

London Advertiser
Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION. Outside City.
City, 12c per week. By Mail, \$4.00 per year.
NOON EDITION. Outside City.
City, 12c per week. By Mail, \$4.00 per year.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS. 3670
From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m., and holidays, call 3670.
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Mail Building.
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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Friday, August 23.

WONDERFUL RED CROSS.
MAGNIFICENT is the record of the London branch of the Red Cross Society and its affiliated organizations, as related in reports read at Thursday's annual meeting. To be able to announce that in the fourth year of war, including summer months of extreme heat, shipments have increased so tremendously that their total value has risen above that of last year's by \$96,000 must have brought a glow of intense satisfaction to the workers beyond the understanding of "slackers."

Every returned man who mentions the Red Cross Society has nothing but praise for it. He is brimful and running over with gratitude to the great organization which provides for his comfort when sick or wounded and knows no difference in its treatment, between friend and foe. Too few people who are not actively interested in the work realize what self-sacrifice the mountains of bandages, dressings, etc., etc., which leave Hyman Hall weekly, represent. They are a monument to the patriotism of women who snatch a few hours out of already busy days to do their labor of love for the boys overseas; they are the results of entertainments and social events foregone by young and old, in order that they may do their bit; they mean luxuries eliminated from dress and meals by those who have not extra cash to give.

All the praise and all the gratitude for Red Cross achievements are due to the workers; not to those who stand aside to applaud or to criticize. The pity of it is that there are too many of the latter. They may admire the spirit of the Red Cross, but their admiration does not induce emulation.

It is not fair that all the responsibility should fall, year after year, on the same shoulders, however willing they may be. There is work for all, and all should do their part. There is no way of conspiring for the Red Cross battle, since volunteerism is the essence of the society's constitution, but there is the general appeal which could be placed more forcibly before the lazy or careless. In order that the increasing needs of the armies in the field may be met, more persons must take an active part in the society. Canada's forces are growing and provision must be made for their extension during this year. Present workers know that they cannot slacken in their efforts any more than can the men in France, but like the latter they want and need reinforcements. A little serious thought on the part of the women and girls who have neglected their opportunities for service should result in some wonderful recruiting records.

BUSINESS METHODS NEEDED.
S. CATHARINES is calling for a change in the present system of civic administration, and London has been looking in the same direction for some time. In some ways, the present local plan is about as bad as it could be and exist at all. There are numbers of ways in which changes could be made to the direct advantage of the community without much, if any, disturbance of routine.

For instance: The city of London has half-a-dozen or more bank accounts for different departments. One of these departments may run out of cash and require a considerable amount placed to its credit. It borrows this from the bank at 6 or 7 per cent interest. At the same time another branch of the civic machine may have some thousands of dollars standing to its credit that it does not require to use immediately, and this balance is drawing interest at, possibly, 3½ per cent. This money could be used by the one which is short, and good, hard cash would be saved, if it were not made impossible by the divided funds.

Why should there not be one bank account, subject to withdrawals by all departments up to the limit of their appropriations? It would save money, help to keep down taxes and would not necessitate any additional work if arrangements were made for an official to check up on every branch.

No big business firm would dream of borrowing money at 7 per cent and allowing part of its own balance to lie in the bank at 3 or 4 per cent. Why should civic affairs not be managed on a business basis?

ABUSE OF HORSES.
F. THE PRACTICE of abusing horses does not stop, Magistrate Graydon declares he will send offenders to jail without the option of fine.

This announcement will give satisfaction to owners of the horse who see on the city's streets so many instances of cruelty, intentional sometimes, and other times caused by ignorance or carelessness. It has been apparent that the occasional fine of \$1 or \$2 inflicted on those whose conduct was particularly bad had little effect in eliminating the abuse and the magistrate's promise shows that he is awake to that fact and intends that those who sin in future shall be made examples of for the benefit of others as well as themselves.

Cruelty to horses has many forms. The brute who rouses the ire of those who see him by lashing his animal furiously is not the worst offender, and though he is. The lashing is usually over in short time and the pain goes. When a horse with open sores is worked all day, with the harness constantly galling the wound the agony is continuous and has hardly time during the night to abate before the irritation begins again. This is one of the vilest kinds of abuse.

Underfeeding and overworking together form

another less noticeable but equally reprehensible kind and one which is not so readily detected. Winter will be here before long and with it the zero days. The driver who finds it necessary to put on his own body a heavy overcoat, storm cap and warm mitts, but leaves his animals standing unprotected, is worthy the promptest attention of the policeman or the humane society inspector. He is the kind who will swear at and whip the horses for moving to warm their blood, while he stands inside to get the heat of a stove or radiator for a few minutes.

Perhaps Magistrate Graydon's statement will have its effect without more charges being laid. If so, so much the better; if not, it is to be hoped he will carry out his threat until an improvement takes place.

SHALL WOMEN BE M. P.'S?
WOMEN WHO value the franchise to be extended to them at the next election will watch with interest the attitude of Ottawa as to whether members of the fair sex are entitled to become candidates for election to parliament. The decision recently reached by the law officers of England, Scotland and Ireland was to the effect that women will not be allowed to sit in parliament. The status of women as candidates was raised at the last session at Ottawa when the women's suffrage bill was passed, but no ruling was given and the matter will no doubt be referred to the department of justice to give a decision. The capital correspondent of the reactionary Toronto News inclines to the theory that the decision given in Britain will apply here.

But such Canadian provinces (save Ontario) as have women's suffrage in operation have already signified their approval of permitting women to contest seats, and already Alberta has two women members, one of them elected by the soldiers' vote. Saskatchewan has seen a woman defeated, while in British Columbia a woman was recently elected to succeed her husband.

Is this not a question worthy of the consideration of the whole people, rather than of the legal department of the Government? The members of parliament should endeavor to have it brought before the House and debated in the open, giving the women's organizations of the country a chance to speak for the hundreds of thousands of women who will be added to the voters' lists. There are few daring enough to prophesy as to the proper course to pursue. Woman in public life remains an untested quantity, wonderful as are her works of benevolence in every sphere of activity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.
British submarine meets German U-boat; latter meets its doom. Quite satisfactory.

Two pounds of sugar per person a month will be a sad blow for the person afflicted with a sweet tooth.

Stratford man puts a match to a pool of alcohol to see if it will light. Apparently never heard of getting "lit up" on it.

Cologne Zeitung is right in saying the American army is no menace to Germany; it is, however, a terrible menace to Prussianism. No ally wants to harm the real Germany.

The United States' announcements of the strength of its force overseas usually refer to them as being "in France." However, if the present drive keeps on there are hopes that this will soon be changed to "in Germany."

Income tax papers are the order of the day. It's not always a burden to have sufficient to warrant the country taking a slice of it. It is decidedly harder in these times to have to struggle along on an income that falls below the taxation level.

The board of education with its dispute with the Women Teachers' Guild threatens to share honors with the council in its troubles with the fire department. The only difference is that the fire department matter has reached the middle stage, and the teachers' trouble is just on the way.

The weather man has been working hard during the past month or so supplying hot weather. The silver lining to the cloud is that he may be tired when winter comes and thus supply a happy medium brand of winter weather. The fuel situation would justify him in taking a rest for the winter months.

The Hamilton Spectator suggests that the Canadian troops booked for Siberia should be drawn from the vicinity of Medicine Hat, where the cold waves are hatched. They would then feel quite at home, it suggests. Perhaps the Spectator does not know that Medicine Hat stands second in the heat records of Canada. This would hardly be a good training for Siberia's Arctic gusts.

CROQUETTES AND APPLE SAUCE.
[Richmond Times-Dispatch.]
"Neurasthenia," said Mrs. Bignums to her cook, "I think we will have some chicken croquettes today out of that left-over pork and calves' liver."

"Yes," said Neurasthenia, called Teeny for short. "As we got a little bread dressing what would you like to put on it, mum?"

"Mum, shall I make some apple sauce out'n it, mum?"

STRIKES IN CANADA.
[Kingston Whig.]
Twenty-eight strikes took place in Canada during June, affecting 11,108 workers and resulting in the loss of 40,428 working days. What has become of the Lemieux act? Or, rather, what has become of the minister of labor whose duty it is to enforce the act? This failure adds another to the thousand reasons why Hon. T. W. Crothers should give place to a live and competent minister.

PREPAREDNESS.
[Chicago Tribune.]
German General—"Have our brave troops been informed that we shall be in Paris in four days?"

Subordinate—"Yes, General."

"They understand that the Great War was forced upon us?"

"Perfectly, General."

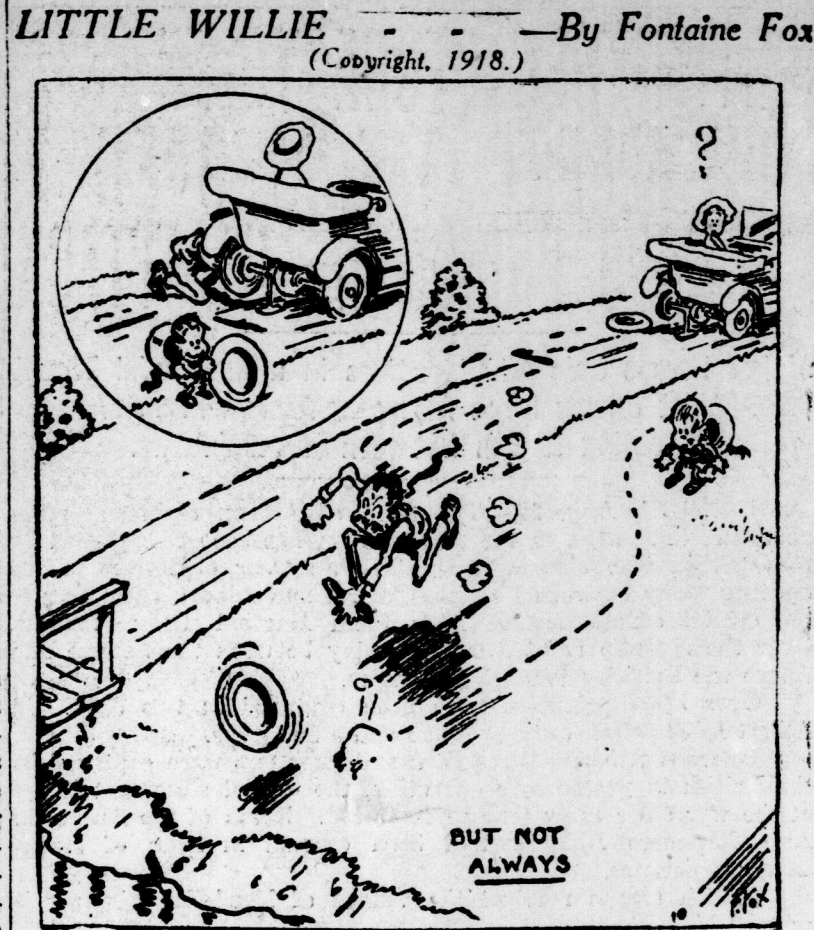
"They have been told that the Americans always kill our machine gunners if they surrender?"

"That is well understood, General."

"They have been instructed that the few Americans opposed to us are cowardly and inexperienced?"

"Hand-bills announcing that fact are passed around each evening."

"Then let the offensive begin."



Ordinarily a motorist likes to see a tire run as far as possible

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story
Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
MAZIE DREAMS TRUE.
[By Lincoln Rothblum.]

Dreaming of unlimited wealth is a very fascinating form of diversion for the average body. Even as little children, games founded on the theme of "You know what I'd do if I had a million dollars" are played. Some of the most fun, what wonderful times we could have as we simply drew at will upon imaginary and unlimited sources of treasure!

But different desires foster thoughts of the pocketbook eternally. Some dream of a wardrobe permitting new garments each day; others of the power coincident with high social position; while some aspire to help those less fortunate. With Mazie Sloan, however, it was neither a case of style, society or sympathy.

Forced by the precarious earnings of a rheumatic father to increase the family revenue, she had been obliged at the age of fourteen to regard the elementary grades as a fitting limit of education, and accordingly, she had nipped a great desire to attend high school before the bad had had an opportunity to bloom forth into the flower of decision. An innate dislike for the drudgery of manual labor helped to make attendance at night school less burdensome, and it surely seemed a step forward as she difficultly entered the offices of Franklin & Co. to apply for a position as stenographer. The very sign on the door, "Stocks and Bonds," seemed to spell realization of her dreams.

For Mazie Sloan dreamt of comfort in every sense of the word. "Wouldn't it be great to sleep as long as you wanted to," she thought as six o'clock in the morning found her trying to lace her shoes, with eyes half closed. "Wouldn't it be grand not to have to wash dishes," accompanied by the scouring of greasy pots. "Wouldn't it be nice to have a maid to do your stuff," made the work lighter as her knuckles reddened on the ridges of the scrubbing board.

Mazie brushed the front of her shiny skirt of black tulle and sewed it with black thread would not be noticed. She did want that position with the many additional comforts the larger income would bring. Already she had figured out what she would do with the extra hour in the evening. To be through at five o'clock. Not to get down to work until eight!

"Mr. Franklin will see you now," announced a girl at the switchboard, and Mazie came back to earth. Again the skirt was hitched up at the belt and a quick touch assured her that the mended seam was invisible.

"Sit right down," invited her prospective employer, and she glanced at the card of introduction from the agency, added "Miss Sloan."

Mazie clasped her hands very tightly to see if she could feel them. The walk across the velvet rug, the courteous invitation to be seated, the friendly glances of soft brown, had taken her by surprise. She looked up.

"Have you had any previous experience?"

"No, sir, but I'm willing to learn."

Perhaps fate was kind, or perhaps Mr. Franklin was not able to refuse Mazie's wishes, for the position was open to her if she cared to accept it. Mr. Franklin's eyes took off her black straw sailor hat. "I'd like to start in right away," she announced.

And Mazie did learn very quickly. It did not take the switchboard operator or very long to discover that when Mr. Franklin telephoned into the outer office for a stenographer it was Mazie Sloan he meant. He seemed to like her neat, tidy appearance and her earnest, painstaking work. Of course, it was not because, as the girls in the outer office said, he liked her personally; although when a single man of thirty exhibits a preference for a particular female assistant, the indications would seem to point that way.

But whatever Mr. Franklin found in her employer's eyes did not seem to affect her in any particular. She increased income did not necessarily carry with it surprise that she continued to dream of that Utopia where work was non-existent.

"Mr. Franklin wishes to give you some dictation," Miss Sloan, called the operator, as she pulled the plug out of the switchboard. With notebook and sharply pointed pencil in one hand, Mazie passed her hair into shape with the other and crossed the rug. Somehow she could not become accustomed to its cushiony softness.

Mr. Franklin fussed with his watch chain. "Just a short letter," he apologized. Mazie sat motionless, pencil poised ready to inscribe the mysterious lines and curves which she alone could decipher.

"It's to—it's to—" he stammered. "It's to Miss Mazie Sloan."

Mr. Franklin gulped. Mazie was surprised, but glided her eyes to her book.

"I beg to advise you," he began very quietly, "that some time ago I delivered to you my—heart. Will you kindly acknowledge receipt of it, please, and let me know if it meets with your approval."

Mr. Franklin did not quite anticipate that his stenographer would get up and leave the room, and he was surprised to find that Mazie wanted to marry him—not because she loved him, but because his money could make her dreams come true! And how was he to know that she was new from him? He thought he had frightened her into refusing him. That is why later he was filled with surprised gladness as he read her answer.

"Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your commitment, and wish to advise it meets with my hearty approval. When do you wish payment made?"

The days flew by very quickly for Mazie. With funds supplied by her future husband, she purchased a dainty trousseau, and never were her dreams so vivid as when she thought of her approaching marriage. Servants she would have, one for every finger. She'd lift a pin from the floor. She wouldn't lift a pin from the floor.

It was an exquisite day in May. There was a song on her lips as Mazie

pointment! What disillusion! Why had she been the one to suffer? Had she not been happier before luxury had seemed within her finger tips? Why had distress been so cruel? Mazie sat and cross-questioned herself until noon. As she rose from the bench she noticed her ring hid the sun below the horizon. It was worth a large sum of money. It was hers and she did not have to return it. It would recompense her for her suffering.

She fingered the stone dejectedly. It sparkled so brilliantly. Mazie rubbed her eyes. Was she awake? For the lustre of the diamond seemed to reflect the features of her employer. She had not thought of him before. He had not come into her mind until then. "Drowned in debt," re-echoed in her ears. Why was she not trying to save him, then? Why was she not by his side helping him to buck the current? In a flash it came to her. "I don't want him because I need him. I don't want him because he needs me. I want him because I love him." She said it out loud, and the policeman walking his beat smiled as he caught the end of her words.

Mazie ran at full speed back to the office. She closed her eyes as she turned the knob. She had not the courage to face him and confess. She pushed the door open with her foot and burst in upon him with arms extended to feel her way, her eyes, tightly shut, denied her.

"I've come back," she cried out. "I've come back because I love you. I don't want your money. I don't care if you're poor. Just let me help you."

He took her into his arms. "How I longed to hear that, Mazie, dear. But it's all right now—the mare's gone up. You're safe."

"Safe because I love you," she answered.

BITS OF BYPLAY BY LUKE McLUKE (Copyright, 1918.)

No joke. Men do not care for castor oil. They know it isn't very nice; yet, as they go through life's turmoil They'd rather take it than advice.

Cheer Up!
"Do you know that in a few short years our forests will have disappeared?" said the gloomy pessimist.
"Oh, well," replied the cheerful Optimist, "when that happens we can't have any more forest fire."

His Idea.
"Who was it that said: 'Blessed is the peacemaker?'" asked the Old Fogey.
"Some fellow who was getting the worst of a fight, I guess," replied the Grouch.

We Don't Blame Him.
Will Dye of Cincinnati says he'll be doggoned if he will.

Names is Names.
Royal Purchase lives at Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Huh!
They must have run out of names when these two were born. Anyway,

Bless Them!
A real nice man
Is Robert Rye;
He never calls
A man a "guy."
—Luke McLuke.

A splendid man
Is Jimmie Knopp;
He never calls
A friend "Old Top."
—Wilmington Journal-Republican.

A noble man
Is Harry Mink;
He never calls
A guy a "gink."
—Detroit Free Press.

A fine old top's
That guy De Vere;
He never calls
A girl "Old Dear."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A gentleman
Is Henry Huff;
Because he never
Calls my bluff.
—Newark Advocate.

Yum, Yum!
We learn from the Findlay (Ohio)

Republican that Miss Mary Cherrey, Miss Mona Apple and Mrs. E. M. Jelly have just returned from a trip to Tiffin.

Advice.
Make good, no matter what your job. If honors you would share; A pull may get you somewhere, Bob. But it won't keep you there.

Our Daily Special.
One-Half the World Knows How To Work The Other Half.

Luke McLuke Says.
It is easy for a thin girl to look soulful. But a Corn Fed girl merely looks lazy when she tries it.

Never hold a woman accountable for the remarks she makes. She talks so much that she hasn't time to listen to half she says.

The old-fashioned woman who used to confine herself to white lies now has a daughter who can lie in all the fashionable shades.

It takes some men a lifetime to discover that working for a living is the only easy way to obtain one.

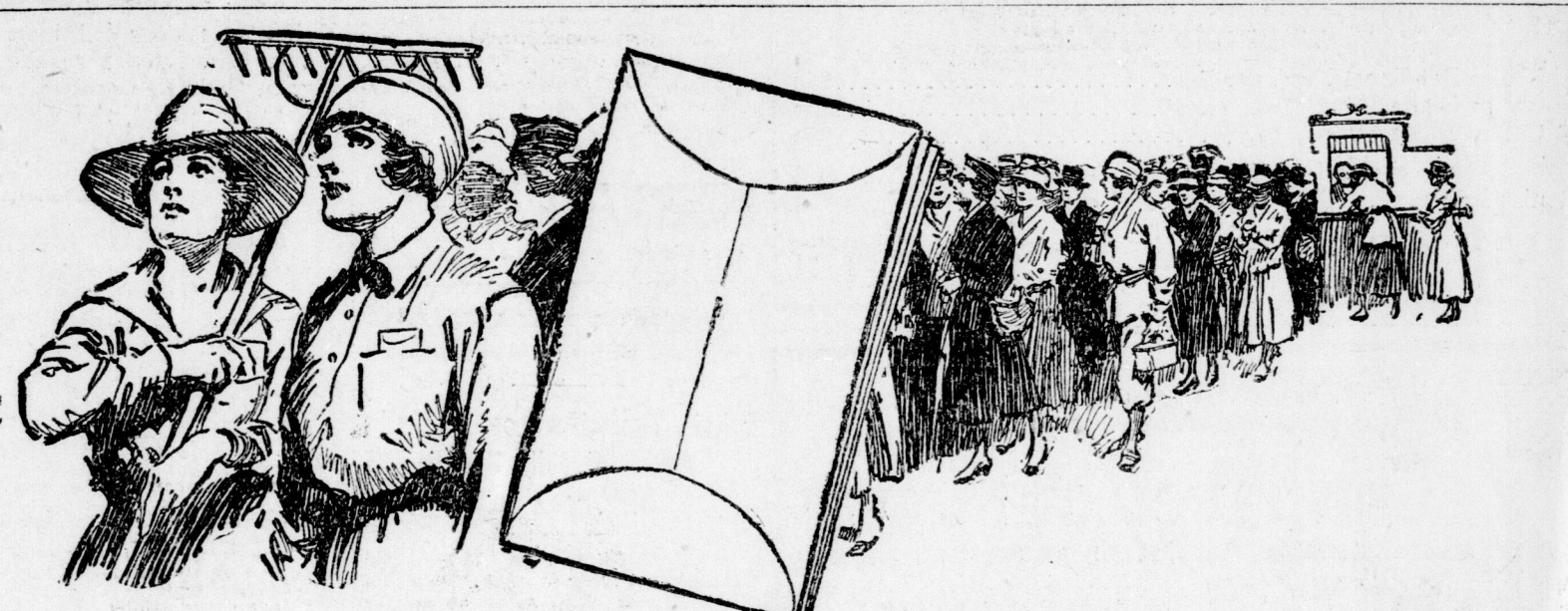
It seems to us that it must be kind of embarrassing to go into a small town and start a new undertaking business when the town already has an undertaker. It looks as though you had hopes that something unpleasant would happen to the natives.

It was a good thing for the Mormon Church that it wasn't started when grocery prices are what they are in 1918. Any man who is trying to support one wife wonders what a Mormon wants with two.

Some men get their Hell in the next world. But the man who answers a matrimonial ad. and grabs off a Mad Order wife doesn't have to wait that long.

The joy of feeling fit and fresh rewards those who heed the laws of health, and keep the habits regular with

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Largest Sale of any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c.



12,000,000 pay envelopes for women
"For MEN must FIGHT and WOMEN must WORK"

TWELVE MILLION women earning money; women's money in women's pockets!

And sixty years ago there were not half a million women in "gainful" occupations in the United States.

Women chauffeurs! Women police!
Women farmers! At least two million of them. **Women elevator boys!** Everywhere! **Women street car conductors**—thousands of them! **Women in war industries**—Already a million and a half of them!

Even before the war became our war, before our men were called, our women were following eagerly the record of what women were doing on the other side to keep their countries' industries going.

Were women "over there" really doing men's work just like men? That was the breathless question!

Factories made over to fit women
And the extraordinary answer came—under the authority of the British War Office itself: That in the 1701 jobs at which women are employed, a woman is "just as good as a man, and for some of them better."

But the great lathes? Could a woman turn them?—Just

1,500,000 WOMEN in war industries alone

205,000 in canneries
275,000 in textile mills
212,000 sewing machine operators
130,000 in knitting and hosiery mills
100,000 women mechanicals
100,000 in munition plants
400,000 making military equipment
95,000 shoe workers

Topics which have been discussed in a broad comprehensive way by Pictorial Review

MABEL POTTER DAGGETT the first woman to be sent abroad to study the changes in woman's life caused by the war, pointed out in nine articles the deep bearing these changes will have on woman's life in the future.

IDA CLYDE CLARKE Pictorial Review's Washington Editor, through Pictorial Review's Bureau in Washington, has contributed in the most practical way to women's national service.

HELEN RING ROBINSON the first woman senator in the United States contributed a series of articles "Preparing Women for the Ballot" and urging a broader interest in civic and national issues.

ARTHUR T. VANCE Editor of Pictorial Review, has constantly through his own editorials urged a broader recognition of women's awakening and their share in national work.

Largest 20-cent circulation in the world—1,500,000 copies monthly

PICTORIAL REVIEW
AMERICA'S GREATEST WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

The Pictorial Review Company
New York

At news-stands everywhere

34 cents the copy
\$2.40 the year