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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, July 25.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

THOSE WHO have read the lesson of the war
aright know well that along with the stir-
ring of the mud in the depths of the world
there goes a re-estimation of all social values and
a reshaping of all social relations. Though war
tends to let loose the baser tendencies of man-
kind it is also true that it stimulates that which
is best as well. Could we predict with certainty
what conditions after the war would be we would
set our every step to realize the best and sup-
press the base. Not knowing the future the duty
is not less of shaping the means at hand to bring
about such conditions as may tend to the greatest
happiness of a world that by the time peace comes
will be racked in soul and body.

After all, whatever we would desire to pre-
vail when peace again comes will only be realized
by our own effort. War of itself does not allevi-
ate evils or bring improvements; it is rather the
conscious effort of men and women who see the
opportunity to bring about the change and seeing
the opportunity embrace it. It would be worth a
good deal to know just how much conscious effort
is being put forth in this country at the present
time to realize in the days to come that which
seems best. It is sometimes said that the present
task is the thing, the future will take care of it-
self. Let no one make the mistake of thinking
that the future will take care of itself. Anyone
who reads history with a sense of values knows
that when the future has been left to take care of
itself the future has turned out dark and dis-
heartening.

They aren't letting the future take care of
itself in Great Britain. It is doubtful if there is
any allied nation that is taking such account of
the morrow as Great Britain, and this fact is be-
ing taken note of in the United States already
where businessmen are discovering that the old
England of pre-war times has gone, that in its
place has come a new business rival that will have
even larger place in the world's markets than did
the old. But not in business alone is England
preparing for the morrow. Take the matter of
education. When England makes such radical
changes as are proposed by the Government of
the day one may well say that four years of war
have changed ideas in this part of English life.
In war time control of industry, with all that may
mean after peace comes; in the housing of her
workers, in the development of her agriculture,
in the status of women, in the plans for the link-
ing up of all the British dominions and even for
something yet larger that shall include all na-
tions determined to maintain the peace of the
world, these are but a few of the phases of after-
war thought in Great Britain today.

Reconstruction is a good word, and this is a
time for thinking in terms of reconstruction.
Canada needs a lot of thought of that kind, direct-
ed to specific ends, and there is neither individual
nor organization that hasn't a part in it. Are
we going to be content with old blots on our
society, on our educational systems, our living
conditions and our relations of man to man? If
so, the war will have lost many of the best things
it might have brought to us. It isn't the soldiers'
task to make Canada better; they have the big
job of setting the world aright. But what of the
day when they return? Will it be to the old
Canada, blissfully complacent with itself and
blissfully ignorant of what other countries are
doing, or will it be to a Canada that we have made
a better place to live in while they are away? The
answer rests with those at home.

Said Bill to "Nick," "I need your help,
Those Allies have us beat;
Unless you help me now, old top,
'Twill surely mean defeat."

"I'm sorry, Bill," old Satan said,
'I'd hate to see you fail;
Compared with yours my hell is tame,
I've put it up for sale."

ICE CREAM ON SUNDAY.

INCONGRUITIES exist in the provisions of the
Lord's Day act which ought to receive im-
mediate attention in order that the act may
become one of justice as well as law. One of the
outstanding wrongs done by the act is to permit
the sale of ice cream to be eaten on Sundays in
the store where purchased, but to forbid its re-
moval from the store to any other place for con-
sumption.

The effect of such regulation is that those
who are able and willing to go to the nearest ice
cream rooms which open on Sunday may have as
much of the cooling dish as they want, while those
who are unable to go or are averse to eating in
the public rooms are deprived of this means of
resisting extreme heat. The young man who
rolls the streets all Sunday or takes a walk in
the country to catch any breeze there may be can
call in whenever inclination suggests and eat a
cold dish of ice cream or drink a soda; the motor-
ists who spend the day in their car in comparative
coolness may add to their comfort by stopping for
refreshment in every town they reach; the bed-
ridden man or woman, confined to a room in
which the air is stifling, the sick child who craves
and cries for something to remove, temporarily,
the heat of fever, must forego the iced luxury. In
some instances these latter ones may be able to
make it at home, but in many cases there is no
possibility of doing so.

If ice cream is reasonable refreshment on a
hot day it should be as easily obtained by the
sick, the aged or those who, for one reason or

another, cannot leave their homes as by those
who are able to be on the streets. One might go
farther and say it should be more accessible to
those who are denied the privilege of being out-
side. If it is not reasonable refreshment, there is
no more reason for allowing its sale under any
circumstances than there is for permitting the
sale of candies, fruits or any other edible. The
majority of people will consider it fully as rea-
sonable as a cup of tea when the temperature is
around 90 degrees.

The Lord's Day Alliance would show itself
broad of view and possessed of engaging toler-
ance if it would be the first to ask that the act
be changed to permit of ice cream being carried
home by purchasers on Sunday so that justice
might be done.

THE AUTUMN TINTS.

"WHEN TWILIGHT lets its curtain down
and pins it with a star"—some even-
ing in the near future it will be on the
world at peace. The autumn tints may be on the
trees to help the beauty of that time.

"The fate of the world will be decided before
this year's leaves turn brown on the trees, and
perhaps before the harvest is gathered in. I be-
lieve it will be decided in our favor." That is
the belief of Philip Gibbs, one of the war cor-
respondents of the New York Times. Either dur-
ing harvest time or before autumn what the whole
world longs for will be realized. May it be dur-
ing harvest! It cannot come too soon. Our
autumn leaves in Canada have many colors as
well as brown. The oak leaves turn brown and
the British have "hearts of oak." Perhaps it
was this fact that caused the reference to the time
when the leaves turn brown. The reports of the
last great German drive, as they come in from
day to day, justify the hope that tyranny will soon
be crushed and militarism disappear for ever, and
even Germany be emancipated and become a free
nation with liberty enlightening the whole world.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

THE "UNDILUTED" patriotism of the New
York Herald has been one of the noble
things in newspaperdom since war began.
When the word "patriotism" is used, it is in the
sense of unswerving fealty to the cause of human-
ity since the very moment Postdam challenged
the freedom of the universe. If ever man deserved
a place among those who fought every evil influ-
ence in his own country and supported every good
influence for the betterment of the world, the
name of the late James Gordon Bennett should be
enshrined by the Allied peoples.

The Advertiser has followed closely the cam-
paigning for truth and right and democracy of
the Herald since the day Belgium was violated
ruthlessly. Canadians have been thrilled by the
fearlessness of that paper, and have seen it stand
by its guns while the Huns at the gate swarmed
about, perhaps tearing down the ramparts of cir-
culation, but never able to strike down the ban-
ner which the gallant James Gordon Bennett
planted over the fort of liberty on Herald Square.

Mr. Bennett passed away from the world of
battles and newspapers, his last thoughts for the
men of the craft who served his and other news-
papers faithfully and well. With his fortune, he
has caused a home for newspapermen to be es-
tablished, where workers of the press may find
in their old age a haven. This act marked the
man's stature and revealed the richness of his
impulses. Canada will count him among its
staunch friends, for he threw his soul into an
honest newspaper courtship of this country on
more than one occasion. If we repulsed his sin-
cere efforts to serve us, the worse for this country.
Giant among men are found everywhere. News-
paperdom's leaders are remembered as Delane,
Greeley, Dana, the elder Bennett, George Brown,
Henry Watterson and with these must rank the
name of the man who led the Herald's batteries
to the very doors of Prussian junkerdom, causing
confusion to the Hun, and cheering the embattled
citizens of Britain, France, the United States and
Canada. Long may the Herald fly before the eyes
of a great nation!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Calgary had snow on Tuesday, while London
sweated. Things are badly divided in this
world.

Herbert C. Hoover gives assurance that the
Allies' food supply is now certain. Of course, he
is counting on a good Canadian crop.

Prieppe Rupprecht is on ground which heavy
rains render almost impassable, therefore the
British army is not praying for fine weather, but
wet. Let it rain.

It's becoming popular to speak of Canada's
"overseas cabinet," and no wonder, but the fact
that the ministers are overseas does not guarantee
they are on active service.

Premier Borden is in no hurry to return to
Canada in spite of the advice given him by the
friendly press. It is to be hoped he will not out-
stay his welcome overseas.

Railways almost certainly will be given the
right to increase freight rates so that higher
wages may be paid. The poor old ultimate con-
sumer always pays the shot.

To those who object to war because we are
commanded to love our enemies, Harry Lauder's
words are commendable: "God tells us to love our
enemies, but nowhere does He say we must love
His enemies."

SHAMELESS PROFITEERING.

[Brantford Expositor.]

The Canadian who is willing to pay his share of the
war expenses is representative of a very small class. The
citizens who object to paying a war tax plus 80 per cent
collective charges are legion. The Government put a tax of
five cents on a six-cent box of matches, to go into effect
July 1. Immediately the price went up, and a harvest was
reaped. Today for a six-cent box of matches, the customer
must pay 15 cents, of which the Government secures five
cents. The action, profiteering in its nature, is in great
contrast with that in connection with patent medicines,
where the actual war tax, and no more is paid on the
normal price. It is a small matter, but one which has not
rebounded to the patriotism of the parties concerned. Their
haste in profiteering was shamelessly speedy. The same
holds true, though to a lesser degree, with tobacco.

SPOKESMEN FOR DEMOCRACY.

[Toronto Globe.]

David Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson voice the
determination and the terms of the Anglo-Saxon brother-
hood.

NOT TAKING CHANCES.

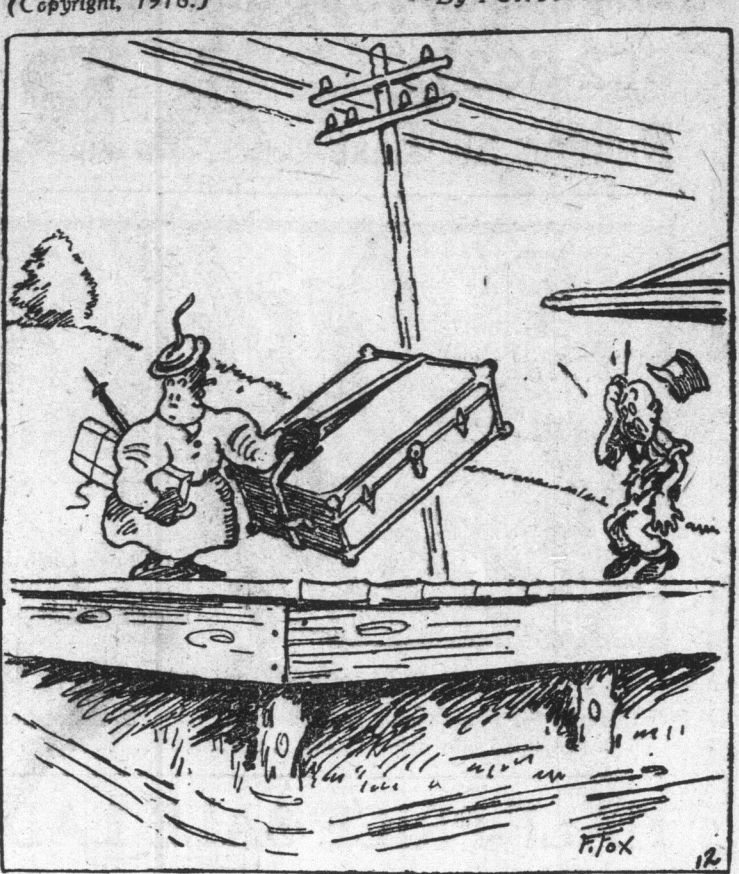
[Washington Star.]

"Will you give me your seat for a nickel?" asked the
tired woman in the crowded car.
"And be yanked up for a profiteer," rejoined the rude
small boy, derisively.

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA

(Copyright, 1918.)

By FONTAINE FOX.



The station agent told the Powerful Katrinka he couldn't check her trunk on the 7:34 and that all she could carry was hand luggage.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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SOLDIER THE SEVENTH.

By Dorothy Douglas.

Lucinda pulled the last row on her
seventh sleeveless sweater.
Six of the boys she had grown up
with already had their warm khaki
sweaters "somewhere in France," and
this seventh one she would send to
John Watson.

Lucinda did not know John so well
as the others, but many a pleasant
afternoon she had had with him in her
studio before he, like the rest of the
brave boys, had joined the fighting
comrades. She knew, however, that he
was waiting for the sweater and she
had knitted as fast as her fingers could
find the needles.

When it was finished Lucinda put a
suggestion of sachet in the woolly folds.
It would remind John of femininity.
She felt sure he would like that fami-
liar scent. Also she tucked in some
chocolate and many packages of his
favorite cigarettes.

Her letter was long and gossipy.
Lucinda tried, in her letters to the
soldier boys, to give them a touch of
home; a feeling that they were still
near and dear to her and a part of the
daily life at home. She told him of
the stories she had written and the ex-
act size of the checks for same. John
and she had spent many happy hours
taking plot for John had written a
poem or two and was deeply interest-
ed in writing.

It seemed an unusually long time
before she heard from France. She sup-
posed John's regiment had gone into
action. Perhaps that was the delay.
But when word came from the sweat-
er it was in another handwriting than
that of John Watson.

Lucinda's fair head dropped forward
and she shook with terrific sobs. John
was the first of her seven brave fight-
ing friends to fall in battle.

When her tears permitted her to
continue the letter she found the con-
tents peculiarly touching.
He, the soldier who had written it
was John's closest pal. He had stood
side by side in the trenches.

"I wish the shell had taken me
rather than John," the letter ran. "He
had much to live for, while I'm one of
the lonely soldiers you read about."
John has spoken of you to me and I
know you're the kind of girl that
would want me to take the sweater
you made for John. I need it badly
and know he would want me to have it.
The package came just after John
fell. I read the letter and shared the
cigarettes and chocolate with the rest
of the boys. If you have a moment for
a lonely soldier please write me as you
would have John. I have knocked
about the world a lot and am inclining
to a bunch of plots that may help you
with your writing. If they do—there
are heaps more where these come
from." The letter continued in a way
that quite touched Lucinda's heart.
She knew, without the need of proof,
that there were many, many lonely
soldiers, and she wished with all her
heart that she could reach and help
more of them.

She wrote back a long letter and sent
more cigarettes and chocolate as well
as wristlets and a helmet. She made
minute inquiry as to any special re-
quirements he had and thanked him
for the plots he had sent.

While letters and messages were
crossing the wide ocean Lucinda wrote
a story that brought her in the biggest
check she had received from any
magazine. The vivid bits of life that
David McLeod, the seventh soldier, had
sent her had added a strong touch of
reality to her work.

She wrote him of the success of the
story and told him that she was putting
half the check in a little bank. "When
you come over to America after the
war," she wrote, "we will spend all
your half of the check making you
forget the tragedy of war. I am
spending mine all on soldiers—doing
just the little things that I can."

Lucinda and David continued their
strange correspondence, and found
much pleasure in it. Her stories im-
proved wonderfully and the small bank
for the returning soldier became bulgy
with checks.

But the day came when Lucinda
waited in vain for the sweater to her
letters. She tried to be brave about this
second loss, but it was difficult.
Somehow she felt very, very near to
David. His frank manner of entering
into her life and the strange appeal in
his loneliness had wrapped themselves
rather closely about her.

After long days of depression when
she had quite given up hope that
David was one of the living heroes, she
had a letter from a hospital in France.
"They almost got me," he wrote,
"but I'm pulling through like a team
of American mules. Guess it takes
more than a bunch of Boches to kill
this globe trotter. I'm coming over
to your country when my wounds are
sufficiently healed to let me travel. I
need not say that I await with intense
pleasure the day when I can see with
my physical eyes the girl who has been
so wonderful a pal for a lonely soldier.
I am getting a lot more material for
you—here in the hospital. I have lost
a leg, but cheer up—I have another
left."

Lucinda put down her head again
and cried. The tears were happy and
might have sent her powers spinning
up had they fallen on earthly gardens.
But she dried them and started on the
wait until the day when David
McLeod would enter in person in her
life.

Her stories were decidedly happier
now—the endings more complete. In
the little bank a considerable sum
awaited David. Lucinda realized that
it would take a lot of going to spend
all that on making David forget.

He had told her to look for a one-
legged man when it came near time
for his arrival, and when he stood out-
side her studio door Lucinda, gasped
with joy at his nearness. David had
told her the exact date. His crutches
for the second time at her heart, for it

meant that he had suffered and suf-
fered dreadfully.
"Here, here," he said brusquely
wanting to hide his emotion. "I'm a
soldier with a grand medal—not a
baby doll." This was when Lucinda
fizzled about doing the thousand and
one things an ultra-feminine woman
must do for a soldier who has fought.
She blushed hotly but continued, for
in David's eyes she read the hunger for
mothering and home. She felt instinc-
tively that her seventh soldier needed
her more than any of the others. In
fact, Lucinda felt many things
among them that her own need of
David was going to be great. She had
written of so many fine men, but David
embodied the finest of them all. She
hoped desperately that he would fall
in love with her.

"We'll write plays together and
novels and do all sorts of big things,"
he said, voicing her very thoughts.
"And some day, when you've used up
all the plots we will globe-trot—for
more. You see," he added tenderly,
"a lonely soldier gets a great chance
when a knitted sweater arrives."

Bits of Buyluk

by Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1918.

Is That So?

"I have reached the end of my rope,"
exclaimed the man.
But his tone was not despondent. In
fact, it was rather cheerful.

"The man had just taken the last puff
at the cheap cigar he was smoking,
and had thrown the butt away."

Correct.
Take this advice, I would entreat.
And you'll not be misled:
The best way to make both ends meet
is to keep straight ahead.

No Joke.
"Charity begins at home," remarked
the Philosopher.

"But it seldom gets as far as first,"
commented the Baseball Fan.

Foocyl!
"Swiss cheese is healthy, that is true,"
Observed old Mr. Boles.

"I know it must be wholesome. You,
Yourselt, can see the holes."

Mean Brutel!
"Second thoughts are best," said
Smith.

"Oh, no, they're not," disputed Jones.
"What makes you think that they are
not?" demanded Smith.

"My wife refused me the first time I
asked her to marry me," explained
Jones.

Police!
He stopped before the pawnshop dealer.
Flat broke was Peter Pella.
Said he: "Although the weather's clear,
I'll put up my umbrella."

A Whole Flock of Immortals.
[Gravette (Ark.) News Herald.]
Mrs. Icie Winters and children of
Selling, Okla., are visiting her parents,
Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Friend.

Notice!
Luke has a Kick coming. The other
day we read the rhyme, "The
Devil and the Kaiser," and the intelli-
gent make-up man tacked the credit
line "Unknown" to the rhyme. This
rhyme has been going the rounds
credited to everybody but Luke, and it
is tough to have our own column deny
you credit. The author is not Unknown.
The author is Luke.

Things to Worry About.
A negro's exhalations are not kinky.
Naturally.
James L. Crow is a poultry dealer in
Athens, Tenn.

Men and Masters.
The proverb does not touch some men."
Observed old Mr. Dayby:
"A man can serve two masters when
He has a wife and baby."
—Life McLuke.

"I've found a man can serve four
posses."
Said Mister Angelotto:
"He has a wife he never crosses,
Two babies and an auto."
—Sacramento Bee

Oh!
There is always room at the top in
the Army. But the nearer you get to
the top in the Army the less your
chances are of going over the Top.

Names Is Names.
Miss Cake Walker lives in Tampa,
Florida.

Our Daily Special.
A Prejudice Is An Opinion Held By
The Fellow Who Argues With You.

Luke McLuke Says.
The Sport Shirt isn't a beautiful
thing. But you'll have to admit that
the man who is wearing one isn't likely
to get hot under the collar.

Some men belong to gyms so they
can keep in shape. And other men get
all the exercise they need by patting
themselves on the back.

The kind of man who would rather
lose a friend than an argument usually
loses both.
It is a mighty poor day that the re-
port from the front doesn't show that
the Kaiser has once more smashed John
Bull's fist with his nose.

The man who is at odds with other
people spends too much time trying to
get even.
If a girl ever got a pair of shoes that
were large enough for her we'd bet
that she'd feel mighty uncomfortable in
them.

Isn't it remarkable how kittenish she
is before you get her and how cattish
she is after you get her?
A woman is suing her husband for
separation because he is pro-German.
It would be a mighty poor judge who
wouldn't grant that woman a divorce.
The thing that will keep a girl
from giggling is the realization that a
pimple is developing on the end of her
nose.

Munitions Workers

When the noise of the shop
gets on your nerves—

When you feel that you must
ease up or stop altogether—

When you just don't want
to work overtime, or work on
holidays—

Remember:

Your labour is the bulwark
upon which your own flesh
and blood in the trenches re-
lies for munitions.

If you, munitions workers,
fail them, they are lost.

Compared with the roar of
the guns the noise in your
shop is a whisper.

Compared with your wear-
iness of body, theirs is the
weariness of ceaseless suffer-
ing. But always, they pull
themselves together and re-
solve to stick it out and see it
through.

Are they not worthy of your
utmost efforts?

Speed Up Your Output!

Issued by
The Department of Labour,
Imperial Munitions Board,
Canada.