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LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 27.

THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY.

THE Emperor of Germany is 56 years of age today. His appearance belies his age, for from his latest photographs he seems to have passed the sixtieth milestone. There is a coincidence, perhaps, in the fact that today is the 27th day of the month and that Wilhelm has been 27 years on the German throne.

Most of that time he has been, perhaps, the most absolute monarch since the Caesars. He disputed the right of Bismarck to have a voice in the councils of the king. Although he has been very plausible as an advocate of peace at times his acts have all been in kind with the warlike traits he displayed as a child.

His action toward Bismarck and his unrelenting war against the spread of Socialism in his own country have shown that he will not have advice from either his great men or his people. Under the reign of Wilhelm II the German people secured a reputation for thrift and industrial ability. This reputation was enhanced by a great desire for social reform in the face of oppression.

Yet everywhere there has been swarming Prussians to awe the German people, to stifle their social efforts and to beat them finally into a willing slavery, with an environment of brass chestiness and clinking arms. Wilhelm may well survey his years today. The "cap sheaf" atrocity stands out to mark his maturity. He goes down in history as an unmanly king, the slayer of women and children, the betrayer of his brother kings, his whole reign of force crowned with an act of monstrous indecency.

NO EXCUSE.

GERMANY continues to assert that the aerial raid on England was in retaliation for British raids on German unfortified towns; but so far they have failed to furnish the facts or offer proofs. Vague, unsubstantiated charges are made of bomb-dropping by the Allies on Nuremberg and Friedberg, but the Germans have been unable to cite any instance of a deliberate attack on non-combatants such as the Norfolk incident undoubtedly was. At Cologne, Zeppelin and French aircraft attacked a Zepplin hangar, at Essen their target was the Krupp works, at Cuxhaven the docks and warships were attacked, and at Friedrichshafen the Zeppelin works were bombed, but all this was fair fighting. Up to date the Germans have had a monopoly on the murderous practice. In their raids on Friedrichshafen, Essen and Cologne the Allies' airmen passed above many German towns and villages, but no attempt was made at bombing. If Berlin has a good case, we may be sure she will not fail to present it. It has been a boast of the Kaiser that he is a great admirer of Attila the Hun, the scourge of Europe. That, not retaliation, explains the barbarous air raids.

ODD NOTIONS.

STARTLING and grotesque are some of the ideas held in regard to the war operations. One citizen, who in the affairs of daily life is rational and reasonable, has half-convinced himself that the raid on Scarborough and Hartlepool was made by British warships at the instigation of the British Government, the object being to stimulate recruiting. Perhaps when this reaches General Sam Hughes' ears he will place the Vigilant in commission and "knock spots" out of Port Stanley and the other lake ports. If he does, he can rely upon heavy enlistment—until he is found out. Still another man, one who has a widespread reputation for common sense, firmly believes that it was General French who died in Flanders, not Lord Roberts and that "Bobs" is directing the campaign.

His argument is that none but "Bobs" could have done so well in the face of great handicaps. It's a fine tribute to the dead marshal, but it's a tough reflection on French. Another who closely follows the progress of the campaign and who claims to be a relative of General Hector MacDonald, whose mysterious death twelve years ago startled the world, says that here of the Soudanese and Egyptian campaigns is at the head of a Russian army corps in the present war.

These instances, and they can be multiplied indefinitely, reveal an odd mental slant. Of course, a child could refute the assertions. They are ridiculously impossible, but a strange feature of the case is that the clearest logic fails to shake the grip these odd notions have on some minds.

Here is a rich field for investigation by the biological sharps who have specialized on the mysteries and processes of the mind. Certainly it cannot lightly be thrust with a smiling "crazy with the head"—not in January, in Ontario.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Half of Europe is trenching. After the war it will be retrenching. The Baby Killers will now nurse their

wounds instead of attacking English nurses.

The Germans have captured Kielce, but it sounds too slippery to hold.

In this war game, Davy Beatty and Davy Jones play beautifully into one another's hands.

Is there anything quite as healthy or conducive to wholesome activity as an Ontario cold snap.

Kitchener says the "Pats" are the premier regiment of his new army. But wait until the Thirty-Third Battalion gets to the front!

The Hungarians are naturally anti-Serb and anti-Russian, but they can feel little enthusiasm for a long war under a German command for the rescue of German interests.

Knitting socks for husbands at the front is now popular in the harems of Turkey. That means the Turk gets four or five pairs at a time while the Christian soldier gets but one. It isn't fair.

SCENIC.
[Cleveland Leader.]
With its armed neutrality, its mounting deficits and its dearth of tourists, Switzerland finds its scenery less satisfactory than usual.

THE WASHING TUB.
[Baltimore Sun.]
Has anyone sung of the washing tub? Well, that is the song for me! Over its rim how many hearts have bent in their Calvary!

Rubbing and scrubbing, all day long, With back so weary of toil and wrong, And fingers aching and wrists so hurt, Over the washing tub scrubbing off dirt!

Has anyone sung of the washing tub? Well, many a heart could tell The terrible truth of its slavery. The bitter truth of its hell! Rising and wringing and hanging out, Tied to the tub when you want to shout, Yearning for rest from the grime and grey, Over the washing tub scrubbing away!

Has anyone sung of the washing tub? Well, it is a song to sing Wide on the winds of the headless world, And it is the song I sing! Driest and weary, what mothers of ours Have bent from the sun and bent from the flowers, Shut out the pleasure and shut out the cheer, Over the washing tub, year after year!

NEW INDUSTRY.
[Houston Post.]
Of course, when the iron mines become exhausted we can turn to the English Channel and the North Sea and begin a submarine mining industry.

THE OLD SEA-ROVER SPEAKS.
[O. S. in Punch.]
(Referring to the victory of the Falkland Islands, the Taghbir Rundschau remarks: "On board our North Sea ships our sailors will clench their teeth and all hearts will burn with the feeling, 'England the enemy! Up and at the enemy!' The gallant bombardment of defenceless towns on our East Coast would appear to be the immediate outcome of this intelligent attitude.") Behind the lock-gates stowed away, Out of the great ebb and flow, How could you guess, this many a day, Who was your leading naval foe? But now you learn, a little late— So loud the rumors from the sea grow, England's the thing you have to hate, And not (for instance) Montenegro.

The facts are just as you've been told. Further disguise would be but vain. We have a penchant from of old For being masters on the main. It is a custom which we caught From certain sea-kings who begat us. And that is why we like the thought That you propose to "up and at" us.

Come where you will—the seas are wide, And choose your Day—they're all alike. You'll find us ready where we ride. In calm or storm and wait to strike. But—if of shame your shameless Huns Can yet retrieve some casual traces— Please fight our men and ships and guns. Not women-folk and watering-places.

THANKS.
[Chicago News.]
Let us be thankful that most of the horrors in the moving pictures never really happen.

SI SIMS.
[By Giff Alexander.]
The funny thing about Si Sims (We've talked about it some) Is when you see him coming you're glad to see him come. Though his thinking apparatus is unquestionably alive. When he says he must be going you don't like to see him go. Though he hasn't much ambition and will never make a pile. He seems to be contented and he has a pleasant smile.

It is not a smile that's chronic—one that's pasted on his face— But one that in his heart of hearts has But one that in his heart of hearts has And takes a frequent little stroll to lips and twinkling eyes. And says, "Let's all be happy if we can't have a little peace!" That's so! It stir your liver and it banishes your bile. To see Si Sims a-twinkling with his pleasant little smile.

Why, there are smiles that make you born to see them! That's the kind That's born of sneering habits and top-loyalty type of mind. But there's another kind of smile that starts you singing hymns. The happy-bright-religious-smile belonging to Si Sims!

It is full of human kindness! It is wholly lacking guile! And a fellow feels uplifted when he's sampled such a smile! You wouldn't call him handsome, but the children to him cling. Though he doesn't tell them stories— But he'll listen to their chatter and he'll sometimes nod his head. And the kiddies at seem tickled at his every word he says. I guess they know he loves them—and they rather like his style; And I guess they sense the perfect understanding in his smile.

He's a simple kind of person and he comes of simple folk. And he never coined an epigram and seldom makes a joke; And he hasn't any learning and you wouldn't call him smart. But you feel if help were needed here—that's it! Old Si's dependable! Folks trust him all the while. They know him for the man he is and love him for his smile.

DAILY WAR PUZZLE



Hungry Belgian children. Find a Butcher and a Baker.
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE—Upside down at horse's nose. Right side down behind gun.

OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

PRINCESS PAT'S CHARGE AT YPRES.

[Air-British Grenadiers.]
Have you heard the joyous tidings,
Of our brave Canadian sons?
How they captured German trenches
In the face of German guns.

They upheld their country's honor,
They did nobly play their part,
And the fame they placed upon her
Now is thrilling every heart.

Chorus—
Oh, the joyful thrilling story,
Now we proudly raise our hats,
To the honor and the glory
Of the peerless Princess Pat.

The Germans, from their trenches,
Swept the field with leaden hail,
But the dauntless men of Canada
Were determined to prevail.

So coolly did they place a gun
To enfilade the foe,
And saw the German gunners run,
To the trenches' corners go.

Then o'er the wire entanglements
They way they quickly feel,
And piled the German gunners
With the cold Canadian steel.

Then did loudly peal their slogan,
And did ring their proud hurrah:
For the glory of the Empire
And beloved Canada.

How the joyful news went thrilling
O'er the land from sea to sea,
That our boys were brave and willing,
Of undaunted gallantry.

One thing is plainly shown, that's,
They're prompt to dare and do,
Oh, fearless, peerless Princess Pat's
Our country's proud of you.

Sarnia, Ont. G. J. A.

PRESS COMMENT ON THE WAR

COMMON KNOWLEDGE.
[Montreal News.]
The back-number apologists in Hungary are arguing Belgium's culpability after her partition has become a fact in the world, and the crime of her destruction has robbed the special pleadings of the force of many assertions intended to be put forward as facts. Belgium has been butchered, and we know who did it.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
[Montreal Gazette.]
The desire has been expressed on behalf of the subjects of King Peter that they shall no longer be called Serbs, but Slavs. B and V have in some languages a power that makes one almost serve for the other, so the change may be justified by more than the Serbs' wishes. The Serbs may have to learn, however, that any name may be made worthy by worthy conduct by those who bear it, and that other methods may be failures.

WHERE ITALY STANDS.
[Ottawa Journal.]
A good point has been made by a Boston man, William Roscoe Thayer, regarding the responsibility for the war. He points out that Italy, Austria and Italy had a formal alliance, pledging all three to join against any power which attacked any one of them without provocation. When the war broke out, Italy did not join Germany and Austria, yet they have not officially complained.

RUSSIA'S TASK.
[Vancouver World.]
The moral effects of the Turkish put in the Caucasus are being felt over the showing of the Russians against the Kaiser's armies, this latter event will emphasize the real magnitude of Russia's task, the fact that she has been engaged against three opponents—Germany, Austria and Turkey, of whom she has defeated two, while holding stubbornly against the third. It is the fortunes of Austria and Turkey that come closest to the interests of the Balkan nationalities, and Russian success against these two may count in the crystallization of sentiment in Southeastern Europe.

How Warsaw Was Saved

The railway stem that veins the country on the German side of the Polish frontier gave the Germans the start they needed of the Russian general staff; their concentration was complete and four great grey-blue armies were on Polish soil and bearing down on Warsaw before the Russians had moved a man. They had taken Lodz before Warsaw had even heard of their advance; they were bombarding Ivan-gorod and its bridges; by October 19 they had passed Lovitch and Shilar-dow and their line was spreading itself to the east like arms which they opened to embrace and strangle Warsaw. And then like a man who sleeps through a fire till his bed catches alight, Russia woke up.

The man who saved Warsaw was neither the Grand Duke Nicola Nicolaievitch, commander-in-chief, nor Ruskii, the newly-emerged genius, nor Rennenkampf, the Stonewall Jackson of Russia. Theirs, perhaps were the errors of the war; theirs the error that enabled the Germans to get as far as they did; it is difficult to judge of that kind of thing. What was wanted at the moment was not generals; it was transportation. Warsaw, as it happens, is well served with railways, leisurely, gradual railways governed by the comfortable Russian system that allows for everything but haste and looks on three weeks as a reasonable space in which to carry out a mobilization. Forth-into the crutch of the emergency stepped the man who could deal with it, Stepan Rukloff, minister of railways. That, and not victory in war, is the standard of greatness in a race—that it can match the occasion with the man. Rukloff was the man.

I was at Lyck when the news came; I went down with a trainload of South Siberian Cossacks, and if there were no war to write about I would like to write about that journey in a horse car with those gentle-mannered, slim-waisted, long-skirted blood drinkers,

The Australians in Egypt

Nothing would depress the colonial contingents which have temporarily halted in Egypt on their way to the empire's work in Europe, says the Cairo correspondent of the London Telegraph. One thing would dishearten them, and one thing only if they thought they were not to have the privilege (they so regard it) of fighting the German side by side with the British Tommy, their enthusiasm would disappear. But they know they will be wanted to do their part. So they take their life in the desert as part of the big thing, whatever they are asked to do is done seriously, because it may improve their efficiency, and they want, above all things, to show themselves in a good light when the time comes for them to support the British army.

Practically the whole of the first contingents from the Antipodes is now in desert camps. The men of the New Zealanders had no sign of British troops in the field can with equal truth be applied to all that have been sent by Australia and New Zealand. Physically they are as fit as any army that has ever been put together, and our colonial kinsmen may well be proud of the quality of men they are sending to Europe.

Big, muscular, well-knit frames, are seen from one flank to another every regiment on parade. Men used to roughing it, bronzed, befleeced, hard, and possessing the square jaw, resolute, fearless, they are just going to do their best. They hope British will be there as a good type of the sons of a good old mother, and that they will be given an opportunity of showing they know as much of a secret-service are. They are out to prove that they are lusty sons of the empire, and just as the men of the Sydney showed their prowess in the Australian navy could be relied on to do its part on the seas, the young armies are thirsting to tell that the

Tales From The Trenches

[London News.]
No better illustration of the unfeeling cheerfulness of our troops at the front could be desired than is afforded by a long and amusing letter from an officer at the front, recently published in London. The writer speaks ecstatically of "a lovely hot bath at the convent."

Rum place to go for a bath, wasn't it? (he says) . . . I was promptly ushered into a sort of office, where I found I could book my turn later in the morning. When I eventually turned up on the stroke of time, I found I was only just in time to forestall a total stranger who was trying in excruciating French to assure the scribe that I was his great friend, and that I had booked for him. That coy he was, a subaltern, of course, I should get high up in the army. I hope to see him swung off myself for his barefaced audacity.

My enjoyment (of the bath) was somewhat marred by the subaltern, in no way embarrassed, importuning me through the door to hurry up, as he had managed to "pinch" the turn of the next fellow booked after me.

"Don't Tread on My Stummick."
Here is a picture of conditions in the trenches at their darkest and muddiest. Returned as usual by the "at about 7 p.m., and we crawled up the very muddest communication trench (some 800 yards of it) "wet ever was" mud to one's knees, of the consistency of glue. Each time one dragged one's leg out with a "scoop"—and it was a real effort to do so—one was up against the side. Faith, it was only by the weight of the mud on one's boot as it reluctantly came up from the depths that one knew one hadn't left half a leg behind.

One chap apparently gave up the unequal contest with the mud and subsided into the bottom of many a trench until half the company had trodden him well in that somebody heard a feeble voice expostulating from the centre of what was by then thought an extra firm lump of "mud." "There, don't tread on me stummick."

Window With a View.
The writer was billeted in a farmhouse, and describes his bed:
I secured a bed with a spring mattress that apparently suffered from indigestion. Not so much Machiavellian diplomacy required to secure the bed this time as usual, owing to the fact that it lies across, and on the level of a window which faces towards the Germans and is plentifully punctured with bullet-holes. Well, anyway, it is comfy, and I'll hope for the best.

Attacked by Chickens.
Here is a naive passage on the ways of the forager:
On my way I met a couple of our servants, who had, I gathered, been attacked by a flock of those savage strag "chickens." In their defence they had apparently been forced to kill a couple of them. I fear we will have to eat the poor things for dinner tonight. Extraordinary as it seems these chickens are now the farmhouse have been destroyed or abandoned where they have formerly dwelt in peace and harmony with the human race. One often sees old men straight from the desolate tundra returning with the corpses of these dangerous birds.

AN IRISH PRIEST'S TRIBUTE.
Father Gleeson, a Dublin priest, now chaplain with the expeditionary force, has written to a friend, Mr. Patrick Murphy, of Dublin:
"I never expected I should be taking part in such a significant world-struggle, which, when the full history of it comes to be written, will stagger the world. I am chaplain of the Munsters, and my job is not surprising, as I am a predominant name, and all are worthy of the name. I am absolutely charmed with the virtues, valor and faith of those brave men from Cork, Kerry and Limerick. It is not a luxury campaign, this of ours, I tell you. . . . I have seen scenes of desolation, and all manner of misery that would bring tears from a brick."

BAD STOMACH TROUBLE

Yields To Delicious Vinol.
Shreveport, La.—I had a bad stomach trouble for years and became so weak I could hardly walk or do any work. My appetite was poor, my food would not digest, I bloated and was very weak and nervous. I tried many remedies without help. I saw Vinol advertised and tried it, and now my stomach trouble is completely cured and I am well.—E. L. MARSHALL.

Vinol is guaranteed to tone up the tired, overtaxed and weakened nerves of the stomach and create strength. Taylor Drug Company, London, Ont.

NATURAL CURIOSITY.
[Chicago News.]
Roumania has been building up its army for years, and naturally wants to see how it will work.

BEATTY THE BOY.
[Stratford Examiner.]
To Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty and the men under his command all credit and honor. Twice since on the night of August 4 last, when the admiralty fished to the fleet that is the bulwark of the empire, the message "Seek and destroy the enemy" have they given us cause to sing their praises, for it was Sir David Beatty's squadron that early in the war, by a daring exploit, sank five German fighting ships of Heligoland. When the history of the present war is written the name of Sir David Beatty will occupy a prominent place and future generations will associate his name with those of Drake, Nelson and other British heroes of the sea.

NOT INSPIRING.
[Stratford Beacon.]
The "baby-killers" of the Kaiser when on their latest mission to England, encountered a British fleet of

about the same size, and they at once turned tail and ran for home, dropping one of their cruisers on the way and with two others limping. The bravery of Von Tirpitz's navy is not of an inspiring order.

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In this work the experimental and research department of the Bell System, of which this Company is a part, has been engaged ever since the telephone became a commercial possibility, less than 40 years ago. It has required vast expenditures of money and immense concentration of effort, but these have been justified by results of immeasurable benefit to the public.

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