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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,

London, Ont., Wednesday, Oct. 16.

A CLOSE-UP OF WILSON. T WAS a privilege of a member of The Adver tiser staff to meet President Woodrow Wilson upon an occasion before the war when the chief executive of the American people had shed the cares of his office for a few brief moments and become a member of a company of "the news-

paper boys." The event was a housewarming given by the National Press Club which has its headquarters in Washington and which shows upon its membership roster the names of the leaders of American journalism. The club recently had gone into new quarters, and on this particular afternoon a hundred or more prominent editors, political writers, dian and American was put in a different way by war correspondents and the rank and file of the great Washington newspaper corps that prepares the daily political menu for one hundred million people, awaited the coming of the president. While most of the newspapermen knew Wilson the president, through professional association, few of them knew Wilson the man inside the president. There was a free and easy spirit in the air. There were eatables and drinkables for the scribes and for cabinet ministers, secret service men, secretaries and visitors.

Even the Associated Press chap who "covdisappointed.

The president came in, flanked by his shadow, the hale and vigorous Tumulty. Wilson was quite humanity's entomologist, but just because the like his pictures, sack-suited, unworn by cares, feel of grip to grip was good. We have watched clear-eyed, kindly, old-fashioned and almost his career from that day with an appreciation of gentle in his graciousness. He spoke to Sam the character he revealed while playing the man Blythe of the S. E. P., a staunch old newspaper rather than the president at the little informal war horse; to Daniels of the navy, who had come juice administration. The president mixed with the first impression that the crowd, calling first names and finding old

friends, with evident pleasure. The hovering secret service men, perhaps deciding that newspapermen on a holiday were harmless, or above suspicion, withdrew into the but he doesn't scatter them face up on the table. erowd, who knows but in the direction of the

busy buffet. Frank B. Lord, a Washington publisher and president of the club, and Democratic manager has a great deal to commend it. in the first Wilson campaign, gave the president a happy welcome. He paraphrased a song dedicated to Wilson during the election fight and called "The Man With the Iron Shoe." Lord said that the country had come to think of the president, not as a man with the iron shoe, but as "the man with the velvet slipper." Lord evidently had cause to remember the iron shoe within the velvet slipper, for he was an unsuccessful aspirant to an important post in the Democratic party. The president enjoyed the quip, and in a chatty, pleasant manner he began to speak. Realizing that the American national destiny had stopped dogging his footsteps for a moment, he revealed something of the man, the soul, the heart, to the little party. He impressed the writer as a warm-natured lover of his brothers, as an unassuming philosopher and common citizen. Something of what he said, as recalled by a few random notes and from memory may be interesting at such a time as this. To the chief scribes of his nation the president said:

"I was just thinking of my sense of confusion of identity sometimes when I read an article about myself. I have never read an article about myself in which I recognized myself, and I have come to have the impression that I must be some kind of a fraud, because I think a great many of these articles are written in absolute good faith. I tremble to think of the variety and falseness in the impression I make-and it is being borne in on me that it may change my very disposition-that I am a cold and removed person who has a thinking machine inside which he adjusts to the circumstances, which he does not allow to be moved by any winds of affection or emotion of any kind, but turns upon anything like a cold searchlight and makes it work. I am not aware of having any detachable apparatus

inside of me. "On the contrary, if I were to interpret myself I would say that my constant embarrassment is to restrain the emotions that are inside of me. You may not believe it, but I sometimes feel like a fire from a far-from-extinct volcano, and if the lava does not spill over it is because you are not high enough to see into the basin and watch the cauldron boil. Because, truly, gentlemen, in the position which I occupy there is a sort of-I do not know how else to express it than to say-passionate sense of my being connected with my fellowmen in a peculiar relationship of responsibility. Not merely the responsibility of office, but God knows, there are enough things in this world that need to be corrected.

"I have mixed, first and last, with all sorts and conditions of men-there are mighty few kinds of men who have to be described to me, and there are mighty few kinds of experiences that have to be described to me-and when I think of the number of men who are looking to me as the representative of a nation with hope, with the hope for all varieties of salvation from the things they are struggling in which he is st ting on, and Turkey, which has just made a the midst of, it makes me tremble. It makes me adequacy and weakness, but as if I were shaken by the very things that are shaking them; and if I seem circumspect, it is because I am so diligently trying not to make any colossal blunders.

[Calgary Albertan, Unionist.]

The Albertan cannot quite appreciate the wonderful progress in the constitutional freedom which merely permits a Canadian premier to talk to a British premier without the services of an interpreter. tremble not only with a sense of my own in-

If you just calculated the number of blunders a fellow can make in twenty-four hours if he is not careful, if he doesn't listen more than talk, you would see something of the feeling that I have.

"I am listening; I am diligently trying to collect all the brains that are borrowable, in order that I may not make more blunders than it is inevitable that a man should make who has great limitations of knowledge and capacity. And the emotion of the thing is so great that I must be some kind of a mask to conceal it. I really feel sometimes as if I were masquerading when I catch a picture of myself in some printed | While

"When you fellows stand around me on Monday mornings and Thursday afternoons (the days of the press audiences) and ask me questions I know what is in the back of your heads, and I could tell you sometimes more than I do tell you, but I do not tell you any more than I deem would be good for you. But while you are guessing me out, believe me when I say I am

often tipping you the wink." The president went along further in this strain, and he told the press men of his human desires. He said that he found no greater relaxation after a heavy day than to jump into bed, pull up the covers and take a trip into another land by the medium of a good detective story. He was the dignified good fellow, and when those present went up to receive the official handshake he was ready, in fact seemed to be anxious, for a few words with each.

He made a point of stopping the stranger and asking: "Now, have I ever really met you with the newspaper boys?" This is what he said to the writer, and for a few minutes the president wished to talk of Canada. One point of the usual formula of greeting between a Cana-Wilson. It is customary for a friendly and felicitous American to say: "Why, you Canadians are just like we are." But Wilson said: "We Americans are a great deal like the Canadians.' No doubt, even statesmen find they save a lot of trouble "if they've tact, tact, tact."

With a few questions the President got to the root of several things. He wanted to know, and it appeared as though he wanted to know if YOU knew. Who looked after our asylums, the province or the dominion? The writer suggested that the schoolmaster was speaking and got a ered" the White House and had for some time laugh, and when the answer was given the rechronicled the doings of the delightful and mark was made that "Your fundamentals are diminishing daughters of Woodrow confessed just the same as ours, based on the British system of it. that he hadn't got a line on the president in a or law." The President took a personal interest personal way. He only knew that he wasn't the in those who met him, and the impression carried kind of a "mixer" that "Teddy" and Taft were. away from that room in a time before the clouds Like the others, the social chronicler was eager to of war had gathered was that Wilson would be see the intimate side of Wilson, and he was not a stout oak in any gale. He could unbend to his countrymen, he was human, he loved to shake the hands of the people not as a politician or as newspaper gathering. We may have misjudged contact. .

> EDITORIAL NOTES. Woodrow Wilson may shuffle the cards a bit,

The suggestion to call the new soldier's insti-

Ten thousand Huns are taken by the Belgians. Each soldier of Albert's little army might be Each soldier of Albert's little army might of given a personal hostage to insure the safety of those of their loved ones in the clutches of the chaffing good-naturedly and tried to ex-Germans.

THE EPIC MAKERS. [Wendell Phillips Stafford.] Oh, for another singer Like those who sang of old! They made the cruel tender, They made the coward bold. They sang the sinews into men,

They sang the sun into the dawn.
The stars into the night. But we, on whom the awful ends Of all the world are come, Cry, and the muses answer not;

The beroes into fight;

The oracles are dumb. Yet who of all that thrilling choir Had our high theme for song?

Such rapture of endeavor Such agony of wrong! "The face that launched a thousand ships'

Out of the Argive Bay-

Was it more fair than Freedom's, Which launches ours today? To our success King Arthur's knights

Drink in their ghostly hall,
The shad ws of our battling arms Through far-off ages fall.

How shal the mighty theme be sung? Our words are wan and cold, If God would send a singer now Like the great bards of old!

I saw a scaling eagle, Up as are spires he ran, Throated with thunder, bowled with fire-A bird with the brain of a man!

I saw a million poets On F anders' heaving plains, And all the harps since Homers' Were thrumming in their veins

I saw the blue lanes boiling Arou id the rushing keels-Keen ey's upon the castles, Bold hands upon the wheels.

I saw the wolfish faces Sha pen with sudden fear; I heard the old gales laughing— The Argonauts are here!"

And I eried: "To the brave forever The singing-leaves belong!
Hail to the mightier minstrels! There are the sires of song!"

ACCORDING TO GERMAN FAITH. [Kansas City Times.]
When the kaiser speaks of "my faithful allies," he mean Austria, which he is holding by the hair; Bulgaria,

MUCH ADO.

BY LUKE McLUKE

Oof! A great composer, I'll agree, Is this man Oswald Hoosic; Why, music critics tell me he Could set a hen to music.

Murder! on the scales the weight Was overheard to say: "I try to help, but darn my fate,

I'm always in the weigh!" The Shock Was Fatal. The chauffeur had been hauled into court for speeding and running down pedestrian.

"Your honor," said the chauffeur, "it was all my fault. The pedestrian was And the poor judge dropped dead. Help!

When little Bennie throws a fit. His mother's very glad of it; It doesn't harm the child a bit -In fact, it is a Bennie-fit.

Said old Uncle Ned. As he talked to a group: "A hair on the head Is worth two in the soup. Same Thing.

We never heard of a firm named Marriage & Divorce. But what we started to say was that Love & Law are brokers in Oklahoma City, Okla. Is That So! An honest girl is Mary Miff.

She said to her friend Grace: 'I would be quite good-looking if It wasn't for my face." A truthful lass is Minnie Moore,

Who said to Cousin Nete:

I think I would be graceful if

It wasn't for my feet." -Walton (Ga.) Tribune Our Daily Special. Prosperity Covers a Multitude

dishonest grocer who had his scales

fixed so his customers got the worst "You wouldn't take a gun and hold breakfast.

The Advertiser's **Daily Short Story** (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT.

Major Cecil Spencer, V. C., did not dages. However, the young officer smiled, for there were others in the big cheeks.

London hospital, suffering far greater "This

unfolding the sheets of the "Daily Glass," and it was some time before the wounded hero got as far as the centre section with its array of photo-

damage than he.

The suggestion to call the new soldier's institution "The Arthur Currie Military Hospital" has a great deal to commend it.

The Board of Trade drive already has gone far into the ranks of the standpatters. It is manned by a battalion of progressives.

A physician says to The Advertiser that those who smoke are safe from influenza germs. We know a newspaper staff that is a fine insurance risk, according to this reasoning.

Centre section with its array of photographs.

Suddenly his blue eyes became steely with wrath, Two spots of flame leaped into the clear pallor of his cheeks.

His own photograph was looking back at him from the very middle of the "Daily Glass," and as a heading above in bold type were the words, "Interesting Engagement." Below were the usual lines so frequent in the English papers about a marriage having been arranged between so-and-so and thus-and-thus. The photograph of a lovely girl was coupled with his own, but Major Spencer was far too incensed at the stupidity of the press to cast so much as a glance at the feminine victim of the mistake. His wrath was rising to a wonderful

height when a troop of fellow officers, bandaged as to feet, arms, eyes or head,

The young V. C. took the unmerciful chaffing good-naturedly and tried to explain that it was an error.

In consequence of the mistake, an hour or two later saw the waiting room of the "Daily Glass" a whirlpool, atmospherically, of various emotions. Major Spencer was the first to arrive. The expression in his eyes was flinty. He was reflecting on the score and more of telegrams and messages of congratulations that had flooded his hospital room following the announcement of the engagement with which the paper had credited him.

The two other occupants of the waiting room were a young officer in the flying corps and his financee. They were chatting pleasantly and had not observed Major Spencer nor connected him in any way with the error of printing over their own photographs. Instead of the couple being announced as engaged the girl, Mildred Carter, was given the distinction of having been decorated by the king of the Belgians for bravery in attending the wounded under heavy fire, while the young Capt. Royce was given the honor of the V. C. and recovering from severe wounds.

The door swung open to admit a fourth warrior. Her complaint against the "Daily Glass" was, however, of the smilling variety.

It is not difficult to recognize the

the "Daily Glass" was, however, or an smiling variety. It is not difficult to recognize the American girl in London. This fourth comer into the office had the charming independence of manner, the eyes aglow with interest in life and the smile seemingly ever poised on red lips and ready to offer itself in greeting. The uniform of the Red Cross nurse was wonderfully attractive as Beth Davis wore it.

wonderfully attractive as Beth Davis
wore it.

She sat down in the only remaining
chair and with American frankness of
glance, took inventory of her companions. Naturally it was the major whom
she first observed. Her quick eyes sent
sympathy for the four wounds indicated by the tiny gold bits of braid on
his cuff and the blue band on his arm.
Her eyes then traveled to the pale face
and a quick glance of recognition sprang
into them. She knew that Major Spencer was in the waiting room for the
same purpose that she herself was there
—to correct the error over his photograph.

graph.
She then glanced at the other two
persons and she soon guessed the entire situation. This second officer had
no blue band and no tiny gold braids
and the girl had no uniform on, so most
certainly they were the engaged couple
whose headlines had in error been put
over the photographs of Major Spencer
and herself.

and herself.

Beth Davis looked directly into Mildred Carter's eyes and the two girls smiled. Miss Carter, too, had recognized the features of the Red Cross nurse as having appeared in the morn-

nized the leatures of the red cross nurse as having appeared in the morning paper.

"Our photographs seem to have been all mixed up," said Beth Davis with a soft laugh, and with a view to arousing the wrath-bound major, she raised her voice a trifle. "I have been most frightfully annoyed by it."

Mildred Carter smiled. "It is stupid to have been published as merely engaged when you have been winning all sorts of honors," she said, in some feminine way divining the other's purpose in regard to the young major whom she had quickly glanced at.

"It isn't losing my laurels that I mind," Beth told her, "but I have been swamped by telegrams and notes of congratulation and there will be heaps more from America. I am engaged already to one French and one American efficer, so you may imagine how swiftly

up these bally wounds." He he ten himself, his reason for bei "Daily Glass" office and all his interest in the great war.

"I knew you wouldn't," said Mr

Dr. Hiblood practices medicine Chillicothe, Ohio. Things to Worry About. What becomes of the material that was there before the hole appeared in your stocking?

up a man on a dark street, would you?"

Binks. "You are not a highwayma

Names Is Names.

"Of course, I wouldn't," replied the

manded Mr. pinks.

You are a low-weigh-man."

Luke McLuke Says: Are you so busy looking for little faults in your neighbors that you over-look a lot of big ones in yourself? Most of us are that way

of us are that way. The real reason why a man knows that a habit doesn't hurt him is because he doesn't want to quit. After a girl has been engaged to a boob for two years she looks almost as hopeless as if she had been married to

him for two years. Another thing we can't understand why a successful man never gives his friends the same brand of advice that he uses in his own business. Never abuse a competitor. Advertise more than he does and you will be kept so busy that you won't have time to

The fact that a hypocrite goes to church four times on Sunday does not worry the devil any. The devil knows that he is going to be able to use the hypocrite the rest of the week.

It sometimes happens that they marry she acquires mannish ways and he loses his. Elecution should not only teach us how to speak. It should go further, and teach us WHEN.

And it often happens that the man who tries to kill two birds with one stone misses both of them. It has just about got so that a six-year-old kid is so used to seeing sex dramas in the movie shows that he would turn up his nose in disgust at anything as old-fashioned as a Punch and Judy show.

We are all pretty good kickers when we find that we can't get anyone else to do the kicking for us. If men were taken at their own val-Mr. Binks was angrily bawling out the lishonest grocer who had to

After a woman gets thoroughly acquainted with her husband she often feels like ordering baled hay for his breakfast

I had to contradict this stupid error of She laughed again with a curiously thrilling happiness that had cheered many a wounded soldier.

Mildred Carter laughed too, and Capt. Royce joined in. "My word,' he said, "you do believe in a number of strings."

"It is only self-preservation," said Beth. "You officers are so faithless when we are out of your sight that I want to be sure of one in case the other finds greater happiness elsewhere." Major Cecil Spencer, V. C., did not open his morning paper until his nurse had left the room and closed the door behind her. He disliked fumbling with one hand and dragging sympathy from observing eyes. His other arm was pinioned close to his side with many bandages. However, the young officer swiftly averted his face, but not before swiftly averted his face, bu brilliant spot had come to the pale

"This appalling fickleness of heart is amage than he.

Nevertheless it was a bit awkward apparently completely balanced by your modeling the sheets of the "Daily wonderful steadiness of nerve," laughed wonderful steadiness of nerve, laughed Capt. Royce, with keen admiration topping the amusement in his voice. "I've wondered how a slip of a woman like you can ever face that ghastly snarl of the guns, the flame of the battle-

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field and tenderly nurse the wreckage replied, swiftly; "you, too, have done the way from the newspale hack to life."

"Don't speak of it," Beth Davis said quickly, and her voice held the soothing music that had seemed far removed from music that had seemed far removed from her laughter of a second ago. "I am keeping it all away from my thoughts for the two weeks I have in England before going back."

"I envy you getting back so soon." It was Major Spencer who spoke. "It will be another two months for me—healing but hess bally wounds." He had forgotten himself, his reason for being in the "Daily Glass" office and all things in his interest in the great war.

"Jour bit—your bit—was sailed by pain, and I have not suffered bodily pain, and I have not s

"You're not going back again!" put in Beth quickly. "You've done all one man can do—it should not be permitted! You cannot go through that fire again—"

"You are going through it again," he ladded to think it a most happy suggestion. There was a V. C. happy suggestion. Since the provided it again, and the provided it again, and the provided it again. Since the provided it again, and the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again, and the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion is the provided it again. The great happy suggestion

"I am still physically whole, though:

Beth blushed swiftly, then laughed heartly. The greatest love in the world was opening its arms for her and firmly mclosing her.
Mildred smiled knowingly. "Interest-







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