



IT TAKES A JOINT OF BEEF TO MAKE A bottle of Bovril.

THE DAILY NEWS

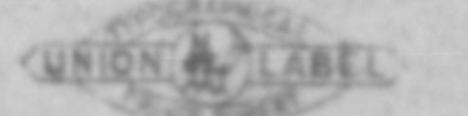
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DAILY EDITION



Thursday, March 22, 1928

WAVES OF THOUGHT

(Vancouver Province)

Every owner of a radio set knows what it means to "tune in." He may not know all that is involved in the operation, or the scientific explanation of what he does when he twiddles the pointers of his dials. But he knows he is adjusting his receiving set to the wave length of the sending station he wishes to get.

There appears to be some analogy between radio waves and thought waves. Possibly both travel in the ether. Possibly both move in widening circles like the circles made when a stone is thrown into a pond.

LATE ARCHBISHOP'S WORK

But we know there is a transference of thought in a more subtle manner than by means of words. Many primitive people who know little or nothing of science appear able to communicate with one another over long distances.

How else can one explain these things except on the theory that thought is energy of some sort, that it is not confined to the human brain—the station which generates it—but pulses out into the ether in waves, where it is apprehended only by those who have receiving sets properly attuned?

ABILITY TO TUNE IN

With the thousands of radio stations pulsing forth their waves into the ether, there is a possibility of tremendous confusion. And there would be confusion did not each station adhere to its own wave length.

WHAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN

As Told by Harold C. Burr
By TY COBB

THIS is the story of the baseball bat that might have been a surgeon's knife. Tyrus Raymond Cobb, for 20 years the idol of baseball-loving America, wanted to be a surgeon.



TY COBB
"I wanted to be a surgeon"

"At 15 I wanted to be a surgeon," he made confession at his hotel on the occasion of his last visit to New York.

"Only sometimes," the mighty 300 hitter amends, drawing his dressing gown around his middle-aged figure and staring out of his lofty room window into the past.

As a youngster he was passionately fond of athletics. "Thirty years ago found in Georgia baseball was the great game. We didn't have basketball or tennis, very little football and no golf, of course.

His father wanted him to embrace the law, but young Tyrus simply couldn't bring himself to do that. "It was too hard a task," are his own words for it. "It hurt me just to think of doing it."

Already the ambition to be a surgeon had taken hold of his boyish imagination. "It just interested me deeply, everything about it was thrilling. There was a doctor in our town who knew my feelings, and he used to ask me to attend his operations. I attended several. I stood 'em all right. I remembered everything I saw, all I heard. My memory was very retentive on the subject. But I never got beyond first aid."

That first knowledge, his love for surgery, he has carried over into baseball. "It has assisted me to keep in good shape physically. Football players often go stale and ten games are a good many for them to play. The professional baseball player gets into

about 400, including training trip exhibitions. Over a long stretch like that you have to figure on a lot of things to do with the care of the body, like sitting for instance."

For twenty years Ty Cobb has played the game so fiercely, body and soul, that it has burned him down. He's a little tired of the grind—tired of being away from his wife and children six months of the year, tired of the cheers and the gibes of the crowds at the parks, of the long train jumps and sleeping in strange beds. He's going to take a long rest after that looming last game—the rest he's earned.

"It'll be a relief not to have to get out and play ball—for a couple of years." But he's too restless, too high-strung to loaf permanently. "I'll attach myself to something by-and-by," he promises himself. "But I've passed the constructive, the adjustment period. At my age I can't develop myself into something different. I'm a ball player. If I were a surgeon—"

Thus Ty Cobb casts up accounts, speculating on what might have been.

Tomorrow—Iring Berlin
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In The Letter Box

DEFENSE OF ESPERANTO

Editor, Daily News.

In your issue of March 10 I find a leaderette headed "Esperanto is here." Generally speaking I appreciate your editorials because, while a wee bit sentimental, they are in the main reasonable and timely.

This is an exception to the rule which could only have been produced amid the darkness of ignorance. May I say there is more freakishness in your little leaderette than in the whole gamut of the Esperanto language. Why, the principal feature of the language is its utter lack of freakishness, its ultimate perfection in regularity, and hence the minimum mental effort required to master it. It is a synthetic language, without any of the multitudinous exceptions and irregularities which characterize all languages that like Topsy, "just grew up."

You deride Esperanto because it was constructed, and didn't grow up higgledy piggedly like other languages. English included. Surely that is as high praise as you could well bestow upon it. The very labor of agony needed to acquire a living language—other than one's native—is what prevents the nations of the earth from getting together in friendliness as only people can get together who understand each other. That entirely praiseworthy purpose is just what dominates the activities of Esperantists the world over.

HIS LIFE WORK

Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor, a sentimental kind of man, (like yourself, Mr. Editor) was reared under conditions which abundantly proved to him that the great majority of the troubles and wars which afflicted his nation and the nations surrounding it, were to be traced to the differences in point of view occasioned by the inability of the peoples to understand each other. He made it his life's work to lay the foundation for international understanding in the firm belief that that would do more than diplomacy to make war and its attendant horrors impossible. How well he did his work those who have dipped into Esperanto have some idea of.

Your leaderette begins with a foolish misstatement that Esperanto is "a universal language that nobody speaks and very few people read." Nothing could be more ludicrous than such a statement, for there are thousands of people who use the language in nearly all parts of the known world.

—And you end your effusion with another statement—which could be more accurately described by a little word containing only three letters—in which, I am sorry to say, your ignorance is completely manifested. You describe Esperanto as "a language which is so poor compared with a living language."

MILES AHEAD

I have not the least particle of hesitation in saying that one of the most

distinguishing characteristics of Esperanto is just this, that its capacity, its wideness, its height, its fulness, its expressiveness places it miles ahead of any living language. That is only in the natural order of things, for the living language is called upon to interpret only such part of human activities and conceptions as come within the sphere of its speakers. It is therefore necessarily limited by the practical. The ideal language, however, seeks to widen the bounds of its interpretativeness until it shall have included everything conceivable—and that is what Esperanto seeks to do, and it gets a long way on its road.

May I ask, sir, that you put aside your petty prejudices against a "constructed" language, and that you take a little trouble to look into the question in real earnest. I promise you a week's intellectual pep which will react on your future editorials to their definite improvement, and you will end up by wondering why you missed so good a thing before.

SAMPLE VERSE

How simple and natural this "constructed" language is let me show by simply giving one verse of the 'Hymn of Hope'—and may I submit that anyone having even a rudimentary knowledge of the common bases of language will be able to grasp its meaning without having spent even one minute in studying Esperanto:

Sur neutrala lingva fundamento
Complemente tnu la alian
La popolaj faros en consento
Unu grandan randon familian.
La via.
H. HALLIWELL
Terrace, B.C.

TREATMENT OF LIBRARY

Editor, Daily News.

In your editorial of the 21st inst., under the heading "Library Cut Down" you state:

"It seems a pity that in the pruning

Dyspepsia Troubled Him for Many Years

Mr. J. Saver, Loggieville, N.B., writes:—"I have suffered for many years from dyspepsia and could not seem to get any relief. "One day I told my wife I thought I would try a bottle of



and when I had half of it taken I felt a lot better, so I continued until I had taken two bottles, and now have no pains and no coated tongue, and feel that I am completely rid of my trouble."

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