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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, August 20.

OUT OF GRATITUDE.

THE THEORY that "America must win the war" is being loudly proclaimed in the cities and counties over the border. The stirring message is heard everywhere and the evidence is found in train after train bearing magnificent manhood to the seaboard, the new soldiery of the republic, trained, hard and eager for the place beside their countrymen and the men of other nationalities along the line. The conviction has been out deep upon the foundation stones of the nation. The call becomes a command. Nothing must stand in the way of hundred per cent participation. Yet it is not in the spirit that America is saving the world when none other could save her that the call is being invoked. An editorial headed "It is Up To America! We Must Win the War" in the Philadelphia Public Ledger explains how the determination for victory has seized the people. It is out of a realization that America owes much to the nations which have fought so long that the desire to take on the weight of the burden is given such expression.

The Philadelphia writer expresses the full meaning of the words when he states:

"There can never be any dispute as to which of the Allies won the war. They will each and all have won it. There is not one of the actively belligerent Allies who could have been spared without at least risking the direst disaster. When it comes to the principal powers on the Allied side, the omission of any one of them would have precipitated certain and lasting disaster."

"Least of all can the United States—the last of the great Allied powers to enter the arena—lay claim to any monopoly in winning. France, Britain, Russia and Italy—to say nothing of the smaller nations—stopped the gap for virtually three years before we were minded and ready to strike a serious blow. Now that we have a clear vision of the situation and perceive the appalling menace that hung over us, unrealized, from the moment that the bandit chiefs of Berlin decided that the time was ripe to set out upon their long-planned slave raid across the civilized world, we cannot find language to express our gratitude to the nations that held the pass while we were slowly awaking to our danger and arming for our defence. Had France faltered, for instance, nothing could have saved us. Had Britain hesitated, Mitteleuropa would have been "Europa" by this time, and we should have lived and traded and prospered only as the kaiser permitted."

WAR TIME FUNCTION OF THE BOOK.
IT IS A RECOGNIZED fact that the nations which have been longest at war and the time of whose people is to the greatest degree occupied with war activities are the peoples who today are reading the most and getting the most out of their reading. A writer in the New York Times writes to impress this fact upon his countrymen that they may not make the mistake of classing books as a luxury in war time. The conditions which he cites as existing in the United States are those that we have in Canada. With nationalization of railways, control of food, coal and other necessary supplies, with the introduction of women into occupations they have never known before, the disappearance of thousands of young men gone to the war and a myriad of other changes there is an industrial transformation under way which simply means that for years to come an army of young people will have to learn and learn quickly how to do things, how to handle the activities which in the past seemed to be so systematic, but that after all were dependent upon the touch of a personality that has gone.

To quote the New York Times correspondent, himself the president of a great business house: "Out of thousands of business and commercial offices and manufacturing plants have gone the youthful blood of the young employees. In their places have come still younger men, new to the jobs, or much older men also quite new to the work. Women have entered banks, offices and factories as clerks of all kinds. There is a universal adapting going on each day. How are all these people, new to their work, to pick up the threads and carry on our industries without a setback? They have not time to go for six months or a year to school. They cannot pick up at odd hours a knowledge of the many technical trades in which they are engaged. Their employers must begin with each group anew, teach them in the course of the work day, and yet not let a break come in the efficiency of the office or factory. Here, it would seem, is the function of the books on selling, on advertising, on banking, bookkeeping, business methods and office practice, which will give to the new clerk, man or woman, at least a hint of the principles underlying each branch of business procedure."

The same writer goes on to point out that the problems of municipal affairs, with all their changes of recent years, can best be studied by the individual in the same way, finding out what other cities are doing, getting the groundwork of fact rather than the costly process of experimentation duplicated in mistakes all over the country. For, after all, in their utilitarian place, that is one of the great missions of books, to save us from doing things in an ill and inefficient way when somebody else has discovered a better way of doing anything. Here in Canada how are we going to do the best for the returned soldier unless every citizen is interested and knows what direc-

tion the other Allied countries are tending in dealing with the same question? It is not enough to appoint commissions and make investigations. That is the worst method of all unless along with it there goes popular and widespread general interest. Not so much can be done in the matter of training employees by books as by the personal touch, but more can be done by books than by any other means to spread knowledge and increase efficiency. Books are no luxury in these days, they are the tools of trades, the same as hammers and saws and lathes and presses. The young men and women who are making use of their opportunities these days to increase their knowledge are the men and women who will be the directors of affairs of a few years from now. Access to books was never easier than it is today, likewise the profits from application to study were never greater.

WRITING FAMILY RECORDS.

ONE LONDON man with whom we are acquainted is doing a rather unusual thing. Perhaps many other men are occupying part of their time in the same way.

This man is writing a history of his life, week by week, which is to be turned over to his only son upon the parent's death. It will record the father's impressions of men and events and tell the conclusions he has drawn while watching the great drama and its actors proceed.

Every week there is some thought, some incident, some event to be noted that will be worth while for the son some day. He is having a book written for himself alone. It is written to suit his circumstances and his prospects. It must be a very valuable possession to him, if only for the facts it contains. How few of us ever record the things that have happened to us, the tests to which we have been put, the things we have learned to avoid, the inspirations that we have been afraid to express. Most of us never write a line that we can get out of. But most men want to do all they can for their sons. Especially if the fathers have met with stern trials and vicissitudes, they wish to mark the pitfalls and to chart the sunken rocks. Few of them would fail to make of life an interesting document if they went at writing in this way. And it has been said every life is worth a book, if the man who lived it could only set it down in writing.

Think of what a fine thing it would be if every son of every father could go to a library and take down volume after volume the history of his ancestors, written by his ancestors! Surely here would be a proof of the influence of heredity or otherwise. The books would have to contain the frank, brutal truth to be of value. A man would be able to discover what all these hundreds of lives, a perfect regiment of men, who had gone before him in the world, and who had handed down the life that some day was to pulse in his veins, meant to his existence. Would he be a composite of them all or a very different being, an entity having little relation to history? It would be marvelous for a young man who was just getting into the army, for instance, to discover that several of his forebears were famous fighting men. It would be inclined to spur him on to a V. C. or something, wouldn't it? Family trees die off in the orchard of life. Sometimes they are overpruned. Sometimes they are neglected. Sometimes they are grafted on to something that bears poor fruit. But it would be mighty interesting to know what kind of gardeners or orchardists were in charge of them, wouldn't it?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Sincerely regret to inform you," etc.—here is a formula the telegraph operators of this country have learned to write in a mechanical way.

The horse may now stop worrying because he wasn't born with some machinery inside of him, instead of a capacity for suffering like human beings.

War has written many pages of history in the newspapers of Western Ontario. The grimmest story of all has no flow of descriptive language, but is headed simply "District Casualties."

Praise for individuals and units in the recent fighting fills the American papers. The Canadian practice is to let the whole story of the war remain an anonymous thing. A man may get medals to prove this. But usually his reward comes long after the fighting. Only by word of mouth are the exploits of the thousands of brave men made known. Praise of a general nature is all very fine. But the Americans are endeavoring to relate as many stories as possible of individual bravery.

EASIER THAN VACATIONING.

[Chicago Tribune.]
It is easier to die than to take a vacation. A man who is summoned to his last long voyage may set his house in order in an hour; a few words written or dictated, will dispose of his possessions, and his heirs will gladly attend to the details. This done, he may fold his hands on his chest and await the end. It is quite another matter to prepare for a few weeks away from home. There are bills to be paid; the leaman, the milkman and the laundryman must be choked off, and the daily paper restrained from entering the doorstep. There is hair to be cut, and teeth to be tinkered, and so on. In short, it takes days to stop the machinery of living for a fortnight, and days to start it going again. But, my dear, one must have a change.

MA ON THE JOB.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
"Pa," said little Willie, "what's an echo?"
"An echo, my son," answered Pa, casting a mean side glance at little Willie's Ma, "is the only thing on earth that can cheat a woman out of the last word."
"Another definition of an echo, Willie," observed Ma, "is a man who goes to old patent medicine almanacs for his alleged wit."

And then nobody said any more words but Willie, whose infant mind was naturally confused by this periphrase.

DAMAGED GOODS.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]
"I hear you have a little sister at your house," said the grocer.
"Yes, sir," said Johnny.
"Do you like that?" was queried.
"I wish it was a boy," said Johnny, "so I could play marbles with him, and baseball."
"Well," said the storekeeper, "why don't you exchange your little sister for a boy?"
Johnny reflected for a minute, then he said, rather sorrowfully: "We can't now; it's too late. We've used her four weeks."

WANTS PRESIDENTIAL RELIEF.

[Grand Rapids Press.]
We note that the president may take over the telephone and telegraph lines, and we wish he'd take over our telephone not later than 10 p.m., which is about the time people begin ordering taxicabs and doctors and grow indignant when we suggest they have the wrong number.

PUTTING IT OVER ON JINKS.

[Richmond Times Dispatch.]
These lines to Mrs. Jimpson-Jinks, who frets, because her husband drinks, and who, when hubby is not looking, sneaks booze cure into the family cooking.

VERNON McNUTT - By Fontaine Fox

(Copyright, 1918.)



Vernon McNutt rocked the boat containing women and children at a summer camp when they had invented a cure for that.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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THE DECLINE OF ART.

By A. W. Peach.

Frances Acton drew away from the half-finished picture on which she was at work and stared at the ashes in the grate. Her eyes were fixed on the glowing embers, and her mind was wandering. She had been thinking of the artist's instinct and soul, but now she was thinking of the decline of art. She had been thinking of the artist's instinct and soul, but now she was thinking of the decline of art. She had been thinking of the artist's instinct and soul, but now she was thinking of the decline of art.

As his face brightened, and he was engaged in wooing the numbed shyness, she had been thinking of the decline of art. She had been thinking of the artist's instinct and soul, but now she was thinking of the decline of art. She had been thinking of the artist's instinct and soul, but now she was thinking of the decline of art.

The old enthusiasm came welling back as she talked to him, and the dark days of the last winter were forgotten. She told him of her ambition, and he said that he understood. She told him that she would be a great artist, and he said that he would be a great man. She told him that she would be a great artist, and he said that he would be a great man.

She drew away sharply, anger at his touch before instinctively. The startled pain in his eyes caught the bitter words before they were all spoken, and she went on: "For me, Edmund, you have been a good friend, but I am simply—"

that once had been evidence of the quality of the old building, and the ashes seemed to symbolize more than she wished they did. "He is right," she murmured to herself, as she turned out the lights. "The big thing is happiness." She raised all that night, and the next day dawned grey, damp and forbidding. She worked feverishly at the picture that represented success or failure—the failure seemed to be looming large.

In the evening she heard him return. Her heart stopped as he passed her door and went on up the stairs. Usually he came in to make her a brief visit. She turned away to busy herself with something—anything. The door opened suddenly and he stood before her—his old, impulsive, boyish self.

"Well, I made fifty dollars today from art," he announced. She thrilled with the words. Then the turn of the tide had come for him perhaps. A small beginning—just the opening—and then— "I am glad," she said quickly. "An order!" He shook his head. "No, I got a chance to do some fresco work for a

chance to do some fresco work for a day or two. I'll swap my dream of being a Whistler or a Sargent for a home I know of, where I can swap your dream for mine and my love, till dreaming is done."

She felt suddenly weak. The dreariness of the worn, grey studio closed about her; the moving, quiet, many-toned sang in her ears and in her heart. She was swept into his arms and held with a strength that would not be denied.

"That fifty dollars will get us home, dearie. And now I'll propose as a lover should."

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Wesley, Wesley! As a fat Hun crossing the Vase, He ducked under a big Yankee sheel. He took to his heels, And he puffed between squeals: "Dem Yankees can sure fight like Hoes!"

Alas. "That fellow Smith is always putting on airs," said Brown. "Swelled headed!" asked Jones. "No," replied Brown. "He is a muscle publisher."

Served Him Right. "Why did you throw the cadet out of your aeroplane when you had reached an altitude of 1,000 feet?" asked the judge who presided over the court-martial. "It was this way," explained the army aviator. "The cadet was a fresh guy who was sent up with me for training. When we had reached an altitude of 1,000 feet I asked him if he knew anything about aeroplanes. And he replied: 'Sure, I was brought up in one.' So I dumped him."

Justifiable homicide, declared the judge. "You may go."

By Heck! I swan lives in Eureka, Cal.

Mercy! Of course it is none of my business how much profit there is in the kinks as poor humans have to wear. But what we started to say was that you can find a Darnick shoeman in Mobile, Ala.

Fishing. No matter where you go to fish they tell you that the good fishing is over in the next county. And when you go over into the next county they tell you that the good fishing is back where you came from. There are 12,000 species of fish, and

the fish family numbers about 976, 325,489,655,122,886,349,764,321,577,633,25 5, 466,744,522,311 members.

And with all those chances we didn't get a fish.

Names is Names. Icy Teagarden lives in Falmouth, Ky.

Our Daily Special. There's many a slip after the cup reaches the lip.

Luke McLuke Says: This would be a fine world if a man would only try to be worthy of his good opinion of himself.

In spite of all the casualties since the war began the betting is that there are more wooden heads in Germany than wooden legs.

What is cowardice anyway? We knew a married man who went to war and who is now covered with medals and honors and glory for charging into the mouth of death and killing Huns.

But before this same man got in the army he was afraid to go home to his wife on Saturday night because he was a dollar short in his pay envelope.

The devil never wastes any time trying to jolly the woman who has to cook and wash for five kids. He knows that she hasn't any time to listen to him.

We never heard of but one man who got more than he expected in this world. And he was a fellow who was looking for trouble.

A man gets mad when you call him a liar. But no man is going to spoil a good story by sticking to facts.

A smart husband can get his wife to do what he wants her to do by telling her not to do it.

The trouble with the man who is proud of his iron will is that he has a pig iron will.

There was a time when a fool was a man who didn't know anything. But things have changed and nowadays a fool is a man who knows it all.

What has become of the old-fashioned housekeeper who believed that woman's proper sphere was shaped like a washtub?

Any summer widower can tell you that there is no fun in doing as you please when you have no wife to bowl you out when you get home.

When a man is in love with a girl he is either sighing to her or lying to her.

VACATION DAYS

AT PORT STANLEY

Enjoy the cool breezes of Lake Erie by spending your vacation at Port Stanley—the Newport of Ontario—and watch this feature every week for "things doing."

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Don't worry. We have an excellent preparation that will fix the burn in a jiffy.

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