

# London Advertiser

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 LONDON, THURSDAY, MAY 6.

## A CALL FOR U.S. ACTION.

UNDER the heading, "Must We Go to War With Germany?" the New York Herald on Tuesday printed an editorial which threw with the tension of a bomb the United States into the recent sinking by a German submarine of the American ship *Guilford*. In reply to its own question, the Herald appears to answer in the affirmative. "Well, what is to be done?" it asks. "Generalities and diplomatic exchanges are about as useless as firing peas at a wild goose. It will not do now to continue to talk loudly about holding Germany to 'accountability,' and to continue to 'warn her again and again.' The time for that is past, and the time for brisk and determined action is at hand."

This leading American newspaper reminds its readers that Germany long ago was notified by the American Government that "if the commanders of German vessels of war should destroy on the high seas an American vessel or the lives of American citizens, it would be difficult for the Government of the United States to view the act in any other light than an indefensible violation of neutral rights." The "indefensible violation" has occurred. The Herald reminds its Government of the killing of *Thresher*, by submarine pirates; the boarding of an American ship, the *Cushing*, by a German aircraft; and the latest incident of the *Guilford*. It does not recall the sinking of the *Frye* by the *Kilb* Friedrich, but it is hopeless that Germany will discontinue its submarine warfare upon all ships. Note this significant paragraph:

"An act of war has been committed—aye, three acts of war. Shall the United States take the sea? Shall it send its ships to carry our merchant ships through the war zone and sink every piratical craft that comes in the way? If Germany will do nothing, it is a certainty that the United States must."

Then the question is bluntly put: "Shall we go to war with Germany, or back down and content ourselves with a demand for an apology and damages?" The Herald believes the President is fully alert to the situation, and pledges him the support of a united country "in any step he shall take consistent with American dignity and honor."

One of these morning Canadians will wake up to find that we have a new ally, and that there is a race of transports across the Atlantic, loaded with troops and under two flags. Wilson may be slow to strike, but he cannot permit his country much longer to bear the dishonor of the slaying of American subjects by Germany.

## THE WAR SITUATION.

TO ATTEMPT to belittle the German successes in Flanders, France, West Galicia and Poland would be foolish. Their drive at the allied line at Ypres struck a snag, it is true, that robbed them of any decisive victory. French and Joffre have straightened out the line that for a time was badly bent, and the chances of the enemy breaking through to Calais are small. To the north, too, along the edge of the Baltic, the Germans are reported advancing rapidly on the Russian line of Libau, with the object of cutting off one of the Grand Duke's lines of communication. Should this bold movement be successful, it might bring on a stupendous disaster to the Mucovite arms. All this is Germany's side. Russia has little to say, but the Grand Duke Nicholas has proved himself a brilliant strategist and organizer, and is not likely to be caught napping. It is not possible that he would have sent a vast army across the Carpathians without seeing to it that the links with his bases were adequately protected.

On the other hand, the war at the Dardanelles, at Smyrna and in the Caucasus is going strongly in favor of the Allies. Smyrna cannot be far from surrender, the Turks in the Caucasus have been thoroughly whipped, and repeated smashing blows are being made at the Turk forces on the Gallipoli Peninsula. To some extent, probably, this explains the heavy attacks of the Germans simultaneously on all their fronts. Just as the Allies by a ceaseless offensive prevent the Germans moving large bodies of troops to points where they are badly needed, so the Germans by terrific drives on both fronts hope to compel the Allies to withdraw some

of their forces being used against the Turk, to strengthen the lines nearer home. Germany knows that Turkey is doomed to certain defeat, but so long as this can be held off the effect on some of the neutrals will be favorable to her, particularly if Germany can at the same time score some big success such as she is claiming in Galicia. Neither side is falling to consider the political effect at home and abroad of every operation. Another power or two swung into the conflict might tip the balance for victory or defeat.

But however bright things may look for the Germans at the present moment there can be no question as to the ultimate outcome. In the west the Allies will hold steady until the hour strikes for an advance in overwhelming numbers. Russia, with her unlimited reserves, will "come back," and Turkey is still in the fight only because she is being hard driven by the Germans. Germany's new aggressiveness will not win for her any lasting or decisive results.

## THE UNWORKABLE SCHEME.

IN THE very courteous and gentlemanly speech of the Hon. Robert Rogers, which we printed a few days ago, among the other things attributed to the Senate was the charge that the Upper House had made the soldiers' voting act "unworkable." Mr. Rogers did not tell his audience that whatever modifications were made by the Senate in the bill, the Government accepted them in whole or in part; that the bill, as finally passed, was the Government bill, and that for whatever changes were made in it the Government is fully responsible. If the bill is really unworkable, then the Government should have refused to pass it in that shape. Better not to pass a bill at all than to pass one that is unworkable. If Mr. Rogers and his colleagues really believed that the bill was made useless by the amendments of the Senate, the only logical and honest course was to refuse to have anything to do with it in its unworkable shape. To call the act now "unworkable" is to condemn the Government for allowing it to become law.

The Senate amendments were very few. One was that the act should go into operation with the consent of the British war office. The Government changed that to make necessary the consent of the King and in council, which means, of course, the British Government, and in a measure affecting any portion of the army, it means the war office. It comes to the same thing whether the language used was that of the Senate or Sir Robert Borden. Anyway, it made no difference what words were used, or if any were used. The Canadian Government has no control over its soldiers in the field. It could not collect their votes without the sanction of the British military authorities—whether the act says so or not.

The only other amendment was one requiring the appointment of six scrutineers—three Conservatives and three Liberals. Did the appointment of three Liberals to assist in the voting, and to oversee it, render the act "unworkable"? Very likely it would, from Mr. Rogers' point of view. He would not want any Liberal scrutineers. They might interfere to some extent with that manipulation of the vote, which might seem desirable to an election manager of Mr. Rogers' type.

And we presume that is the reason why the Government proposes to minimize the "unworkableness" that would result from having Liberal scrutineers interfering, by adding to the act a proviso that if any man cannot make it convenient to mark his ballot, he can authorize someone else to do it for him. That will make the thing more "workable," we have no doubt.

## ABUSING GEN. HUGHES.

THE Toronto Telegram, leading Conservative paper in Toronto, continues to scream at Gen. the Hon. Sam Hughes. This time it is indignantly because the Minister of Militia threatened reprisals on the three Germans who revolted at Kingston, in case Germany carried out its threat of death against Pte. Londale, a British prisoner of the Germans, who struck a guard. While it would be well for our Minister of Militia to leave such matters in the hands of Kitchener and others, it may not be out of place to point out that the criticism of the Telegram is not a matter of conviction, but of principle. The Telegram is the kind of paper whose normal philosophy would sentence the revolting Germans to be led to death slowly, or sentenced to live in Kingston for life. The Telegram is a town-pump journal, that relentlessly "goes after" all who cross its path. It is sore at Gen. Hughes because he lectured Toronto for its "sacred" mobilization, which made everyone think a hypocritized horde was about to invade. It has been demanding his resignation ever since, as shown by the following from its issue of May 4:

"The only interview from Gen. Hughes that can be counted on to have the merits of sanity and safety would be the announcement of his retirement from office. Will the ugly situation created by Hon. Sam Hughes' latest efforts provide the Prime Minister with sufficient courage to expedite that resignation? The welfare of Canada's soldiers demands it."

If a Liberal paper had called the Minister of Militia "insane" and "unsafe," and spoken of his "effrontery," that journal would have been rebuked as unpatriotic. It would have been hampering the department, and striking a blow at recruiting, as well as assisting the enemy. But this Tory paper has kept up a torrent of abuse against the minister, though not at all to his disadvantage. His only offence, so far as Toronto was concerned, was to give Toronto a well-deserved snub, and the rest of the province didn't mind a bit. Gen. Hughes has the largest share of eccen-

tricties of genius that has been handed out to any single public man in Canada. At the same time he is "delivering the goods" in the matter of soldiers, and there is less about his methods to criticize than was naturally to be expected. And he is the first man who should be given all co-operation by the papers of both parties.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The next big crash may be when Japan starts to breaking up China.

Billy Sunday has taken up golf. Billy won't lack for picturesque and virile remarks when he foosies.

Canadian men should keep themselves in good physical condition. Each day's news brings the need for more men closer to everyone.

Cables from Rome say Italy is about to take the plunge. That is well, as it would be a great pity should such a fine bathing suit go unused.

Germany is now calling to the colors men up to 56 years of age, but Lord Kitchener will have a steady stream of young men for years if necessary.

"Let Canada send more troops," that is the issue for Sir Robert Borden, and he will receive all the co-operation he is willing to take from the Liberals.

To become the subject of a flaming Punch cartoon, with a heroic figure holding the two flags, inscribed, "Canadians, Ypres," is perhaps the greatest honor of all.

"It is not the length of existence that counts, but what is achieved during that existence, however short," was the last letter of Gladstone's grandson to his mother.

The manner in which German submarines have been running among the neutral ships may mean that she is riding for a fall. To have the entire world turn against her would give Germany the chance to retire gracefully from the conflict.

If the Turks only a year or two ago could make no headway against the Servians and Bulgarians, what chance have they of defeating the British and French, who eight months ago smashed the incomparable legions of the Kaiser back toward the Rhine?

The ranks of the First Contingent Canadian Overseas Force are thinning. Most of these boys were British-born chaps, naturally the first to respond to a call to the homeland. But native-born Canadians must furnish the next contingents, for have you noticed how the English, Irish and Scotch are thinning out?

It is not really the prospect of an early election that is agitating Liberal leaders. It is the prospect of an early defeat.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Then why should "the Liberals at Ottawa be trying to force the Government to the country," as the Mail's little brother, the Chatham Planet, says?

## PERCEPTION.

[Washington Star.] "You can't see a joke," exclaimed Mr. Grover.

"Oh, yes I can," replied his wife, calmly, "or I should never have looked twice at you."

## GLORY.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.] A shot, a shell, a mangled arm. A name that fits a story. A broken wreck, a metal charm—That's glory.

## A SECRET SHRINE.

[New York Times.] There stands on a far peak that towers high The temple of my soul, a secret shrine That I have raised until it reaches sky. Upon its altar lighted flame divine.

Borne high above the world on hallowed wings I built my temple with a magic might; I filled it with the songs the angels sing. Then I closed its portals on a mystic night.

My temple stands aloft, so fine, so pure, That never may I hope to come again. To its high altar—tortured, must endure A vision splendid I may not attain.

Here I must stand remote and raise my eyes To that far shrine that never may be won. My temple, that I built against the skies—I see it shining splendid in the sun!

## HYPOCHONDRIA.

[Washington Star.] Some of us seem to like to tell As how we ain't a-fella' well, 'n' never seem on friendly terms With anybody, 'ceptin' germs.

## ART OF SHOPPING.

[Kansas City Journal.] "What are you down town for?" "To buy myself a box of face powder. Will you help me select it?" "Certainly," assented the other lady. "Suppose we begin by looking at refrigerators and lace curtains."

## VARIABLE SEX.

[Boston Transcript.] "A designing man I hate," she said, With scornful head erect; And yet within a year she loved And wed an architect.

## O NAMELESS DEAD!

[Westminster Gazette.] The Polish plains are white with snow, But redder yet with blood below; Upon the far Carpathian hills Death watches, while his garner fills; Death watches, while his garner fills;

Half-buried 'neath her blackened stones The land that once was Belgium groans; From Beffort to the Channel waves The earth is filled with nameless graves.

O gallant hearts untimely dead, Who word shall ever your graves be said? What fair memorial lines shall keep Your memory living while you sleep?

Not less your due than theirs who won At Salamis and Marathon, Ah, would some hand might strike for these The lyre of old Simonides.

And tell to peoples yet unborn The terrors of that crimson morn When the wild war-lord flung his brand, And the peaceful, smiling lands,

And keep for you the loftiest strain Who paid the price and bore the pain, Whose blood was freely, nobly shed, O nameless, unforgotten dead!

## No Reason for an Election.

(Hamilton Times.)

Dr. Dernburg is joyfully anticipating an early election in Canada.

## JOY FOR DERNBURG.

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## Ten Minutes With the Short-Story Writers

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co. AFTER THE FIFTY-EIGHTH LAP.

By Wilbur Hall.

There was a time when automobile editors felt for press-agent stories about race drivers who were retiring permanently from the game, or who were announcing their farewell appearances; but that time has passed. Barney Oldfield really spoiled the play, by quitting racing often than Patti made farewells. Now we look at such a yarn skeptically, and, if we publish it at all, head it "perhaps," or "important," or "true."

So when the telegraph editor sent in a story from Detroit saying that Bill Shurz was through with automobile racing and was going into the accessories business for himself, I snuffed and went to "Gasoline Kow" to look for the inside of the story.

Shurz had been out on the coast in the Persis race team, and if anybody had the story it would probably be Monte Merrick, who had teamed with him. I found Monte trying to persuade a nice little lady that a "six" was easier to drive for her daughter to drive than a "four," or an electric. As nearly as I could tell, he was succeeding—which will show you what kind of a little persuader Merrick was, especially with women.

When he had made a date for a demonstration, and sent the nice little lady home in one of the garage cars, I went to the shop. Monte took a cigar and said:

"What's on your mind?" He took the query from Detroit and read it slowly.

"Bill Shurz, race driver, announces retirement from game to enter business for himself. Says auto racing is getting too fast for him. Rumors of course, in the case. How much?" He grinned. "Well?"

"What's the bed-rock truth of the yarn, Monte? I thought you'd have it."

"I have. Want it?"

"You know it," I said. "Shoot."

"The little driver sat down on the running-board of a big car and stretched his legs out."

"It's most likely straight," he began. "Bill has got it pretty near right; the racing game is too fast—for him. Also the rumor about a lady—yes, I estimate that was the goods, too. But mainly the trouble with Bill is that he's a bad loser. My guess is that he made up his mind to retire in about the fifty-eighth lap of the Santa Monica road-race last fall, when he and Webster and I drove Persis cars. Give me a light and I'll tell you about it."

"Louie Anthony brought the Persis out here a year ago—remember?—and I signed up to drive races for him. I'm not very strong for the Persis stock models, but I will say that I had a hand-dinger of an engine in that car. I drew the car went into second money for me in last year's Phoenix, as you know, and won the Imperial Valley race, and showed at Corona, besides grabbing off a few hill-climbs and special prizes in race-meets. She had a good engine and she liked to work. Of course, this spring, Anthony wanted me to go after the big sack at Santa Monica, and he didn't have to argue with me about that. So it was all fixed."

"But about that time he got a wire from the Persis factory saying that they were going to send Bill Shurz and that fellow Webster out here with their cars. I entered, and the wanted Louie to press-agent the thing so as to get all the advertising they could out of it. Shurz ran a bluff about not coming, and Louie went after him to come West, and Anthony went after the committee and tried to talk them into it. But Teddy Trelaff, and Ed Davis, and Ed Cooper, and the Nibberts and a lot of other top-notchers were already entered, and the committee couldn't see a bonus for Bill Shurz."

"If he wants to come out," they told Anthony, 'he'd better pack his suitcase and buy a berth, because we wouldn't pay advertising money to William Howard Taft."

"Of course, Shurz and Webster came anyhow, but the play got them some extra publicity. Their cars had been overhauled at the factory, and Shurz, who ran the team, had a sneaking idea that he and Webster were going back to Detroit with their treasure-boxes. First time I met him, I saw that Shurz was one of these drivers who've got heads so big they can't get their heads off to speak of men like Oldfield and Chevrolet, and that he thought us Western drivers were all retired street-car motormen who'd got dizzy. We made money on eighteen miles an hour. I tried to be decent to him and Webster, and told them I'd give 'em any tips I could about the course; but Shurz just laughed at me. 'Run along, son,' he said, 'and pump up your tires. We'll breeze around this course of yours the next day or so, and then we'll tell you where to head in at.'"

"Well, I didn't have anything to say to that. The drawings put Webster and Shurz both ahead of me. I was No. 14, and had some real contenders all around me when we started. You probably remember what happened. Want it all, eh? Well, here you are."

"It was Bill Shurz I was after, see? And I didn't care much where Webster finished, because I had a notion that he wouldn't finish at all. I had a look at his car in the garage, and if I had been Webster, I wouldn't have expected an awful lot out of it. Little things, here and there, you know—nothing you could condemn her for, but just generally not up to the scratch. And Webster had never won a tonneau full of cups, either. 'When I got the gun, I was up the line looking for Shurz, and about the twenty-fifth lap I found him. I figured that it wouldn't do any harm to have him a little nervous, so on the twenty-seventh I cut inside him at the Nevada avenue turn, and passed him with about two inches to spare between our bumpers. Then I slowed down suddenly on the back stretch, and he almost broke his brakes to avoid hitting me. I stopped at the pits that time around, and let him go by me; and about the twenty-fifth I passed him again, awful close,

the whole nation, that the event may be postponed at least till next year, when the war may be over.

## BORDEN AND BOB.

(Brantford Expositor.)

All the objections to a premature dissolution of Parliament which were urged last fall, when the committee was in session, are still operative, and in an intensified degree, because at that time the country was not being distracted, as it is now, by the daily record of casualties among Canadians. All the reasons for a dissolution which it is possible to urge are as operative now as they were then. On that occasion the Premier gave heed to the protests which came from every side and refused to become the tool of the Hon. Bob. If he weakly yields at this time his standing as a public man will be forever blasted.

III. Monte relighted his cigar and rose. "Wait a minute, there," I said. "That isn't all, by quite a distance. You haven't told me about the lady."

Monte reddened. "What does the word 'there' mean? What does the word 'lady' mean?"

"That's right. What does the word 'lady' mean? What does the word 'lady' mean?"

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