Wake Up, England!

BY J. L. GARVIN.

For ten years disappointment has dogged our efforts. Our terrific taxation has seriously reduced the annual rate of investment which formerly so largely contributed to the expansion of employment and trade. This is one reason why our export business never recovered its pre-war buoyancy.

On present political lines it never will.

Tariffs everywhere shut out all the best skilled work of our people and directly hinder their lives; while our open door promotes foreign employment in every branch.

In that regard, we do not exert ourselves in any way to get fair play and equality for our people.

We do not lift an effective finger to advance free exchange. But quite apart from tariffs, the nation's work, vital to the common cause, is in heavy arrears.

Coal is our foundation.

Without assured settlement for a long period in that industry, neither it nor any other economic and social interest in the land can fully thrive. Yet though eleven years have passed since the Armistice, we have not got a coal settlement yet.

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How can any nation expect to prosper and advance in face of foreign continuity and cohesion while our relative economic disorganization remains what it is and while our political disagreements remain what they are?

It cannot be done.

The situation is chaos by comparison with the steady organized progress of the United States, Germany, and France. Across the Atlantic the Wall Street slump will soon show itself to have been not so much a bruise as a stimulus. Those do not know the United States who think otherwise.

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We mention only three facts amongst many eye-openers. The United States, already many times richer than we are, is reducing taxation. Within the Protectionist system to which France is indissolubly wedded—let there be no mistake about that—her output of motor cars this years is ten per cent. larger than our own. And this year, for the first time, Germany is exporting more machinery than we are, and steadily overhauling us in other ways. It is absolutely certain that if our political quarrels on these matters go on as now the last vestiges of our old commercial supremacy wil pass away.

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Before things go too far in that direction there will be, we repeat, a tremendous national awakening which will change the whole present face of politics. But why should not the Prime Minister do the right thing now, lifting the issue above party, and establishing at last a continuous national policy for a range of selected economic questions? We cannot expect from this Government any positive departure from free-importing principles, though we devoutly hope and pray that the Motor Duties and Preference may be continued.

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All parties would have to make concessions; but we say again there is no other way out. It is plain, bed-rock common-sense.

It means national salvation as the alternative to slow national suicide.

Mrs. Snowden, one of the ablest women in the country though she is not in Parliament, has urged it.

Mr. William Graham, now President of the Board of Trade, was in favor of it before he was in office.

Mr. Lloyd George is ready for it, and as ready to help it with the utmost of his strength.

Nebulous rumor hints that Mr. Baldwin would hang back.

We do not believe it.

Whatever else may be said, he is a patriot or nothing. And we know that Mr. Robert Boothby, speaking for the younger men, was right when he said that if the Prime Minister now does the great thing in this great matter he will be astonished by the extent and enthusiasm of the response from the Unionist benches.

Mr. J. H. Thomas knows now that he never can make a sufficient impression on unemployment by any mere party-policy. Why should he, with all his shrewdness and humor, let himself be reduced by present circumstances to "piffle about pin-money"? Mr. Snowden must discharge, in his next Budget, some serious commitments partly offset by economies; but he knows that every further net increase of taxation is an additional competitive handicap on this country. And the Chancellor knows as well that when the uneasiness and the creeping disquiet are patent dangers, it is deadly fudge for Mr. Tom Shaw to call ordinary investors rentiers and to threaten them with punishment if they remain so stupid as to keep their money in British Funds or in any way within the power of a Labor Government.

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We are all in a nightmare of folly by comparison with what the vigorous, settled, consecutive policy of a great industrial and commercial nation ought to be.

What is happening to the soul and fibre of a nation?

Where is our old repute as a practical and determined people?

For ourselves, we confess in plain English that after ten blighting years of it, we are sick of the whole mass of platform platitudes and of all the mechanical snip-snap of party cries and countercries.

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Let us get out of it now. Let the two Oppositions as well as the sane-meaning bulk of Labor face the indisputable realities. On present lines our relative competitive efficiency must decrease; the stimulus of employment by enterprise and investment must decline. On these lines working youth in this country, ten years hence, would be crushed by an unparalleled proportion of elderly pensioners and other receivers. The dull weight of doles would deaden the springs of productive activity and competitive power.

The Kilmarnock by-election showed that the Government are at least as strong as ever in the constituencies. Extreme Left-Wingers are already urging Ministers to dissolve next spring in order to get more power to redeem the promises. Is that what the Oppositions want—either of them? Of course not. There is nothing they want less. A premature dissolution is the last thing to be desired by finance and business or by any sane politician. Wisdom requires rather that we shall all try to make the very best of political conditions as they are for at least a twelve-month to come.

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No matter to what party you belong, nor how you look at it, this conclusion holds—that what the economic forces of the country require are co-operation and encouragement, confidence and impulsion, and a steady outlook for a term ahead. We are still increasing our liabilities faster than our assets. There can be no economic health in us until unmistakably we reverse that process.

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The Prime Minister more than any man will hold this clear and decisive issue in his hands. He raised the Anglo-American negotiations above party.

Will he not do the same for the main economic issues equally vital to us all and to the whole industrial, commercial, social future of the country?

Will he not enter into conference with Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George and endeavor to secure at last a national economic policy to be steadily pursued for five years at least, irrespective of party changes?

Let him stick to the sure prescience with which he began, and make this Parliament in fact a "Council of State."

If he does this he will be faithful to his real intellectual temper. He will surpass his achievement in the international sphere, and earn the true historic name amongst constructive statesmen.—Montreal Standard.

To Clean Brass

It is not difficult to keep brass looking bright if it receives regular care. Wipe daily with a soft cloth and occasionally mix finely sifted rottenstone to a paste with some sweet oil and apply in usual way. Brass will stay clean longer if after polishing it is washed in hot water to remove every trace of polish, then polished with a little dry rottenstone on a chamois and a final polish given with a piece of velvet.

When brass is tarnished oxalic acid in solution or vinegar or salt, especially if warmed, will quickly dissolve this. Apply with a flannel cloth, then wash off every particle of the cleaning agent, as acids have a tendency to increase tarnish; dry it, then rub with dry whiting to take up all moisture and give the brass a brilliant finish.

When grandma cleaned her brass she put it into a strong solution of soda and hot water and brushed it well with soap, then she lifted it out into the dishpan and poured boiling water over it. She left it in the water two or three minutes, then dried it carefully. When in very bad condition she boiled the brass articles in the soda and water and grandma's brass always glistened.

An Economy Hint

One woman makes good use of the worn blankets by converting them into comfortables. She buys cretonne covers ready made, but with a sewing machine the cover can be speedily made. She puts patches over the thin portions of the blanket, then stitches the edges of the cretonne and those of the blanket together. She places it on her bed and ties the comfortable in the usual way.

The advantage of such a comfortable is that it may be washed often and does not mat as the cotton-filled ones usually do.

By using a flowered cretonne or chintz and making a wide border of plain sateen stitched in parallel lines, or a design, you will have a handsome comfortable out of the worn-out blanket.

Lobster Canape

½ cup lobster meat, juice of 1 lemon, salt, hard-cooked egg, Worcestershire sauce, 6 large olives, 24 thin slices lemon.

Mince cooked or canned lobster meat. Season with lemon juice, salt, and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Spread rounds of buttered bread or toast with the mixture and decorate by placing in the centre of each canape a slice of hard-cooked egg. A narrow border of minced olives may be placed around the edge of the canape. Garnish with lemon.

Three sparks—pride, envy and avarice—have been kindled in all hearts.—Dante.

Relations Renewed

Left to Right—Sir Esmond Ovey, first ambassador to Russia since 1927, and Comrades Rotstein, Kalinin and Litvinoff, in Kremlin palace, where Sir Esmond presented cerdentials.

The Vital Romance Of Conrad Hubert

The Manufacturer of Flashlights Whose Bequests Were Recently Distributed by a Committee. Frequently Sought Expert Aid in Meeting His Problems.

The name of Conrad Hubert appeared prominently in the headlines recently when a committee of "three prominent citizens" — ex-President Coolidge, ex-Governor Smith and Julius Rosenwald — announced the names of the thirty-five American institutions which they had decided were most worthy of sharing the $6,000,000 Mr. Hubert had willed to charity. Mr. Hubert was not the kind of person who would have particularly enjoyed seeing his name in print. On the contrary he was, it is said, a reticent, quiet, self-effacing man, who found his chief pleasure in directing the activities of the flashlight factory which he had founded and through which his great fortune was chiefly made.

It is said that he seldom mentioned the fact that he had developed, perfected and promoted the first flashlight and that he seemed to prefer to let his invention stand on its own merits. He had come to this country not as a very young man, but at the age of 32, and had been compelled to adapt himself to strange, new conditions and to work up from the bottom to financial success. Yet of his years of struggle and hope, proverbially the favorite subject in the reminiscences of successful men, even his friends know little. Never, so far as is known, did he sit for a photograph.

Mr. Hubert's chief interest was his work. He could list few friends—the few included Edward Bok and August Heckscher—and few avocations. That he was a lover of good music is shown by the fact that he installed in his Florida home a large and expensive organ, and, since he could not play, engaged an organist to play it for him. Beyond that he seems to have devoted himself entirely to his flashlight factory while in the North and his citrus-fruit business while in Florida, where he lived alone. He is said by his employees to have been the type of man who accomplished things in business by working carefully and intensely, and not by devising sudden, brilliant plans. In conducting his business he was accustomed, it is said, to ask the advice of those who he felt were better able to meet the problem than he was. He followed the same practice when the time came for him to arange his will.

A Youth In Russia

Conrad Hubert was born in Minsk, Russia, in 1860. He was the son of a wine merchant named Horwitz—the name Hubert was one which he adopted when he came to this country. Little is known of his early education, except that he could not have received much instruction in the schools, since he left his home at the age of 13 to serve a business apprenticeship in Germany. At 19 he returned to Russia to join his father in the wine business and remained there thirteen years. It is said that he decided to come to America because the money which he and his father had made as distillers was lost as the result of religious persecution. Whatever the reason, Hubert decided at 32 to come to this continent to make a new start. When he landed he was practically penniless.

For the next eight years he took any business opportunity that came to hand. He engaged successively in the retail cigar trade, the operation of a restaurant, the keeping of a boarding house, farming, selling milk at retail, and finally the watch business. During all this time, in his spare hours, he planned and developed inventions of various kinds, and in 1898 perfected and patented the pocket flashlight. The first flashlight was a crude affair, awkward-looking and not very reliable. It was first taken up by the public as little more than a toy, but to-day, largely as the result of the patient improvements developed by Hubert, it is estimated that about 9,000,000 flashlights are sold my American companies annually. It is said that only the faulty wording of his patent papers prevented his obtaining a complete monopoly of the basic patents for the flashlight.

From the invention of the flashlight to his death the story of Conrad Hubert's life is the story of the growth of the flashlight industry, to which he devoted himself so completely that he seldom took time for other things. From the first he had to overcome many difficulties. He had to "sell" the idea in order to put the youthful business on its feet; he had to persuade an electric lamp manufacturing company that his flashlight was practical and that it would be profitable for them to manufacture miniature incandescent lamps; he had to persist, in spite of disappointments and discouragements.

Before administering a dose of castor or mineral oil to a person, rinse the spoon first in cold water. Then none of the dose will be wasted by the oil sticking to the spoon.

"Dramatic criticism is, has been and eternally will be as bad as it possibly can."—George Bernard Shaw.

Ancient House Plan Found In Mississippi

Prehistoric Indian Dwelling Is First Ever Discovered in the Southeast

Washington.—Discovery of what is described as the first house floor plan ever found of the prehistoric American Indian in the Southeast was announced by H. B. Collins Jr., assistant curator of the division of ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution. It reveals that the prehistoric Americans knew many of the comforts of good living.

The floor plan was dug up recently in Yazoo County by Mr. Collins, working with Moreau B. Chamber and James Ford of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History.

Mr. Collins sees in this find, which contained pottery of a kind heretofore unknown, and other valuable relics, a possible key to knowledge of the habits of the warrior who roamed the Southeast before Columbus.

This "apartment house's" ground floor showed three perfect concentrated circles, all of which had post holes at comparatively close intervals in their circumferences. In the outer circle, with its diameter of sixty feet, was a trench, apparently the communal garbage can. In this trench clam and turtle shells and animal bones were thrown.

The smallest circle held a perfect square, whose hole-shot sides enclosed a large central depression for the main post. Just to the rear of the square was a fire pit. On the floor was beautiful red and white pottery of a kind never before found.

Mr. Collins believes that possibly the house, which he estimated to have provided shelter for fifty persons, was a Summer home, the evidence of verandas leading to this conclusion.

He is not able to say what tribe the inhabitants were, but the land, which is on the plantation of Claude Pepper, lies between sections once occupied by the Choctaws and the small Yazoo River tribes. There was no evidence of an Indian village in the vicinity, although the party found mounds. The time of the occupancy, in the opinion of Mr. Collins, was somewhere between 500 and 1,000 years ago.

"When a sheik threatens to leave the flapper usually tells him to go as far as he likes."

GREAT MEN

Great men are like meteors, which shine and consume themselves to enlighten the earth.—Napoleon I.

This civilization is not going to depend upon what we do when we work so much as what we do in our time off.—Herbert Hoover.

THAT LONG-FELT WANT

Dr. Hal T. Beans, Columbia University, demonstrates his new phonograph record of "durium," which shows remarkable flexibility.

Prince May Return By Way of Egypt

British Heir Expected to Sail From Cairo in March After South African Hunting Trip

Conference Occupy Palace

London—The Prince of Wales may return to England by way of Egypt at the end of his African big game hunting tour.

Officials at St. James's Palace said it was quite likely that, after hunting in East Africa the Prince would decide to go up the River Nile and thence home from Cairo. This would be his most direct route.

The Prince will start his return journey probably in March.

At present he is abroad the Liner Kenilworth Castle, bound for South Africa, and the disarmament conference is preparing to move into his home, St. James's Palace.

He folded up his golf practice net at the palace and sailed to Africa to shoot lions, tigers and elephants, while American, French, Italian, Japanese and British delegates to the London naval arms parley, as well as several hundred newspaper correspondents, are using the State apartments as a workshop.

The golf net into which the Prince banged balls for early morning exercise was in place in the color court of St. James's until early this month.

The Prince hasn't exactly been routed out of house and home in London, for his modest apartments in York House of the palace are in a separate wing of the rambling old buildings. His household was organized at St. James's ten years ago, but he never stays there very long at a time.

A more sumptuous residence has been made ready for him in Marlborough House, across the way, but the Prince, for reasons never made public, has stuck to his few rooms in St. James's, which are far from being the palatial dwelling one would expect a future King of England to occupy..

St. James's shelters the Prince when he is not hunting, golfing, flying or making one of his long empire tours. His present expedition has been planned for many months. When he sailed early this month for Capetown, he was merely completing the trip interrupted last year by his sensational dash for home from Dar-Es-Salaam, on the east coast of Africa, when King George seemed near death in London.

Equipped with everything from airplanes to elephant guns, the Prince will reach the big game country of Kenya and Uganda late in February or early in March. He will stay there until the last delegate, journalist and photographer has quit the precincts of his London home.

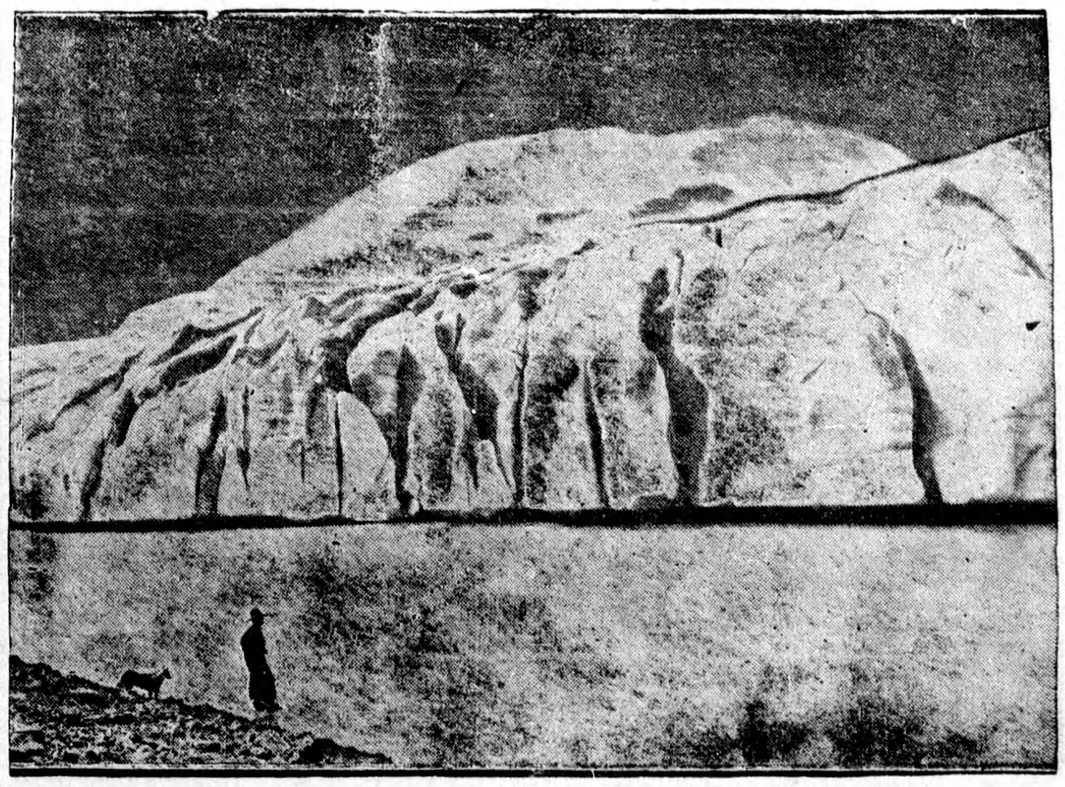
Girl Travelling Barbers

Unable to obtain work as hairdressers in London and other cities many girls in England are visiting villages and small towns as travelling barbers. They make their rounds with white uniforms, scissors, curling irons and beauty lotions packed in a box strapped to the front of a motorcycle of bicycle. One girl of 18 has saved enough in six months to buy a used car to replace her bicycle. She not only cuts the hair of women and children but also gives haircuts and shaves to men. Another miss covers a radius of ten miles from her home, and has a large clientele among the country women who are as particular about the smartness of their shingle as any city sister. Some girls clear $25 a week.

Salad

Over the chilled tufts of endive pour a plain French dressing made piquant by the addition of one-eighth teaspoon of dry mustard, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Where Mother Nature Shows One of Her Many Phases



THE GLACIER'S EDGE MAKES AN IMPOSING SPECTACLE OF GRANDEUR

The full force of nature's forces is expressed in the glaciers which move forward irresistibly. This scene was photographed at Glacier Lake in Jasper National Park.