

The Toronto World

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FRIDAY MORNING, JAN. 24.

It is Up to Toronto.

Worse and worse!
Last evening the Salvation Army appeal only resulted in the receipt of less than half of the required \$250,000. This is a wretched showing for the reputedly open-handed and generous city, and it requires explanation.

Is there an impression that the work being done by the Salvation Army and to be done is not needed? If that be so it is a totally wrong impression. There never was more need of this hut work than at the present moment, when the troops in the field have more leisure than at a time when hostilities were not merely in suspension.

Is there an impression that the Salvation Army is a late comer and is trying to make a reputation at the eleventh hour? Nothing could be further from the truth. The Red Shield was in the forefront from the very first, and if the public have not heard about it it is because of the modesty of the army, and if appeals have not been made earlier it is on account of the self-denial of those in the army who gave all they had, even their lives, if necessary.

Is it possible that the people of Toronto have got into the habit of thinking of the army as an agency of small things and its finances as matters of small economies, pennies and silver collections and jumble sales? That also is an error. The army has handled big propositions, and is doing absolutely gigantic work in some directions. In this army hut work there is a cause which should enlist the greatest enthusiasm of every social worker and every sympathizer with the man in khaki. Large amounts are needed, and larger still would be needed but for the fact that every cent contributed goes to the object in view. The Salvation Army gives its services, so that the most effective work can be got out of a dollar by the Salvation Army of any agency at the seat of war.

Toronto should realize all this and reflect the confidence reposed in the Salvation Army throughout the world by subscribing liberally and intelligently today, and placing the appreciation of the army's work on record with a contribution which will not be unworthy of the cause nor of the city.

The Modern Midas.

While gold production, from low grade mines at least, may for a time be unprofitable, there is little question but that gold in the near future is sure to appreciate. The world at present is on a paper money basis; in time it will get back to the gold standard. The state banks of Europe, for example, show circulation and deposits alike swollen to a magnitude out of all proportion to their gold reserve. Here in Canada a bank note is no longer redeemable in gold, but the government by suspending specie payments has practically guaranteed all bank circulation.

This means that treasury and bank vaults alike will have to acquire more gold, although they may come themselves for the present with keeping their reserves under severe license restrictions. They cannot restore the gold standard as we had it before the war without largely increasing their reserves. The gold miner has only to bide his time.

It is quite improbable that enough additional gold will be produced to sustain the present inflation. In the future as in the past the reconstruction period will be followed by a contraction of currency, and a startling rise in the purchasing power of gold. But the tendency will not be to make the contraction either drastic or violent. The industrial machine of the world has been geared up so high that care must be taken in slowing down.

The British Empire is the greatest gold producer of the world, and the one empire vitally interested in adhering to the gold standard. Nearly every other nation, even the United States, might view international bimetalism with complacency. England, who is the great trader and carrier of the world, has long insisted upon the gold standard and, as we have seen, in the British Empire gold can be produced in enormous quantities. Yet the proposal to bounty gold production in South Africa finds little favor with British statesmen and financiers. The United States Government has also declined to pay a bounty to the gold producer.

To the ordinary person who never sees or handles a gold coin, who dreams of a gold mine as a fountain of inexhaustible wealth, the claim of the gold miner for government help seems almost grotesque. Bounties have been paid to the oil men upon the oil that gushes from the earth, to the steel manufacturer, to the ship builder, to the zinc miner, even now and then to the farmer, but the ordinary citizen has looked upon the man with a gold mine as a combina-

tion of Croesus and the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo! Yet scarcity of labor, increased wages, high cost of explosives and the drop in the price of gold as compared with other commodities, have combined to make the gold miner more or less despondent. He may have good times ahead, but for the moment he must recall the unfortunate Midas who starved to death because everything he touched turned into gold.

The Bolshevik Orator.

One must listen to a Bolshevik speech to understand the gulf that exists between the propagandists of continental Europe and their followers and the sanity and common sense of the west. The Bolshevik orator waves aside all our views, our experience and our achievements with placid confidence. The Anglo-Saxon mind, he declares, is sentimental and incapable of appreciating the discipline and dictatorship of the proletariat. It is mere sentiment that drives us to individualism and the right to personal freedom. It is only sentiment that inspires our aversion from bloodshed, and presumably it is only sentimental prejudice that makes us object to having our throats cut. There is no God but economics, and Karl Marx is his prophet. The great revolution came from Marx, and these youthful orators almost go on their knees as they talk about the new theory of history and the light on the struggle of the classes that Marx gave to the world. Marx-ideology was not grasped by the Anglo-Saxon because our ideology sprang out of and was a reaction from an entirely different condition and order of affairs. We lacked intellectualism and were really of no account, and were scarcely justified in lumbering the earth with our presence. The Bolshevik orator frankly told his audience that one Bolshevik was worth a million of them. The audience was suitably amused, which is something the Bolshevik does not understand, for he is usually very young, very ardent and entirely lacking in humor.

Unfortunately his shallow, fallacious ideas take root in the uncultivated, unthinking minds which compose most of his audience, and they ferment and brew the hate and destruction which these novices think is the last word of wisdom. They declare that all history is a record of class conflict, and that the final struggle is now on; because as the proletariat is the lowest class when it conquers all the others there, will be no other class to use up and conquer it. Folly of this sort is yet strong enough to drench the world with blood, and unless these men are educated and shown what history does teach, the evil is bound to spread. Every class carries within itself the seed of all other classes, and if they were destroyed would recreate them. The Bolshevik orator has not sufficient constructive faculty to perceive this. Nor has he logic enough to see that the Marx' ideology was a reaction from the tyranny and despotism in which Marx flourished.

Marx and his followers, they only think in terms of despotism, and the Bolshevik orator accuses us of being able to think only in terms of freedom. Otherwise we would make no sentimental objection to the despotism of the proletariat. All this hubbub is garnished with the suggestion that under Bolshevism production would be governed by use, whereas under capitalism it is governed by profit. As to this the only thing we can be certain about is that Bolshevism is at bottom as selfish a movement as any form of capitalism, and under selfishness there will be no change in the spirit or method of production. As selfishness to the Bolshevik is merely Anglo-Saxon sentiment the millennium is evidently not arriving by the Bolshevik schedule.

A Line of Cheer Each Day of the Year

By John Kendrick Bangs.

WINGS.

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate).
When some rare thought inspires your heart
To urge you bear some nobler part,
And to your soul comes restlessness
To serve your fellows in distress,
Those thrilling inner flutterings
Are but the stir of Angels' Wings
Proving that these same purposes true
Your God is working out thru you.

PRINCESS PATRICIA WILL RENOUNCE TITLE

London, Jan. 23.—King George has commented to Princess Patricia renouncing both her title of princess and her style of address as "Her Royal Highness," on her marriage. The princess after her marriage will be known as Lady Patricia Ramsay. She will now receive a considerable fortune from her mother's estate.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of Shareholders of this Corporation will be held at the Head Office of the Corporation, Toronto Street, Toronto, on

Friday, February 7, 1919

at Twelve o'clock Noon
for the reception of the financial statement and report of the Directors for the past year, for the election of Directors, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it.
GEORGE H. SMITH, 53
Assistant General Manager.

"WHY DON'T YOU GET AFTER HIM?"



THE WIFE By JANE PHELPS

Ruth is a Bit Dismayed at What She is to Do.

CHAPTER CXLVI.

Brian had just breathed the words "I hope when Ruth had said she wished she might meet his friends—the men with whom he had fought overseas, and whose society he seemed to crave. But Ruth had heard, and she had all she could do to keep from throwing her arms around her husband and telling him that if her work stood between them in any way it need not any longer; that she had decided to remain at home and take care of the home while he took care of her. But she glimpsed his tired face and restrained herself. There was much to tell, much to talk about. She would wait until morning.

After breakfast—at which she had worn one of her charming negligees—the men with whom he had fought overseas, and whose society he seemed to crave. But Ruth had heard, and she had all she could do to keep from throwing her arms around her husband and telling him that if her work stood between them in any way it need not any longer; that she had decided to remain at home and take care of the home while he took care of her. But she glimpsed his tired face and restrained herself. There was much to tell, much to talk about. She would wait until morning.

"Why the fluff ruffles this morning?" "Don't you feel well?" "Perfectly. Do you like my gown?" "It's great! A woman never looks so well as when she dresses in some simple, clinging thing like this. The color is very becoming to you. If women only knew how much better they looked in such clothes they never would wear mannish things—least when a man was around."

"The women who did war work all wore mannish costumes." "Yes, and they looked all right for that kind of work. They were wonderful. But if they let themselves get the habit of going around in mannish things, there will be more old maids than the loss of men makes necessary. Men hate women to ape them in anything."

Ruth smiled at his outburst. She knew only too well what his ideas were as regarded women who in any way paraded their independence, even were of the independent variety. While she knew that Brian would probably repudiate the suggestion, yet the clinging thing she wore was really the woman he admired—as a wife.

Then she smiled again, this time rather sadly, as she wondered she could learn to "cling." It was so foreign to her nature, so unlike the life she had led the last few years. As she was as the society flapper, living down to the severe tailor-made costume she usually wore at breakfast because she was dressed for business. She watched Brian covertly as he read his paper. She noted the new strength in his face, thought she could read new purpose in the very way he held his morning paper. His concentration was so different from the desultory way in which before the war he had scanned the news. It was a risk. Suppose he failed?—Failed in his profession, so failed also to make the home the place he seemed to think he could make it if she "stood out from under," as he once, in the long ago, had expressed it.

who altho not always efficient, was invariably pleasant, sometimes even amusing; the old cleaning woman with her cheery "Good mornin' Miss"; the doorman's smile as he touched his hat. It would be like cutting out a piece of her life.

"Well, come on, dear! I'm thru if you are. What's this wonderful story you have to tell?" Brian interrupted her cogitations, then put his arm about her waist as they walked from the room.

Tomorrow—Ruth Tells Brian She Has Resigned Her Position.

WILHELM IS KEEPING HOME FIRES BURNING

Spends Hours Cutting Up Wood for Amerongen Castle Furnaces.

Amerongen, Jan. 23.—Sawing wood continues to be the chief occupation of the former German Emperor, who spends several hours each morning and afternoon within the castle grounds working hard with several men servants respectfully hand him logs and then pile the short sticks in heaps for use later in the furnaces.

The shortage of coal in Holland compels the burning of wood, plentiful supplies of which are obtainable from the surrounding district. Wilhelm Hohenzollern works so well that he is able to furnish the entire consumption of the castle area. The former emperor hardly ever speaks to attendants while he is at work.

The two moats which encircle the castle are now covered with ice sufficiently thick to bear skates. The villagers, however, have been given to understand that the accustomed permission to skate on the moats cannot be accorded while the former emperor is in the castle.

URGES CONSTANTINOPLE AS HOME OF LEAGUE

Special to The Toronto World.

Paris, Jan. 23.—Constantinople as the capital city of the new league of nations is one of the ideas of Premier Venizelos, who is representing Greek aspirations and Greek claims at the peace conference.

If the league of nations, which is being discussed on the program at the peace table, is definitely organized and given permanent status, Venizelos thinks no better place could be chosen as its capital than the ancient capital of the Byzantine Empire. "Why not?" said the famous Greek statesman, when the correspondent, in an interview at the Hotel Mercedese, the Greek headquarters in Paris, asked him of the feasibility of such a plan. "Constantinople is the pivotal point of the continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, and the greatest problems in the reconstruction of the war will be those in the region of which Constantinople is centre."

"The straits it commands are the most important in the world and must be free to all nations."

INSTIGATOR OF POGROMS HAS BEEN ARRESTED

Paris, Jan. 23.—Gen. K. Mahomed Pasha, who is said to have been responsible for massacres of Greeks and Armenians, has been arrested, according to a report received here from Constantinople.

The thought made her turn hot, then cold. She would then have lost her position. Too well she knew that never would she find another where she would be so happy and contented, where she would be treated with the consideration Arthur Mandel had accorded her. They had little Harvey to think of now; for his sake they must keep going at least decently.

Then came another thought. She would lose Rachel. Dear old Mammy who made everything so comfortable for her, and who idolized the baby. A wave of the old repugnance swept over her as she thought of again washing dishes and wiping up floors. She had saved quite a sum. Brian had also saved something. But Ruth knew the cost of living. The high cost of all that was needed in the household. It would take some time for Brian to establish himself again. If only he had waited and not taken that horrid, dingy office. Perhaps he could sublet it and take the one she had looked at? She had given up the option, but perhaps it was still vacant.

She longed, yet dreaded, to have breakfast over. She almost wavered in her determination to leave Mandel when the thought of how she would miss her work swept over her. The lovely stuff, seeing the plans for beautifying some old mansion grow under her hands. It was not going to be easy for her. She would miss Mandel with his kind thought of her; "My dear, you always deferred to her judgment; Miss Sweet, her little blond secretary,

IDA ON THE JUVENILE COURT

By IDA L. WEBSTER.

We had our attention turned to the juvenile court again yesterday, and it was some "turn" we might tell you. A woman with three small kiddies was on the elevator in the city hall. Two of the youngsters were hanging on to her skirt, while the third and smallest one was cuddled closely in her arms.

Naturally, as most children are, they were afraid of the elevator, and its in-born habit of jerking. Just as naturally we did our best to help her out with them—that is we tried to be gentle and kind (no matter how tough it might have been on our constitution), but the wee ones simply would not stop crying, so there was only one thing to do, and that was to get off and walk.

During the above stunt we learned that she was wending her weary way to the juvenile court, and that she had been doing the same thing off and on for over a week. Her boy had done some terrible thing, and the commissioner, who is so well able to be a judge of such matters, had had her running there is always speed.

Now, there is a chance that it may possibly be a fearful ordeal to cry a boy on some minor offence, but at the same time it cannot be necessary to inconvenience the parent of the child to such an extent. However, in quoting this instance we are merely pointing out a well-known fact. Remands are the chief recreation of the juvenile court.

Cases which should be disposed of with alacrity are kept hanging around for days, and at the same time the people who are employed by the commissioner are wasting time also. They are supposed to report for duty about 9 o'clock. Very well, he begins the farce of conducting a court about 10, and at 3 in the afternoon you might very often find the same folks still there. Time may not mean a thing to the juvenile court, but it means a great deal to the people who are employed by the commissioner.

It is a boy or a girl is the worst kind of a character it cannot be expected that his or her mother is to be dragged into the affair and kept there indefinitely. Then again if a commissioner is on the job he will not have any desire to waste his time or that of anyone else. Where there is efficiency there is always speed.

There was some talk of an investigation by the city council, but that has all slithered down, and it is really too bad, because right there our worthy aldermen and controllers might be able to do a lot of good for the city. If they would only take a keen interest in things which are so brazenly in need of attention surely they would be fulfilling all the duties which the municipality had expected of them. The juvenile court needs a thorough cleaning out, and right now at the start of the year is the time to see that it is done.

It seems clear that the juvenile court needs a thorough cleaning out, and right now at the start of the year is the time to see that it is done. The juvenile court needs a thorough cleaning out, and right now at the start of the year is the time to see that it is done.

work together to make this change. Certainly things cannot continue as they now are, and the parliament buildings will soon be in session. Right at this moment we cannot think of a woman other than Mrs. O'Sullivan, now superintendent of the Mercer Reformatory, who could fill the bill. However, if the woman we have just mentioned could be induced to take the position there is no question but what Toronto would then have the very best. It was not possible for us to get the lady on the phone, so that we have not been able to consult her before writing this article, but at the same time we have no hesitation in again saying that if Mrs. O'Sullivan could be prevailed upon to accept the appointment as commissioner of the juvenile court all would be well, as it is all very much the other way. In closing as the preachers say, we are calling upon Sam McBride to get busy on the case.

GOMPERS DEALS BLOW AT BERNE CONGRESS

British Trade Union Committee Agrees to Aid in Forming International Body.

Special to The Toronto World and New York Tribune by Chester Wright, Copyrighted.

London, Jan. 23.—Samuel Gompers and the American labor delegation with him, gained significantly yesterday at the conference of the parliamentary committee of the British Trade Union Congress. At the conclusion of a long session the British committee, the Charles Bowdler, its secretary, announced the passing of the following resolution:

"The following five delegates were appointed under the resolution: Lieutenant-Colonel Will Thorne, M.P., Alfred O'Connell, M.P., Charles W. Rowan, M.P., Harry Gosling, president of the Transport Workers' Federation, and R. B. Walker, president of the United Workers' Association. The first named three were appointed delegates by Henderson to the congress in Switzerland, but resigned. It is generally agreed that they resigned because they believed the congress would be ill-attended and ill-timed. By agreement, they are making no public statement on the subject, except to say individually that it was inconvenient to attend."

The Americans leave tomorrow for Paris and will there make a general confederation of labor proposition similar to the one accepted here today. It is predicted that the French will follow the British lead.

It seems clear that the action taken today by the British Trade Union Congress committee deals a severe blow to Henderson's plans. The congress he had planned lost much of whatever weight it might have had.

Only Natives of Luxemburg To Form Royal Household

Luxemburg, Jan. 23.—Grand Duchess Charlotte, the new ruler of Luxemburg, has decided that her household shall be formed entirely of natives of Luxemburg. The reform has been inaugurated by the appointment of Francois D. Huart, the former representative of Luxemburg at the Hague, as master of the household.

LAUDER AT THE HOSPITAL

Harry Lauder and Brig-General Gunn visited the soldiers' wards in the General Hospital yesterday morning and exchanged greetings with almost every man, to the great delight of the patients.

\$5 a Tag

IS NOT TOO MUCH TO GIVE TO THE SALVATION ARMY IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

5c

FOR A TAG WILL BE JUST AS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED IF YOU CANNOT SPARE MORE.

School Boys, Students

and others can add to their pocket money by healthful work—
"delivering
The Morning
World
before breakfast"—
Good Wages Paid—For Particulars Apply Circulation Dept.

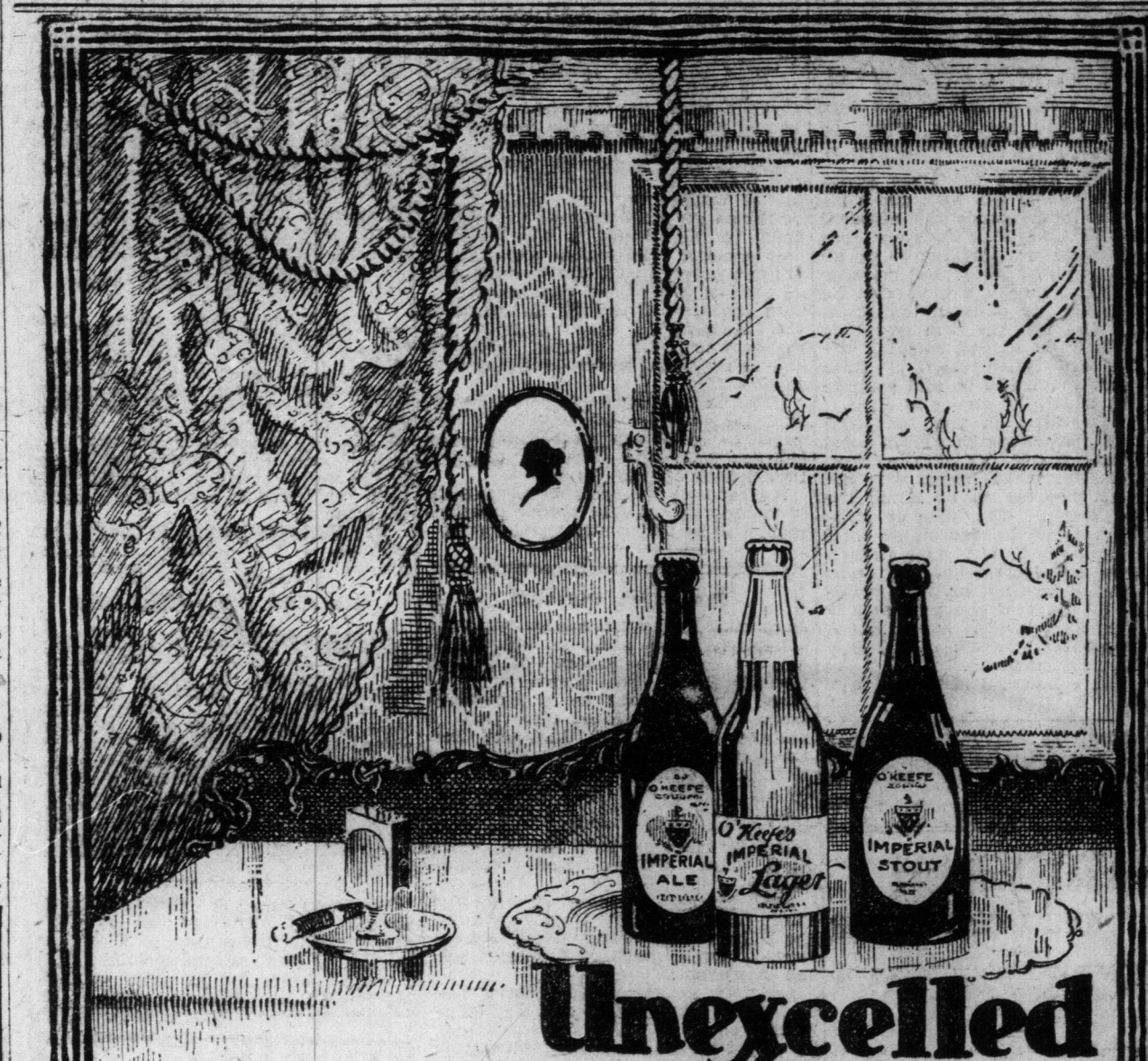
THE WORLD
40 Richmond St. West
Phone Main 5308

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

An estate, comprising property, mortgages, Victory bonds and cash, amounting to \$2300, was left by Sophia McGee, who died on Dec. 9. A considerable amount of jewelry was bequeathed to her friends.

James C. Buttiner, a soldier, was killed on Nov. 30, 1918. In a will dated Jan. 30, 1918, he named Mrs. M. L. Wadge, 860 Ossington avenue, his sole executrix and bequeathed to her \$100. The remainder of his estate, amounting to \$1250, he left to be divided among his three brothers—Lloyd Buttiner of Woodstock Park, Surrey, Eng.; William Arthur Buttiner, Dunsmuir, County Cork, Ireland; and George Henry Buttiner, Dregthorn Cairn, Scotland.

On Jan. 6 Nathaniel Wesley Pockler of 1943 St. Clarens avenue died intestate, leaving property valued at \$1900. He is survived by his widow and one son.



For taste, flavor, and good qualities O'Keefe's stand unexcelled.

The richness of O'Keefe's brews is due, first, to the quality of the malt and hops used; and, secondly, to the care and cleanliness which prevails throughout its manufacture.

The standard of perfection attained by O'Keefe's has made these delicious beverages the appetizers demanded and appreciated by all. Try them.

O'Keefe's MAKERS OF THOSE FAMOUS
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A Little

DONATION GOETH A LONG WAY WHEN GIVEN TO THE SALVATION ARMY.

So that's all the more reason for giving them a big donation for your Salvation Army Tag.

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