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London, Ont., Saturday, Nov. 23.

LEVEL-HEADED ASQUITH. HE FORMER premier, H. H. Asquith, who recently spoke at Caxton Hall, Westminster,

When the whole future international development of the world was in the crucible it was both a blunder and a calamity that the country should be plunged into the tumult of a general "He said his case against holding an

election was greatly strengthened by the fact that the men most entitled to express an opinion on the reconstitution of affairs-the soldiers in the field-would be unable to vote. The House of Commons which will be brought into existence, he said, will be of such a nature as to lack the right authority.

"He said he was prepared to give fullest support to any government which grappled with the problems of reconstruction on progressive lines.

"Mr. Asquith contended that the country was as much agreed on peace aims as it had previously been in accord on war aims, and the present government could enter into the international council chamber with the indisputable mandate of a united people. Moreover, he said, there was no vital divergence about needful transitional measures at home necessitating immediate elections.

"We must get back as soon as possible to the old atmosphere of freedom. There is no government and no parliament but will benefit thereby. I advise the Liberals to take a straightforward course, to keep their eyes open and their hands clean.

This appears to be the correct view to take. The speech delivered by him at the beginning of the shop those who read do not always ask him the war in which he said: "We shall not sheathe what they may do for him. Thousands love him and the sword which we have not lightly drawn until cannot express their admiration, but if we would Belgium is avenged and more than avenged, etc.," is the gem of all the war speeches. We assume bread of hard cash rather than the poetic lotus from his speech at Caxton Hall he wishes Lloyd flowers of fulsome—and far-removed—adoration George success. In this he will be with the ma- we imagine our Tommies would think we were all jority of all mankind.

## SLAUGHTER OF PRECEDENTS.

THESE ARE times of terror for many dear, old of verbal violets from someone else's garden. precedents, legends and traditions, that have been worshiped and more or less respected these many years. Hoary old customers, TF MEN WERE ever in a mood for the recepheavy with the dignity of past performances and age, they are going overboard. Some of them struggle fiercely, but all are sinking to oblivion. For instance, that legend of the divine right of of the cause with the greatest number of bat kings has been broken as completely as the talions. But how was the invader held off until German armies, The ex-kaiser's loud claims to the cause of right was able to secure the greatest partnership with the Almighty helped grease weight of arms and men? Was the ability to the toboggan for the tradition that the king struggle on against tremendously overwhelming could do no harm because of his Olympian rela- odds simply and solely based in the dogged human tionships. We knew these things to be silly and pluck of men, such as they constantly show in untrue, but the splendid trappings dazzled us their daily treading of the mill in the workaday into accepting them. Before the war, he who world, or was there something more than material dared question this tradition as to royalty, or will-power, something inspired by the high ideal? any other deeply-based social precedents, was a life, from which the world has just emerged, ended all this. The world will have no more nonsense, and will not stand for any past performances that tend to clog the wheels of the new machine. Because a thing has been done thus and so for centuries isn't going to be sufficient from now on to give it a standing in the new order. It has to make good by fitting in with the new democracy. Otherwise, to the junk-pile with it. A lot of the precedents in our social, industrial and religious life have already vanished, and many others will have to be made over, born again, instilled with fresh youth and more common-sense, if they are to retain any of their former influence.

## A WRONG VIEW.

N INFLUENTIAL section of the American A press is loudly demanding that every American soldier be brought back at once now that the "rescue" job is finished. These papers oppose the proposal that a portion of the United States forces be used for the temporary policing of Europe, contending that as the trouble which launched the war was none of America's business she should withdraw at once for fear of being charged with interference with what these critics hold is strictly Europe's affair. Having vindicated the national honor and helped punish the Potsdam criminals they would have the United States step aside and let the Allied nations do the cleaning up and the readjusting. This seems a ridiculous stand to take considering the manner in which President Wilson has laid out the future of a large section of middle Europe and the extent to which the United States has become involved in the financial affairs of the Entente powers.

As the United States is going to have a big say as to what form the reconstruction of the old world shall take, she must share some of the burdens and responsibility, and policing is one of these. There is no doubt, however, but that the American people as a whole recognize the responsibility and are willing and anxious to carry on with men and money during the ticklish transi tional period and after if necessary. America's magnificent contribution to the cause of the Allies can't beat Beatty. has made her a participant in "Europe's quarrel." and she cannot escape a sharing of the tasks that peace brings. The actual, immediate cause of the war was long since buried beneath the real worldwide issue as to whether civilization or bafbarism should rule. Once the Hun swept into Belgium sewing machine."

the issue, morally if not legally, became America's fight, just as it did that of any other free

At the conclusion of the war with Spain the American people assumed the "white man's burden" in the Philippines and Cuba. Today the American people must share with Great Britain, France and Italy an infinitely greater burden than that thrust upon them by the taking over of the Spanish overseas possessions. The liberation of the world from the bondage of militarism and the removal of the Prussian menace has been accomplished, but the task of making this hard-won freedom secure will be a titanic one. The United States' "interference" in the affairs of the old world is logical and right. Any view that would have the United States back out now is wrong, and casts a reflection on the intelligence and honor of the people of the great republic. To withdraw the entire American army from Europe at this time might be of little military importance, but it would be construed by those influences hostile to liberty as an indication of discord amongst the Entente nations and the Entente peoples would be inclined to consider Washington as a deserter.

### POETRY AND PERFORMANCE.

E WRITE poems about our heroes, painting them as young gods with shining eyes who went into battle clad in the armor of righteousness and wearing the robes of democratic idealism. And those poems have a true place and He tries to liquidate a debt a wonderful influence.

But do we think of them as young gods when we rub shoulders with them on the streets. They are splendid in the abstract, for certain. One who takes up the harp to sing their glories may bring tears to the eyes of thousands, but if these same people come in close contact with a soldier who does not look at all like a young god, but more, perhaps, like an ordinary man, whose eyes do not shine from a pallid face, whose crumpled khaki is not suggestive of radiant armor, and and bumped into each other. "Say," whose drooping cigarette inspires no thought of said the cross-eyed man, "why the knightly deed, the poetry of the thing oozes out of them. The pseudo-sentimentalists who can become emotionally intoxicated by reading "In Flanders Fields" may or may not be ready to get up in the night and welcome a huddled band of returned men when they arrive on their long journey from the west front. Thank goodness some are ready to get up and serve at any time.

The men who invoke the public to let their patriotism so shine that the good government may not be embarrassed in any way are always willing to make gods of our soldiers-in the abstract. When it comes to paying pensions, they permit certain colonels in high civic positions to take generous sums and put the humble private, the man about whom they write and speak as worthy of first consideration, on a beef-and-bone basis.

Our newspapers and journals, our posters and our orators, idealize the private soldier in epic verse and picture. But on the street and in come down to earth and deal him the substantial a pretty good "bunch of scouts" after all. When you get your chance be sure that you offer him the thing he desires rather than another bouquet

## THE CHALLENGE TO THE CHURCH.

tion of the teaching of the Messiah they are today in that attitude of mind.

Napoleon said that the Lord was on the side

gross fellow. But the rough-and-tumble fight for hind the arm, the spirit speaking through the soul to the mind and the muscles? And is not the high ideal simply the golden rule, that is Christ's teach-

ing and Christ himself?

The chaplains who went into the bloody mire will give us a real answer, and so will the men who were watching the drama of war even while they acted it. Those chaplains have been close to men, closer to men than ever preachers were before. For the first time, it is almost safe to say the clergy saw men's souls stripped of everything but the primitive virtues and vices. Before the war the average clergyman graduated from college to go into his church, undefiled by close contact with the world, and his existence became a cycle of church, home and classroom. Necessarily he did not reach the people who were most in need of his assistance, because sin does not sink ship it murranted. in need of his assistance, because sin does not sink its clutches in the average home, but works in the dark stretches that lead away from the family the had observed all sorts of color effects he had observed all sorts of color effects the had observed all sorts of color effects he had observed threshold. No matter how zealously a minister might work to reach those who needed his assistance, they were beyond the sound of his voice or held aloof from him. But all that will be changed. The ministers of the country, both those who served as chaplains and those who did not, will be able to approach the world's men on a new basis of understanding. He must be a dullard who has not grasped some of life's great human lessons from the war.

The war was weed in the spirit of the sound of his voice or held aloof from him. But all that will be changed. And the head never seen an ocean painted to look like A Nude Lady Falling Down Stairs or A Tooth In The Headcheese. Evidently the professor did not believe in camouflage for ocean liners. Neither did the captain for that matter, but I was converted to a belief in it after spending thirty-six hours in Halifax harbor, where we picked up our convoy. One by one these ships stole out of unsuspected nooks and crannies until we were twenty-one altogether and the solemn old sea looked like a Calithumpian parade. After that I was prepared the headcheese. Evidently the professor did not believe in camouflage for ocean liners. Neither did the captain for that matter, but I was converted to a belief in it after spending thirty-six hours in Halifax harbor, where we picked up our convoy. One by one these ships stole out of unsuspected nooks and crannies until we were twenty-one altogether and the solemn old sea looked like a Calithumpian parade. After that I was prepared

The war was waged in the spirit of the brotherhood of man. The churches have a heaven-sent opportunity to capitalize the belief that brave men demonstrated with their bodies.

solem old sea looked like a Cantumbroian parade. After that I was prepared to admit that I was prepared to admit that there might be something in camouflage for ships so long as the shore was used as a background. In this opinion I am abetted by Commander Hodder of the good ship Tunisian, who sticks to it that the best Tunisian, who sticks to it that the best onstipation, sick headaches, bilious headaches, bilious headaches, bilious headaches, bilious headaches, bilious headaches, water brash, headaches, bilious headaches, water brash, headaches, bilious heada

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The ex-kaiser has contracted the "flu." That's the most democratic thing he ever did.

That sunrise surrender was the sunset of

Germany's naval power.

Von Tirpitz removing those famous whiskers shows there is no limit to that old pirate's ruth-

The British fleet which met the German surrender squadron was cleared for action. They

### A PROPER START. [Boston Transcript.]

"So your husband refused to buy you an automobile?" "Not exactly refused; he said I ought first to become familiar with machinery in general, so he bought me

The Wise Fool. "Some men never forget a kindness they should travel together. done," observed the sage. "No," agreed the fool, "not if they

Ouch! She cannot walk, she has to stop, And groan and say, "Phee-you!" And wonder how a large corn crop Can grow in one small shoe.

"You are suffering from brain fag and ennui," announced the specialist. "You should take more interest in your

"I would like to," replied the patient. "Then why don't you?" demanded the

"The law won't let me," replied the patient, "I'm a pawnbroker." Out-Croesusing Croesus "Is he very wealthy?" asked Brown.

"Wealthy?" exclaimed Jones, I'll

say he's wealthy! Why he has eggs for breakfast every morning." You Know Him! This kind of man you've often met, He isn't worth two cents:

By paying compliments. We find this in the market repor

every day:

Butter-Strong.

Eggs-Strong. Our Joe Miller Contest. Billy K. of Portsmouth, Ohio, claim hat the oldest joke is the one about the cross-eyed man and the other man who were walking toward each other, hek don't you look where you are going?" "Say, yourself," replied the other man, "why the hek don't you go where you are looking?"

Oh, Shux! You can find A. Peach in Danville,

## BY LUKE McLUKE

not be related, but it is a cinch that

He's feeling hot, Is Oswald Boal; For he forgot To lay in coal. -Luke McLuke.

He's hot just now, But, when you meet Him next I vow. He'll have cold feet. -Newark Advocate.

Things to Worry About. Do you know that you inhale a gallon of air per minute? Names Is Names.

U. S. Victory was born in Pittsburg, Pa., last week.

Our Dally Special. It is a whole lot easier to fall down

Luke McLuke Says: And you may have noticed that it is the fellow who has nothing to say who

takes so long to say it. And what has become of the old-ashioned Chinaman who used to wear It pays to be cheerful. A grouch doesn't get you anything, and it impairs your digestion and wrecks your nervous system. a pigtail?

It is hard for a married man to behave himself. If he sticks around the house every night he'll be henpecked, and if he doesn't he is a brute.

The reason why they are so happy during the engagement is because the parties are not as well acquainted with each other as they will be later on. If a simp believes in dreams it is an easy matter to sell him stock in oilless oil wells and copperless copper mines. There are a few birds on every jury who first make up their minds and then listen to the evidence.

Every soldier who has just received gift wrist watch believes that there a gift wrist watch believes us no time like the present. Leave it to the woman who hasn't any to call your attention to the fact that diamonds are vulgar and out of

Ky., but it isn't the kind of a peach you are thinking of. He is a farmer.

Honk! Honk!

Adam Ford and Will Rideout live in Conemaugh, Pa. Of course, they may style.

Style.

We are cowardly about a lot of things. The engineer who gets killed in a railroad collision is always blamed for the wreck because he can't deny it. The other fellow's peck of trouble looks like a gill. But your peck of trouble looks like a gill. But your peck of trouble looks like ten bushels.

## Hide and Seek

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Something About the Art of Camouflage and a Good Trick the Canadians Pulled Off.

When the future historian comes to write of the great war, he will dwell on camouflage as one of its leading features. The war camouflaged everything from hats to high politics, from thing from hats to high politics, from ships to gunes to governments, from ships to strategy. Camouflage has been the comic relief, so to speak, of our awful tragedy—if you can call that a tragedy which has for its happy ending, universal democracy.

ge—it gives us back our dime-novel ildhood! Once more we "play In-

flage—it gives us back of the childhood! Once more we "play Indian"—but to a high purpose.

Camouflage is protective coloring. Our democracy was used to it before the war in the shape of cold storage eggs masquerading as new laid, wolfhearted profiteers as good Christians and corrupt politicians as heavenborn statesmen. I could chase this thought a long way, but I leave it with you to fill out as you please. We were used. I repeat, to camouflage on its lowest plane, but we had no idea that it could be applied the other way round—to free the world of its tyrants instead of to conceal them.

Stead of to conceal them.

bronze, it looked more had out. It takes me right back to the Leather Stocking tales to keep peace with these ingenuities. Talk of woodland lore—your very life may depend on notleing every movement in a bush, every bening in a bank. That little hole now—it looks like a rabbit burrow—but there is a wicked little machine gun behind it. That trench rampart of sandbags—what could be blanker?

And yet it is full of eyes with Lee-Enfeids blinking behind them. That garbage dump—old bottles, boots, cans,—how innocent! But the killer is there. That tree over there—how the state of the constrictor that had to the Leather Stocking tales to keep peace with these insentitions. Talk of woodland lore—your very life may depend on notleing every movement in a bush, every but there is a wicked little machine gun behind it. That trench rampart of sandbags—what could be blanker?

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Ids simply and solely based in the dogged human uck of men, such as they constantly show in heir daily treading of the mill in the workaday orld, or was there something more than material ill-power, something inspired by the high ideal?

The high ideal! Was not that the spirit beind the arm, the spirit speaking through the soul the same footing. ransacked Time, pillaged Yes, we ransacked Time, pillaged history, looted the dawn of creation, ravished the elements and invaded strange planets for the lethal machinery

British navy.

But camouflage on land—ah, that is another story! The war could never have got along without it. Here for instance is a German helmet—not the pickelhaube with its glittering spike which invited enemy fire—but the tin hat of the summer of 1918—the last word in tin hats—modelled by that austere hatter, Experience. It is an awkward thing, weighs three pounds at least, and makes the wearer look more like a cabbage than it does like Lohengrin. It seems to tell me that four years of war have knocked the grandioseness out of the Hun and brought him right down to hard pan. At all events that "shining armor" stuff has been cut out of the field equipment, because the shine was too dangerous. This interesting souvenir is dappled green and brown to imitate grass and trees and the dun landscape of the terrain. Yes, we brought the German Mars down out of his clouds and rubbed his face in the dust.

Camouflage is not only the art of making things/invisible but also—of making them look like something else. We splash our tents and huts and British navy.
But camouflage on land—ah, that is

which has for its happy ending, driversal democracy.

Never before were the engines of
war so horrible, never before did death
come at the soldier from so many quarters—from the heaven shows from the war so norrible, never before did death come at the soldier from so many quarters—from the heaven above, from the earth beneath, and from the waters under the earth—and never before has the fun spirit shone so radiantly. Camouffage—what is it? What else but the eternal Boy Scout that lives in every grown man's bosom! Camouffage—it gives us back our dime-novel childhood! Once more we "play Inbronze, it looked more like a constrictor that had stiffened out

how innocent! But the killer is there. That tree over there—how pretty! How symmetrically that third bough projects! Ah—the sniper has got you! That wheat sheaf—it stirs—it may be the wind—then again it may not. Better shoot and not take any more chances.

Humor a Camouffage.

So runs the game of camouffage.

Humor a Camouflage.
So runs the game of camouflage
It even pencrates character. The
humor of the British Tommy—it is
the tender camouflage of his gallan soul. The smiles he smiles, the kisses he throws, as he passes through the little villages on his way to the front— the camouflage of the peril he goes to

way day-in and day-out camouflage griping, weakening and sickening for the laigh seas is the war-grey of the old-fashioned purgatives. griping, weakening and sickening effects

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camouflage. When I had advanced from material to stratpassed the iron gate of the Invalides the gate that has never been opened since his body went through—I could almost imagine the greatest commander of history muttering, "Let me out. I'll show them!" And indeed the dead hero of France seems to have had some hero of France seems to have had some the first southeast towards Amiens was towards a mean southeast towards Amiens was ment southeast towards and the southeast towards Amiens was ment southeast towards Amiens was ment southeast towards and the southeast towa

hero of France seems to have had some prevision of this world war and the problems it would involve, for was it not his genius that planned the straight not his genius that planned the straight lives to be seemed as a matter, of course, became camp gossip in a few days.

is a high, set look on every face—particularly on the faces of the officers who realize the full measure of their responsibility. When life and death are in the balance the arbiters wear that air.

Indeed the full measure of their who realizes the full measure of their who responsibility. When life and death are in the balance the arbiters wear there are no casualties.

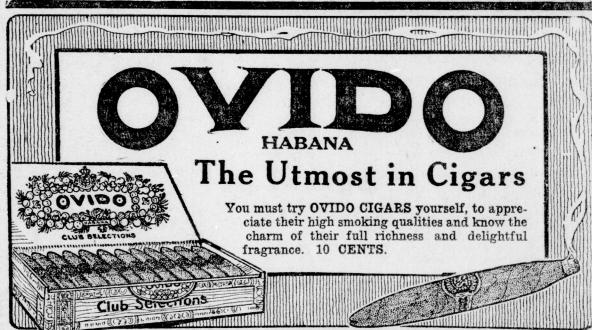
Toward the end of the war camouflage methods. At a given northwest battalions about-faced quick-marched, rejoining the when Fritz shoots he does perhaps a hundred dollars worth of damage and there are no casualties.

Toward the end of the war camouflage

## No Girl Need Have a Blotched Face

It was told to the junior officers as a great secret and as a matter, of course, beart of man, or making her way national roads which are so convenient for marching armies and the double rows of poplars which are such useful camouflage for motor lorries and supply columns?

An aerodrome is a hard thing to hide—to some extent it must be out in the open, but camouflage and a background of forest—if such a background is available—help to rob it of its consplctuousness. Comparatively few aerodromes have been bombed by the Hun and for two reasons, of which the first is that there are too many aeroplanes handy to chase the bomber, and Fritz does not like to take long chances. The second reason is that he probably bombs the bogus aerodrome which is artfully contrived to make him spit all



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> Belgium! Belgium!—the papers are full of heart-rending news-items from Belgium. Delirious with joy at being rescued from the hellish tyranny of the Germans, yet the poor Belgians are in large measure in the last stages of want.

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