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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, Aug. 13.

HENRY WATTERSON.

HENRY WATTERSON, the virile and venerable editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, has just disposed of his newspaper interest and hung his editorial sword on the wall—within easy reach, however, for when the head of a Hapsburg or a Hohenzollern comes within striking distance, the old warhorse of American journalism will not permit it to rest easy on any pair of shoulders. Since the war commenced he has spared no Prussian nor any of the minions of Prussia, whether they swaggered, jack-booted through Berlin, or rustled like serpents in the fields of his native land. He has given the moral force of a good many battalions to the Allied cause, for it was such fearless and faithful service as his that lit the fires of an unquenchable patriotism that was to sweep from Mexico to Maine, and, leaping an ocean, rush to the very ramparts of a frenzied autocracy.

In newspaper circles no man has been more revered than Henry Watterson. Whenever the giants of editorial crusading are mentioned he is regarded at least as the living leader. Best of all, those who are striplings in the game as compared with Watterson, like to hear related the story of his entry into newspaperdom. He had just come through the civil war. Returned soldiers of that day, as perhaps today, did not find it an easy path to re-establish themselves in civil life. He was "down and out." His clothes hung in tatters. Journey after journey in quest of work finally brought him to the office of a Cincinnati editor. The editor looked him up and down, asked him what he could do, and received the reply of a dauntless spirit: "Write editorials!" With rather a quizzical smile, the editor directed an assistant to bring paper and quill, and said to the aspiring journalist: "Write an editorial on reconstruction after the war."

Watterson wrote it. The direct result was an order for a new suit of clothes and a square meal. But the real effect was to launch a tremendous personality upon the waves of national service. In the rough, uncut diamond this Cincinnati master of his craft had seen the jewel. His part was long since played and forgotten. The man to whom he opened the door has for forty years out the name of Watterson into the very destiny of his country.

While he leaves the active fighting ranks, giving up the command of a great newspaper, his last strokes are yet to be delivered. From the new, clear perspective they will come more powerfully than ever. A Watterson editorial will be as a great gun speaking again its thunderous message and hurling a broadside that will smash through the shams of oppression and injustice, to proclaim the victory of liberty and equality.

THE U. S. CROP OUTLOOK.

In the face of the reduction of the crop estimate, supplies of foodstuffs are sufficient for the country's needs as well as for the Allies, as we can spare 250,000,000 bushels of wheat alone and more corn, oats and barley than the Allies can furnish tonnage for.

THE FOREGOING is from the conclusions reached by the grain expert of the Chicago Tribune after a study of the U. S. Government's crop report for August.

The estimate of the U. S. wheat crop as stated by the Government experts is 878,000,000 bushels, which is a loss of 43,000,000 bushels from June, but 241,000,000 bushels more than last year, and 82,000,000 bushels above the five-year average of 1912-1916. It is expected that final yields of wheat will show around 900,000,000 bushels which is far above the average, and has seldom been equaled.

Wheat, oats, rye and barley aggregate 2,615,000,000 bushels. With corn, the five grains will aggregate 5,604,000,000 bushels, which compares with 5,842,000,000 bushels in 1915, the record year for the United States.

It is doubtful if the news from the western front will be more cheering to the Allied peoples than the U. S. crop reports. With rains for the next few weeks, it is possible that both Canada and our big farmer neighbor to the south will exceed all present expectations in production.

WORDS OF SYMPATHY.

THE LITTLE old woman was very much alone. She had passed her eightieth year, and in the little cabin of a parlor of the cottage lay her only daughter, her spinster daughter who had worn herself out trying to make it easy for mother, closing her eyes to life, to pretty clothes (on herself, at any rate), shutting down the visor of memory upon the vision face of a young man, cutting herself from girlhood, all to worship and support the old mother. A sacrifice to filial constancy was the frail child who lay in the dim light, yet those who knew the story felt that the chamber was hallowed by her unsung death and her fleeted soul, that life for every one who heard the story was a little more worth having to do something with, and that cynics might pass that way and come to think that there was a beauty of service that Darwin and Huxley could not dispel, deep as went their probes into the very heart of spiritual existence.

And while the little old woman, the mother, was very much alone, the next beautiful thing about her daughter's death was the people from all stations of life who came to see her. The good churchman and the unorthodox young man who entered at the same moment to say comforting things to her and to feel that they must slip their arms about her shoulder. The "fine lady" who

made her motor engine stop altogether while she spent a real sisterly half hour with her distressed old school chum. The priest who dropped in to add what human comfort he could to one not of his own creed, but of his own man's heart. They came all day long to say some sweet words of pity to her. Their sympathy was genuine, and she became almost proud of the great sacrifice her only child had made.

Can words make the burden easier? Yes, for rich and poor. We all love to have the feelings of those about us expressed for our dear ones who have gone. We become a greater living people because of our dying sisters and brothers, and reach nearer to that which lies beyond.

PICNICS AMONG TRADES.

IT TAKES the good old summer time to melt away the rivalries and jealousies of business. The instinct of man is to go a-gyping, to have a rollicking time, to indulge himself in wholesome sport, if only for a day to pass from the toil and toil of shop and office and to revive the spirit of boyland again. The summer picnic is an institution with all sorts of benefits, and they are to be counted among the unfortunate who are restrained by work or conditions from participating in one or more outings are the world is looked again with winter's bolts and man becomes of necessity a shut-in animal.

One of the finest things to observe about the summer picnic idea is that business in certain lines is getting together to hold its outings as trade events. However keen competition may be, however hard one may work and fight against his business opponent through the year, the idea of getting the staffs of rival stores or shops or offices into a common mood of funmaking for a few hours is inspiring and broadening. Business rivalries sometimes work into warped conceptions of one's competitor. Frequently there is bitter hatred. The playing of the trade cards involves charges and counter-charges. In bidding for trade among men, as among nations, there is frequently the "sore loser" or the "swelled head." The larger spirit sees the impulse that competition gives and is ready to acknowledge the right of the other man to get into the game and to win. The picnic forms a meeting ground and a playground. It is an antidote for small practice and mean tricks, and the more of these trade social events held the better indication of the brotherhood of man.

London is fortunate in the good feeling that exists among those who operate stores and other places of business. The present has been a summer of picnics and many lines of trade have gathered together to have a general celebration, and to become better friends.

AN OUTSIDE TRIBUTE.

THE FOLLOWING from the Hamilton Times is one of a large number of sincere tributes to the worth and memory of the late Sir George C. Gibbons, K.C., appearing in the press of Canada:

"In the death of Sir George Gibbons, barrister, London, Canada has lost a distinguished citizen, who had made his mark on the public life of the country, although he never sat in either House of Parliament. As chairman of the Canadian section of the international waterways commission he was enabled to devise a treaty between this country and the United States dealing with these international waters that solved the problems by which they were affected and blazed the way for the settlement of all such differences between the two countries. Sir George was a prominent member of the Ontario bar, a patriotic and public-spirited Canadian, who spared not himself in the public interest."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Clemenceau is not a soldier, but he seems to get nearer the front line than Wilhelm.

It is announced that Mrs. T. W. Crothers settled a strike. She ought to tell her husband how it's done and give him a chance to make his first success.

The Deutsche Zeitung of Berlin calls the present retreat the first real defeat of the Germans. Howonder they enjoyed that imitation defeat at the Marne.

Spain is said to be considering seriously Germany's affronts. Is it not more probable that she is thinking of Allied successes in deciding her future course of action?

If speeding along some of the paved streets of the city is as popular as reported, the police should take notice. A dog killed one day may forecast a child the next.

There are persons who insist on advising their friends to drink hot water in hot weather as a cooling drink and they continue to live. It says much for human self-control.

LEAVE IT TO THE AD. WRITERS.

[New York Evening Sun.]
Godeley's Gum will Win the War.
So chew without cessation.
Eat Candied Orchids by the score.
And they will save the nation!

Try Gazeousum's Patent Mop.
And you will be Victorious.
Bleerby's Hats go o'er the top.
Freedom's Pills are glorious.

Shakespeare's Work will win the War
So buy our new edition!
The Dimmers served at Godeley's Store.
Put soldiers in condition!

Help save Democracy and use
McCook's Feather Duster!
Win the War with Snick's Glues.
Scour with Victory Lustre.

Use Slickem's Polish on your floor.
And help to Whip the German!
Jenk's Roach Paste will Win the War
And keep you safe from vermin.

WHY EXPLAIN THE OBVIOUS?
[Christian Science Monitor.]
The first battle of the Marne, the battle of the Somme, the defence of Verdun, Ypres, Amiens, Passchendaele, and the approaches to Compiegne simply mean one thing, that the German army's reputation as an invincible war machine has become superfluous and false," says a German general, wisely. "I shall explain," he continues. But why explain the obvious?

STRAPPED, TOO.
[Baltimore American.]
"Society finds its level in a street car, doesn't it?"
"Well, it shows how many people who think themselves in good standing are merely hangers-on."

ANOTHER RAW RECRUIT.
[Yonkers Statesman.]
Colonel—Didn't you hear me give the command to fix bayonets?

Private—Yes, colonel, but my bayonet is all right. There is nothing wrong about it to be fixed.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS



THE SKIPPER WOULD NOT HAVE MISSED THE FINALS OF THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP FOR ANYTHING SO HE HAD TO PRETEND THERE WAS SOMETHING TO BE FIXED ON TOP THE CAR.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Spells.

My typewriter is in sulky mood.

And all my skill repels;

The old machine is sometimes good.

But it has its bad spells.

The idea.

"What's the matter with you and Mrs. Gabb?" asked Mr. Nagg.

"I detest that woman," replied Mrs. Nagg.

"But why, I'd like to know?" further queried Mr. N.

"Why, she thinks she is as good as I am," snorted Mrs. N.

A Crying Need.

He—I wish Edison would invent one more thing before he quits.

She—What's that?

He—A silencer for player-pianos.

Keep At It.

A great success brings fame, my son,

But fame is fickle;

And last year's great success is now

Not worth a nickel.

Wise Woman.

The Budding Debutante—And is a wife always proud of her husband?

The Chaponee—Yes—er, that is, during the honeymoon.

Betchal.

There are some fool girls in this land.

But you can always bet your socks;

A fellow has to have some sand.

To win a girl who has some rocks.

—Luke McKel.

Well, we conjecture then, my land!

One could implicitly assert.

If this be true, this kind of sand

Could certainly be called pay dirt.

—Newark (Ohio) Advocate.

Smoke Up!

If you want, smoke you will find

A Segar in Wand, N. C.

Police!

When you are in London, Ohio, you can always get a shot in the arm at Needles Cafe.

You Know Them.

Some useless dubs live in this land.

This I am here to tell;

The doggone fools do nothing, and

Don't even do that well.

Poor Old Paw.

Willie—Paw?

Paw—Yes, my son. What is it?

Willie—Could you say that a man is bedridden when he has a nightmare?

Paw—You had better not open your mouth again tonight, young man.

Officer, Call a Cop.

He married her for convenience

He was a careless gent,

And now he finds out that a wife

Is inconvenient.

Names Is Names.

Carrie Purse lives in Columbus, S. C.

Some Difference.

Before they wed he said good-bye

From twelve to half-past four.

But now he wed he says good-bye.

And he's swears the door.

Cheer Up.

I sure am broke, and that's no joke.

I've all the trouble I can tote;

But I'll win out, I have no doubt,

As long as no one gets my goat.

You Know Him.

"There's no use talking," said the

saloon orator as he pinned his audience

against the bar; and to prove it he

talked until midnight, when the bar-

keep had to put him out.

Our Daily Special.

You can't travel over the road to

success in a private car.

Luke McKel Says.

A woman regards a man with con-

tempt, but you seldom hear of a man

suing for breach of promise.

I have no objection to a woman

kissing a pet dog, but the dog has my

sympathy.

Some of the females who wear

white shoes look as if the yelt

Best Home Treatment

For All Hairy Growths

(The Modern Beauty.)

Every woman should have a small

package of delicate handy, for its

timely use will keep the skin free from

beauty-marring hairy growths. To

remove hair or fuzz, make a thick

paste with some of the powdered de-

fatone and water. Apply to hairy sur-

face and after 2 or 3 minutes rub off.

wash the skin and it will be free from

hair or blemish. To avoid disappoin-

ment, be sure you get real de-latone-

adv.

the down elevator. Smiling at his ex-

cellent countenance in its little mirror,

he threw back his head to get a re-

fractory curl out of his eyes, straight-

ened his hat, and half audibly chuckled

at his reflection. "Appearances asset

of face."

"Aw, wot's eatin' ye, Pretty Percy?"

Must be a kissin'-bug, the way ye're

lookin' at yerself!" asserted the eleva-

tor boy.

A blush spread over Percy's face at

the bowl of denisive laughter from the

boy. At another time he probably

would have given him a good shaking,

but now he was busy formulating his

plans, which must be executed quickly,

so he had no time to teach the boy

manners to his better. That could be

attended to later; there was other and

pleasanter business on hand.

The telegram was as good as actual

money. The firm was never known to

go back on a pledge. He would go and

bind the bargain with a little down

payment on certain bungsaw that

he had admired—and so had she—then

he could speak of it as his; also he

would have set aside for her a certain

suite of living room furniture in a

down town window that he had had his

eye on; then he would go and tell the

girl and ask her to name the day.

It is quite wonderful how smoothly

business runs when the man who has

the price sets out to buy. He was so

judicious that he was almost beside him-

self, but he managed either to suppress

the outward signs or to grin behind his

hand, so as not to provoke any more

such coarse and unfeeling remarks as

those indulged in by the elevator-boy.

Millicent Beauchamp lived with a

widowed mother in a little cottage at

the edge of town, and helped out a

small income by teaching primary music

classes. She was a wholesome, modest

girl, with sterling womanly qualities.

So when she saw Percy coming she

wisely decided that she would not run

away to change her dress, but would

meet him as she would any other caller

at that hour in the morning. Very

sweet and winsome she looked as she

opened the door and he stepped in.

"And what brings Mr. Grosscup out

so early? Do you owe that firm of yours

anything? And were you afraid we'd

move?"

Be it said to the credit of Percy that,

despite arrogant egotism, he appreciat-

ed her worth, and for just a minute