

London Advertiser

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LONDON, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 2.

COLLIER'S COMMENT.

COLLIER'S Weekly, probably the
most representative periodical of
the public opinion of the citizens of
the United States, has the following to say
in its current issue:

"In the past and the immediate
present, the war, of course, has
caused us, as a nation, some confusion.
For the future it is possible to
say, in the words of one of the
most thoughtful leaders of American
finance and industry, that if
can help the unemployed in cities, and
more than all, they can supply an
urgent demand of Britain for grain.
This will be not only a patriotic but a
profitable duty. Let our farmers show
themselves equal to the opportunity.

In so far as the war is concerned,
the whole continent is as one com-
mercially. A great opportunity offers
to Canadian industry to take care of
the usual import business. Men will
need work, and if the cycle can remain
unbroken there will be as good times
this winter as last winter. Since your
prospective sufferings beside the suffer-
ings of anyone living in the nations
at war at Europe, and though you live
at the very 'rank' station you are
better off than if you were a social
leader in Berlin or Paris. Canada will
give its men and money to the cause
of Great Britain, but there is no reason
for a cessation of trade. Once the first
funerary for the sound business man
to increase rather than decrease his
output. Just as the Americans see
the opportunity, so may we.

This week's edition of Collier's has
some pleasant reading for a British
subject—some thrilling reading, in fact.
It stands for the best of American
thought, and it is distinctly with the
humanitarian side of the present war.
For instance, this paragraph will leave
no room for doubt as to where it
stands:

"We shall obey President Wilson's
order most faithfully. All the same, we know the man
who, stripped of monarchical prerogatives, in any American court,
under American law, could be in-
dicted and convicted for incitement
to murder."

Then there is a word of advice that
comes home to those of us who do not
look to the future:

"In England, the war has brought to
poverty a large number of persons
who were formerly well-to-do. Their
tragedy is the result of a calamity
that no one could foresee. No parent
can be certain that his children
may not, some day, come to
poverty. There is no guarantee
against it. The best insurance is
to teach them to work. Probably
the best asset any youth can have
is the ability to cultivate the soil.
That is the most permanent and
universal of trades."

In a single-page article, Henry Beech
Needham pays a tribute to the British
that is almost perfect. It is re-
produced on this page. He is an American
writer, who is not trying to be senti-
mental, but merely to tell what he saw.
We would especially ask those who for
years have been endeavoring to create
and foster in this country a hatred for
Americans to read this article. It takes
a real man to write it, a real magazine
to print it, and a real nation to
receive it.

BACK TO THE LAND.

EVEN BEFORE the war, the prob-
lem of non-employment was a
serious one. At the last session of the
Ontario Legislature Mr. Rowell brought
the question before the Assembly, but
the Government did not consider it of
sufficient importance to justify any
action. Now, however, conditions are
more grave. The disorganization of
business will increase the number of
the unemployed, while the advance in
the cost of living will make their hard-
ships greater. And it is not charity
that is needed, but work. Where de-
pendent families have been left, those
who have gone to the front, those in
charge of the Patriotic Fund will
take care of them. But for the men
work is required.

And the only resource would seem to
be an exodus to the farm. The tide
that has for years been flowing to the
city must turn back to the country.
To this end it is gratifying to see that
our Local Government is devoting its
energies. Through the Agricultural De-
partment it is getting into touch with
the farmers. And it is to be hoped and
expected the cultivators of the land
will prove enterprising and generous.
Their employees will necessarily have
to content themselves with moderate
wages, but these wages should be suf-
ficient to keep them. During the win-
ter season they will have to be satisfied
with little more than their board. Under
ordinary circumstances this might be
more than farmers would care to give,
for they will not have much use for
extra help during that season. But
when the men in cities are contributing
liberally to various philanthropic funds,
we may expect that farmers will not
hesitate to bear their share of the com-
mon burden.

And in the end they will not lose by

it. There is opportunity for them to
extend their operations with profit to
themselves and advantage to the Em-
pire. There is going to be an unusual
demand for wheat and cereals of all
kinds. Britain, France, Austria, Ger-
many and Belgium are all importers of
foodstuffs. Russia alone of the nations
engaged in war is an exporter. But
with several millions of Europeans
drawn not only from the cities but from
the country, Russia's grain crop will
be shorter than usual. The United
States, Argentina and Canada will have
to make up the deficiency.

Here is the opportunity for the
farmers of Canada. Not only will there
be a demand for all the cereals we can
raise, but prices will of necessity ad-
vance. An estimate made by the Liver-
pool Corn Exchange indicates that
Germany and Austria will need to im-
port at least 288,000,000 bushels. The
allies will require 440,000,000 bushels.
We must help meet the demand. And
we can do it. There is much land not
only in the Northwest, but in this pro-
vince as well, that is either unculti-
vated, or only partially used for pastur-
age. And we will have men unem-
ployed, who, whether they understand
farming or not, can be utilized on a
farm.

The farmers of Canada can increase
their business during the war. While
manufacturers may have to retract
their business, the farmers' goods will
be in greater demand than ever, with
prices greater than they have been. In
adding largely to their own profits, they
can help the unemployed in cities, and
more than all, they can supply an
urgent demand of Britain for grain.
This will be not only a patriotic but a
profitable duty. Let our farmers show
themselves equal to the opportunity.

A SUGGESTION.

WE ARE not barbarians in Canada,
but if ever there was justifica-
tion for refined cruelty it is at the present,
and we would all mark our ballots
for the following procedure, after the
triumph of the allies in the present war:

Place the Kaiser and his sons in a
large, comfortable cage in the largest
public square in Berlin. Feed them
well, take them out for exercise each
day, and treat them humanely. As
far as it is possible, bring them back
to their rational minds—and then—
make King Albert of Belgium the head
of a limited monarchical system of go-
vernment for Germany. Have him come
to chat with the Kaiser each day, re-
minding the latter of that delightful
occasion when the Kaiser's Zepplin
swooped over Antwerp and dropped a
few sticks of dynamite for the babies
in that peaceful city. Then a few
minutes more could be taken up each
day in recalling the incident when
Belgian women were killed and Red
Cross nurses fired upon. Perhaps it
would be possible to have moving pic-
tures of all these "achievements" to
keep them fresh in the mind of Wil-
helm. For we must remember that he
must be treated with some considera-
tion and given his diversions, even
after he has been deprived of his lib-
erty.

SEDAN.

SEDAN, where Napoleon gave up
his army of 55,000, himself and
his throne, 44 years ago today, is a
fortified town of about 20,000 in French
Ardennes. It is the largest and busiest
place in this frontier department of
forest and hill country, the north-
ern extremity of old Champagne. The
fortifications are quite considerable.

Around are iron mines and iron
works, but Sedan is principally famous,
next after the event of 1870, for its
cloth manufacture. As long ago as the
17th and 18th centuries, also, it gave
its name to the fashionable chair of
the periwig age. This is said to have
been invented in Sedan. There is a
grim contrast between the gentle as-
sociations of the city's name before
1870, and its sinister import since that
date and today. Sedan must be a
hard word for French lips to speak.

For revenge France has thrived,
prepared, disciplined and denied her-
self, worked, watched and even prayed.
Will the dawn break now or soon upon
hopes long deferred? France's gay
heart has grown somewhat wistful,
weary and old. Is she yet to gain back
her youngest and most cherished pro-
vince, and Strassburg, the Benjamin
of her family of twelve cities?

It depends on Russia and England,
two ancient foes of hers, but now fast
friends in one cause. With a declining
birth-rate, France has fallen more and
more behind her fast growing neigh-
bor in population. In 1870 France was
the most numerous nation of Europe
outside Russia. Now she can scarcely
muster two to Germany's three. And
yet Sedan will be avenged, as surely as
Belgium, Alsace and Posen must be
avenged.

ENGLAND NOT TO BLAME.

GERMANY continues to protest that
the responsibility for the war rests
on the shoulders of Sir Edward Grey,
the German ambassador at Wash-
ington being the latest to make the
charge. It is noticeable, however, and
decidedly significant, that he fails to
mention a telegram—one of the most
important in the series of "conversa-
tions"—that effectively clears Sir Ed-
ward. In the early stages of the ne-
gotiations, when the British Govern-
ment was making every effort to pre-
vent war, Sir Edward Grey remarked
that he hoped France would remain
neutral should war break out between
Austria and Russia. The German am-
bassador at London at once sent word
to Berlin that England would keep
France neutral in a war between Ger-
many, Russia and Austria. The British
Government at once corrected this mis-
take, and as the entire world was
aware of the fighting alliance between
Russia and France, nobody believed
for a moment that Sir Edward Grey
meant his remark to be interpreted as
it was by the Kaiser's deputy. This
telegram explaining what Sir Edward

Grey's remark has been carefully
suppressed throughout the controversy,
that is so far as Germany is concerned.
On the other hand, the correspon-
dence shows very clearly that had he
so desired, the Kaiser, by co-operating
with Great Britain, could have pre-
vented war. He brusquely refused to
work with Great Britain to avoid war
between Austria and Russia, and there
is every proof that Austria's action was
the only power prepared for in-
stant war. The world is pretty well
convinced by now that the responsi-
bility for bringing on the most stu-
pendous and bloody conflict of all time
rests on the shoulders of the war lord
of Potsdam.

Britons may be defeated, but they
can't be licked.

The present situation in Europe is
Napoleonic without the Napoleon.

Perhaps the Kaiser wishes he had
gone around instead of across Belgium.

The present situation is providing a
beautiful wallowing hole for habitual
pessimists.

It was quite natural that the Ger-
man daschund should run mad during
the dog days.

It will be best for the Kaiser that he
perish in the war, as the victors will
have no mercy on him.

School children who next year are
obliged to study all over the geography
of Europe will realize what an afflic-
tion war is.

Britain's fine victory in the North
Sea affects Canada directly, in that
it further assures the safe passage of
merchandise between the old world and
the new.

"This war will be fought to a finish"
—Lord Kitchener. "Take Paris or die!"
—The Kaiser. Sounds as if an irre-
sistible force and immovable body are
about to clash.

The German ambassador at Wash-
ington attempts to excuse the dropping
of bombs in Antwerp by declaring that
women and children should not be
there. As a matter of fact, Antwerp
was not in a state of siege, and the
customary warning for non-combat-
ants to leave had never been given.

LOVE SONG TO MYRTILLA.

[Buffalo News.]
Each morn I bring thee violets,
Each day I chide my love
With fervent, burning triolets,
And sing to thee, my dove;
Each morn I bring thee violets
And place them on the sill—
Each night, when slumber comes to me,
I dream I get the bill.

ON ITS TRAVELS.

[Houston Post.]
"What have you done with the um-
brella I loaned you?"
"I loaned it to a man who says he
loaned it to you."

"WHERE THE GREAT VOICES CALL."

[Richard Le Gallienne, in "The Country
Gods."] I dwell with all things great and fair;
The green earth and the lustral air.
The sacred spaces of the sea,
Day in, day out, companion me,
Pure-faced, pure-thoughted folk are
mine.

With whom to sit and laugh and dine;
In every sunlit room is heard
Love singing, like an April bird.
And everywhere the moonlit eyes
Of beauty guard our paradise.
While, at the ending of the day,
To the kind country gods we pray,
And dues of our fair living pay.

Ah! then how good my life I know,
How good it is each day to go
Where the great voices call, and where
The eternal rhythms flow and flow.
In that august companionship,
The subtle poisoned words that drip,
With guileless guile, from friendly lips,
The lie that fits from ear to ear.

Ye shall not speak, ye shall not hear;
Nor shall you fear your heart to say,
Lest he who listens shall betray.
The man who hearkens all day long
To the best of cosmic-thoughted song
Comes with purged ears to the lesser
speech.

And something of the sky reach
Gresten the gaze that feeds on space;
The starlight writes upon his face
The eyes that drink the holy light
That bathes in starlight, and the morn
Gresten the gaze that feeds on space;
The starlight writes upon his face
The eyes that drink the holy light
That bathes in starlight, and the morn
Gresten the gaze that feeds on space;

PLENTY OF THEM.
[Baltimore American.]
"The suffrage question is on the
carpet."
"Yes and plenty of sweeping argu-
ments for it."

Letters to the Editor

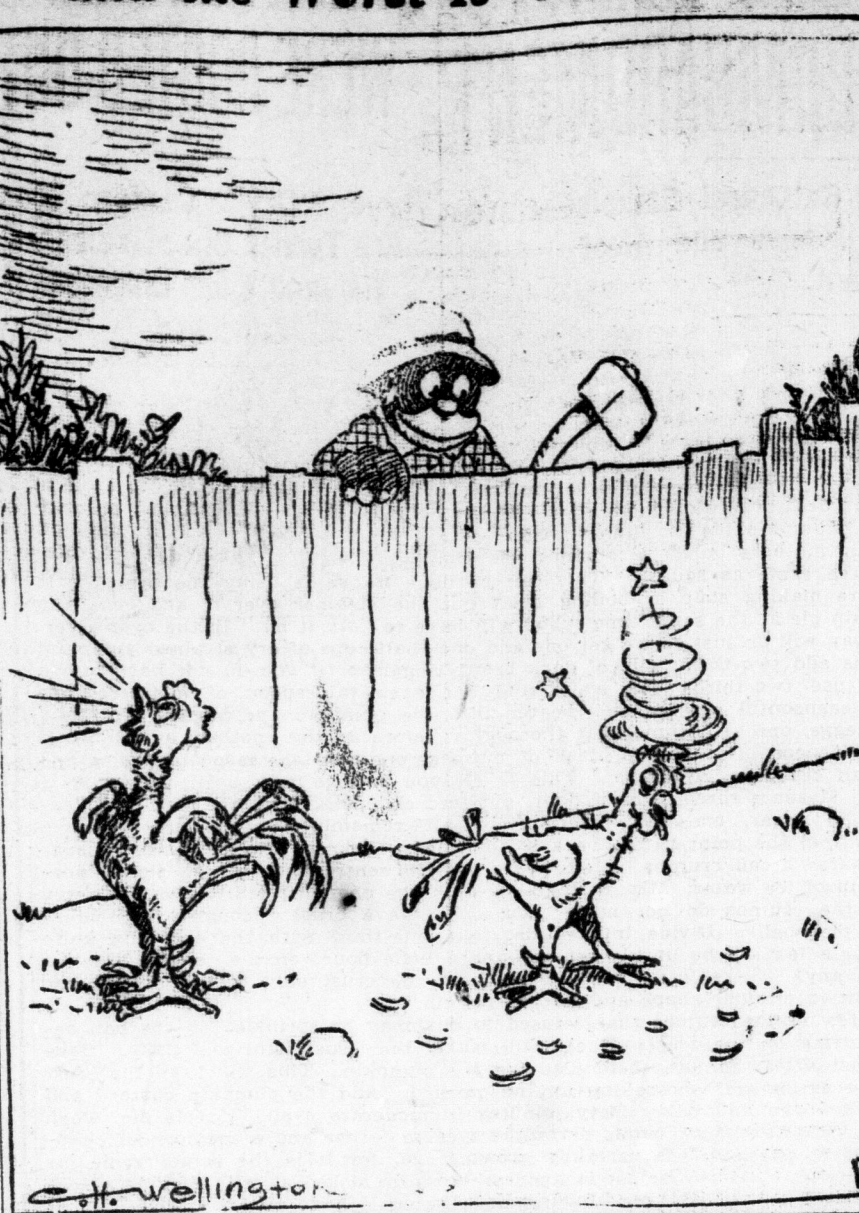
A Protest.
To the Editor of The Advertiser:
At the great patriotic mass meeting
last evening in the Masonic Hall one
of the speakers expressed the hope and
the desire that the result of the present
war would be "the winning of the
map of Europe of the name of Ger-
many." Now, Sir, I think that there is
no doubt that the utterance of such
sentiments as these, especially by our
public men in public meetings, while in
a measure excusable in the circum-
stances, is nevertheless extremely un-
wise and greatly to be deprecated, and
that for two reasons.

In the first place, such utterances will
doubtless be transmitted to Germany,
either through the public press or by
German sympathizers, and will be eagerly
seized on by the military party there
and be used most effectively to inflame
the army and the nation more and
more with military fury, on the ground
that their very national existence is
thus threatened.

Moreover, this is an our part a war
of defence, not of aggression. As most
of the speakers last night declared, we
are fighting in the cause of human
freedom and righteousness against "the
mailed fist" and "the shining armor,"
against the theory that might gives
the right, against the theory that the
victories of the conqueror to the dis-
possession of the liberties of the con-
quered as he may see fit. How absurdly
inconsistent, then, it would be for us, if
freedom and righteousness were not only
victory crowns our efforts, to treat Ger-
many in the very manner which we
condemn in Germany's treatment of
Alsace and Lorraine!

Let us remember that things are never
settled till they are settled right, and
that nothing in the world's history has
ever been settled right by sheer military
force. A policy aiming at the destruc-
tion of German nationalities will not only
intensity and prolong the horrors of the
present war, but would be productive of
wars without end in the future history
of Europe. Yours,
A. B.

--and the Worst Is Yet to Come



Looking at the Bright Side

OVER IN A YEAR.

[Vancouver Star.]
Lloyd's, which has exceptional oppor-
tunities for sizing up any given situa-
tion, predicts that the war will be over
within a year.

QUITELY EFFECTIVE.

[Guelph Mercury.]
The British have taken so far about
225 German vessels. You haven't heard
much about it, have you? The brass
band and the press agent can't accom-
pany the navy.

THE OUTLOOK.

[Ottawa Free Press.]
Time, the sea and its control are fight-
ing for the British cause. Winter and
hunger will shortly work for the allies.
No wonder there is panic in Berlin, for
it looks as if the Cossack would soon be
looking at the gates.

THE BLUE BEHIND THE CLOUDS.

[Minneapolis Journal.]
The student of history, or of revela-
tion, if he looks aright, may clearly
enough see the blue behind the dark
clouds of the present—and take courage.
Storms are for a day, but good weather
is the rule. Courage and confidence in
the divine plan need not be lost, no
matter how serious the outlook. We are
too near the present situation, for in-
stance, to see it in its proper perspec-
tive.

As England Goes to War

A Tribute by Henry Beech Needham, an American, in This Week's
Advertiser.

The "one bright spot" Sir Edward
Grey declared to be Ireland. There-
fore a Hibernian paradox is apt. The
calmest spot is near the centre of the
explosion! As I recall the state of
things and of minds in New York at
the outbreak of the Spanish-American
war, there was an excitement unending
greater than on election night, and a
tension more gripping than in the panic
of '88. Comparatively, that war was a
skirmish. This! No man can foretell
the end yet, but the doggedness, the
calmness, the unbelief. But let no one
think that the people fail to compre-
hend what they are up against. For
a week before the declaration of war
the English papers said every pos-
sible angle of the impending conflict.
It was not yellow journalism—it was
unemotionally tragic. The blackest
day of the war (the financial district)
has known for more than 30 years.
Wrote a member of Lloyd's on July 30.
Failures were numerous. Then, for the
first time in its history, came the clos-
ing of the London Stock Exchange.
The bank rate went higher than
ever before in the memory of the oldest
financiers. The banks closed Saturday
noon, intending to open Tuesday after
the August bank holiday, but as it
turned out, to remain closed for al-
most a week. Then—same day—
gold and silver took wings, seemingly,
a five-pound bank of England note,
legal tender, was less useful than one's
personal check. Up to the hour of the
declaration of war against Germany the
attitude of the English irritated me.
They gave no signs of a proper real-
ization of what was threatening. Their
attitude became so exasperating on the
morning of the bank holiday that I
began to talk. I was vividly reminded
of the play, written by an English army
officer, and produced not only in Lon-
don but in the United States, entitled,
"An Englishman's Home." It was a
call to arms, and ready to be a
"tragic commentary on unpreparedness."
And I believe that I saw around me
this play—in the life. (As a matter of
fact, the English are most excellently
prepared.)

The first scene, if you remember,
emphasized the Englishman's partici-
pation and absorbing interest in sports
and games. There was the first-born,
a young man in his twenties, talking
football, nothing else, and poking fun
at his future brother-in-law, who had
foolishly joined the Yeomanry. At the
close of the scene the young man's
father grabs the sticks from his
youngest and shows him how to play
that silly sport, game—diabolical! Then
appears the mother, a woman of the
house, and the Englishman, his family
killed or in flight, finally roused to fight-
ing mettle, seizes a gun in defence of his
home—and is shot down.

The second scene, if you remember,
intimated that I could not help re-
calling this play. The Englishman and
his wife and his cohealed son took
my talk calmly. It didn't annoy them.
—It didn't influence them in the slight-
est. They went to the Goodwood races
just the same. They played their games.
They did as they were accustomed to
do, which meant that they exercised
as much as they could in the open air,
they were fit, and they kept them-
selves fit. And they didn't worry.

With the newspaper headlines like,
"On the Brink," "The Balance,"
and "Greatest Conflict in History,"
Threatened," staring them in the face,
the English remained unexcited. They
kept their heads. They didn't run

ritorials gathered in the "King's Arms,"
and singing began. What was that fami-
liar air, those stirring American
words?—"Three cheers for the red
white, and blue!" No wonder I was
thrilled.

That swinging air will be the popu-
lar battle hymn with the volunteers
in this great struggle. Over here it is
called "The Red, White, and Blue"—
not "Columbia"; but the air is the
same and the chorus much the same.
And the English-speaking people of
America, unless their sentiments are
swayed by a contrary allegiance, will
not doubt be singing the chorus, "Three
cheers for the red, white, and blue,"
to hearten the forces of civilization!

The calm of the Briton is first of
all racial. Who are the English? Un-
relenting Saxons, who, though conquer-
ed in turn by Angles, Danes, and Nor-
mans, finally swallowed up all three,
and imposed their language, their cus-
toms, and their institutions upon the
quondam invaders. Or, as Price Col-
ler so admirably answered the ques-
tion, "Who are the English, what are
the English? They are Saxons, who
love the land, who love their liberty,
and whose sole claim to genius is
their common sense." To this might
be added the vernacular: "You can
defeat 'em, but you can't lick 'em."

As they fought for their liberty, so
they fought in the world for their own
brand of civilization, and with one
notable exception, which makes suc-
cessfully us mentioning, the fought
unsuccessfully in the long run. They haven't
forgotten their victories. Not that they
boast of them, for they don't, but they
expect you to remember how and what
they conquered. This record in bat-
tle, if not brilliant altogether, is surely
overwhelmingly persistent. Which
necessarily imparts calm.

Then the life they lead, and have
always led—so much of it in the open
air, and with such a consistent meas-
ure of hardening exercise, naturally
gives them confidence. They have
health, they have staying qualities,
and the possession of this breeds, cour-
age and coolness. And in this crisis
they are calm, for another and greater
reason still, because they have decided
issues for themselves. No autocracy
has hurled the English into interna-
tional strife. Their truly representa-
tive and quickly responsive Govern-
ment—of which the world presents no
fair equal—has gone to war when
every chance for peace failed. There
was no "speech from the throne" in-
hinting vaguely at obligations which
were pressing, but which could not be
disclosed. There was no "executive
session" to consider business of state
in secret.

Every step of the way there was in-
deed "pitiless publicity." Everything
was open and aboveboard and wonder-
fully impressive.

Then a clear and convincing speech of
Sir Edward Grey was instantly received
with general approval. There was un-
grudging acclaim from all parties for
the statesmanlike utterance of the Prime
Minister—a speech he would live in his-
tory; for Mr. Asquith made it certain
to Englishmen and to the enthusiastic
colonists everywhere that the sword
has been drawn "in defence of civiliza-
tion," which are vital to our civiliza-
tion.

The Spartans in 1914.
They are answering, the unmarried
Englishmen between eighteen
and thirty, enlisting quietly and calmly,
without a particle of heroics. If you
look for heart-breaking human-interest
stories over here, you don't find them.
"What I am going to tell is—well, it's
English."

There is a young man in town, a clerk
in a bank, who is in his early twenties.
He is an only son, and his mother is a
widow. Yesterday she left her home
and visited the town, and she and her
son had afternoon tea together. In the
parlor of the inn, when the "rite" was
over, I learned that the lad was going
to get in the cycle corps—at any event
was sure to enlist.

"How you must hate to have him
go," said Mrs. Reade, the proprietress,
to the old lady.
"That's why I came down here to-
day—to make sure that he was going,"
replied the old lady firmly. "He would
be no son of mine if he didn't go!"
And she added:

"Mrs. Reade, if this hotel is com-
mandeered for a hospital, I want you to
send for me at once. I'll come instanta-
neously and nurse."

Not Spartan—Saxon! Unrelenting,
persistent, consistent purpose; quiet,
dogged calmness—that's all.

Press Comment

On the War

POOR BUSINESS POLICY.

[Winnipeg Telegram.]
With British and French factories re-
opening on an increased scale to insure
the economic life in the country and ob-
tain the trade Germany has lost forever,
the action of one Ontario implement
manufacturer in closing his big plant is
obviously poor business policy.

THE ENGLISH ARMY.

[La Presse.]
The English army is far from being
the most powerful in the world, but it
possesses a unique temperament which
makes it in battle a baffling resistance
for the enemy. That is why 150,000 En-
glish soldiers count for much more than
their numerical value in a shock of
many millions of men, and their presence
adds the efficacy of British calmness to
the ardor of the French.

TIGHTENING CREDIT.

[Le Rire.]
First Artist: The umbrella you lent
me? I have lent it to a friend.
Second Artist: That is very awkward.
The man who lent it to my friend tells
me that the owner wants it.

WILSON'S FLY PAD.

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KILLS THEM ALL!
Sold by all Druggists
and Grocers all over
Canada.

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Interchangeable Gas Range

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but only one to clean.

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The London Advertiser

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Nobody Here!
Guess I'll help Myself!



Kellogg's