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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, July 21.

## With the Germans Rests Deliverance From Bonds

Gen. Smuts appeals to the Allies to bring about early reconciliation with the Germans. Indirectly he says that the terms are too harsh, and intimates that this is due to a spirit of revenge. This is an entirely wrong understanding of the feeling and intent back of the punishment decreed for Germany. There is nothing vindictive in the attitude of the victors toward the Teutons. It is a matter of safety and cold justice. "Never again" is the way civilization feels as it contemplates the wreckage. And with this determination it provides a terrific chastisement for the criminal, and reparation for those he has made suffer.

Despite the disgusting barbarisms, the organized terror of the late enemy, the British people and their allies have no desire to see Germany in agony. A punishment which many hold is inadequate may scar and scar, but its infliction was not for that purpose. Gen. Smuts believes that a great step toward reconciliation would be modification of the terms. It is certain that notwithstanding German crimes the Allies would consent to this if the Germans showed signs of any real repentance, a genuine desire to reform. In fact, they have intimated this by the offer of full membership in the league of nations the moment Germany proves herself eligible. Unfortunately, there is nothing to indicate that Germany is not the Germany of four years ago, so far as the national character is concerned. Republican Germany is sullen and bitter, as dangerous and untrustworthy as was the old regime, determined in every way to evade carrying out the conditions of the peace treaty, if possible, signing only because of her military helplessness. The first approach towards the reconciliation Smuts desires must come from Germany admitting her guilt, by word and behavior. Meantime, for the safety of the world, the Allied nations dare not let down in the conditions put upon Germany, not with those who have chained, and are chastising her.

## Newly-Acquired Bridge Can Be of Value to City

London recently acquired the bridge of the London and Lake Erie Railway, as well as the company's right-of-way from the south end of the bridge to Grand avenue. The price was low, almost ridiculously so, and the city became owner of a steel span that will serve for vehicular and pedestrian traffic for many years to come. But the giving of a bridge to that section of the city that lies between the Thames River and Ridout street will not be carried to its logical conclusion until the city has moved the bridge to the foot of Richmond street, and given the district which is building up with fine residences faster than any other direct access to the business district.

It might cost a considerable sum to move the bridge, but the money would be well spent, and when properly adapted to its new uses the structure would be a connecting link that has long been necessary to a proper inter-communication between all parts of this growing city. The idea has been advanced before that Richmond street should be continued as far in a southerly direction as possible, to Brick street, for instance, and that it should form the chief thoroughfare at the west end of the city in a boulevard system that would encircle the city, embracing Springbank, West London, the northern sections, and the eastern and south-eastern parts as well.

The Advertiser advocated the building of the bridge at the foot of Richmond street some time ago when a bylaw was presented to the ratepayers. This bylaw was defeated chiefly because citizens did not have a conception of a city broadened and beautified by a fine system of driveways, and regarded the movement as one to increase real estate values in a certain section. The proper utilizing of the old traction bridge so as to bring all that populous section in direct contact with the city—involving a walk of not more than ten minutes—will be a forward movement for the whole city. Mysterious efforts were made to block the sale of this bridge, perhaps with the idea of taking the last ounce of blood from the traction company. It was suggested that towpath rights along the Thames prevented the city from purchasing the property. The city council showed its good sense when it walked over technicalities of this kind, and gave the city another bridge over the river that will make for the upbuilding of a new district that has become one of the most attractive in London. The bridge should be moved to connect in a line with the street, and to bring all the traffic possible to the new section.

## A Street Corner Exhorter

A young man stood at the intersection of Dundas and Clarence streets Saturday evening, surrounded by a ring of men and women, and appealed to the people who stood on the walks and pavement to give themselves to the service of their Creator. That was about as much as

one could gather from his appeal, because he was a foreign-born man. His English was good, what there was of it, but he was laboring under the handicap of a small vocabulary forced to work at top speed by religious fervor. Whenever he felt himself floundering he threw back his boyish, black head, flashed a double row of shining ivory, and a pair of burning black optics upon the crowd, and shouted "Hallelujah!" Then he tried to get a new thought over about how ugly was sin, or how glorious was belief in God, and invariably raced up to the climax of crying "Hallelujah!" A look into the faces of the crowd revealed that they were not scoffing at the young man. There was something in his enthusiasm that caused most everyone to pause for a moment, and while few remained to pray with him, the glowing intelligence of his countenance, the sweetness of his voice, the radiant happiness of his whole being seemed to make all his friends. One smiled at another, but it was not the smile of ridicule. The boy had an Oriental sort of look, or might have been an Italian or Portuguese. One could picture him throwing back the same black locks in the same boyish abandon while he amused his companions in a work-car or a lumber shanty, with a concertina in his hands instead of a Bible, and a song about "Nikolena" on his lips instead of "Hallelujahs."

The people around him, that is, the worshippers of whatever humble little creed they sought to carry into the streets, were quiet, well-dressed people, with a sort of serious devoutness about their fine humility. And they appeared to look to the swarthy boy as a kind of leader. He talked for more than half an hour, mostly in broken-off sentences, that told of the love of Jesus, and the abundant joy of being pure-hearted. The strange part of it was that while there was nothing of sequence in his discourse, it did hold his hearers. There was magnetism in the personality, and appeal in the boyishness of the speaker. One thought he might have been a dangerous agitator, this idealist, if he were in the service of Lenin and Trotsky. But it was rather a fine thing to know that whatever the uses of Christianity, whatever the coldness of orthodoxy, and the refusal to regard street-corner preaching as a respectable thing, this boy was filled with the spirit of a service that preaches love the world over, and kindles hope in new hearts all the time, and doesn't require more than a "Hallelujah" to express its whole message to the people of the streets, and the people of the high places. Good luck to this new enthusiast for the Kingdom of Heaven!

## Airships and Missions

A returned missionary, addressing an American audience, declined the present of a church organ, and asked that instead he be provided with an aeroplane. Already the airship is being recruited to the services of the church, and the possibilities of its usefulness in the spreading of the gospel are limitless. Throughout the globe are vast spaces, densely populated, which, because of their remoteness, can only be reached by evangelical agencies with great difficulty. The vast tangled jungles of Africa and South America, the deserts and mountain ranges of Asia, the ice barriers of the Arctic, are all obstacles to the rapid evangelization of the heathen, which is so greatly desired by Christian civilization.

But very shortly the heavier-than-air machine, compact, swift, and easily managed, will be put to the task of providing rapid communication with these isolated districts. The scope of missionary enterprise will be widened to include every spot on the earth.

The league of nations proposes to look after the millions who are deep in ignorance, to improve conditions in the dark places of all the continents, a labor that too long has been confined to a courageous few. One of the most direct ways to accomplish this will be to co-operate with the great missionary organizations, and we believe that the aeroplane will be one of the instruments employed with success.

## Ford and the Artistic

Because he declares that he has no personal use for music, poetry, or any of the arts, Henry Ford is being made the target for a lot of cheap wit and highbrow comment. One writer goes so far as to call the flivver king "hopelessly vulgar and commonplace." Because he frankly admits that Bach, Browning and Rodin mean nothing to him, he is dubbed "impossible." But how many of those who have joked over his "sad lack" have any real appreciation of music, for instance? Many millions thrill to a jazz tune who would consider Beethoven discordant, if they told the truth. But they call themselves musical. The fact is that Ford's confession is delightfully refreshing in a world of poseurs. True enough, one who heads a hundred-million-dollar organization can afford to be eccentric by telling the truth, but a lot of people who pose as artists, with no more license to do it than Ford, if they are afraid to admit the lack, might at least refrain from inflicting their pretensions on others. As a matter of fact, there is a good deal of the poet about Henry Ford, although apparently he doesn't know it. He loves wild animals and flowers. Grace, color and fragrance provide him with the same simple direct pleasures they give the poet. And is there not something beautiful in the amazing efficiency of his titanic plant?

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

If Lloyd George forms a centre party we know who is going to be the centre of it.

Gen. Leonard Wood is now considered presidential timber.

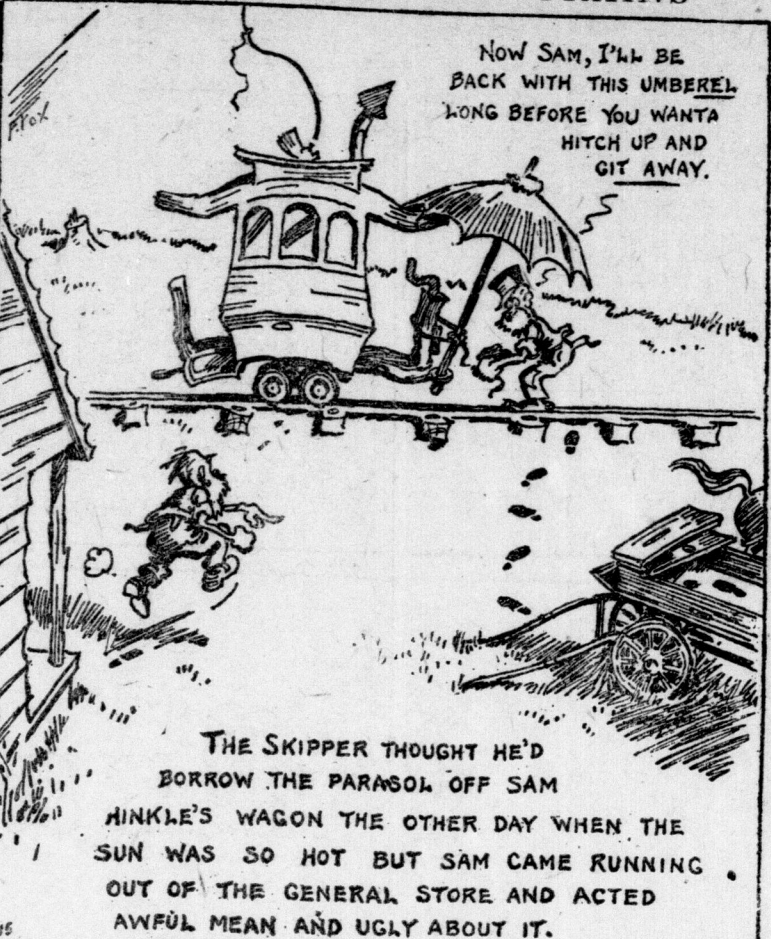
London's peace celebration was more heavy than heftie.

Little Belgium from her ashes will create greater industries than Germany ever knew.

The people must eventually win, despite extremists of the revolutionary or predatory type.

King George says peace is here, but Mr. Rowell says it isn't—until Union Government says so.

## THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS



By FONTAINE FOX.

(Copyright.)

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### FORCE OF WORDS.

By Jane Osborn.

"But he says he has something important to say," protested the snubbed little office girl. "Anyhow, Miss Peterson, he's been here three times today, and if you don't see him now he'll just keep on coming."

Miss Peterson seemed absurdly small for the large swivel chair in which she sat and, as you looked closely, absurdly young for the ponderous rolloff desk before her. Then, if you had looked again, you would have wished that, because she was so young and petite, she might have had enough sunshine and fresh air in her days to put a little more color in her cheeks and a little more life in those blue eyes that obviously were meant to be more sparkling than they were.

"Did you ask him to write it?" she asked wearily.

"Yes, but he says it's important," reiterated the girl.

"If it's important, Peg," explained Jane Peterson, who had a way of explaining things to the indefatigable little office girl, "if it's very important he'd better write it because I can write so much better than I can talk, and I might have to make some important answer, and if I had to say, I wouldn't know how, Peg," she went on, dipping her pen in ink in order that she might go on signing the letters that lay before her and then regarding the point of the pen almost affectionately. "It seems as if I could almost write anything, but when it comes to saying, 'I am I'm stumped.'"

"Then I'll tell him to come in?"

"Yes," and there was resignation and weariness in the tone.

"Jane showed more interest. 'What does he look like? Do you suppose he wants to sell a history of Napoleon on instantons, or to get me to have my life insured?'

"He is no agent," announced Peg, royally. "And he looks like the people you see around here. He's big and just a little rough looking. Just a little like the movie actors when they are fixed up to look like cattle ranchers or something. Not the way he's dressed, but the way he walks and the look of his face."

"Well, send him in," and Jane again looked into resignation and weariness.

Thus Peter Trevis was ushered into the office of Jane Peterson, and Peggy closed the door as she went out of the room, although it usually stood open. If he had something really important to say, reasoned the romantic Peggy, maybe it was to propose and she was sure he wouldn't want to have the whole outside office hear it.

But Peter Trevis did not want to propose—at least he didn't want to propose marriage. With considerable abruptness he got down to business in hand and to begin with produced a "revised and well-worn sheet torn from one of the popular agricultural publications. He spread it out on the side of Jane's desk, and Jane blushed as she looked at the words in display type, of one of her own compositions.

"Increase your income 100 per cent," were the words on the first line, and then more words of an equally dictatorial nature, assuring the farmer or ranchman that by learning how to use a typewriter and how to write complete business letters, he could, in spare minutes, double his income. All that was necessary was to buy a typewriter, which was assured he could learn to operate within a few weeks by "our new lightning method," and take a course of fifty lessons in "forceful letter writing," and the purchase and use for future reference of some dozen or so books on business and business English, any one of which would be worth the price of the entire course.

"You wrote that didn't you?" demanded Peter, becoming aware, as did all who entered Jane's sanctum, that she really was so small and did not young for the heavy oak furniture.

"Yes," she faltered, and then groped in her mind for something to say. For Jane was not silly, when it came to talking.

"Well, I want to tell you that I've come all the way from Oregon just to meet you and show you that and to say to you just as I did now: 'You wrote that didn't you?' I didn't write to tell you, because I can talk better than I can write. Now, what are you going to say?"

"I don't believe I am going to say anything," faltered Jane, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

"Nothing?" You aren't going to defend yourself or explain or anything? Out there in Oregon I own and operate a rather sizable prune ranch, and there are enough trees on that place so that in a few years, if they are properly marketed, I could buy out this entire plant—why, I could buy out this entire plant—why, I waved his hand rather scornfully toward the surrounding office.

"The trouble is, just running that place is enough to keep one man too small and I didn't want to take the chances with a partner to take the business end of it. The result is that I haven't marketed my prunes to the best advantage. I read that damned advertisement of yours and I fell for it and was convinced that I could do what you said I could. So I bought the whole outfit and began the lessons."

"But I wrote only the advertisement," protested Jane. "I had nothing to do with the course. You see, I wrote all the advertisements from points suggested by the people that got out the different courses."

"Yes, but it was that advertisement," said the prune grower, wagging his finger threateningly at the sheet that was stretched before them.

"It was that advertisement that persuaded me to do it. Well, I thumped that typewriter every night for a month and, honest, I can't do a thing with it and I read the books and took the lessons and when it comes to writing,

forceful sales letters I'm just where I always was."

"Well," queried Jane, feeling that the worst of the storm was over. "That when I got thoroughly disgusted and woke up to the fact that I'd been bunched I just made up my mind that I'd come East. If it cost me a thousand dollars, just to lambaste the fellow that wrote that advertisement and bunched me, I had got as far as Chicago when I saw things a little differently."

"Then you aren't going to lambaste me?" And Jane managed to laugh a little, but Peter went on without heeding the interruption.

"It came over me all of a sudden there in Chicago that if the fellow that wrote that advertisement could make me buy that typewriter and take that course when I'd never been bunched before, why he could write letters that would sell my prune crop for the biggest money. He could take the sales end of the business and it would pay to offer him a good salary. So I had a different motive after I left Chicago."

"Now, now I suppose you are vexed with me because I'm not a man," suggested Jane.

"I hadn't quite thought things out yet," he informed her. "I didn't know until just now that it was a girl. That never occurred to me. The youngster out there didn't tell me, I just showed her the advertisement and said I wanted to see the fellow that wrote that and the ad writer was too busy and so I kept coming until this time she let me in."

There was quite an awkward silence and then Peter's eyes met Jane's and he said: "I'm sorry."

Peter's and Jane said: "I'm sorry."

Peter asked her why.

"Because I feel as if I'd got you all the way from Oregon and now you can't lambaste me—it wouldn't be fair when you've been so kind to me."

"—and you can't take me back as your business manager either."

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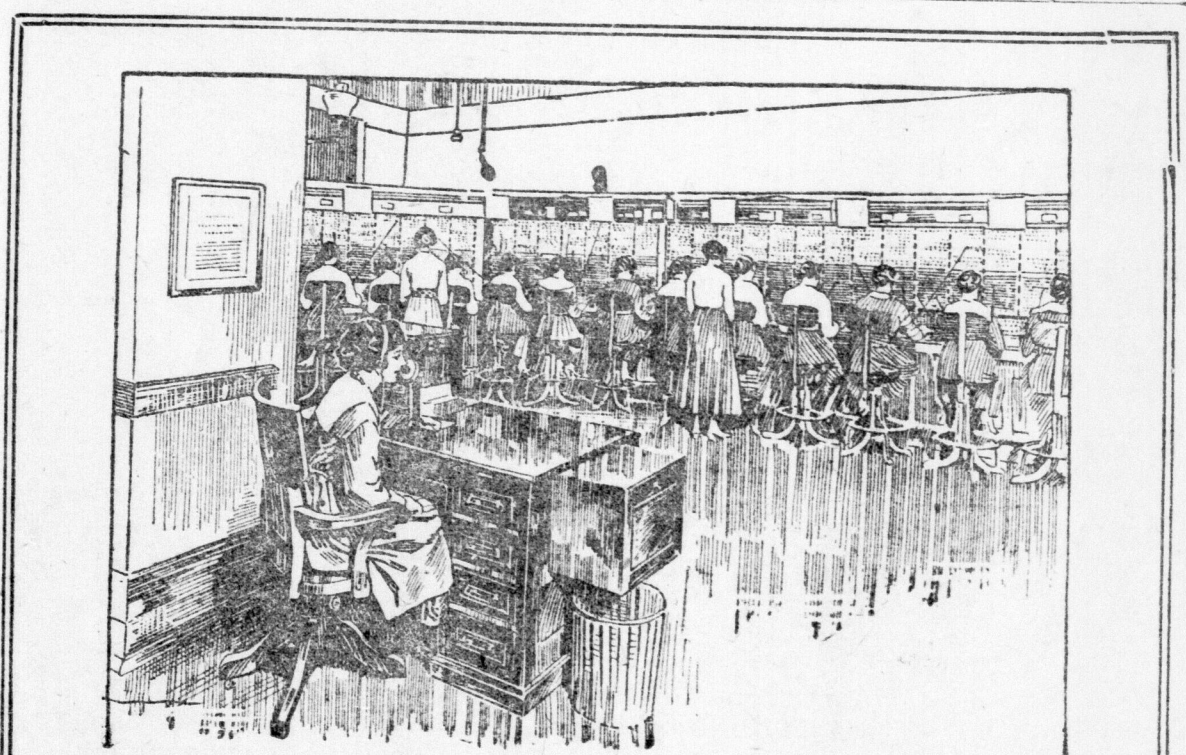
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