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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED  
London, Ont., Saturday, July 29.

### A WORTHY EFFORT.

THE Advertiser is heartily in sympathy with the spirit of the letters which have been appearing in its columns from some of the leading women social workers of the city, advocating the appointment of a female officer for the protection of young girls and for moral betterment in general. It is to be hoped that the police commission will reverse its decision in rejecting the appeal of the women to take such a step.

They are very shortsighted commissioners and incapable of properly passing upon such matters, if they close their eyes to organized assistance from these mothers of the city who appear for all other mothers. They do not understand social conditions if they conclude that the corrective work in a community is safely placed only in the hands of a policeman who is chosen primarily because of his physical strength. Some police officers have the proper outlook, and regard themselves as shepherds of the flock rather than as the merely muscular means of transmitting the evil-doer to jail. A keen woman will do more for social conditions than half a dozen uniformed giants. She knows women's problems, and has a capacity for rescue work in inverse proportion to the capacity for actual destruction of some present forms of physically enforced law. One has only to talk with a sincere woman social worker to discover what is being done every day for girls. Without authority to enforce her will, the missionary is always saving precious jewels of life without the damning and depressing publicity of police court trials.

London should be broad enough to test this work, and when public opinion has won the opportunity a woman of extraordinary perception and intelligence should be chosen. Powers to censor books, magazines and moving picture films, as well as to keep a watchful eye over all places of amusement should be hers. It is a commendable and practical agitation which these leading spirits among London's devoted daughters are carrying on. They should seek and be given support by all organizations which have the social improvement of the city at heart. The commissioners will be ready to grant the demands when public opinion asserts itself. Those behind the movement are endeavoring successfully to enlist that moral support. Surely the mothers of the city will respond whole-heartedly.

### FARES FROM BORDEN.

IF A London soldier at Camp Borden takes advantage of the six-days-a-month leave granted by Gen. Logie, he must pay \$5.00 a month, plus war tax, to the railways in order to reach his family. If he lives at Chatham or Sarnia the fare is proportionately higher, according to distance. His incidental expenses will run his necessary outlay to several dollars more. Approximately 25 per cent of a private soldier's pay is absorbed by the railways to enable him to take advantage of his leave. This is another of the injustices of Camp Borden, and while there may be no redress for it, and no other arrangement possible under the circumstances, it is another evidence of the bare-brained policy of Sir Sam Hughes. Certainly no one seems to have put up a fight for low excursion fares from the railways, and while the tariff is below the customary rate, it does not compare with the low fares arranged for pleasure excursions. One married man who has to support a family has been forced to remain at Borden during his leave, because he cannot afford to spend the money required for railway fare. Is this fair?

### A CHEAP RHETORICIAN.

WILHELM II, king as history will call him, keeps up his attitudinizing before the German people. He tells them they must not be downhearted, for that is treason. At the same time he shows that coward fear is springing in his own false mind. Herod is frightened.

Ranting about the "iron hail" of British and Russian guns and the "African hordes" charging upon German positions, he repeats somewhat less boldly his old lie that the British are degenerate and cold-blooded assassins. England is France's "diplomatic ally," and British soldiers, who "whatever their inward worth" have "abundance of artillery," are "the ice-cold haberdashers of the Thames." Such talk is not only false but also cheap. It comes strangely from the emperor of 70 million devoted German slaves, who wanted also to be emperor of Europe. The poor thing begins to realize his predicament and what a figure he will be with his crown and high-heeled jackboots pulled off him. Topping from his throne he lies no longer in a royal accent but in the squeak of a harassed rat.

German officers, German prisoners and even German newspapers are now

freely admitting the valor and efficiency of British troops. Only the cowardly knaves still sneer. The cheapest thing of all is to describe the British as "the haberdashers of the Thames." Fancy Gen. Haig, or any chivalrous British officer, referring officially to the Germans as "the Brandenburg clothhoppers," or "the gas-makers," or "the tinkers of the Elbe," or "the sausage-eaters of Frankfurt," most of which expressions would be nearer the truth than the Kaiser's reference to British shopkeepers. There is a peculiar baseness in his cheap snarls.

### BLUNDER OR PLUNDER.

"It is said the selection and organization of Camp Borden represents merely the restlessness and egotism of Sir Sam Hughes. As a matter of fact the minister of militia has no particular responsibility for Camp Borden. Such a camp became a military necessity. The site was chosen by the ministers representing Ontario in the cabinet. The land was purchased by two of the most reliable real estate agents in Toronto, and at prices which will bear the closest examination.—Toronto News."

THIS is a new line of apology for Sir Sam Hughes. The glib reading public is now asked to believe that Camp Borden was bought behind Hughes' back; a few weeks ago columns of praise of his genius for choosing Camp Borden were being printed. The waning Ontario Ministry is now shrouded with the blame.

As to the "prices which will bear the closest examination," the News may rest assured that its test will be applied. The price the farmers got is one question, and the commission paid to agents another.

Whether Camp Borden is merely a blunder or a plunder as well is likely to be known.

### PATRIOTISM.

M R F W. BAILLIE hands back to the public treasury \$750,000 profits of the Canadian Cartridge Company on war contracts. Hats off to a patriot like this. But of course Sir Sam will not admit that Mr. Baillie approaches dear Col. Allison, who actually was "out of pocket" on his deals. By the way, war profits seem to be considerable in this country. In Great Britain they are taxed 60 per cent.

### GENERAL LOGIE.

SOME of the ice-box critics have gone out of their way to blame Gen. Logie, commandant at Camp Borden, for the failure of the Hughes enterprise. The Advertiser sees the situation. This is a rank injustice to one of Canada's citizen-soldiers who has shown organizing ability of a high order and great capacity for handling men. His critics are the friends of Sir Sam Hughes, and the latter was quick to foist the blame upon the man he left to face all the intolerable blunders and inhuman conditions which his egotism imposed upon the soldiers at the new camp.

Gen. Logie was faced that night by a tremendous crowd of angry men. He recognized the justice of their claims, and sought to make amends, and without consulting Sir Sam Hughes. Consequently Hughes was offended, and tried to place the blame upon "boozers" in the camp, but was quickly informed by Gen. Logie that there had been no "boozers," the cause of the riot being the conditions prevailing at the camp brought about by the insane vanity of the man who emulates the Kaiser.

Gen. Logie could have made conditions much worse by using axe-handles on the participants, as one of Hughes' admirers recommended. But the general saw the only way out of the difficulty, and he took it. His reputation as the head of No. 2 Military District is enhanced rather than injured by his action. Those who recommend "axe-handle" methods first took the precaution to put many miles between themselves and Camp Borden, by means of the Hughes royal train of private cars. Sir Sam Hughes adopted the same "safety first" methods before issuing his rapid vagaries from Ottawa. Gen. Logie is the man who has to stick with the job. If he made mistakes, he has faced them, and corrected the injustices done as far as possible. Hughes has fled from his blunders and snarled as he fled. He and his ice-box supporters are the men on trial, not Gen. Logie.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

"The Kaiser will be wiser when the Allies reach Berlin."

The Kaiser will stand behind his people until the last Landstrummer is shot.

"Kite should go," says a Conservative paper. Amended by adding the word "further" and carried unanimously.

Question for debating society: If the British authorities rejected the Ross rifle, what's going to happen to Sir Sam Hughes?

A Saskatchewan wind whisked a school away and carried the children with it. There's a fairy tale for future generations to build upon.

British batteries may silence German Germany with a single shot, but The Advertiser silenced a photograph across the way with a two-line paragraph.

Perhaps part of that \$750,000 returned to the country by a Hamilton munitions maker could be devoted to pensions for mothers who are not taken care of by the country.

The Kaiser again maintains that Germany is fighting against the world. We all believe it. The only difference between his thesis and ours is that he affirms himself right and the world wrong. That is a common idea of lunatics.

### ONE OF THEM.

[Bringing a Magazine.]

"Why in the world did you name your baby Bill?"

"Because he came on the 1st of the month."

## Pathetic Figures—Dad With Two Strikes On Him After Betting a Dollar That Jimmy Couldn't Strike Him Out.

BY FONTAINE FOX



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story  
(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

### One Way Out

BY ELSIE SEE.

"Oh, you're in for a romance, Dick," "I can't see any romance where a penniless youth falls in love with the richest girl in seven states," grumbled Dick. "Why, Jerry, I'll be baldheaded and decrepit before I'll ever have enough to ask Anne to share it with me."

"And she'll be grey-headed and a grandmother by that time," "Well, brace up and get busy, old man. 'Faint heart never won,' et cetera, et cetera."

"Faint heart the dickens! It's only a fellow with a faint heart and frail spine who will marry a girl a million times richer than he is. Besides, there's mother—bless her heart, and I hope she'll be there for a long time—'I've got to take care of her, too.' 'Things do look dark,' admitted Jerry. 'But I've seen you save the day many times on a football field when things looked dark to doubt that you'll come out of this tangle with colors flying and the lady in your arms.' 'I wish I shared your optimism,' said Dick thoughtfully.

"Help yourself. Come—in—water's fine."

"You get out—'I've got an idea' Dick almost yelled, and his glittering eye told Jerry that a prodigious plan was forming in his mind.

"For the next month, while Anne Morrison danced and motored and golfed, and while Jerry Dayton did likewise, Dick Stanford kept to his insurance office by day and to his apartment by night until Jerry gave up trying to draw him into social life or to draw from him the secret of his nightly labors. At the end of a month, however, Jerry's curiosity and his vanity were gratified by an invitation to Dick's apartment to be the audience of a play to hear the first reading of Dick's play entitled, 'Out of the Tangle.'"

"Bully for you, old boy," and "Richards," you'll hate the dramatized best sellers of the boards," were comments that came from the delighted Jerry during the first part of the reading, but later he protested. "Oh, come, now, Dick, whoever heard of a rich uncle from Alaska turning up to back an impetuous nephew in a scheme to drive his prospective father-in-law to the wall as a means of making him succumb gracefully to the relationship."

"And whoever heard of people going to the theatre to see something they've heard all about every day of their lives?" retorted Dick. "People want something new, don't they?" "Yes, and it's my job to make the improbable seem plausible. Would there be any fun in going to a play to see people plot along just like most of us do every day?"

"I threw up my hands," said Jerry making an exaggerated demonstration of his acceptance of defeat. "On with the play!"

Dick did go on with the play, and the joy went on the boards almost immediately, bringing so much money into the box office and such flattering offers to its author that he was soon in sight of affluence. Dick began to drive his prospective father-in-law to the wall as a means of making him succumb gracefully to the relationship."

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by those in favor of the big folly, is that the camp is all right, provided the soldiers did not have weak throats and systems and had apparatus to digest dust and heat.

Happy days these, dodging heat waves and arguments as to who goes to hell and why.

An umpire in Cleveland refused to continue a ball game until the brass band was silenced. Sometimes umpires are human.

In conversation with many soldiers from Camp Borden the unanimous verdict is that the front trenches in France are much to be preferred to the dust and trouble of Camp Borden.

It is all right to talk about the thermometer showing 97.5 in the shade, but the trouble is to find the shade.

The Ross rifle is headed for oblivion, and we wish we could say the same of that well-known Sir Sam Hughes.

Gen. Smuts and his staff were recently held up on East Africa by wild lions. The Germans better hire a lot of lions there.

It will soon be found that J. Bull is the gent that put hunger in Hungary.

Our idea of a lonesome time is to go to a ball game in Philadelphia where Connie Mack's near athletes are playing.

Level crossing and their blessings. Speedsters in motors some time try to shove trains off the track instead of killing children.

THE SAFETY FIRST BRIGADE. Of the busy, bustling, brilliant lot of military men.

We notice as we walk along the street.

Many of them known to us, for since we've been accustomed every day to meet.

They have not gone across yet, though they've never ceased to be. In khaki, from morning until night. Somehow matters shaped themselves, with some slight pull, of course.

To hinder them from joining in the fight.

"There's recruiting to be done, and a lot of work like that, and so Brown, who's father's always toted right.

We will recruit to that duty and keep him out of harm.

And besides the work's well paid, and always light.

"Then Jones, you know, is a good sort, good supporters all his clan, and he's best kept at home, you see."

The battalion he's attached to "gets the route" the coming week.

Make his transfer to No. 33.

"And Robinson has always longed to wear a uniform— His folks are right, besides being quite well off, So he'll keep tab upon the wounded with return."

See that he's attached to the headquarters staff.

"Let Smith and all the others, who have not any pull, Join as privates and get ferried over the sea. They're husky boys; they'll never feel the hurts that they may get. For they are not so sensitive as we."

"We've always worn the uniform, been at each church parade, And held front seats at every martial show."

And let us have a hatred for distress, fatigue and pain. So it's only right the other boys should go.

"Then we'll be here to meet them, if they come back again. Brass bands and cars and luncheons and folks will find. And we'll head the big procession as it's only right we should, While the boys who did the fighting march behind."

"Sure no one could ask fairer, I am sure you will agree, And if you don't you're mighty hard to please: For I've shown this to our fellows and asked them, is it right? And every man of them with me agrees."

## STORIES OF BRITISH NAVAL HEROISM

### "The Father of the Victoria Cross"

Written for The Advertiser by Judge Barron of Stratford

Dedicated to the Boy Scouts of Canada.

Just a month prior to the time when a small knot of fifteen French soldiers landed at Starove Ukrepienie and hoisted the tri-color to the cheers of "Vive l'Empereur," the same ally opened fire on Fort Tze in the Baltic, and on the 14th of August, 1854, the big fort surrendered, and was blown to pieces by the fire of its own guns.

Sir Colin Campbell, at the conclusion of the war, addressed a large audience in his native city—Glasgow. "He trusted," he said, "that the alliance between England and France would never be affected by the arts of diplomacy, that it would be fed by the good sense of England, the chivalry of France, the interests of both countries, and by mutual regard."

"Foreign foe, and false beguiling, Shall our union never betide; Hand in hand, when peace is smiling, And in battle side by side."

This was the prophecy of a gallant commander, and it was fully justified, for it was the policy of the British navy to meet the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, but because of the earlier action of the French fleet in the North Baltic Ocean.

It is just as well for us Canadians, whose knowledge of warfare has become obscured by the kindly impulses of nature down through one hundred years of peace, prosperity and happiness, to know that nations have a habit of dispatching ships to meet the expected action long before the declaration of war. In feudal times it was different. Then combatants were more polite. But today "Time is taken by the forelock, and a people unfamiliar with present-day methods of nations are somewhat surprised to see a warship in the offing simultaneously with a declaration of war. The simple explanation is that this same ship has been hovering round waiting for the word it well knew would come. I don't know how it is today, for good boys never fight at school, and nowadays all boys are good, but when the writ was at school, conditions were different. All boys then were bad (?), and every boy understood that the first blow was the telling blow. If he didn't, he was sorry for it. While, of course, boys have vastly improved since then, nations have remained just about the same, and the first blow by a nation produces the same result between nations, as the first blow produced between naughty boys at school. In the case of nations, bearing this national habit in mind, it will be better be understood how and why it was that on the 13th of March, 1854, seventeen days before the declaration of war between Great Britain and Russia, Sir Charles Napier, in the Duke of Wellington, of 121 guns, sailed for Kiel, then a Danish port, to prevent the Russian fleet from leaving the Baltic, and, if possible, to make it fight. Quite recently, in fact, Germany has spent \$60,000,000 in deepening the Kiel Canal, so as to give her ships of war a quick and ready passage from the Baltic to the North Sea—but this piece of strategy is apart from the story now being told, and nothing more shall be said about it.

At Kiel nothing was heard or seen of the Baltic fleet, and the admiral, with nineteen sail of the line, five screw frigates, and a number of small paddle steamers sailed north. From the first he was hampered with weak and inefficient orders. He was told to fight, but he could take no risk. He was to blockade waterways, but avoid attacking Sveaborg or Kronstadt. In fact, his orders possessed the element of duplicity. If he failed, the fault was his. If he won, his success would reflect credit on the admiralty instructions. He wanted to fight, but he was hampered with weak and inefficient orders. He was told to fight, but he could take no risk. He was to blockade waterways, but avoid attacking Sveaborg or Kronstadt. In fact, his orders possessed the element of duplicity. If he failed, the fault was his. If he won, his success would reflect credit on the admiralty instructions. He wanted to fight, but he was hampered with weak and inefficient orders. 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