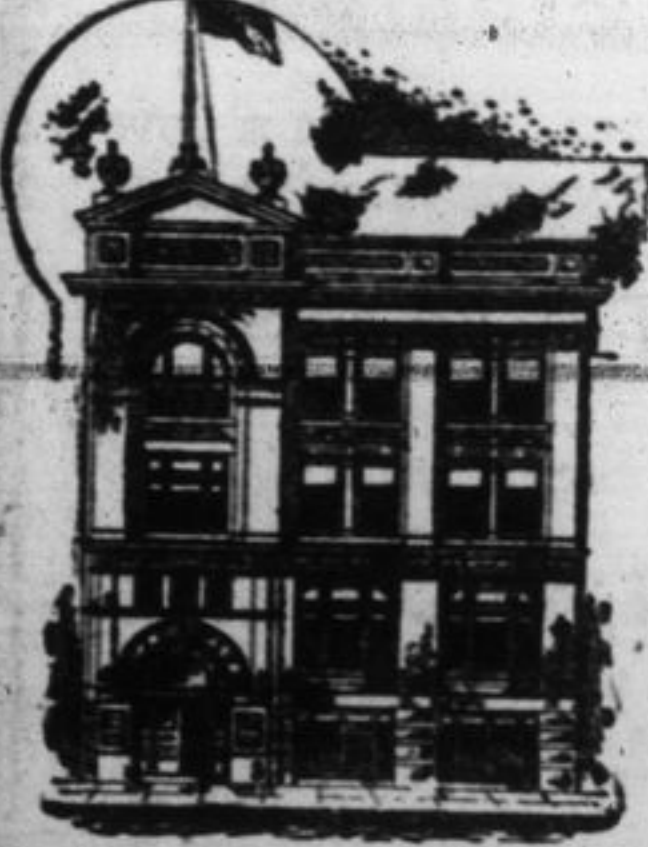


THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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Save the pennies and the income tax will take care of itself.

Naturally enough, cooking Turkey brought Greece to the top.

The German mark has fallen from grace, but the easy mark is as popular as ever.

The meek won't inherit the earth while they are too meek to get rid of profiteers.

You can't develop a "tobacco heart" by smoking the present day five-cent cigars.

Right now is the proper time to arrange to keep the home fires burning next winter.

He is hard put to it for something to do who would counterfeit a dollar bill these days.

Just the thought of anybody coming through the rye is quite sufficient to make a body cry.

If building material keeps on going higher we can soon build mansions in the skies.

The only wet plank in the United States this year will be the outja board covered with spirits.

With rents at the present level, only leap year can account for continued indulgence in matrimony.

Another explanation of the H.C.L. is that we no longer use flour sacks, to make underwear for the children.

A European family could get rich on what a Canadian family wastes. But then, you can say the same thing about governments.

You can say one thing for a walking stick. You don't have to put it in dry dock every few months to have the carbon removed.

The rest of the world probably understands that when the United States makes an ass of itself it is done in the interests of party advantage.

The cost of food has increased 108 per cent. since 1914; the cost of living has increased about 100 per cent; the average salary of the Methodist ministers of Canada has increased by only thirty per cent. What shall be done regarding that other seventy per cent?

INCREASE SALARIES. Church members never were so numerous and so prosperous as today and never so able to pay adequate salaries to the men who stand for the best things in the life of the community. Undoubtedly present conditions are due to thoughtlessness and it is possible to help toward a more active appreciation of the vital part played by the ministers in the work of nation-building. Methodism is making its campaign with the object of reaching through the conferences and districts down to every individual church, to secure for the ministers the following minimum annual salaries, in addition to free parsonage, or house rent, viz: \$1,500 in rural circuits; \$1,800 in towns with population of 2,000; \$2,000 in cities. It is hoped that these minimum amounts will be considerably exceeded in as many cases as practicable.

While it is hoped the effort will have some benefit in connection with churches which are paying at least the minimum of \$2,000, and can well pay much more, the main task is to help provide the decent necessar-

ies of life for those whose present salaries do not cover them. The Labor Gazette issued by the Dominion Government shows that the main items in the domestic budget have gone up just 100 per cent. since the war began, whereas the salaries of ministers, inadequate as they were in 1914, have been increased only thirty per cent. Many churches still are paying the same salaries as during the pre-war period, thus entailing great hardships on the families of the ministers. This ought not to be. Church boards should zealously take action.

WILL HEARST BE A CANDIDATE? It is a well recognized fact that it is impossible to please everyone. That is especially true of the selection of Senator Harding as the Republican candidate for the United States presidency. The selection had hardly been made known when a movement was started to form a third party in opposition to Harding. The leaders in this movement were those who had supported Hiram Johnson and Senator La Follette, both radical, and both quite disgusted with the candidate put forward by the party. The movement spread, and in several states it is being deftly organized. Politicians began to wonder who was behind the move, for Johnson refused to discuss politics at all.

At last the cat is out of the bag. The third party movement has been traced and its leader is now out in the open. William Randolph Hearst, a radical of radicals, anti-British, pro-Sinn Fein, and appealing to all the elements of unrest in the country, has come out with a straight demand for a third party. He does not like the Republicans. He says they are astride the fence on all important questions, and have not the sympathy of the people. But then Hearst never did like the Republican party, or, for that matter, any party which went contrary to his wishes. On the other hand, he has cut himself adrift from the Democrats. He is not in sympathy with Wilson's ideals for world peace. He is not in sympathy with anything which gives the United States a share in the rehabilitation of Europe or the saving of the Armenian nation. But that, of course, does not apply to Ireland. He wants the United States to interfere there. The Irish vote in this country is worth having—it totals over two millions. Therefore, a plank in support of the Irish republic.

What is Hearst's idea in advocating the formation of a third party? On past occasions he has been a contender for presidential honors. His fight with the Democrats dates back to a memorable convention when he was defeated in a contest for the nomination. Hearst's great ambition is to be president of the United States. He has no hope of receiving the nomination of any of the regular parties. That was only a slight obstacle. Why not form a party of his own? That is exactly what he is doing. His name is prominently mentioned as a candidate. Will it come to anything? The only answer is "Wait and see."

EMOTIONALISM IN POLITICS. Yankees are noted for their emotionalism, yet at times it seems as if they waste a great deal of energy to no purpose by giving vent to it. Both the recent political conventions, one in Chicago and the other in San Francisco, have been marked by great outbursts, both from the delegates and the chief speakers. Almost every man who took the platform indulged in a fervent oration of emotional language in an effort to sway the audience. Orations of twenty, thirty, and forty minutes' duration followed the nomination of the principal presidential candidates, several sections taking part in each and every demonstration.

What does it all amount to? Do the speakers who appeal to the emotions of the listeners imagine that their flights of oratory gain them any support in a convention of voters? Do the demonstration leaders suppose that their outbursts sway a single one of the hard-headed politicians who attend these conventions? Experience has shown that emotionalism is of little use in politics. At Chicago the crowd cheered Wood for forty-two minutes, Lowden for thirty-eight minutes and Johnson for thirty minutes, while Harding's ovation lasted only a few seconds. Yet Harding won out. At San Francisco four of the candidates were cheered for over forty minutes, but that made no difference to the vote. And there have been many instances of politicians who have been known to sway huge audiences by their impassioned speeches on the eve of an election, only to be defeated at the polls.

Emotionalism in politics does not pay. It is a mis-application of the rules of mob psychology. An emotional appeal for assistance to any deserving cause, made to a large audience, will bring results. But when politicians gather together, the old rule of swaying the crowd's emotions to win their support miscarries, because the polling booth is too far distant, and the appeal loses its effect. There is no psychological moment in a long drawn out political campaign at which to garner in the results of the appeal. The secret ballot, cast while the voter is out of intimate touch with the emotional element, kills the effect which it

might have. Emotionalism in politics is misplaced use of energy. The voters want facts and figures instead of oratory; they want to know what the party has done and intends to do; they want to know how the candidate stands on important questions; and are not greatly interested in flowery language and flights of emotional oratory. This is a truth which might well be borne in mind by all aspirants for the votes of the people at election time.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

To Squeal or Not to Squeal. I confess to a growing regard for the squealer. I certainly don't admire him, I don't wish you to think that, but reluctantly I have come to the conclusion that a capable and unfeeling squealer is a necessary part of our domestic, social, commercial, religious and political economy. In my library I have a book entitled, "The Savior of Mankind." It is full of warriors and statesmen and lawyers and saint and martyrs from Lot's wife down to the present time. Whether intentionally or not, the historian has left out those who have done more to put civilization on the track than all the rest put together. The true squealer is born, not made, hence he was predestined, he was designed, he was intended for a purpose, and that purpose or mission was to squeal—just squeal!—others squeal but once, and if you investigate you will find that some situation hath been saved by that squeal.

When we were going to school, if you remember, there was a squealer in the bunch. Honest now, when you think it all over, don't you think that it was well for us that in all our comings and goings we had to take that squealer and his squeal into consideration? An expedition to forbidden ground was abandoned because we realized that Skinny McNutt would squeal on us. We trod the straight and narrow path, and to-day we are highly esteemed and honored citizens, just because we knew that the squealer and his squeal were on the premises.

O my brothers, when you fall upon your knees to render thanks for the many blessings showered on you and for the friends who have helped you, do you ever include the squealer? Ungrateful wretch! You wouldn't believe we realized that Skinny McNutt where you are to-day, whether you are in the penitentiary or out of it, had it not been for the squealer and his squeal.

Never join any organization that has no squealer attached. Elect one president, one or more vice-presidents, a secrecy trimmer, a couple of auditors—and one squealer at the very least. He will be the most useful man in the whole bunch. Some squealers are better than others. Many of them squeak. The genuine squealer does not squeak, he doth not kick, he doth not holler—he squeals. Do you know that he is rarer than you think? You may be laboring under the delusion that there are a great many of him. You are thinking of that kind that are always putting up a holler and who confound him with the gent who is always kicking his stall down and making more racket than enough. I assure you that they are not the same. Believe me, they are not in

the same class with a conscientious and gifted squealer. There has been no question which has been debated so earnestly through the ages as this one: "Will he squeal?" There has been no cry that has struck more terror into more hearts since Adam as the announcement: "He hath squealed."

It has wrecked forts and frontiers, churches and chancellors, cabinets and kings. It wrecks the choir, the ball team, the Ladies' Aid, the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Fenian Raid, the commission appointed to investigate the price of back scratches—everybody takes to the tall timbers when the fearsome cry goes up: "He or she hath squealed—save que peut!" Please don't run away with the idea that all squealers squeal because they like to squeal. A bullfrog croaks because he loves to croak, and Sock-dogger's dog howls because he loves to howl, but—and you can believe it or not—there be squealers who squeal not because they love to squeal, but because they have just natchelly got to squeal, whether or no. How many good men will spend a sleepless night to-night trying to decide the question to squeal or not to squeal? Whether it is better to keep mum about it or squeal? I notice by to-day's papers that the squealer hath made his appearance in the Sinn Fein organization south of us. One of the best squealers in the bunch is a Mister Devay. Go to it, Devay, go to it!

The Lord shall provide. The word hath gone forth to every good squealer in the United States. "Squeal, O squealer, squeal!" THE KHAN. The Wigwag, Rushdale Farm, Rockton, Ont.

PUBLIC OPINION

Unfortunate. (Detroit Free Press) One of the few unfortunate things about life is that there are so few ways to be foolish.

Fresh Revelations Daily. (London Advertiser) Every day gives Ontario better reason for having thrown out the Hearst administration in 1919.

Jesse Was a Piker. (Kitchen Telegraph) Jesse James had his points, but he never demanded \$60 a month for a small house that is only worth \$25 a month.

Oiling the Machine. Well-paid help is more efficient than badly-paid help. See how smoothly legislation runs through at Ottawa since the seasonal indemnity of the members was increased.

A Real Overalls Club. (London Free Press) In one Ohio city 2,000 business and professional men have announced that they will give one day's service each week to farmers. This is an "Overalls Club" that is worthy of its name.

Insufficient. (Bay City Times-Tribune) Women who fall in love with white spats and a blonde cane, and marry their owner, should understand that the divorce court does not recognize a temporary aberration of mind as sufficient basis for a separation.

Rippling Rhymes

THE MODERN WAY. I do as little as I can, and ask the highest pay; that's why I am an also ran, now that I'm bent and gray. I fooled along, year after year, at every job I'd touch; I always had a deadly fear that I would do too much. I've heard of men who strive to give full value for their wage; such people are too good to live, and never reach old age. Such people live in story books, and tracts and sacred tales, and many years have passed, gadsooks, since I have seen such males. Like other independent wights who swell the tolling throngs, I've always stood up for my rights, and whooped about my wrongs. I've pawed around in noble rage, and shed all kinds of brine; the rights of those who paid my wage was no concern of mine. And now that I am gray and bent, I cannot find a place; employers will not pay a cent—they do not like my face. They scorn me when, in woe arrayed, with work I'd get in touch; they've heard I always was afraid that I would do too much. —WALT MASON.

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