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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.  
London, Ont., Friday, Jan. 17.

### GREECE'S SHARE.

IF THE VERSAILLES conference decides that the Turk must get out of Europe the problem will be greatly simplified by granting at least a part of the demands of Greece. Venizelos has laid before the Allied powers what he thinks his country is entitled to in the reconstruction of the Near East. He desires Northern Epirus, Thrace, all islands and such parts of Asia Minor where Greeks predominate. Recognizing the importance of Constantinople internationally he is willing that it pass under the control of an international council.

There should not be any great objection to granting these conditions. Rid of the pro-German Constantine Greece would make an excellent successor to the Turk in Thrace, and as Venizelos points out, form a barrier to any south-bound adventure that Bulgaria, the "Prussia of the Balkans," might start. Northern Epirus too in the hands of Greece would act as a repressive influence on tempestuous Albania, one of the bloodiest cockpits of all Europe. Already the major portion of the isles of the Aegean adjacent seas are Greek in population. Whatever the readjustment in the Balkans it is vital to Great Britain's interests in Egypt, Mesopotamia and Palestine, that the lower Balkans be held by a friendly nation. Greek occupation of Thrace would definitely sever the dangerous link between Teuton and Turk. With 45 per cent of her total population living under Moslem and Bulgarian rule, Greece has suffered greatly at the hands of the enemy at times even to the point of massacre. Bearing a small hooligan element bought up by Berlin's gold, the Greek people have been loyal to the Allies, and in the final smash which ended Bulgaria's fighting they performed gallantly and effectively. Both as a reward and in justice to their national desire for expansion the Allied alliance might well grant Greece's requests.

### SMILES

WHAT IS THE commercial value of a smiling face and a hearty handshake? Reference is not made to the sham smile or the stagey handshake. If you go into a store or office you would rather be greeted smilelessly than to have some fawning clerk stroke your ego with simulated friendliness. If you realize that an air of good nature is assumed for business purposes, you will prefer to do business with an honest grudge. The professional smile and manner are repulsive qualities suggestive of the serpent and the dove, and we venture the opinion that sickly artificialism loses more customers for merchants than frank boorishness.

The professional smile is something like the social smile or the social lie. Two persons, not always of the gentle sex, meeting on the street, indulge in overdone grimaces supposed to indicate pleasure and friendliness, and as they pass the features fall into hard and even harsh lines as though the facial compliment were grudged and insincere. If the thoughts that fly were winged arrows which always pierced the hearts of those at whom cruel thoughts were directed, Dundas street frequently would be littered with the corpses of the socially slaughtered.

But if there are professional smiles and social smiles worn as masks are worn, there are "smiles that make us happy" that beam every day from the radiance of a warm heart. These are the smiles that greet all comers and do not come off. They are the signals of good nature, and they win much of the human coastal trade into the snug harbors they light up.

### MORAL FORCES TO PREVENT WAR.

THOSE OF us who have been hoping that the end of all war was definitely in sight through the medium of the coming league of nations, will not find much comfort or encouragement in the British Government's view of how such a society of peoples should operate. Lord Robert Cecil, speaking officially, makes it clear that so far as Great Britain is concerned, the idea of some sort of international police by land and sea is not feasible at the present time. Moral force is to be the means of preventing armed clashes hereafter. Arbitration, not dictation, is to be the rule when trouble threatens between members of the league. Cecil's basis for a league may be epitomized thus:

"An agreement among nations by which each nation binds itself to see that all warlike disputes are presented to the league's tribunal for consideration, and the use of force to accomplish this, if necessary.

"Quarrels are to remain under consideration for a specified time, and further time is to elapse after a decision has been reached before the contending countries shall be allowed to go to war. Moral force, however, is to be the ultimate factor employed to prevent war."

The quarreling nations are to be given an opportunity to cool off and will then be compelled, even to the point of physical force, to take their case to a tribunal. If that fails to heal the breach the rest of the members will stand aside and permit the quarrelers to "roll."

Apart from the compulsory appearance in an international court, the above conditions are much the same as those agreed upon by the last Hague peace convention. How completely that agreement failed in practice we have seen in the four years of world war. And Cecil's plan does not make impossible a repetition of the terrible convulsion as we are hoping would be the case. If any nation or group of nations is determined upon strife, compulsory delay and moral per-

suasion will not stop them. What happened to the central powers will not prevent a nation or nations embarking on a similar adventure a few years hence. There will always be conscienceless men in the saddle, who, spurred by greed, will not hesitate to plunge a continent or even a world into war. Assured that by the terms of the pact they will not be interfered with should they decide to war there will be a constant tendency to make secret alliances, the one thing more than any other that precipitated the late struggle. Great Britain, France and the United States have long since subscribed to the arbitration idea. Agreements between them have pretty well eliminated the chances of their warring upon one another no matter how acute any difference that may arise, but in Central and Southeastern Europe are influences which would be decidedly inclined to take advantage of the loopholes apparent in Cecil's definition. Evidently the British Government is convinced that the present balance of power is the only combination which, for a time at least, can keep the world at peace, otherwise surely it would not put forward a proposal that is so lacking in the iron guarantee of peace demanded by the world.

### LIKE RATS FROM THE SHIP.

THE EX-KAISER may sit in contemplation of his last four years and adapt to himself, as he grows a beard to hide his face, "Last in war, last in peace, last in the hearts of his countrymen."

The world may contemplate just how magnanimous all his former subjects who like rats left his sinking ship would have been toward the rest of the world, had the deposed ruler turned up the aces and sixes on the dice of Mars.

### "SPIRITS" AND "SUCKERS."

JUDGING FROM the slathers of space being devoted to the subject by the Toronto Star and Toronto News, the pursuit of the spirits with Ouija board and camera was suspended only for the duration of the war. The chase is now in full swing and the next thing we know one of the Queen City papers will be discovering and exploiting a voodoo doctor who casts spells upon the natives, and works her charms on the island in the presence of gullible multitudes. Sorcery will have a revival and such gentle arts as palmistry (for practicing which two London women were recently fined \$50) will be marked by striped tents on every square. Gypsy fortune tellers and the workers of mirror illusions will come to the great mecca of "suckers."

There must be a swarm of that well-known variety of fish in Toronto, or else the papers are determined to get away from the war at any cost. They are probably conscious of no wrong in making a furor over a book written by Dr. Watson (the needle, please) called "The Twentieth Plane." It does not refer to the record of Col. Billy Bishop, V.C., in shooting down the taube, but to the elevation reached by a young commercial traveler named Benjamin, who translates spirit messages from Plato, Erasmus, etc., in twentieth century English, and who is on speaking terms with Abe Lincoln, Shakespeare and a great many more notables. They are delivering lectures and philosophies through the medium, and not getting even Chautauqua rates for it. It seems a shame when a lot of people are receiving so much a column for their stuff.

The Toronto News breaks in with a half page of spirit photographs. These views are full of "auras" and faces of notables that look strangely as they did when they posed for their best-known cabinet sizes. They certainly all look like a skilled artist's composite grouping. And we do not recall the photographs of any spirits antedating the art of photography. It is a merry contest between two newspapers, with Dr. Watson & Co. counting the gate receipts. What do we know about spiritualism, anyway? Not very much. But we have seen some wonderful fakery exposed and read an article in the Encyclopedia Britannica that traces a history of charlatan practice down through many centuries. And until irrefutable evidence is produced on a subject capable of wrecking so many minds and raising so many false hopes, we treat the work of Ouija board artists and mediums who put the English language into the mouth of Plato with a full measure of contempt and censure. And the newspapers that fall for it are simply gulling the public.

### THE MONITOR SYSTEM.

THE SUGGESTION of Mrs. David Williams, school trustee, that older boys in school should be in charge of discipline and punishment for younger boys may have much to commend it, but it would be almost certain to cause complications.

Those who recall the tendency of Canadian boys to resent anything that savors of tyranny can picture enough small boys gathered around school to remind the older monitor just how far the jurisdiction of his court extends. The applications for the position of prefect would not be numerous.

Suppose the fair child of an aristocratic family should go home and report that he had been spanked by the scion of the house of the town ash peddler. Even in such a democratic country as ours there would be some howl.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

A whole lot of the boys must be back in Tipperary by this time.

Germany dropping the bullet in favor of the ballot is a sockdologer for the Bolsheviks.

Spooks are all the rage in Toronto these days. Even Premier Hearst can't keep off the spirits.

If the old world can clean up on Ivan Bolshevik the new world is cleaning up on John Barleycorn everything will be lovely.

Shots fired at Paderewski penetrated his apartments.—Headline. That puts him in the class of the man who was shot in the rotunda.

Liebknecht is held prisoner in a swell Berlin hotel. Not so classy as a chateau in Holland perhaps, but the plumbing may be more up-to-date.

Lenine and Trotsky complain that the Allies are not giving them enough attention. If their atrocities continue much longer they may get considerably more attention than they desire.

Correspondents writing from the battlefields of Northern France dwell on the amazing intricacy of the trench systems. They should have seen some of this city's war gardens last spring.

## "Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

Comment, Cleverness and Mere Verbiage From "Educators of the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

### A BIT ABOUT OUR OWN JOE.

(Toronto Telegram.)  
Alas, this Joseph Marks who says there is no liberty in Canada talks like Marks the Lawyer in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

### HEALTH STATISTICS.

(Quebec Telegraph.)  
One Ontario doctor issued 222 prescriptions for whiskey in a single day. Prohibition in the sister province seems to have created a great deal of sickness.

### IS THIS HOW IT'S DONE?

(Montreal Free Press.)  
Montreal prisoner was arrested with eight dozen safety razor blades on his person. Perhaps he was a "medium" seance.

### THE HERO'S REWARD—57 CENTS.

(Hamilton Times.)  
The Toronto Star told of a wounded man whose incapacity has been appraised by the pension board at the rate of 57 cents a week. This looks to us like an insult.

### "THOSE TALKERS."

(Brookville Record and Times.)  
If the Bell Telephone Company will limit the length of long distance conversations to five minutes it will earn the clerical gratitude of busy people who occasionally want to say a word.

### TWITTING THE STAR.

(Brookville Record and Times.)  
The Toronto Star just hates itself these days. It went in for credit for the formation of Union Government and prides itself on having tied the Methodist Church in a wheel on the question of social reform.

### A READY-MADE FLEET.

(Quebec Telegraph.)  
The Montreal Herald suggests that a part of the current fleet be given Canada as an indemnity. Certainly this would be a very satisfactory form for any indemnity we might receive, and would solve our naval problem for some time to come.

### INVOKING THE SPIRITS.

(Kingston Whig.)  
When people went into Toronto doctor's office they talked with spirits and received orders to write a book. When people went into Kingston doctor's offices they talk of spirits and receive about their experiences, which is probably just as well.

### BORN ON THE SEA.

(Hamilton Times.)  
When a troopship arrived at Halifax with soldiers' wives aboard it was learned that a hundred babies had been born on the voyage. No provision was made by the Government for these youthful voyagers on the sea of life. But the little ones were equal to the occasion, and the little wives were duly cared for.

### THE BOY.

(Theodore Roosevelt.)  
"The boy becomes a good man by being a good boy—not a good boy, but just a plain good boy. I do not mean that he must have only the negative virtues; I mean he must love the positive virtues also. 'Good,' in the largest sense, should whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave and manly."

### DELIA IN TANBARK ALLEY.

(Ogdensburg Advance.)  
Delia Pearson, a well-known character of this city, was in Recorder Corcoran's court Tuesday morning. Her premises in Tanbark alley were complained of as a public nuisance. It was said that she kept 21 cats on the premises. The authorities said she will be found frozen to death, so it is probable that she will be committed to some home for aged.

### COUNTING A BILLION.

(The Outlook.)  
Experience is talking about billions of dollars in reference to the concrete facts in reference to the immense sums. A daily paper says that an expert can count four thousand silver dollars in an hour, or thirty-two thousand in a day, but to count a billion dollars would require his constant work at that rate after day for one hundred and two years!

### A NEVER-ENDING "CINCH."

(Edmonton Bulletin.)  
The Shell Company, it appears, is given a five-years' exclusive privilege to exploit all the oil north of the Athabasca River. But the terms of its agreement are such that if it finds oil in large quantities it will give it a perpetual monopoly of the oil consumers of Canada. That is the really valuable part of its concession, which constitutes the greatest outrage upon the public.

### AS TO COUGHING.

(Vancouver Province.)  
"Nine-tenths of all the coughing in church, theatres, and other public places is nothing more than a nervous habit," states a health specialist. "It is one of the many contracted by a restless people, also one of the most annoying—and is done almost unconsciously. It is being demonstrated now, and when it cannot be controlled the cougher is not safe to sit among his fellows."

### VOX POPULI AND PRO BONO.

(Edmonton Bulletin.)  
The relaxed tension of the time has released the pent-up energies of writers "to the editor" of the newspaper offices the torrent of communications of this nature has increased to what the Scotch call "the flood." The famous correspondent, "A Father of Twelve," is again jesting "A Householder," while "Justice" is giving the word on high. It is a good sign of returning British normality. It used to be said that the Glasgow Herald, which has existed for centuries, was the only newspaper that never receives letters signed "A Reader from the Commencement."

### BOB ROGERS.

(St. John Globe.)  
A Winnipeg dispatch of January 3, announcing the departure of Hon. Robert Rogers for the east, to confer with businessmen in Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, over political conditions, says "his Winnipeg headquarters have become the centre of activity recently for the entire west. He has been requested by the Conservative organizations in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia to visit those provinces and deliver a political reconstruction address." Clearly, the former minister of public works is planning today a very active part in the coming session of Parliament, preliminary to the election which must follow any break of the Union Government.

### "AS A MAN THINKETH."

(John F. Duggan.)  
The body is a dungeon—man's prison for a certain span.

The Walls are made of mortal clay Which to dust crumble every day.

His Jailers, Sadness and Despair, Are evils to which flesh is heir.

His chains are envious thoughts and low, That weigh him down and keep him so.

No man his liberty obtains Except by throwing off those chains.

His Visitors are kindly folk, Their love a charitable cloak.

His prison bars take form and shape, As Fears too potent to escape.

The light that through his window steals Is Love, which quickens, comforts, heals.

Each man's salvation lies at hand, Would he but cause to understand.

## The Advertiser' Daily Short Story

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### SENTIMENTAL VALUES.

By Graham Zingfield.

The girl with the mop of fair hair and the chin but eyes laid down the dollar on the counter and said to the shopman, "All right, I'll call in for it to-night and pay the balance." She nodded to the man and left the little store. That was about ten minutes before Joe Annerly happened along.

Joe was hurrying home from work and as he passed the little old "antique" shop he hesitated. It was raining, and Joe hurried on that account, not because he was particularly anxious to get home, but because he was carrying a picture of a girl which he had just bought for a friend.

So Joe stopped and passed in among the antiques, or pieces of second-hand furniture, as they really were, and inquired the price of the elegant brass clock he had seen in the window.

"Fifty dollars!" No, fifty dollars was too much. He didn't really want it, and he was not going to pay for it.

He was just turning to go when a picture hanging on the wall at the back of the store caught his eye. It was a picture of a girl, and it was a picture of a girl which he had seen in the window of the antique shop.

"That picture is sold," said the man, "but that picture is sold." "That picture is sold," said the man, "but that picture is sold."

"Sold?" questioned Joe. "I guess it's been taken down. A young lady came in here not ten minutes ago and paid a deposit on it. She's fetching it this evening." And so it was that Joe turned away disappointed.

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was still feeling homesick on account of that picture, and was just wondering what had become of those friends of his boyhood. Bill Smith and Larry Jones, and that freckled-faced Red, when, on turning a corner, he was violently bumped in the middle by a man carrying a bulky and remarkably hard parcel. Joe staggered from the sudden impact. He had met the man with the picture, and then looked to see what had happened. He had met the man with the picture, and then looked to see what had happened. He had met the man with the picture, and then looked to see what had happened.

"Would you mind if I took a peep, a last peep at it?" he asked pleadingly. The girl nodded. Evidently this man must be the one-time owner. She thrust the picture toward him, and Joe gazed at it long and earnestly.

"Guess you've seen it before somewhere," she asked presently. "I should say I have! Gee," he muttered, drinking in the familiar scene. "I wonder what has become of Bill Smith and Larry Jones and that freckled-faced Red kid?"

A smile unseen by Joe lit the girl's face. "And Effie Farmer?" she suggested. "For a moment Joe wondered if his

ears had deceived him. Then, wheezing round on her, he asked amazed: "Say, were you ever in my home town?"

"I kind of think I must have been, one time," the girl answered reflectively. "I kind of think there was a boy called Joe Annerly lived there. But I can't be just sure."

She turned her head away as if she was staring at her so suddenly. He seemed to have been struck dumb, too. He just stared. He stared so long that she simply had to break the silence. But it was the man who spoke first after all. He had often wondered about the little girl who used to come to his mother's house, the two blonde pigtailed hanging down her back. But that was years ago. She must be quite grown up by this time.

"Did you know Effie?" he asked tensely. The girl nodded. She still held her head averted, and Joe wished she would turn it into the zone of light above by the street lamp. But she did not seem interested. She had tucked the picture under her arm again and moved as if to pass on. Joe was desperate. In all the long years he had spent in the giant city he had never felt quite the loneliness that oppressed him tonight.

"I asked wistfully, 'do you ever hear from Effie these days?' only he could get this girl to talk a little while it would help him. But he got no answer. Evidently she resented his persistence. Joe felt ashamed of himself and started to make matters worse with stammering apologies and exclamations. He didn't want to be rude, but he did want to hear news of the home of his youth. He dared if Effie Farmer was married and where she was living. He—

At last the girl did turn her face to where the light fell fully on it. A smile was on her lips—a smile composed of mischievous petulance and not a little happiness. "Joe Annerly," she said, "I think you are very dull. If you happen to want to know, my name is Effie Farmer."

That did it! Joe took one good long last stare right into the girl's face, then, seizing the bundle from beneath her arm, laid it on the sidewalk. He opened his arms, then closed them again around the form of Effie Farmer.

"Effie, darling," he whispered, holding her close, "we've just got to shake that picture out of our heads. And strangely enough a time came when the picture hung on a parlor wall—their parlor wall."

ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

It does not seem right that men taking retirement under the soldiers' re-halt drive should be allowed to wait around days for their money after discharge. Some men have waited longer and were not paid for three or four days. Perhaps the paymaster at Guilford will see that the men's checks are cashed at the institution on the day of discharge.

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