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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, September 11.

A GLANCE AT THE LONDON ADVERTISER.

IT IS A SINGULAR fact that a few days before the outbreak of war a writer in Munsey's Magazine contributed a sketch of Wilhelm II. of Hohenzollern, which reveals the life of the emperor from childhood to ripened maturity. As the war carried the world away from the immediate past in the twinkling of an eye, few people gave a second thought to the article, and it did not come within the purview of The Advertiser until a reader sent it in just a few days ago. Much of that which is contained in the sketch has already been told in the biographies of the German ruler. His warlike utterances have been printed broadcast. While no estimate of the Kaiser could have given a conception of the man's capacity for evil deeds, as proved since he launched the world into war, the personality had given many signs of determination to dominate ruthlessly all with whom he came into contact. From early childhood he was a singularly restless and active personality, and as a youngster he elicited from Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Chancellor, the prediction:

"This young Hohenzollern will considerably outshine all his predecessors on the throne. He will be the mainspring of Germany, and his influence will be felt throughout the world. When the time comes he will astonish Europe!"

Obsessed, as he was, from early boyhood with a passion for everything naval and military, the Munsey writer says the Kaiser suffered the humiliation of his life in his seventh year, when the sentries in the garden of the palace at Potsdam failed to respond to his eager desire for a salute. When Paris was forced to capitulate in 1870 the princeling threw up his cap with delight, but when he visited the French capital in 1878 he is said to have become impressed with the tremendous power of recovery exhibited eight years after the historic disaster of Sedan.

The education of the future emperor proceeded on grim times, and he was the first Prussian prince to go to a public school. This was at instance of his father who no doubt believed that such a violent nature as his should be submitted to the discipline of a wooden bench, shoulder to shoulder with Hans and Fritz. After completing his education he paid hasty and precipitate court to Princess Augusta Victoria, and while the junkers raved because the princess was practically a pauper, he announced his betrothal, and was married with extremes in court show.

His military activities proceeded at such a rate that he won the name of "warlord" long before he stepped to the throne. While he caused frequent controversies in the press, he eventually clashed with his father, and when the latter died in 1888 made the people of Germany gasp by surrounding the palace at Potsdam, where the emperor had breathed his last, with a formidable array of troops. It was at first thought an effort had been made to prevent the succession of Wilhelm to the throne, but the real explanation of the startling incident was much simpler. The new ruler had made the discovery that his enemies, known as the Friedrichers, were about to publish the secret memoirs which his father had been writing for the past thirty years, and which, it had been plainly intimated, contained bitter reflections upon the character and policies of Prince Wilhelm. The boldness of the stroke led to the prompt suppression, if not the destruction, of the document that endangered the future of the young ruler.

Immediately upon his accession to the throne he made a direct appeal for the support of the soldiery, declaring a policy that bore fruits in a reign of iron-fisted autocracy, backed by a tremendous war machine. He said:

"We belong to each other, I and the army; thus we were born for one another; and firmly and inseparably we will hold together, whether it be God's will to give us peace or storm."

This invocation to the God of war caused a worldwide discussion of the kind that Wilhelm has constantly and deliberately provoked. At the same time he had played up to his people as "the just and clement chief," and constantly quarrelled with that "eraglike and immovable personality," Prince Otto von Bismarck. The first momentous clash came when the Kaiser announced his plan of calling an international Socialist congress, to which Bismarck was unalterably opposed. No good for the people came from the congress, but the rancor between the Chancellor and his young master was aggravated by a widespread campaign of ridicule, which Bismarck instigated at the expense of the Kaiser.

The bitter conflict was certain to have its climax, and it came suddenly. After a stormy passage between the two Bismarck made the mistake of offering his resignation verbally, hoping that it would be instantly declined by the emperor. This was not the purpose of Wilhelm, however, who had decided to govern Germany in person. When Bismarck had left Potsdam, the Kaiser immediately sent an aide-de-camp to the old Chancellor's residence with a firm request for his resignation. Bismarck offered to deliver his resignation in person on the day following, but the aide-de-camp was ordered to remain at the house of Bismarck until the document was written and signed. For the next twenty-four hours Germany rang with the news that the empire had lost its builder and greatest man. Wilhelm was attacked in the press of the world in the most offensive terms. Other Chancellors held the post, but it has always been understood that from that

day forward the emperor became his own Chancellor.

At the time the Munsey article was written it was pointed out that the Kaiser's most blatant boast was that with all his armies he had been able to achieve for Germany without plunging her into war. It is proved now beyond possibility of doubt that while the ruler strutted and prayed he was planning to hurl a thunderbolt at the heart of the world.

SAVING THE GASOLINE.

ON A conservative estimate it is stated by the fuel controller that \$150,000 can be saved in Canada next Sunday if gasoline consumption in motoring is reduced to the necessary minimum. A general call has gone forth to have the press back up the appeal, and there will be no dissenting voices in urging upon the public the need for a practical show of thrift and economy.

"While the 'motorless Sunday' idea looks like a direct inspiration from Washington, where so many Canadian campaigns and movements have originated, the lateness of the appeal will be forgiven by everyone who realizes that the time has come to conserve gasoline and to save wear and tear on motor cars. The production of motor cars has been cut down by a large percentage, and the present cost of used machines indicates just what value should be placed upon all such vehicles, while the seriousness of the fuel situation this winter demands that all kinds of heat-creating material should be saved to the last gallon and pound.

A vigorous appeal will be made to the people of Canada during the next few days, and it is certain that the response will be made in a spirit of real service to the whole community. Motorists have had an exceptional summer, and few drivers ever before ran up such a mileage as in 1918, when weather and roads made the appeal of the open so strong as to be irresistible. Gasoline was never consumed before in such large amounts, and a day's saving will work no injury.

THOSE WHO COULD NOT VOTE.

Mr. Rowell says that "the manner in which reinforcements should be provided was decided by the people of Canada in September last." By the people of Canada who were allowed to vote, to be more accurate.—Quebec Telegraph.

THOSE who were disenfranchised because of alien birth cannot be classified with the thousands of women who had no relatives at the front, but who are quite as vital factors in the nation as any others. The great shame of the last election contest was in the refusal of the franchise to any properly-naturalized Canadian woman, the woman who did her share in assisting the cause by knitting or sewing for the soldiers. She may not have been loud in claiming this right, but she knew that there was no good reason for withholding it from her, and she has not forgotten.

Nor has the country forgotten. The evils of the last election, the threats and bribes, the subterfuge and deception will do more to arouse a great national consciousness than any other force. The people have been taught to value their franchises, because they had to fight to secure them, and many would have been without a voice in the affairs of their country had they remained inactive and failed to force themselves on the list, in many instances. A whole machinery of elections was operated for the party that won. The half has never been written of what was accomplished, but some day men who know will tell the story. As another session approaches there is a feeling that much may be revealed through the discussions certain to occur in camps of the Union party that have never been reconciled, and are now more than ever antagonistic.

MUTUAL DISGUST.

AMERICAN poets and advertising writers have been placed in the same class as being members of an essential industry. Beasley, says the poet! Abominable, says the ad writer! The one is angry and the other is raving! An ad writer being classified with art, sniffs the poet! Those long-haired ginks, dignified by being teamed with a useful, industrious profession, storms the ad writer! Gen. Crowder, who arranges these matters for Uncle Sam, must have smiled as he did it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Don't burn gasoline next Sunday! Hitch up old Dobbin if you must ride!

London is the mecca of Canadian trade and agriculture this week. Dame Nature is, as usual, making friends for the city.

The health authorities should be most careful to examine the places from which food is sold at the Western Fair ground. Too many violent pains are being reported.

Most inspiring words are those of Sir Douglas Haig: "The enemy has spent his effort." No military commander in the Allied armies would commit himself to so encouraging a statement unless the words were fully justified. Sir Douglas has never underestimated his difficulties nor overestimated the value of victories, but the last blow has been so great as to decide the issue.

THE DYE INDUSTRY.

Whether anything can be made of the British dye industry has yet to be proved. The president of the board of trade is still unable to say that the dye situation, as a whole is "anything like satisfactory." He has lent at once £1,000,000 to those engaged in the industry, given them £600,000 for building purposes, £150,000 for research, and prohibited except by license the import of dyes for ten years after the war.

Various members of the House have criticized this program on the ground that its beneficiaries are unduly small amount set aside for research and the uncertainty as to who is to administer it. The best results department of research, which in its three years of existence has started a genuine revolution in British industrial thought and practice. To split it up among a dispirited lot of learned or commercial institutions would be to dissipate it in scattered and ineffective ventures. To vest it in the department of research would be to bring it under the concentrated care of the best scientific brains in the kingdom.

Where the Germans have beaten us in the last thirty years has been almost wholly in the field of applied science and research. But we cannot expect to overtake them by subsidizing a little research here and a little more somewhere else. Research, like everything else, has to be organized if it is to bring forth its fruits and to prove a real hand-maid to industry.

The Finest Words of Tongue or Pen

LONDON, Sept. 10.—The text of Field Marshal Haig's order of the day reads:

"One month has now passed since the British armies, having successfully withstood all the attacks of the enemy, once more took the offensive in turn. In that short space of time, by a series of brilliant and skilfully executed actions we have repeatedly defeated the same German armies whose vastly superior numbers compelled our retreat last spring. What has happened on the British front has happened also on the front of our allies."

"Less than six months after the launching of the great German offensive which was to have cut the Allied front in two, the Allied armies everywhere today are advancing victoriously side by side over the same battlefield on which, by the courage and steadfastness of their defence, they broke the enemy's assaults."

"Yet more has been done. Already we have pressed beyond our old battle lines of 1917, and have made a wide breach in the enemy's strongest defences."

"In this glorious accomplishment all ranks, arms and services of the British armies in France have borne their part in the most worthy and honorable manner."

"The capture of 75,000 prisoners and 700 guns in the course of four weeks' fighting, speaks for the magnitude of your efforts and the magnitude of our achievement."

"My thanks are due to all ranks of the fighting forces for their indomitable spirit in defence and their boldness in attack, to all commanders and their staff officers under whose able direction such great results have been attained, and also to all those whose unflinching labors behind the actual fighting line have contributed especially to the common cause. To have commanded this splendid army which at a time of grave crisis has so nobly done its duty, fills me with pride."

"After the show passed through many dark days together. Please, God, these never will return. The enemy has now spent his effort, and we rely confidently on each one of you to turn to full advantage the opportunity your skill, courage and resolution have created."

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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"THE HATERS."

By R. Ray Baker.

Maybelle St. Clare sat in her dressing-room, smeared grease paint on her face, recited sotto voce her great song hit and hated men.

"Here's some more gorgeous flowers—from a Mr. Kendrick!"

Geraldine Alston, her maid, entering the room and holding a bouquet of red roses at arm's length, so she could survey it with the eye of a critic.

"And why shouldn't Geraldine Alston be considered a connoisseur on matters of flowers? Didn't she personally receive 319 bouquets addressed to her mistress in the year and a half since Maybelle had made her debut as a singer and dancer on the vaudeville stage?"

And hadn't each and every one of these offerings from kindling men been crushed deliberately under the same small foot or else dumped unceremoniously into the gutter as a piece of refuse?

"Well, don't bother me about them," grumbled Maybelle, as she pelted little black crosses at her maid who was adding lustre to her already vivacious countenance. "Drop them out the window."

"Not that Maybelle St. Clare, 'dainty, dainty, dancing daisy,' and an average of the vaudeville stage, she possessed a normal child's fondness for them. It was the fact that these particular bouquets that were delivered to her room on the average of four a night."

When she lived in Ludington, Mich., Maybelle St. Clare the extra "y" and "le" and the "St." had been acquired since the aforementioned debut had not been a success. In fact—impossible as it now seemed—she had been in love, tremendously in love, at one time. That was before she decided on a career instead of a dishrag and carpet sweeper.

The young man he decided on for three years and won her, when along came this question of women's rights. The wedding bells were about due to ring, when study of suffrage and sundry other subjects put that career idea into Maybelle's head. Her fiancé objected seriously to the stage, although she insisted that he should accompany her and utilize his musical ability to help make her famous. She had just about won him over to her way of thinking when the suffrage question came up to have its fate decided by the electors of the state.

Maybelle took a prominent part in the campaign, and when the amendment was defeated she took a prominent part in the midst of her tears of disappointment, while her husband-to-be was attempting to comfort her, she ceased sobbing sufficiently to remark that she supposed, of course, he had voted to enfranchise women. Being an honest and unpretentious young man, he confessed that he had marked his cross in the "No" square. And from that moment he stopped being a prospective benedict.

You're just a lowbrow, with backward ideas, and you'll never make any progress," she had cried as she showed him the door. "I never want to see you again—or any other man. I'll never get married—never! I'll carve a career on the vaudeville stage, as I have planned, but I'll do it without your assistance or any other man's. I'll show that men are not necessary, and you can stay here and rust into a grave."

She gave up her position in a dry-goods store and went to Chicago, where she had an aunt whose husband exercised some influence in the theatrical world and who had taken considerable sympathetic interest in Maybelle's footlight ambitions. The other aunt, with whom Maybelle lived in Ludington, tried to dissuade her, but the objections were overruled; and as both the young lady's parents were dead, there was no one to interfere with her working out a future in her chosen career.

She sent no letters to her erstwhile sweetheart—not even a postcard picture of Lincoln Park. "He's too narrow-minded and we have nothing in common," she repeatedly assured herself to assuage the pain that was bound to be left after such a long and serious affair of the heart.

While Maybelle St. Clare "made up" for her first appearance in the Detroit vaudeville theatre, Philip Warner sat in the orchestra pit doing his bit in the making of melody for the first act on the bill. As he puffed out his cheeks and performed extraneous with the trombone slide, he kept his eyes averted from the slackfaced artist, principally because the artist was a woman—and a hated woman. His one disastrous love affair had embittered his heart against the sex.

Maybelle St. Clare's act was third on the bill. She was electric-lighting out in front as the headliner, consequently the audience was in an expectant mood. The orchestra rendered a dashing, soul-shrilling selection, and when the crescendo had reached its climax the girl who had carved a career tripped daintily out on the stage and bowed and blew kisses in response to the generous applause.

She was feeling especially full of the artistic spirit this evening, possibly because she was playing her first professional visit to her home state and someone from "cup home" might be an observer of her by accident. It was a matter with her from the start, and anybody who ever had doubted her vocal or personable ability would have been forced to amend his opinion upon witnessing her offering that evening.

Near the close of the act was when she always made the "big hit." She did it by rendering a song that she had composed on a subject that was a must in the west. It was a song that a popular song; she had never had of it to her repertoire, so she had annexed it. Shortly after that she got recognition on the "big time" circuits, and she had been told her "landing" there was due largely to that one selection.

The orchestra became silent and the audience hushed as she stepped close to the footlights and waited for darkness and the spotlight. Evidently there was a misunderstanding at the switchboard, for there was a vociferous delay about darkening the house. It was only a moment that she stood waiting, but that moment was enough for her gaze to meet that of the trombone player—and that settled it!

The lights went out and the spotlight

the home. I've carved my career, but I'm sick and tired of it all!"

He dipped a spoon in his coffee and sipped testily.

"I've changed my mind, too," he announced. "In favor of giving women the vote or anything else they want."

She laughed, hesitated somewhat, confessed and held a menu card before her eyes.

"If that's the case," she said simply, "you'll give me back that ring I returned to you two years ago."

He nearly choked on the hot coffee, but he managed to swallow it, and reached into a vest pocket.

"I've always kept it with me," he declared.

In defiance of curious eyes at nearby tables, she allowed him to reach across and place the thin gold, diamond-set band on a finger which it had graced once before.

"Now, will you explain how you happened to be acquainted with the words of 'Where the Cotton Grows'?" she asked. "And how you knew I needed that song to make my act go?"

He signalled the waiter to bring the check.

"Certainly," he replied amiably. "The program told me you were supposed to sing that song, although it didn't inform me that Maybelle St. Clare was Mabel Clare. I knew the words of the piece because I wrote them—and the music, too. If you'll dig up your copy you'll see printed on it, 'Words and Music by Philippe de Warnaire.'"

She concentrated with all her will, but those eyes in the pit, which she could not see but could feel piercing her through and through, so disconcerted her that she was unable to apprehend the elusive words and notes.

Horror! she thought. What if some one from home were a witness of her plight? A woman tittered foolishly and a man's guffaw followed on the orchestra pit. A husky voice was repeating over and over:

"Back on the old plantation lives a white-haired negro man."

Maybelle St. Clare suddenly came to herself. Those were the first words of her song. Her mind pounced upon them and with them the time. She smiled and opened her mouth once more, and her "great hit" scored another success.

After the show there was a little party in a nearby cafe. The participants were Maybelle St. Clare and Philip Warner. On her bosom she wore a bouquet of red roses which he had sent an usher to get when he received the note telling her she wished to see him and "thank him."

As she nibbled a chicken sandwich she remarked casually:

"Do you know, Philip, I've changed my mind about this woman's suffrage. I agree with you that woman's place is in the home."

In Darkest West Virginia.
[Point Pleasant (W. Va.) Register.]
LUKE MELUKE TAKES NOTICE.
Recently a young gentleman from the

rural district of this county was calling on his lady friend who is one of the society buds of this city.

During the evening the young lady threw out a gentle hint to her country friend by stating that she was very fond of Welsh rarebit, whereupon her friend replied that he guessed they were fine, but that the wild rabbits were much better than the tame ones, when well cooked.

Advice.
Brace up, my boy, be plucky;
Do not depend so much on luck.
And you'll find you'll be lucky.

Attis Boy!
Who do you suppose takes your coin when you pay your gas and electric light bills in Columbus, Ohio? Why, nobody but Lamp Randolph.

Names Is Names.
Rhoda Hack lives in Hensburgh, Va.

Our Daily Special.
You Can Have Your Own Way, But You'll Have To Pay Liberally For It.

Luke Meluke Says.
Strange how a man gets homesick when he is away from his wife for a

week and how he gets sick of home after he has been with her for a week.

Of course, the school teachers will snort at this statement. But our experience with big men who have big bank accounts has demonstrated the fact that second-grade spelling and first-grade grammar constitute no bar to success.

Her husband is so light with dollars for the Soup Pot that it would amaze her to see how loose he is with dollars for the Jackpot.

A grass widow imagines that nearly every married woman of her acquaintance would like to change places with her. And she isn't so far wrong, at that.

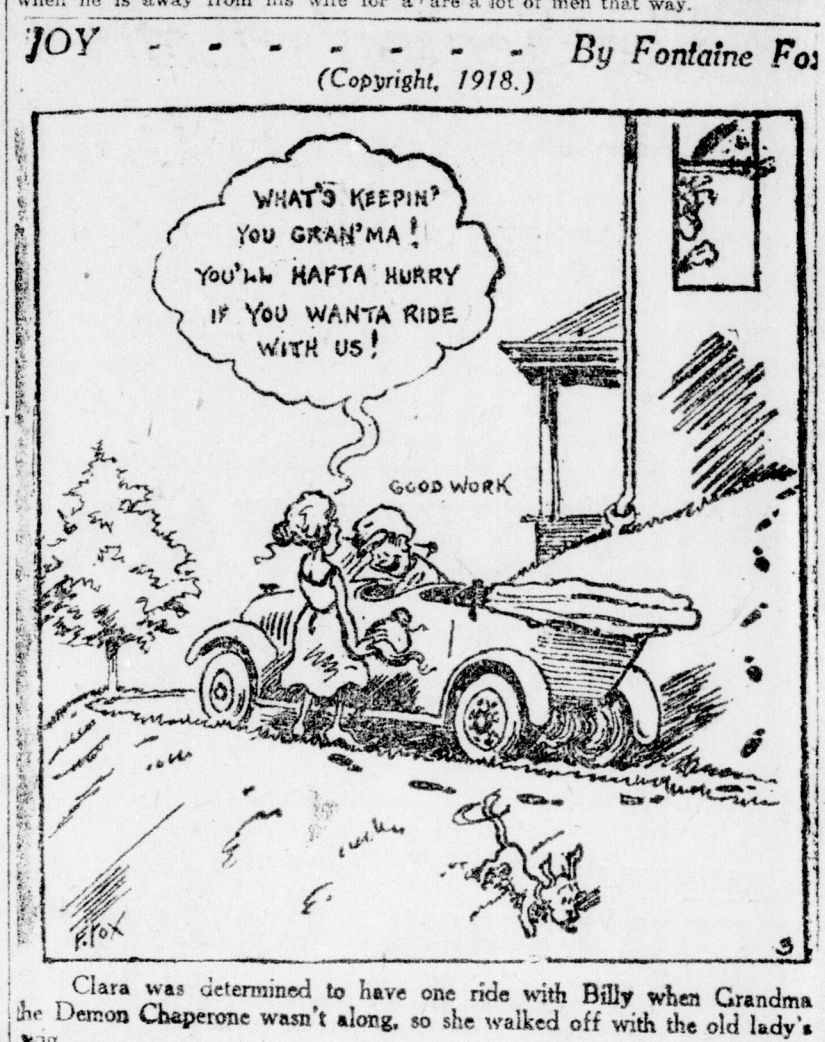
A husband can always get his wife's coat by bringing home a railroad ticket and looking it over and sticking it back in his pocket. She sniffs around suspiciously and waits for him to volunteer some information, and finally de-termines where he thinks he is going.

Your old jokes are all new when you tell them to a girl who has good teeth and dimples.

We don't think we will ever be in such a hurry to get anywhere that a tin bath tub tied on to a motorcycle will attract us as an acceptable mode of transportation.

There are lots of men and women in this world who are more worried about being careful than they are about being good.

There is something wrong with the man who is prouder of his ancestors than he is of his children. And there are a lot of men that way.



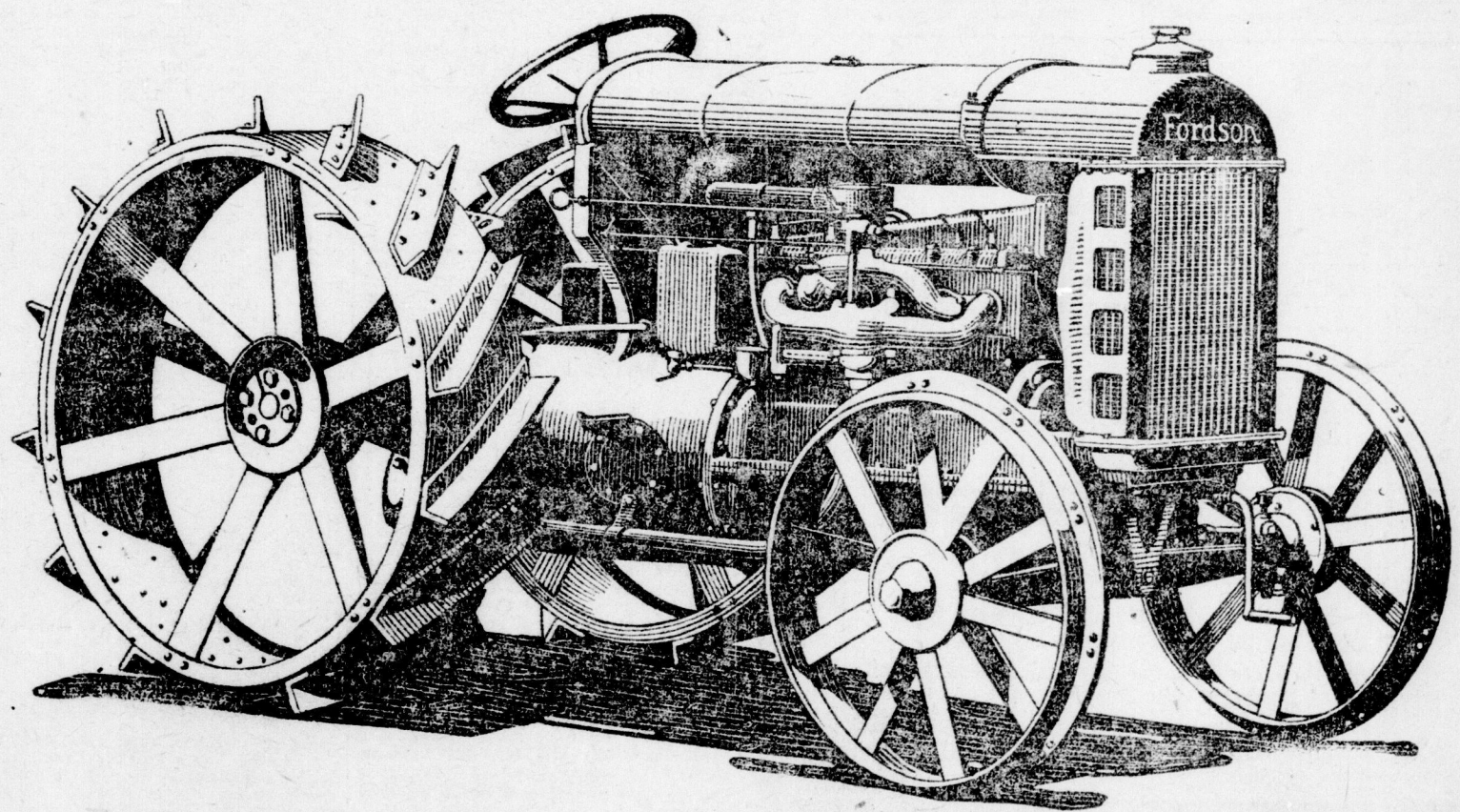
Clara was determined to have one ride with Billy when Grandma the Demon Chaperone wasn't along, so she walked off with the old lady's

FORDSON TRACTOR

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AND ASYLUM FARM

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THE FORDSON TRACTOR will draw plows, harrows and cultivators to prepare the land; seeders, drills, etc., to put in the crop; binders, mowers, etc., to do the reaping. It is already fitted with a bevel gear for a side-drive belt pulley, which will permit it to drive threshing machines, ensilage cutters, saws, etc., when this belt pulley is supplied. Its usefulness does not stop at farm work, however. There are practically as many uses for the tractor as there are lines of agricultural and commercial activity.

Come and See a Practical Demonstration By Practical Men

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