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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, August 21.

SUPERSEDE GREEN?

OUR OLD stand-by, Green's history of the English People, is hit by the reaction against Teutonicism in the last two decades and more still by the war itself. A distinguished English writer says that Green's work "was the germ of Herr Houston Stewart Chamberlain"; that he "smelt of Carlyle and Germany and helped provoke the Celtic Renaissance." This is rather hard on our old school friend and tends to take away our only substantial one-volume history of England.

There is no doubt that much or most of English historical and philosophical writing has been badly soundbitten by German stupidity and pretentiousness in the last century. Only around 1900 did our more wide-awake writers begin to suspect the sham and superficiality of the German ideal. Shortly before his death Goldman Smith remarked that Hegel was as dead as Pythagoras. Many ill-based speculations of the German historical school, their magnification of Caesarism in ancient Rome, their Teutomania, etc., began to make independent English thinkers uneasy and uneasy to accept and swallow as Freeman and Green had done in considerable measure. Even in music it began to be realized that a decadence had set in among the Germans since the deaths of Wagner and Brahms, their composers not ranking with the Russian school or even with the French, while the influence of the French Berlioz and the Hungarian Liszt was strong upon German imitators.

So now, Green, like Carlyle, is seen to have been under the malignant Teutonic spell. What are we going to do for a successor to him? What we want is a book of about 800 pages. Goldman Smith's "The United Kingdom" is a brilliant political sketch, and Professor Wrong's little volume for high schools is excellent, so far as it goes. Gardiner's is a good text-book and probably Innis's is the same. But it is not now, forty years after Green, high time that we had a new treatment of British history with something of his power, picturesque quality and scientific fairness, apart from this Teutonic business, with a full presentation of affairs subsequent to 1815, and all the new light since Green's own day and generation?

The time seems ripe for a concise and comprehensive volume. The co-operative compilations of Hunt and Oman and other works of limited or special character have put the materials, old and new, in neat little piles. What is wanted now is the writer to digest, organically vitalize and set forth with magic of insight and expression all this valuable mass. The grain is there, white unto the harvest.

Excellent single volumes or short histories have been written by British, Canadian and American scholars on other national histories, Rome, Greece, and now a number of Canadian historians have co-operated on the "Provinces of Canada." Perhaps Green was felt to be too high and secure; it seemed audacious to challenge comparison with him. But now, a hundred years after the close of his history and with such great changes in outlook as the great conflict has produced, we want a new history of the British people.

TOO MUCH SHIFTING.

SOME days ago a deputation of leading citizens of Berlin, Ont., came to see the editor of The Advertiser regarding the name-changing situation. While all of them were opposed to the change of name, and The Advertiser took a stand radically opposed to them, they wished to approach the matter in a friendly spirit, stating that there was a natural opportunity for bringing to a common understanding both sides of the question by a compromise involving the adoption of the name Waterloo, and at the same time amalgamating with the neighboring town. They believed that little opposition would be shown by the name-changers, and they resented the imputation that those opposed to the change were necessarily pro-German. One of the Berliners was of British birth, while the other two, though of German descent, said their forebears had left Germany because of the military spirit. They were now willing to discard the name of Berlin, but they wished to see the amalgamation of the two places brought about, believing that there would never be another opportunity to consummate a plan long in the minds of many citizens.

The Advertiser informed these gentlemen that while it was determined to adhere to its convictions as expressed in the campaign, and while it stood firmly by the decision won by the name-changers, it would be glad now, as at all times, to see that those who wished the name changed to Waterloo be given fair treatment and extended the use of

this paper's columns for communications in the matter.

Meanwhile we have waited to see whether or not the name-changers were prepared to relinquish the name Kitchener in an effort to acquire which they put up such a stout fight, and we are glad to see that they have not "laid down," but have carried their case to Ottawa, and are determined to fight to the end against the subterfuge and deceit which have been practiced by some of those allied with the agitation to reject the accepted name of the great British war lord. If the gentlemen who came to The Advertiser have waged their battle with scrupulous care to avoid the appearance of pulling the political wires in an underhanded manner, it is certain that all of those connected with their side have not been so conscientious.

There have been tricks, shifts and evasions on every hand as a result of political backstairs work carried on by those who from the first have sought to cling to the name of the Kaiser's nest. The Ontario cabinet and private bills committee have played the game, and the postmaster-general lent himself to a very obvious subterfuge in stating that duplicity of names prevented the change, while his own postoffice directory showed hundreds of duplicated names. The cabinet of Ontario is still missteering, but it is good to see the name-changers still fighting in force, refuting the widespread doctrine that they had been won over for the rejection of Kitchener.

And, to paraphrase Horace Greeley's famous remark about democrats and horse thieves, it may be said that while everyone opposed to the change of name is not a pro-German, every pro-German is opposed to the change.

A PROTECTED ENEMY.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, the head of an American news service, recently was scourged in the British House of Commons because his doctored dispatches were revealed to have described the Jutland battle as an "overwhelming defeat" for the British. Hearst, if proofs were needed, was thus shown to be the rankest enemy of Great Britain in the United States.

The news item reporting the incident in the British House came over the wires to the offices of two London newspapers. The Advertiser used the item, and readers learned of the exposure, and the treachery of Hearst.

The other local paper, which buys its news from Hearst, suppressed the item. The laying of Hearst for his crooked tactics towards the British did not take the light of day in its columns.

Why? Because, while the local contemporary is ashamed of its connection with Hearst, it is ready to keep up its business associations with this pariah of journalism, so long as it is able to keep its readers in ignorance. Our local contemporary serves its Ottawa masters with a doglike docility. It wags its tail for every action of Hughes, Rogers & Co., and for this gets no kicks. In fact, quite frequently a platter of nourishing gruel is placed before it—advertising gruel made from boiling down good fat contracts. And if it wants a pretty, imported, made-for-Germany ornament to wear in the shape of an alien and anti-British news service, Ottawa is glad to remove all obstacles and keep a still tongue. Consequently, because of its favor at the seats of the mighty and the bold, it gets away with the Hearst News Service, with its own specially New York-made Ally-hating "overwhelming defeats" for the British.

Some day it may wake up and find that the pretty ornament has been converted into a tin can.

THE LONG WAY 'ROUND.

THE Daily Racing Form, a sheet devoted to the gambling element among racetrack followers, has been barred from the mails and from the express in Canada. For years this paper has been coming into the country, and a sudden "reform wave" in the postoffice department is difficult to understand, unless we are to believe the statement that the dominion police have come to the conclusion, all of a sudden, that handbooks for race gambling cannot be eliminated so long as the detailed information contained only in the Racing Form and certain newspapers is permitted to come into the country. Racetrack gambling has been prevalent for some years, and it is a dumb police organization which has just reached the above conclusion.

It is quite possible that the exclusion will be extended to "several New York dailies," according to a Toronto paper. These newspapers also contain racing information. But so do a number of Canadian papers, some of them very popular papers, too. The stumbling-block appears to be that if the American dailies are "frozen out" on this pretext, the Canadian dailies will also be compelled to exclude their form charts, and the sports of the Woodbine and Dufferin Park will be compelled to forego their usual feast of stable "dope," which they devour at the one-arm lunch counters along with their coffee and rolls. Toronto is one of the last stands of the racetrack gambler, and the handbook flourishes like the green bay tree, in hotel corridors, in cigar stores, in poolrooms, and anywhere. Thousands of the youth of Toronto have the fever for racetrack gambling as other youths have a craving for cocaine. Take away his racing information and mentally, the average Toronto young man of the "wised-up" type would suffer intellectual starvation. With what acrimony do they regard the trainer or the suddenly-risen, illiterate lad who has happened to "sit a winner," as he struts about the hotel corridor! A foreign diplomat or a distinguished nation-builder would fail to draw nickels where a famous jockey would draw dollars if both were placed on exhibition in adjoining tents at Toronto Fair. So that the Government is canny about denying Toronto its favorite intellectual fodder. It is on the horns of a dilemma.

Perhaps the "don't bother us" bureau-

cracy at Ottawa is trying to exclude some obnoxious American papers by this means. Instead of facing the issue of the Hearst papers, which have been recommended for exclusion by almost every decent journal in Canada, the white police crowd at Ottawa is endeavoring to exclude them on a technicality, so that William Randolph will not be offended. There has been a steady demand for the elimination of Hearst and his news service, but so far no action has been taken. The yellow man of the Orient cannot come freely within our borders, but the yellow man of New York finds favor and patronage. Under the guise of saving Toronto from itself, it would appear as if the "round-aboutness" are endeavoring to keep the racials out, two years later, but better late than never. It will be interesting to watch the circuitous route to be pursued to shut out the Hearst news service, which should inevitably follow his papers.

NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

IN VIEW of the "sentence" of the Government upon J. Wesley Allison the following will always be a memorable page in the examination of Sir Sam Hughes before the Meredith-Duff commission by E. F. B. Johnston, K.C.

E. F. B. Johnston—You heard Mr. Allison give his evidence the other day, did you not?

A—I know no man in this room. Question—You heard the substance of it.

Answer—I expect so.

Q—Having heard his statement, is your feeling toward Mr. Allison at all changed?

A—Not a particle; it is strengthened.

Q—Strengthened by what he said? And still worthy of more trust and confidence on your part if you choose to give it to him?

A—I know no man in this room. I would rather trust than Allison today, and that is saying a good deal.

Q—I don't know—including the lawyers.

A—There are lots in this room besides the lawyers.

Q—I ask you if your confidence and trust have been strengthened by hearing his evidence?

A—It has.

Q—And being so strengthened, I suppose you would continue to trust him just the same as you formerly have done, and even more so if necessary?

A—I don't know. I won't answer hypothetical questions. If you put your questions in proper English form I will answer them; not otherwise.

Q—Would you trust him still further?

A—I would.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It's a case of all Greece and no spine.

The Canadians seem to have got the trench raid down to a science.

Quite a few great dignitaries seem to have been watching the cat.

She's a wise mother who takes all necessary precautions against infantile paralysis.

Sir Adam Beck seems to have maintained a strict neutrality in the Toronto "free-for-all."

The Winnipeg crimes do not seem to be so obscure as to require the services of a Sherlock Holmes.

"Can the British keep it up?" is a question always to be matched with "Can the Germans hold out?"

Of Joffre it may be said, "First he takes a nibble, then he takes a bite." And just at present he is a veritable gourmand.

It's about time the Liberals on that parliamentary building committee told the country whether or not they approve the actions of Hon. Robert Rogers.

A pocket-fitting copy of Conan Doyle's "Visit to Three Fronts" has come to hand. It gives a graphic picture of British, Italian and French fighting.

Austria has lost 830,000 men in two months; German losses also have been tremendous. A war involving such drains on human material cannot last for ever.

"Hints on Motorcycles," by Illiffe & Co., one of the foremost British publishing firms, has just been issued. But where are the British motorcycles? Answer: As usual, the Americans got here first.

The International Typographical Union has just rejected a proposal that the fourth vice-president always should be a Canadian. In many trades the Americans dominate the Canadian labor organizations.

A CHANT OF LOVE.

From "A Chant of Love for England and Other Poems," by Helen Gray Cone, an American authoress.

A song of hate is a song of Hell; Some there be that sing it well, and the sports of the Woodbine and Dufferin Park will be compelled to forego their usual feast of stable "dope," which they devour at the one-arm lunch counters along with their coffee and rolls. Toronto is one of the last stands of the racetrack gambler, and the handbook flourishes like the green bay tree, in hotel corridors, in cigar stores, in poolrooms, and anywhere. Thousands of the youth of Toronto have the fever for racetrack gambling as other youths have a craving for cocaine. Take away his racing information and mentally, the average Toronto young man of the "wised-up" type would suffer intellectual starvation. With what acrimony do they regard the trainer or the suddenly-risen, illiterate lad who has happened to "sit a winner," as he struts about the hotel corridor! A foreign diplomat or a distinguished nation-builder would fail to draw nickels where a famous jockey would draw dollars if both were placed on exhibition in adjoining tents at Toronto Fair. So that the Government is canny about denying Toronto its favorite intellectual fodder. It is on the horns of a dilemma.

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The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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Love and Contest

By Jane Osborn.

The woodthrushes were singing their evening song on the elms that surrounded and looked down upon the low-lying farmhouse, but Metty Cramer did not hear them. To be sure, she was spending her usual supper hour on the "front porch," but her thoughts were far from the song-birds. Farmer Cramer and his wife, worried by the monotonous duties of the day, rocked back and forth in the twilight. Metty sat bolt upright on the top step of the porch and stared ahead of her into the shadow.

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