press: I noticed an article in one of your recent issues bearing on a movement to induce immigrants to settle in Western Ontario. I wish to state that I was glad to read this article and pleased to note that such a movement is being made.

I myself have been living in the Western Provinces for the last 20 years and coming back to Ontario last fall I realized what a difference there is between Ontario and our Western Provinces, for here I found beautiful farms with comfortable homes, these farms being of small acreage and neighbors were close. There are splendid roads and as one drives from one village to another now one is struck with the beauty of these farms, with their fruit trees loaded with blossoms, truly a grand sight, especially to one who has been seeing nothing but the bare prairies.

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### NATURE LORE

By Wallace Havelock Robb.

The migration of birds is a bit of a mystery. We used to know practically nothing about it. All we knew was the fact that the birds went south in the winter. But every spring, when the birds came back, folks would get to talking and being serious and—well, they just have to be answered, that's all, for curiosity never lets go.

Take the swallows, for instance; they arrive from nowhere, all of a sudden. Yesterday, we'll say, there was no sign of them, and here they are in the old place.

I had an example of this the other day, about the first week in May. I was walking down the main street in Belleville as the martins had just arrived. They were not there the day before, because I had wondered what was keeping them. Well, there they were, in and out of the old holes in a store roof edge and for all the world like ourselves, when we arrive home after long absence.

A few days after that I was in Brockville and in the very same kind of a place, on the main street, where folks usually look for bargains and not birds.

I noticed martins chattering away and chasing out the English sparrows. It is always interesting to see the martins put the sparrows out, for the sparrows can't quite make out where they come from and you can see that the sparrows are both surprised and dumbfounded.

The martins are a branch of the swallow family and are our biggest swallow.

They are lovely dark blue birds and are called purple martin, but the male bird is a blue-black gunmetal color, the female a little lighter. They live in groups and are very sociable, going in and out and gurgling, may be about what a dirty housekeeper Mrs. Sparrow is.

Martins know their friends. A very poor man in Montreal stuck up a small colony bird house on a wobbly pole and, just to show how hard-pressed these birds are, for suitable colony houses, they surprised him by taking the house.

He did not know there was such a bird in the world and some bird lovers, to whom he had appealed, gave him a real martin house, with spare rooms galore, and the birds took possession at once.

### A THOUGHT

Speak not evil one of another, brethren.—James iv, 11.

We rarely repent of speaking little, but often of speaking too much.—Brydson.

## The Oasis Is In Sight



**Praise-Criticism-Suggestions-Contribution Letters to the Editor**

**ORCHARDS.**  
Editor Free Press: Possibly there is no other time of the year which shows itself to better advantage than blossoming time.

To-day the newly scraped apple trees, which have been freshly sprayed, open up vista after vista of trees in beautiful pink and white blossoms to satisfy the eye of the passer-by. The orchard can only be made so by man's untiring care.

To produce a crop of spotless fruit that even worms will not infest, the trees must be carefully sprayed four times during their blossoming season and the period of germination and development.

Chemicals are used extensively, scientifically and surely to produce the desired result.

Added to this, the careful thinning of the young fruit, the opening to the great electrical rays of sunshine which must come first-hand from the great orb itself, careful picking and handling, and you possess a fortune easily acquired through the growth of apple trees alone.

Hence may come the farmer's swelling bank account. ANNIE L. BUCK. Port Rowan, Ont., May 28, 1925.

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## RAMBLING AROUND WITH OLD DOC. PEP

QUEEN Alexandra Sanatorium, May 31 (Lord's Day).—Thus ends the week for me after the greatest do with X-raying that I ever had in my life. It being notable beyond anything how modern chiropractors do seek out the inward parts. My latest encounter with these rays being on Friday after we appear before a surgeon of eyes, ears and noses, who examines us in the highest way, and to judge by the chemical symbols he sets down I am undone utterly. But take heart of him when, amongst other questions, he asks my ordinary occupation and I tell him. Whereat he would know if I know this Doc. Pep. Of The Free Press news sheet, whom I introduce with the greatest merriment possible—or as great as is possible for a man with a shell cap up one nostril, a boring and digging machine in his ear, and St. George alone knows what it is that I have in my eye. After which and some hours later the summons comes for being X-rayed and photographed. So, mighty spruce in my fine new dressing gown with blue corded silk piping (\$13.50), down to their raying room.

The first question put to me is whether I have any false teeth, a question which I resent in the worst way, but he explains that, owing to what is towards, this question is put for the purpose of saving many store teeth and is not a Benet-Simon test to show whether a patient's brain can withstand these emanations. So, abashed, we lie down on the operating table with our face in a sort of glorified dishpan, in the exact posture of such of our Pepsy anaplasts as become so obnoxious to the X-ray. They require deception. At this point, feeling somehow that some act of courtesy is befitting, we inquire like a fool if it would be as well to remove our dressing gown. For, while we know that these X-rays take no account of days when we were too busy to stay well may now be sure of proper attention if they can, for they can't, which were unavoidable. And perhaps, now that we are laid by the heels, a few others, who also see quaint things and hear quaint sayings, will share them with us. Frankly, we want help in running this Column from a hospital bed or rest chair. And, as they say in the Efficiency Experts' office, "This means YOU."

But these jests at my own ignorance of science can but introduce a tribute to the wonder of the work with this sanatorium is accomplishing. All of us in London know that the "Byron San" crows the

heights beyond the westward gates of Springbank Park, but too few know of the miracles that have been accomplished here in recent years. On every side there are men and women and little children who have been snatched from out of the very hands of the solemn reaper, and more than one Western Ontario mother has reason to say in her heart, "This, my son, is alive again; he was only dead, and dying men, institution in the world, however, can cure those who do not desire to be well; but apart from the credit due those that "take the cure" in good faith and earnestness, the self-devotion of this institution's scientists and ministering nurses—many of whom are themselves victors in their own war with the ghastly plague—cannot be enough lauded. So long as the spark of life burns in the feeblest body, they, at least, do not give up hope. In their way they are as heroic as that French petty officer in a trench before Verdun, which contained it, accomplished only dead and dying men. "Arise, ye dead!" cried this lone battle fate, and they arose to shed their remaining blood for France.

But the motto here is not "Arise!" It is "Lie down! Rest! Forget!" For rest is the healer, and, oh, if someone could find that magic brew which Rip Van Winkle quaffed. This Dominion Research Council, which plans to start in vigorous search for the Great Kennedy, should not overlook the Cat-skills. Perhaps, somewhere in some hidden valley there, the bowling dwarfs still concoct their dreamlike meads and languorous ales. Rip Van Winkle, however, would be a worse temptation for men than our golf course beer ("fore, fore!" you know). Beer, even at the best, brings only temporary forgetfulness. Imagine a rush of married men with talkative wives for this imaginary "Cat-skills" dial—"You sleep 20 years!" And, though we have no such dial, we imagine there would be as many wives—being from male loud speakers—in line as there would be husbands seeking escape from curtain and other lectures.

Now, for the first time since we began our Ramblings in The Free Press, we have an infinity of leisure and a chance to make friends. This means that all those who wrote to us in the days when we were too busy to stay well may now be sure of proper attention if they can, for they can't, which were unavoidable. And perhaps, now that we are laid by the heels, a few others, who also see quaint things and hear quaint sayings, will share them with us. Frankly, we want help in running this Column from a hospital bed or rest chair. And, as they say in the Efficiency Experts' office, "This means YOU."

## Always Buy "SALADA" GREEN TEA

The little leaves and tips from high mountain tea gardens, that are used in SALADA are much finer in flavor than any Gunpowder or Japan. Try it.

## You'll Prefer These Double-Thick Corn Flakes

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