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MONDAY MORNING, MAY 10.

The Hebrews—A Great Sentiment.

The great crusade started by Leader Peter the Hermit to rescue the Holy Land is likely to be rivalled as a world-wide feature by the movement sweeping thru the Jewish people all the world over to recover and settle some of their race in Palestine.

The mammoth procession in Toronto yesterday of our Jewish citizens, in connection with this affair, and the big meetings of last night, are only one of its manifestations. The Hebrews are cosmopolitan; but they all join in appreciation of Britain's glad acceptance of the mandate for Palestine, and in extending their faith, that the fullest justice to all races concerned will be achieved in this wonderful renaissance.

Not all the Jews now living could be settled in the land of their fathers, but many for race and religious reasons, will go there, and the immense resources of these ancient people will be devoted to reorganizing and rehabilitating the old commonwealth.

There is every reason to think this work will be done with the good wishes of the Arabs, who are also to erect a new nation and kingdom alongside. The Arabs are a kindred race of Semitic origin. The Arabs, too, are a wonderful people.

No one can imagine just what this new movement will accomplish; but we believe it will be one of the landmarks of the world in the way of a national and religious sentiment, realizing itself after thousands of years. All the ancient and modern conquerors of the world have overrun the heritage of the Children of Abraham; now it is to be modernized by good management, by justice, by fair play to all. It will be made again a land of flowers and fruit, of grain, of commerce.

And it is more than likely that the eastern shores of the Mediterranean are to see almost immediately a wonderful rebirth—in Turkey, Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, up to the bounds of Persia. It will again be the centre of a still greater civilization.

But, running thru it all will be the centuries of longing of an oppressed people to again live in and control the destinies of their ancient home. There never was such an equal and persistent longing.

And the "near east" can be made again one of the fairest and richest parts of the world.

The United States Lacking.

We have more or less doubts of the ultimate triumph of the league of nations—rather that its objects will be worked out in some other way. But we regret that party strife in a presidential year, and the intrigues of German sympathizers in the United States will more or less interfere with Washington doing its share of the reconstruction of Turkey, Armenia, Southern Russia. Britain is taking up a stupendous load in connection with the reorganization of the unsettled parts of Europe. Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt, to only mention these. Why should not the Americans take care of the Armenians?

The Woman Pays.

Horatio Bottomley, essaying the part of a bull in an Astor show, has been fished and booted in the house of commons for his temerity. He has tried to hold up the first woman member of the British parliament as a person with a shady past. His experience should make men reflect more than is common on the truth that in the court where blind censoriousness presides the woman is always made to pay.

Lady Astor is an American, wife of a native-born American, and mother of six children. British citizens all. She divorced her first husband, Bottomley alleges, because she liked her second better. She is charged with hypocrisy because she does not advocate greater facilitation of British divorce. The members who execrated Bottomley for his attack acclaimed Lady Astor, and no doubt felt they were exceedingly virtuous in so doing. The sentiment behind the two demonstrations probably was the traditional feeling that a lady's name must on no account not be assailed until it is dragged into court. But that view will not be unreservedly accepted by those who despise the double standard. Some people assume that a woman in public life takes a man's job, and that she should, therefore, be willing to gulp the medicine which men offer one another. But a woman in public life is not in a man's job. She is in very much of a woman's job.

Every weapon used by men against men is not a mainly implement. What is honest, and fair, and of good report for men is honest and fair and of good report for women—else it can

be neither fair nor honest. Wise women who enter public life do not expect to be nursed in moral cotton wool. They will always receive a consideration that arises from their more tender, more perilous functions in the peaceful state that men are honored with. But they do not expect to be children of favoritism. Neither should they be subjected to treatment that men are not stood up against. The crime of Bottomley against the dictates of humanity is that he has inflicted upon Lady Astor treatment that he would not mete out to a man, and that he has done it because he believed his capacity for inflicting suffering was greater towards a mother of a family than it could be towards one of his own kind.

This Bottomley knows perfectly well that notorious adulterers are members of the house of commons. They are flagrantly guilty of offences against the sanctities of life that he does not dare to impute against the first woman M.P. He knows that some among them appear as supporters of churches and defenders of the faith once delivered to the saints. He himself has been prosecuted, and he flaunts his profession of himself as "not a moralist," while he has the gall to scourge a woman for preaching in defence of the family. He has endeavored to make a woman pay in a manner that even he would not have the face to apply to a man member of the house of commons of the standing thruout the world of Lady Astor.

The deed is one of the kind which make men ashamed of men. It reminds of the unctuous claim we sometimes make for ourselves—that we are the protectors of women from violence—forgetting that the violence from which women need sometimes to be saved is the violence of their natural "protectors."

British citizens are not condemned with the former American citizenship of Lady Astor, unless some charge is brought against it which reflects upon her fitness to discharge the duties which her countrymen and countrywomen have confided to her. In entering the house of commons, she began a new era in the civic splendor of motherhood. She has stood bravely for the defence of the weak. She has demanded the subjugation of the liquor traffic to its proper indignity in the state. She has been a light of hope for many who see a better social order in which even wealth may nobly serve. That she is receiving the poisoned darts of the evilly-disposed is a tribute to her place in the social and political regeneration that is proceeding.

And when the infamy of trying to make the woman pay unfairly, because she is a woman, is attempted, while parliament is invited to watch and gloat, the resentment of every thinking creature must be aroused.

Some Ties of Home.

What is the ultimate philosophy of home for a country for which some millions of whose people left their native lands? Old country people in Canada often talk for long of "home," until they realize that home for them ought to be, and in a healthy family state, must be, where their children are—where the anchor has been cast into the future. When they truly understand what life means to their children they become Canadians all the way. Towards a country of his choice and of his children's birth, a man's attitude can only fairly be the attitude great authority has set forth as his attitude to his wife—forsaking all other and cleaving only unto her.

Somewhere a public servant dies among his fellows, who have given him their confidence, and have entrusted him with the conduct of their affairs. He has flourished away from his early home. But he desires to be buried in the place to which he turned. Another has had a long career in a community prospering financially and socially. The city and its citizens have made him what he is. But when his pension falls due, he takes it to spend in a distant country, because his heart has never been where his life is.

A Toronto man was in South Africa a year after the Boer war. He met a high official in the head offices of the Government Railways in Capetown. "This country," said the eminent railwayman, "will never really be peaceful and prosperous so long as it is possible for the Dutch to publish a daily paper which they call 'Ons Land'—Our Land. Why is it their land any more than it is our land, or anybody's land?"

After awhile the talk drifted into another channel, and the railway official delivered himself again emphatically: "I have been over twenty-three years in this service," he remarked, "and a year from next September my pension is due. I can tell you I don't stay 24 hours in this confounded country after that day arrives."

Those who think of some other place or country as the abode of their greatest hopes cannot truly possess the place in which they live—they are strangers and cannot be anything else. Only those who say "our country" because they love it really live in it. The others merely linger. Is it not worth remembering that, while many men are taken to their old homes for sepulture, few women are? The selfishness of expense may have something to do with it. But there is a deeper reason. Where women bear and rear children, there they are willing to remain, because their hearts are fuller of the essence and spices of the true



Section of the great Jewish procession of yesterday in celebration of the British mandate for Palestine. The picture was taken on Queen Street. Photo supplied by Alexandra Studios, Toronto.

DISLIKES MORDEN'S COMBINE; BEGINNING OF MAMMOTH TRUSTS

London, May 8.—(By Canadian Associated Press.)—The Saturday Review regards with apprehension and dislike Col. Grant Morden's gigantic combine, seeing in it:

"Only the beginning of a number of mammoth trusts, which will throw the control of the vital products of industry into the hands of a few millionaires like the Messrs. Vickers and Lord Beaverbrook."

POLITICAL NOTES

Special to The Sunday World.

Ottawa, May 8.—There is some clearance in the political sky by the near return of Sir Robert Borden to Ottawa, to the active duties of prime minister. It is even said that he will start in right after the session, to reconstruct the cabinet and organize the Unionist party, and to find a platform for it. The cabinet seems to be largely controlled by a trinity, made up of Dr. Reid, Mr. Rowell and Mr. Calder. They are credited with being the inside advisers of the prime minister.

The Unionists are waiting to see how things will develop in regard to their future and what the coming caucus will do, and what the prime minister will say to them when he meets them about reorganization and reconstruction. Also they will await with interest the attitude of the Conservatives in the house toward the movement of Hon. Robert Rogers to re-constitute the Conservative party.

Ottawa Man (Mail Special).—Whether or not Sir Robert Borden will be able to take up the duties of his office and perform them with his old-time vigor for any considerable length of time is, of course, purely a matter for speculation in Ottawa at present. Only time and the premier's physicians will be able to give a definite answer to the question. Among Sir Robert Borden's followers here the hope is that the answer may be in the affirmative. It is not there will be other difficult questions for which answers will have to be sought.

Globe Editorial: Sir Robert Borden has started from North Carolina for Ottawa. The country cannot reasonably be accused of impatience; it has given Sir Robert all the time there was to recuperate. It ought to have a fair, frank and definite statement from him as to what he intends to do now. If Sir Robert is to stay at the head of the Union government, the people are entitled to know it. The people are going to Washington as Canada's direct representative and the empire's assistant ambassador. Knowledge of that intention should be shared with his fellow-citizens. This country cannot afford to have an absentee prime minister.

Ottawa, May 7.—(Special to The Montreal Star.)—Hon. Robert Rogers is to meet with his conference of Conservatives at Toronto next week. As to the leader thereof Mr. Rogers does not consider his sun as yet set. If the conference revives the Conservative party a more complicated situation will be created here. Sir Robert Borden may soon unfold a broad platform that will keep the Conservative and Liberalists still with the Unionist party. Mr. Rogers is for a return to patronage. The country is to take its lead from him. The Conservative and Liberalists will be the Unionist party. Mr. Rogers is for a return to patronage. The country is to take its lead from him. The Conservative and Liberalists will be the Unionist party.

The Rogers diversion may then have to follow in (behind the new Borden merger), but down the line.

WORLD'S DAILY BRAIN TEST

BY SAM LOYD.
No. 183
2 Minutes to Answer This.



This bucolic sketch suggests in rebuff the name of a wild flower. What is it?
ANSWER TO NO. 182
Width of the strip—109,983 yards.
(Copyright, 1919, by Sam Loyd.)

THE GIRL WHO SMILED THRU

By MARION RUBINCAM

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Alice Fairbanks has won her way thru life by her optimism. It carries her thru her father's death, her mother's invalidism, her poverty, her necessity for working hard. It attracts to her, first, David Thorne, with whom she falls in love. They are engaged and Alice is wonderfully happy until she suspects David to be attracted to her cousin Lois. She breaks the engagement, and hears later that Lois has married David. In trying to piece together her life again, she adopts a baby deserted by a wandering family. Thru this she comes to know Laurence Marlowe, and eventually becomes engaged to him. She feels she must finish a desired college course before marrying him, so comes to the city. Here she meets David and finds that he is still in love with her, and unhappy.

SACRIFICE.

Chapter 79.

The agony of mind that Alice had gone thru two years ago, when she had given David up to Lois, seemed nothing to the agony of both mind and soul that she was going thru now. For she could feel thru all the former unhappiness, that she had given up David for some good to himself—if he loved Lois and if he had married her, of course he must be happy, she had thought.

And she was unselfish enough to want his happiness above everything else. Unconsciously, the feeling that her sacrifice, her giving up, was the means of his happiness, had comforted her. Later, she began to pick up the threads of her life again. Time had brought a little comfort—and Laurence had brought a great deal.

But now the sacrifice had been wasted! For if David had been happy, she would have felt glad. She would have gone on trying to be friends with him, trying to fight down the feeling of love that was strong within her, and at the end of her college term, she would have gone on home, and married Laurence. And things would not have been very different from the way they were when she first came to the city.

But David was not happy, and his unhappiness brought him closer to her than ever!

Christine often came back from some of her classes to find Alice walking back and forth over the room. Christine, of course, knew all about it.

"What a queer person you are, Alice dear!" she said once. "You are so very strong sometimes, and so very weak others. You spent exactly 10 years of your life, the most precious 10 years a woman's life contains, as a slave to your duty."

"I know," Alice started to protest, "there was nothing for you to do but stay home and work and scrimp, and sacrifice, and remain a little ignorant—yet think of the girls who would not have done that! Very few have the will power to stick to an unpleasant duty. You stuck—now you come up against another sort of thing, and you want to be weak and run."

"But what can I do?" Alice cried. "It's all so hopeless. Dear, you must look facts in the face. Here I am, engaged to one of the nicest men in

the world and in love with another! "Thank heaven you're not married to Laurence yet," said Christine. "That would make a worse muddle." "Why?" Alice asked. "David is married. The whole thing is a muddle. I've no right to be in love with him. And I certainly have no right to stay engaged to Laurence, when I'm not wholeheartedly in love with him. Have I?"

"No," Christine answered honestly. "I confess I don't see a way out for any of you."

"I'll write and tell Laurence, and set him free," Alice answered, going towards her desk.

"No, wait, don't do that!" Christine jumped up to stop her. "Alice laid down her pen. She remembered the cutting pain of that one letter, when Lois had written her that she had married David."

"If you must break with Laurence, wait till you see him. You can make it a little easier if you tell him. Don't write it—don't ever write anything unpleasant," Christine begged.

Alice rose from the desk and went over to her bed. She dropped down with her head among the cushions. Christine, usually so indemonstrative, came and perched beside her, one little hand on Alice's shoulder.

"Don't give up yet," she tried to make her voice sound consoling. "There must be a way out."

"What way?" Alice asked passionately. "He's married to Lois, and she's miserable. He's tied fast to her, even if she doesn't love him. And I'm wretched—and if I marry Laurence, I'll make him wretched too!"

"And if you break your engagement to him, you'll make him still more wretched," Christine said. Then she had one of her typical reactions. She began to laugh.

"Found all so awful!" she said. "Don't mind this silly laugh. I don't think it's any the less tragic. I'd laugh even if it were I instead of you, dear. I never knew anything to look so hopeless."

"And it's my fault," Alice said. "I wanted to play absolutely fair, so I gave him his freedom. I thought if he was fascinated by Lois, he should have every chance to prove his feeling was the real thing—or false. And all my sacrifice went for nothing. It's made three people miserable."

Tomorrow—Home Letters.

Montreal Man is Found Dead in Lot in Suburbs

Montreal, May 9.—With a bullet wound in his forehead, his overcoat under him, a newspaper and a partly consumed bottle of whiskey beside him, a man, so far unidentified, was found dead in a vacant lot in Mont West Extension today, at one o'clock. The body was discovered by a market gardener, who reported to the police. It is believed to be a case of suicide.

CHARGE SEDITIOUS PUBLISHING.

St. Catharines, May 9.—Owing to the non-appearance in court yesterday of J. G. O'Donoghue of Toronto, who, counsel says, had been retained to defend him, Tom Sabadash, Russian, charged with publishing seditious literature just prior to May Day, was remanded until Friday next.



After a Day's Hard Work Drink O'KEEFE'S

YOU come home after a day's hard work tired and cold—may be depressed; what better than a cheerful fire, congenial companionship and a glass of O'KEEFE'S BEER to banish weariness and the blues.

O'Keefe's

IMPERIAL ALE, STOUT AND LAGER

Put life into tired, aching limbs. Mildly stimulating, their tonic and food properties act as an antidote to the worries of the day, enabling you to enjoy your evening's rest, your paper and your pipe.

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O'Keefe's Beverages are also procurable at Restaurants, Hotels and Cafes.

