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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, June 24.

Germany Bends the Knee to the Allied Will

By unconditional acceptance of the peace terms Germany has come to her supreme humiliation and the beginning of a long and terrible punishment. Bluff, bluster and threat played up until the last moment, have failed to budge the Allied determination to insist upon Germany's debt to civilization being paid in full. With the confession of utter defeat, complete prostration at the feet of her enemies, Germany passes definitely from her former imperial position to one of bitter subjection and subordination.

Much will depend on his own behavior as to how long the Hun shall remain chained and curbed. At present he appears sullen and impenitent. Only by terrific pressure has he been compelled to toe the mark, forced to admit his guilt, but if in time he displays an honest desire to reform he will be heartily helped to a footing alongside the free and decent nations.

Germany's agreement to sign the peace terms means that she will be incapable of further mischief. The conditions of the treaty wreck the great war machine, scattering the parts, and ending Prussian militarism. The desire to do mischief may still be there, but the power to achieve the desire has vanished. The nations can now turn to the task of reconstructing a better and happier world forever free of the Prussian menace.

Bullets Or Bolshevism? Winnipeg's Only Choice

Out in Winnipeg, that beaming western star of cities, now eclipsed by social disturbance, the old Anglo-Saxon conception of law and order, the kind that gives us policemen who go up against mobs, and soldiers who face German hordes, is fighting with the conception of law that is backed with the kind of courage that inspires a wolf pack.

The wolf pack never moves in unless there are unequal odds on the side of the attackers. It was the wolf pack spirit that moved twenty men to attack an old soldier and to "beat him up," caring little whether he died, but ready to kick him in the face or strike him with a club so long as he was alone and helpless. But when assistance came the pack made off.

They caught other single fighters for law and order and gave them the same sort of treatment. But they would not make a fair fight of it. Finally it became necessary to disperse the people wherever they were in order that the thug element might not find safety in the ranks of the innocent.

Rifle fire was resorted to. As is always the case, many guiltless people were wounded, but their presence made them parties to a disturbance, and while riot law prevails they will be warned to keep away from such gatherings.

This salutary lesson, evidently directed at the foreign element among the Winnipeg strikers, is not an effort to break the strike. It is a determination upon the part of the mayor and the military authorities to prevent gatherings which may be the forcing beds for violence and anarchy. The whole of Canada, whatever its associations with and leanings toward labor, will support the movement that saves a city from the violence of mob government, and removes a menace that might to strike down all authority and to win by any means control for one class in the community.

The Winnipeg situation has developed not so much into a fight of labor against capital as a battle of extremists for power. Let the "reds" gain control, and they would be content to let working conditions and work itself go by the board. Judging them by their actions and by the articles which appear in their "newspaper," by their muzzling of free speech and by their efforts to assassinate their fellow-citizens, these strike leaders would be quite capable of enslaving the rest of the community if the opportunity was at hand. The organized labor of other cities, prepared to proceed on constitutional methods, realizes that the Winnipeg strike is foreign to Canadian labor methods and to Canadian labor men. Even if they could win by such methods, they would not adopt them, and most of them are hopeful that the tactics resorted to in the western metropolis may not be successful.

What a pity it is that the fomentation of a few extremists have led a city like Winnipeg to a state of class warfare! No one has gained, no one can possibly gain and much has been lost. The apostles of Lenine and Trotzky are certain to be defeated because the preaching of arson and murder in Canada will never be tolerated.

Scuttling of Foe's Ships Has Lesson For Allies

The sinking by their own crews of the German warships interned at Scapa Flow, and of unsurrendered ones in German waters, is an act so essentially German that it should not amaze. Put on their honor to turn over the fleet upon the conclusion of peace, they simply violated their pledges after the best Prussian manner so glaringly demonstrated by a hundred acts preceding, during, and after the war. The amazing feature of the incident is that the Allies should have trusted them. The word of the German is worthless. He considers his guarantee good only so far as necessity or expediency demands. In themselves oath, agreement, compact, carry no weight. Foch and Clemenceau have never had any illusions on this matter. Their insistence on the peace treaty including practical conditions that for many years will enforce the carrying out of the Allied will, was due in a large measure to the belief that German honor could not be relied upon. Their stand for what some considered harsh conditions and unnecessary precautions has been strongly justified by the Scapa Flow scuttlings.

The whole business is just another proof that the Hun has not been changed by the chastening which usually accompanies defeat. He is as unreliable and untrustworthy under republican leadership as he was when imperialism ruled. Germany will require the closest watching until the last penny of her debt is paid and retribution satisfied. The sinking of the German fleet should increase the Allied vigilance against German trickery and treachery.

The destruction of the vessels removes the problem of their final disposition, a question that at times has been controversial to the point of arousing some ill-feeling between the powers interested. Great Britain and the United States have not desired a share of the German ships. Their own fleets are sufficiently strong. On the other hand, France, Italy and Japan have strenuously objected to their being destroyed. The sea power of these nations would be greatly expanded by addition of Germany's finest battle craft. No doubt there will be some irritation at Paris, Rome and Tokio over the affair, but as the conditions of the internment were subscribed to by all the signatories of the armistice agreement, Great Britain cannot fairly be held responsible for the enemy's violation of his promise to conduct himself decently, according to the rules.

The scuttlings may be viewed as a dramatic admission by Germany that she is through, at least in a military sense, and this final act shows the German "yellow," dishonorable, treacherous, to the very finish. It was a typical German way of confessing complete and terrible downfall.

A Plea For the Juveniles

At the Rotary Club yesterday Mr. Jared Vining, in his thoughtful address, brought before the club two very important questions affecting the young of the city.

He advocated more parks and playgrounds, arguing that playgrounds were needed very badly in the city and that they would contribute a great deal towards the well-being, morally and physically, of the boys of the city. He thought the board of education would be the proper body to take charge of the proceedings necessary to obtain the playgrounds. The Advertiser has frequently advocated the wisdom of securing parks and playgrounds. It is not too late yet.

The other question Mr. Vining referred to was a juvenile court. He praised Mr. Graydon's work as magistrate, and thought his combination of head and heart produced a first class magistrate, but that it was expecting too much of him to act as magistrate in a juvenile court. He urged taking advantage of the law and the appointment of a magistrate for that court. Much good could be accomplished.

Mr. Vining's speech was sound sense and should not be passed over. The Rotary Club has advanced many good causes, but none better than those brought again to their attention by Mr. Vining.

The Capitalist Unionizing

Generally speaking the suggestion that some day capital, taking its lead from labor, will strike, is considered as a jest. There are very real signs, however, that just such an incident as a "walkout" of capital may occur. Exasperated by repeated strikes and the rapid spread of extremist idea amongst their employees, the retail businessmen of Montreal of all lines are forming an association that aims to "combat Bolshevism and the revolutionary sentiment amongst employees." They propose to stand together in a fight against "unreasonable demands" and intend to "fight the enemy with his own weapons."

Herein lies the possibility of a new species of sympathetic strike. All retail merchants enrolled in this union will be prepared to close up business should one of its members have a struggle on its hands. On such an occasion, butcher, baker, grocer, fruitman, druggist, etc., would close the doors until a settlement satisfactory to one and all was achieved. The worker of all classes, union or non-union, would suffer severely. Such a strike would react on the manufacturer and the wholesaler, closing down their plants and bringing idleness to thousands. Of course it would be unfair to workers not directly interested, and to the general public, always the heaviest sufferers, but it would be no more unjust than the general strike idea a section of western labor is endeavoring to inflict on the nation.

Fortunately to the average man, and his is usually the deciding voice, the idea of a general strike with its personal suffering and industrial demoralization is abhorrent. He will not permit it to be accepted as a part of the nation's industrial life whether it is desired by capital, labor or any other agency.

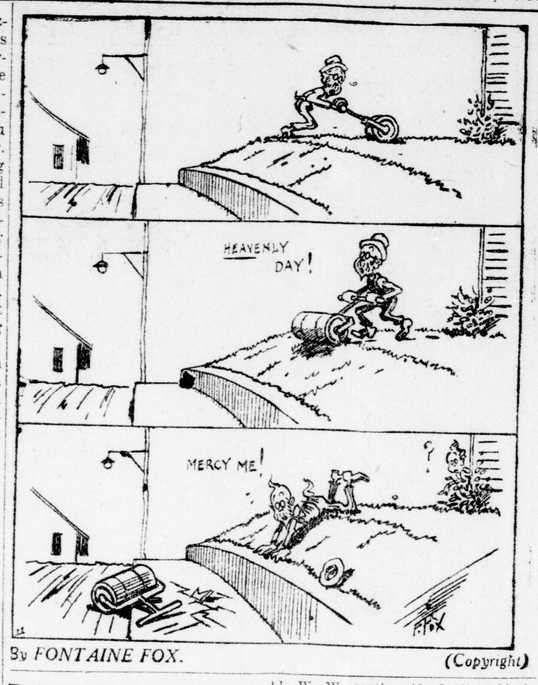
EDITORIAL NOTES.

The scuttling of the German fleet must have brought bitter tears to junker and junkman.

"Sir" John Alcock sounds fine. Nobody will begrudge that gallant gentleman his title. He got it by performance, not "pull."

A Berlin paper says Germany submits because of the stand taken by the people. Of course Foch's half million men standing to had nothing to do with it.

Vanderlip, the New York banker expresses some worry over the huge sums owing the United States by the old world. He need not worry as to Great Britain. John Bull's bill will be paid promptly and in full.



By FONTAINE FOX. (Copyright)

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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ELSIE TAKES COMMAND

By Will T. Ames.

A ferryboat load of the shipyard men piled pell-mell over the wharf, across the railroad tracks and on to the main thoroughfare of the town, at the foot of which lay the makeshift slip. They were roughly clad and grimy and strong, and, many of them, hard looking.

There had been a crap game on the boat coming over and it had not gone smoothly. Three of the men among the thousand showed the marks of it, for they were more or less bloody and still white with anger.

The three, each with a friend or two, stopped at the saloon at the foot of the street to wash off the stains of the row. The rest of the workers paid no heed but hurried on homeward. There was little laughter or joking. What conversation there was among them was unsmiling and it was plain to be seen that the yeast of discontent was at work.

At the street corner two blocks from the wharf a girl stood by the curb, watching the passing throng and looking for someone. By and by she caught sight of him, a tall, toughly-fashioned young fellow with thick hair that looked flaxen by contrast with his sunburned skin.

He spied the girl at the same instant, said a brief word to the companions of the moment and stopped beside her, automatically reaching out for bundles she carried.

The girl's eyes were shining. "What do you know, Billy? I found a place! An honest-to-goodness apartment. Mrs. Ells heard about a couple that are going out of town—somebody she knows. She's a good old thing, after all, Billy, and she went right down there and got them to keep still about it till we could get a chance at the place.

"I've been down today and engaged it. It's an old house, Billy, but there's three rooms and a bath—and only one other family, the folks that own it; they live downstairs. I guess 'he've boosting the rent two or three dollars. But we should worry—with your pay. It's our lucky day, isn't it, Billy?"

But Billy Noxon didn't respond to the happy mood of his young wife nearly as she had anticipated. While Elsie lay in wait for him there she had expected that he would throw up his hat and shout. Places to live—to really live and keep house like regular civilized people—were simply unobtainable in the town. The Noxons had been "light housekeeping" in a single room for four months, like hundreds of others.

"Don't know as there's any use in fussing about it, Chick," the boy finally replied, sombrely. "We're likely to have to get to blazes out of this man's town any time now. The gang's pretty sore, and they're likely to tie a can, any time at all, to the bunch of grafters that are running the tea kettle factory over the river."

"What do you mean, Billy Noxon—a strike?"

"It'll be a heap sight more than just one strike, when the blowoff comes. The workingman has been carrying the tar end of the stick about as long as he's going to in this country. Here's you and me living like a couple of bums in a coop of a room and me sweating my hide off over there on those hulls—and a lot of loafers that don't hit a ship a lick from the time she's doped out till she's overboard, and haven't even got a dollar of their own money in the plant, pulling down millions.

"Living in palaces and dressing their wives in thousand dollar furs and swelling around in limousines and playing golf while we play on a rivet gun—and all off us! All stolen from the workingman and his family! And then, when we hit them up for a lousy dollar a day raise, to help pay for the profiteering prices on the grub we eat, they give us the hoot!"

Elsie was looking very steadily and studiously at her big husband. "Well," she said, as he ran out of breath.

"Well," Billy resumed, "it's about all over, sis. There's going to be something doing, and that right quick. I dunno's it's worth while for us to change from one room to three. Maybe we'll be in the middle of a hell-boiled shindy in a week or two—and either have some kind of a decent share in things or nothing at all. Death's better than slavery." The boy stared gloomily at a passing touring car.

The girl was about an inch above five feet—her husband about an inch above six. Her eyes had been growing bigger and bigger as she listened to his dour speech. Now she seized him by the arm and said: "Billy Noxon, you come home with me, straight.

"And don't you speak—or even think—a word till I tell you to." The sombre face of the boy thawed into a sheepish grin as he permitted himself to be marshaled along six city blocks to the place where they lived in Mrs. Ells' furnished second floor back.

Not until they were in their room, with the door closed behind them, did Elsie speak again. "Now," she declared taking the bundles from Billy and putting them on the table, "I've got something to say to you, you big boob! You've been listening to those darned Bolsheviks again! You sit down there and answer me a couple of questions"; and answer me a couple of questions"; limpy-legged morris chair. "First—How much money did we have after two years when we quit Roxbury and came here? We had $140, didn't we? We've been here four months, and how much have we got? We've got $450 of new money, that's what we've got. And it's clean money, Billy, honestly earned. I'd rather have that than a million that was grafted. We're not getting along so badly. Maybe somebody else is getting a whole lot more that don't deserve it half as much. But I guess those things will be straightened out if fellows like you don't go loony and spoil everything. Anyhow, you never had so much money ahead in your life, Billy Noxon, and I know it.

"Now, who's the head devil over there at the yard in getting up all this L. W. W. sentiment? Is it a black-muzzled fellow they call Saunderson?"

"Well, Saunderson's the smartest, most independent man in the yard, if that's what you mean, and not afraid to speak his mind. The fellows listen to him because he's there with the goods."

"I thought so. I sat behind him and some other anarchist in a street car yesterday, when he ought to have been at work, and I know what he thinks. I heard him tell the man with him that it was about time the boorzhwa was kept from monopolizing everything, including the 'most beautiful and desirable wives'—that's exactly what he said, Billy Noxon!"

"Well," responded Billy, rather doubtfully, "he meant that a workingman can't compete with a rich one for a girl, when he can't send her flowers and give her buzz-car rides and such things."

"Billy, you're a simp. He meant—because he said so—that the women ought to be nationalized. Understand that. Made the property of the men equally, like the food and the clothes and the houses and automobiles! He said it was too early to spring that idea yet, but it would surely come."

Billy tried to say something, but the little wife kept on. "Billy, I didn't tell you before, but twice that black devil has tried to pick me up on the street. Yesterday, when he got up to leave the car he grinned at me and winked, and he said out of the corner of his mouth as he passed, 'Pretty peach!' Billy Noxon, do you want me nationalized—for Saunderson? Are you for the Bolsheviks or for me?"

Billy Noxon found Saunderson in the yard next day and hammered him for five minutes. He told him that he'd lick him every time he saw him. Wherefore, Saunderson is now agitating elsewhere, and there hasn't been any strike in the yard. Maybe everything is not exactly as it should be as between labor and capital, but as between Billy and Elsie, Bolshevism hasn't a look-in.

"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

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YEP! YEP! YEP!

[Turner's Weekly.]

Hon. T. A. Crerar has left home. He didn't mind the lodgin', but he couldn't stand the borden.

NO SENSE OF FITNESS.

[Toledo Blade.]

Bolsheviki have selected the dragonfly as their symbol. They should have selected the blowfly. They have no sense of fitness.

PAYING THE PIPER.

[Indianapolis Times.]

Heinie practiced forty years for his dance. It is only fair that he should devote the next forty years to paying the fiddler.

SOME LACK.

[Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.]

All that Bolshevism in Russia lacks of being a success is something for the people to eat, something to wear, and something to do.

EQUALLY LOATHSOME.

[Kingston Whig.]

A red sign in other days meant that smallpox was in the home, now a red sign means Bolshevism is dwelling within. But both are about the same thing.

PUZZLED.

[Washington Herald.]

We have never been able to understand the justice of a wage system that grants the same amount of kale to the man who is doing his darndest and the man who is doing just enough to get by.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL REASONING.

[Syracuse Standard.]

When Theodore Roosevelt was governor of New York he knew quite well a farmer who lived at a house on the road where the governor, riding horseback, would always stop for a rest. One day when the governor rode up the farmer was reading a New York paper. "Governor," he asked, "aren't those New York papers pretty tall liars?"

"Why, what makes you think they are?"

"Well, here's a story I was just a-readin' of a man who paid $14,000 for a picture of a cow. I don't believe it."

"Why not?" asked T. R.

"Because," said the farmer, "I don't believe there's any man in New York would pay $14,000 for anything he couldn't milk."

A FICTIONAL FLIGHT.

[Exchange.]

Edgar Allen Poe is credited with being the first person to have any practical ideas concerning transoceanic flight. He wrote an imaginary story about it, because he was in need of money, and it was printed in the New York Sun, April 13, 1844. At that time there was a campaign on by the press to secure news by quicker methods. The Atlantic cable had not been laid and ships were slow. Poe seized the opportunity and wrote a wonderful story, with minute details, describing the remarkable trip of an airship from England to Fort Monroe, S. C. His mythical machine made the journey in three days traveling with the northeasterly wind, and the average speed was about sixty miles an hour. The publication caused a sensation. It was widely copied by other newspapers. Many editorials were written on it. The whole country discussed it. It was some time before the Sun announced it was only fiction.

"In scarlet and in ermines
And chain of England's gold."

having been made a judge.

It is a relief to turn from invective to simple humor, such as "Mary's Son," which reminds one of the always delightful "If":

If you stop to find out what your wages will be,
And how they will clothe and feed you,
Willie, my son, don't you go to sea,
For the sea will never need you.

If you ask for the reason of every command,
And argue with people about you,
Willie, my son, don't go on the land,
For the land will do better without you.

If you stop to consider the work you have done,
And to boast what your labor is worth, dear,
Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,
But you'll never be wanted on earth, dear.

It would be flattery to pretend that there is in the same irresistible lilt in Mr. Kipling's verse as there was in the days of "Barrack-Room Ballads," but there is vigor still, and he can surround a theme of the moment with an imaginative atmosphere even if he fails to achieve poetry.

CROWN COLONIES FOR CANADA?

[St. John Telegraph.]

The proposal to add several crown colonies to Canada, colonies having large populations untrained in self-government, is one most Canadians would regard with no little hesitation, and such a project would be unlikely to become a live issue in Canada unless it should be shown that it is much less complicated than appears on the surface. So much for political union. Trade is quite another matter, and Canadians for business and imperial reasons are ready to adopt any reasonable means of facilitating an exchange of products between Canada and the British West Indies. Beyond that, it is by no means certain that political union would be good either for Canada or the Islands, and until it is demonstrated that it would be good for both no one should create the impression in Jamaica or elsewhere that the question is in the sphere of practical politics.

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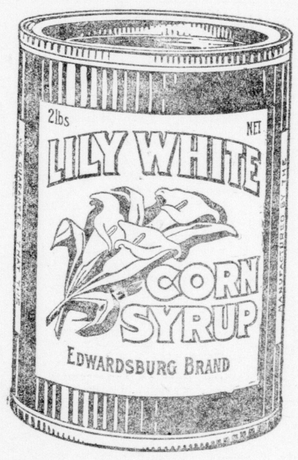

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