London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION.
City. 12c per week, $6.00 per year. Outside City. By Mail $4.00 per year.

NOON EDITION.
$4.00 per year by mail.

EVENING EDITION.
City. 12c per week, $6.00 per year. Outside City. By Mail $4.00 per year.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS. 3670
3670 Private Branch Exchange.
From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m. and holidays, call 3670, Business Department; 3671, Editors; 3672, Reporters; 3678, News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57 Mail Building.
U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building. Chicago: Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building. Boston: Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, July 17.

CALLING HOME THE PREMIER.

MOST OF THE TORONTO newspapers—and Toronto is the nest in which the Unionist egg was hatched—have condemned the present Government in much stronger language than is found in the outside press. At present three of the journals which essay the role of being "national" in their influence are calling upon Premier Borden to return to Canada, realizing that Canada at the present time is a country without a statesman or a near-statesman in control of affairs.

While the war effort of Canada is to a large extent merged in that of the British, there is little need for the presence of Canadian ministers on the firing line or as advisers at the war office. The chief concerns of Canada are found in questions developing at home such as the habeas corpus proceedings, the outlook for the winter as to coal and food and the administration of affairs in general. Those questions of empire which are to be considered after the war are transacted quite as well in the meantime by the dispatch of cables as by the high-sounding words that flow over banquet tables. The acceptance of the plaudits won by the troops could be well deferred until such time as the men themselves could receive those plaudits in person rather than by proxy. The most inspiring message the boys at the front could receive would be a monthly summary of what the leaders of the nation had achieved at home. The soldiers know that they are doing THEIR part.

It would surprise the whole world if President Woodrow Wilson elected to close his desk and make a grand tour of the Allied countries. He is concerned with watching the engine which sends the power to the front line machine. Canada has problems which demand quite as much attention at home, and there are few members of the Union cabinet left in Ottawa. While the members of the Government are absent in an effort to acquire a realization of "what the war really means," flanked with well-chosen Unionist henchmen of the press, the country has vast problems to consider. Surely Canada has enough overseas ambassadors in frock coats to keep the Government in touch with important transactions. During wartime it would do no harm if the country had an all-year-round government. But then one remembers with what frantic anxiety the Government hastened to adjourn at the last session, the ministers being concerned with the necessity for getting overseas and accepting the meed of praise that was certain to be theirs.

A POLITICAL CREED.

YOUNG, UPSTANDING, vigorous William Hays is chairman of the Republican national committee. No old line organization politician is this trainer of the sinews of the party. A youth himself when lined up beside the men who usually dominate politics, he brings a message to youth, a call to the man who has reached manhood and possesses the most precious of all keys to human service as found in the ballot. Hays has laid down his working creed of politics and herewith it is given as adaptable to the young men of this country:

There is no twilight zone in politics—right is right and wrong is wrong.

To which party young men may belong is of less importance than that they seek the truth, and then act continuously.

The purpose of a political organization is to elect the candidates and not to control the party's nominations.

This country is no accident. The hands of God have been in the making till our shores have become the stepping-stones to freedom, our laws the offspring of justice, and our flag an inspiration to men of all climes—the most wonderful governmental achievement of all history, the mystery of the ages, the mightiest miracle of time.

There must be less profiteering and more volunteering.

Let there be no peace for the man who aids the enemies of his country by treasonable utterances.

Every man who controls money, who exercises an influence, has a responsibility as great and a duty as definite as the man who carries a musket.

I assert there is but one possible rule for a political party organization—the rights of the individuals within the party to participate in the management of the party's affairs, and that these rights shall be held equally sacred and sacredly equal.

One's country, it might be said, helps one who helps himself. If parties in Canada have been dominated by self-chosen inner circles, it has only remained for the rank and file to break up special control. It is the privilege of every man, and soon of every woman, to assist in governing himself and herself.

THE NEGRO IN LITERATURE AND ART.

IT IS a fact recognized by students of the negro race in America that their contribution to the civilization of the continent, and no mean contribution it is, has been primarily in the field of aesthetics. Distinction has always been in some one of the arts, whether it be the poetry of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the oratory of Frederick Douglass, the painting of Henry O. Tanner, the music of Coleridge-Taylor or the sculpture of Meta Warwick Fuller. The instinct for beauty is always live in the colored race, be it in home surroundings, amusements or religion. It is not mere sensuous beauty as a thing in itself that makes the appeal to the negro heart, but rather the note that comes from the tragedy that has surrounded the race during all its history on this continent.

This aesthetic side of the colored genius has been well set forth in a recent book by Benjamin Albaugh, "The Negro in Literature and Art," in which he records some of the contributions made by his people to the civilization of the continent upon which they have lived so strange a history. Mr. Albaugh's contention is that whatever else the negro may achieve, his peculiar genius is found in the field of the artistic and it is to this that he would direct the attention of the white race that encouragement may be given to this people in reaching yet greater heights.

There are few students of poetry who are unacquainted with the beautiful verse of Paul Lawrence Dunbar. As Mr. Albaugh says, he represented perfectly the lyric and romantic quality of the race with all its moodiness, abandon and love of song. His use of the negro dialect has never been surpassed in poetry. And yet his classic English verse deserves to be as well known. Two stanzas entitled "Life" have probably been quoted more often than any other lines written by the poet:

"A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double;
And that is life."

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With a smile to warm and the tears to refresh us;
And joy seems sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter;
And that is life."

One more example of Dunbar's lyrical verse that deserves to be well known is from his early lines:

"Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
How questioneth the soul that other soul—
The inner sense which neither cheats nor lies,
But self exposes unto self, a scroll
Full writ with all life's acts unwise or wise,
In characters indelible and known;
So, trembling with the shock of sad surprise,
The soul doth view its awful self alone,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes."

Dunbar's dialect poems made his reputation; some of them have become classic in their own field, "When Malindy Sings," "At Candle Lightin' Time," "The Old Front Gates," and others. Humor and pathos are blended in these just as they are blended in the nego race itself.

Songs and music, painting and sculpture, music and oratory, these are the fields where negro genius has been able to interpret the aspirations of a people long bowed down, but in these later days lifting their eyes unto the hills of greater opportunity.

THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS.

WHEN THE WAR is over, all the nations of the world in peace can subscribe to the sentiments of Charles Sumner, the American statesman, in the speech delivered by him on Boston Common, on the 4th of July, 1845. The sentiments he gave expression to then are as true today. They were the sentiments held by true Englishmen the world over. The United States became an independent nation because of the blunders of English statesmen, but it is admitted now the world gained greatly by the change. Today the Americans are fighting the people's cause, side by side with the French and Italians, the greatest union the world ever knew, and all under the protection of the British navy, the salvation of the world.

"The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow,
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

No one appears to care much whether or not Hindenburg is dead.

The crown prince made a great sacrifice drive—with no one on the bases.

Those who believe that coal supply will come easy next winter are nursing false security.

The Government of Canada should give the people definite information as to crop prospects for the coming season.

Toronto is terribly stirred up about its noisy seal. Send it along and we'll put it in our new zoo, if the other animals don't object.

What has become of that Bolshevik organization shown to have existence in Western Ontario? Surely the members of that "nationality" have no treaty rights.

A soldier writes that certain confidence men are trying to sell brass watches to the boys in khaki. Why not practice a little bomb-throwing with one of the "phoneys" with the salesman as a target?

By slightly changing its interior fittings an automobile has been designed that can be used as a hearse or limousine.—Toronto Telegram.

Directions might read: (1) First remove the corpse, etc.

HAIR CUTS, NECESSARY AND UNNECESSARY.

[Montreal Herald.]

We have an idea that the master barbers will think twice before raising the price of a hair cut to 35 cents. Not because they don't want the 35 cents, but because it may dampen the customers' ardor for a shampoo and singe and facial massage, or any of the other devices of the craft to tempt the nimble quarter. Then, too, if the bosses get more the journeymen will want more too. So perhaps the masters will not lose much by leaving the price at a quarter. A hair-cut requires skill and a pair of scissors, but no material is used except perhaps a little judiciously diluted Bay Rum. If the price must be raised why not make a sliding scale. Poets and artists might pay top prices because they are such infrequent customers. The Bolsheviki in our midst might form a second class. The average man would come third. Young subalterns might be the next class. They are so well-groomed that they might be frequent patrons, and so should get a near-wholesale price. Next in order would come tired businessmen, and last of all the noble army of editors because their heads are so innocent of hair that needs cutting. It is in a spirit of real philanthropy that they visit a barber shop. The assessment against the last-named class ought to be about ten cents. Or would it be possible to adjust the scale so that the shorn might be assessed according to the weight of hair of which they have been relieved? Personally we like this last suggestion best of all. Even then there might be two prices—one with conversation, one without.

TO A TANK.

[Trooper H. Clayton Jones in Yorkshire Post.]

Gaunt, ponderous beast,
The hippopotamus of weird machinery,
All brands of petrol thy uncanny feast,
The shell-bruised line thy habitat and scenery.

Strange, shuffling brute,
Thy voice a vacuum lubricant snort,
Deep set within thy armour-plated suit
An epidermis with the toughest sinew wrought.

Relentless hound,
Thou Juggernaut in lead-proof armor clad,
Thy mission one of amity profound,
To seek the Hun, who, would be Kamerad.

TOMBOY TAYLOR - - By Fontaine Fox

(Copyright, 1918.)

The fact that Tomboy Taylor had shot several balls of gutter mud against the front lens undoubtedly had something to do with it.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

THE BURGLAR.

By Gerald St. Etienne.

It was exactly ten-thirty. For three hours Katherine Jeffery had been working without a stop at her typewriter. Not once had she raised her eyes from her notes. As she finished the last letter she put it with the others and placed it on the manager's desk, ready for his signature in the morning. She looked at her wrist watch and discovered that she had finished sooner than she had expected. She sat down at her dask again and fingered the keys of her machine. She was tired, but it seemed good to feel their touch again after being away from them for so long. She would find them monotonous again soon, though, she reflected. This new position she had was going to give her all the work she desired, if the two days she had held it were anything to judge from.

Night work the second day was a record for her. The salary was a large one, however, and it would not hurt her to do a little extra work after the three months vacation she had had. The thought of the vacation was a pleasant one. For eight years she had worked and saved for that one winter vacation at Long Beach. It would have been worth while to have saved twenty-eight years, she told herself, as she thought of the glorious time she had had. It had been exciting from the start, but the real pleasure had not come until after she had met Oliver Law. It seemed now that she had known him all her life. Of course she didn't really know very much about him, except that he was a good-looking amiable young man, with the kindest voice and the most charming personality. She would learn more about him later on, for he had promised to write to her and call on her when he came back to the city. It was odd that she had never met him before, but still it was not when she considered how large the city was. In just a month he would be back home, and then it wouldn't be long before she would give up office work forever, she felt sure of it.

The gloomy stillness of the office brought Katherine back to earth. She had been building castles for half an hour. The realization that she was the only person in that vast office building was rather a chilling one. Two of the other stenographers had promised to come back, but had not done so. Apparently they preferred to have the work pile up. Katherine had not minded working alone. She had a key to the office. The thought of the dark corridor she had to pass through on her way out, at that late hour, caused her to put the cover on her machine and hasten into her coat. She was just slipping on her rubbers when she heard a sound outside in the corridor. Her heart gave a jump and she caught her breath. A slight cough told her that someone was there. A shuffle of feet told her that it was a man. In an instant she tiptoed over to the cashier's desk. There was no revolver here. She waited breathlessly. A key was inserted in the lock and the door opened suddenly. A man with a hat pulled over his eyes entered the room, taking off his coat as he walked.

"Well," Katherine said as coolly as she could. "I have my hand on the telephone."

The man faced her in surprise.

"Katherine!" he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Oliver!" There was surprise and horror in Katherine's tone. "You a burglar!"

"But, my dear——" he began.

"Stop! Not another word! Don't dare call me your dear! How dare you come here to rob this office?"

He laughed. The laugh seemed to kindle a spark of primitive rage in Katherine.

"You wretch! Don't you dare laugh!" she cried. "Don't you speak another word. I will not listen to you. The sound of your voice will make me feel nothing but repulsion for you. To think that I cared for a crook like you. To think that I thought I loved you and you allowed me to think it! You are a burglar, a common burglar, who came here to rob this office. You are a criminal. I will call the police at once." She took the receiver from the hook.

"If you call the police you will implicate yourself," he said with a smile that almost maddened her. "There are a number of people who have seen us together at Long Beach, and it would be easy for me to make it appear that you were my accomplice."

"You cad!" she fairly hissed. "Such a threat!"

"I would not really do such a thing," he said. "I was only testing you. I love you, Katherine, no matter what your opinion is of me."

"Love me? Then why have you done this?" Her tone had changed, he anger almost disappeared.

"Perhaps I was driven to it," he suggested. "This is my first offence."

"Driven to it," she asked tremulously. "Surely a man does not have to be dishonest. Oh, Oliver, were you too extravagant this winter? Why didn't I think of that? You spent a lot of money on me, and I allowed you to do it because I thought you were rich."

"It would be awful to spend a term in prison," he muttered wistfully. "I could never get a start in life again. It would mean the loss of all my friends. Perhaps they would deal lightly with me because of my not having served a term. You have prevented me doing any damage here."

"I will not call the police." She pushed the telephone away from her. "Promise me this will be your last attempt at burglary."

"I promise," he declared earnestly. "Can I see you home?"

"I am too nervous to go through the corridor," she said doubtfully. "You can see me safely that far."

He did not leave her until they had reached her boarding-house. She would not allow him to kiss her in parting. She could not endure it after the experience of the night. Katherine could not sleep that night. The thought of Oliver and his downfall kept her awake. She blamed herself for it all. She had taken too much for granted concerning his financial standing. She rebuked herself for not giving him more encouragement when they parted. It would be terrible if he had taken her rebuff to heart and would do something more desperate than burglary as a result. She finally cried herself to sleep.

There were traces of the trying night in Katherine's face the next morning. She was dazed when she arrived at the office, but as she started her work she banished the feeling with an effort. Shortly after ten she heard the outer door open and noticed the other members of the staff glancing in the direction of the person who had entered. As she faced around, Katherine could not hold back her cry of surprise, "Oliver!" He was coming right toward her, but the manager intercepted him.

"When did you get back, Mr. Law?" she heard the manager say, as in a dream.

"Last night. I dropped into the office on my way home to see if there were any letters that had not been forwarded to me," Oliver said, as he pushed his way past. By the time he reached Katherine her cheeks were scarlet.

"I know now," she said, before he could speak. "You are the junior partner. Oh, Oliver, what an idiot you must think me. I must have been crazy last night."

"It is something we can laugh over in the years to come," he smiled. "Everyone is staring at us. May I tell them where we met and announce our engagement?"

"Yes," she answered, as he took her hand.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

COPYRIGHT, 1917.

Against a Post.

Beer makes men fat, they say," said Hitt;
"Now this is strange, I ween;
For when I drink a lot of it,
It always makes me lean."

The Wise Fool.

"To succeed a doctor must have a great deal of patience," observed the Sage.

"You use bad grammar," corrected the Fool. "You mean a great many, don't you?"

Advice.

Foresight's a good thing, it is true,
But use some judgment, I entreat;
Don't look so far ahead that you
Will stumble over your own feet.

Overheard.

"Do you know that it is costing our Government about $50,000,000 for the aeroplane branch of the service in this war?" asked the Old Fogy, as he looked up from his newspaper.

"Gosh," said the Grouch, "that's some overhead expense, isn't it?"

Blooey!

Some filthy Hun,
Is always nigh;
So get your gun
And swat the spy.

Them Is Cruel Words.

[Pointed Paragraphs.]

Yes, Luke, we know that every married man has a grievance, and so has his wife—until she becomes a widow.

Ouch!

"You admit that every woman should have a man to protect her, and yet you refuse to marry me," complained Mr. Flat.

"Well?" replied Miss Sharp.

Advice.

"Think twice before you speak," said Head,
"Select each word and weigh it;
While you can leave a thing unsaid,
My son, you can't unsay it."
—Luke McLuke.

"Think thrice before you do a thing
For fear you live to rue it;
While you can leave a thing undone,
You can't, alas, undo it!"
—Walton (Ga.) Tribune.

The members of a Cincinnati firm received a letter from a merchant in Edinburg, Ind., roasting them for delay in handling his orders. The letter called the firm a lot of names, and wound up with: "O, U. Mutz." An investigation proved, however, that O. U. Mutz was the merchant's name.

Atta Boy!

When John D. Marine, of Philadelphia saw the sign: "Join the Marines," he said: "John D. Marine must live up to his name and join de Marines." And he did.

Our Daily Special.

The Huns are whipped. They have forgotten how to laugh.

Luke McLuke Says

Nearly every man would like to have a lot of friends and acquaintances in town. But a doctor would hate to know everybody well.

When a man loafs all the time because he can't find the sort of job he wants the reason is that the sort of job he wants is any kind that he can't get.

Any married woman can tell you that a state of chaos is the way her husband leaves the contents of a dresser drawer when he is hunting for a necktie.

It is wonderful how a perfect woman can manage to conceal her imperfections until she has been married for a few weeks.

About 70 per cent. of the divorces secured in this country are demanded on the ground of incompatibility. Luke has only been married twenty-three years, but if you would leave it to us we would state that incompatibility is merely a high-brow name for selfishness.

After a woman pays ten bucks for a summer waist she often finds that the waist doesn't come up to her expectations. But waists are not being worn very high this summer.

The man who starts the day with a pony of brandy is likely to claim that he was driven to drink.

Some men seem to imagine that discussing and cussing are synonyms, and they combine the two when they get into an argument.

There wouldn't be so much poverty in this world if men could get the idea out of their heads that economy means saving the pennies and spending the dollars.

What has become of the old-fashioned dude who used to pay a dime for a box of paper collars every Saturday night? Them was the happy days.

You have often met a man who didn't wait until he was broke before he decided to mend his ways, haven't you? Neither have we.

A man gets mad all over when some fellow gets ahead of him when he is "next" in a barber shop. But it is different when he is "next" in a dentist's waiting-room.

There are a lot of wall-eyed liars in this world, including the man who says that he likes to drink olive oil.

If the picture is that of a female and it runs mostly to bare torso and bare legs, it is Art.

Rare specimens in every line attract favorable attention. That is why mannerly children are admired.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE
(Canada's National Residential School for Girls)
OPENS ITS THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR ON SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN
Thorough courses in Music, Art, Oratory, High School, Business College, Domestic Science and Superior Physical Training 33
For terms, address: R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., President, St. Thomas, Ont.

Summer Shoes of Charm and Distinction

FLEET FOOT offers a new comfort, a new grace and style, and a new economy worth while, in pleasing summer footwear.

FLEET FOOT

Shoes have cool tops of finest canvas, and comfortable, flexible soles. They are the ideal footwear for holiday time—for seashore, lake-side, mountains and country.

Don't leave for your holidays without having one or two pairs of FLEET FOOT.

None genuine without the name FLEET FOOT stamped on the sole—your guarantee of style, comfort, service.

DOMINION RUBBER SYSTEM

The best Shoe Stores sell Fleet Foot

7

CEETEE
UNDERCLOTHING
Guaranteed Not To Shrink.

Traction Company

Cars leave London:
6:10 a.m., Port Stanley.
*8:00 a.m., Port Stanley.
*10:00 a.m., Port Stanley.
*1:00 p.m., Port Stanley.
1:30 p.m., St. Thomas only.
*4:30 p.m., Port Stanley.
5:15 p.m., Lambeth, Saturday only.
*6:30 p.m., last car Port Stanley.
The 6:30 p.m. car on Sundays runs to St. Thomas only.
Sunday cars marked with a star.

London and Port Stanley Railway

Timetable Effective June 16.
TO ST. THOMAS ONLY—†*5:15 a.m., 4:21, 6:20, 11:20 p.m.
TO ST. THOMAS AND PORT STANLEY—†*5:50, 6:20, *7:20, *8:20, 9:20, *10:20, *11:20 a.m., 12:20, *1:20, *2:20, 3:20, *4:20, *5:20, *6:20, *7:20, *8:20, 9:30, *10:20 p.m.
*Limited train.
†Daily except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
RESORTS IN ONTARIO
Including:
BALA (Muskoka Lakes)
FRENCH RIVER (French and Pickerel Rivers)
POINT AU BARIL (Georgian Bay Resorts)
BOBCAYGEON (Kawartha Lakes)
SMITH'S FALLS (Rideau Lakes)
SEVERN RIVER (Gloucester Pool)
BON ECHO (Lake Mazinaw), Etc.
ARE CONVENIENTLY REACHED BY CANADIAN PACIFIC.
Summer Tourist Fares in Effect.
General Change of Time July 14, 1918
Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents.
W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.
July 20.

ADAMS
California Fruit Gum

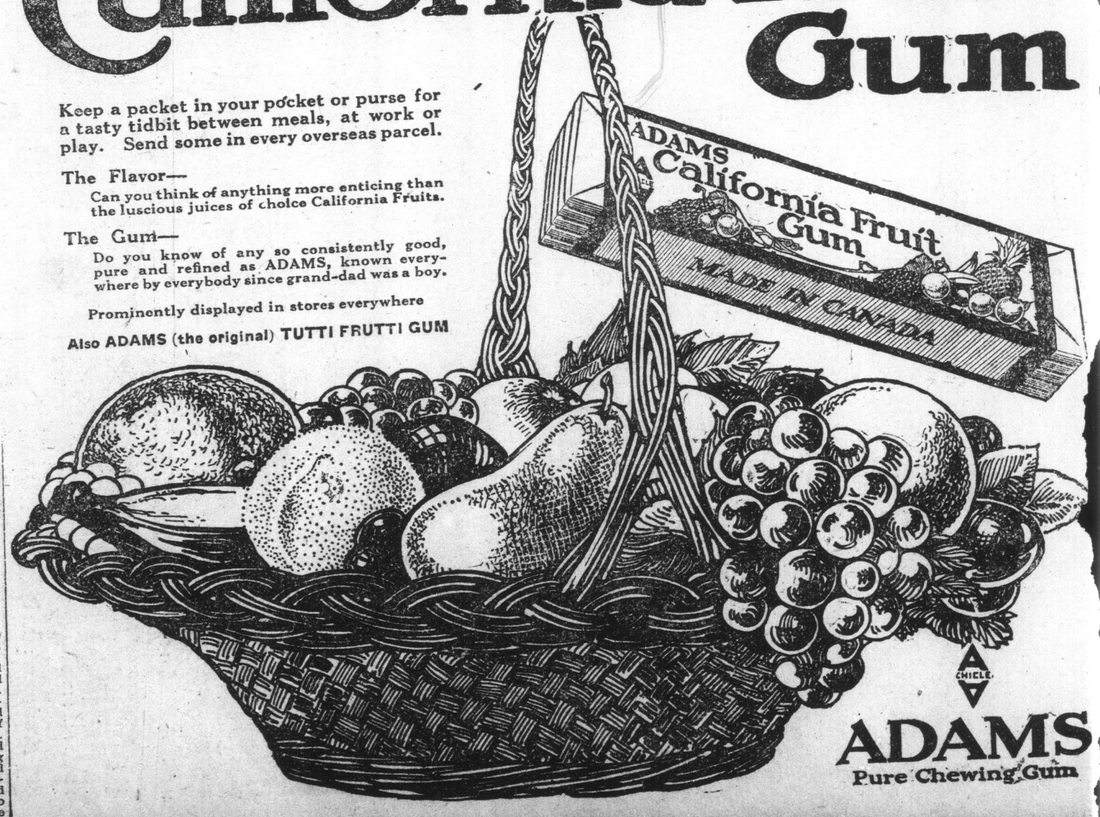
Keep a packet in your pocket or purse for a tasty tidbit between meals, at work or play. Send some in every overseas parcel.

The Flavor—
Can you think of anything more enticing than the luscious juices of choice California Fruits.

The Gum—
Do you know of any so consistently good, pure and refined as ADAMS, known everywhere by everybody since grand-dad was a boy.

Prominently displayed in stores everywhere

Also ADAMS (the original) TUTTI FRUTTI GUM



ADAMS
Pure Chewing Gum