# The Toronto World

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 11.


## Throwing a Monkey Wrench Into the Machinery.

Every time the engine is ready to start and the big machine gets under way for consolidating and operating the state-owned railways of Canada, something seems to go wrong with the machinery. We decided to nationalize the Canadian Northern eighteen months ago, and it should have been under government operation and control last January. Members of parliament at the last session complained bitterly that the government owned the road, but did not run it. They only left Ottawa in May, when the house was prorogued in such haste that it bordered on disorder, upon the distinct understanding that the award of the arbitrators would be announced within a few days and that the government would thereupon immediately reorganize the Canadian Northern directorate.

For some reason or another that reorganization has not yet been completed, altho we are approaching the middle of September. It is a reorganization of great importance because we have the prime minister's assurance that the Intercolonial, the National Transcontinental and all other state-owned roads are to be consolidated with the Canadian Northern "into one system under one management." All true friends of public ownership desire to see the national railway system under way as soon as possible. Unfortunately other influences are making for delay. Certain persons and corporations are dropping sand on the bearings and throwing a monkey wrench when opportunity offers into the machinery.

Our good neighbor The Globe, with many protestations of its devotion to public ownership, is hanging around the machinery in rather a suspicious manner. Not long ago The Globe featured a dispatch from Ottawa denouncing the Union government as Bolsheviki. Later on it repudiated the deliverance of its Ottawa correspondent, but referred to it vaguely as "a despatch." Next it delivered panegyrics on Lord Shaughnessy and continued to eulogize this magnate until a certain amount of C. P. stock was worked off on the public by somebody at a fancy figure. When it seemed likely that the new national system was getting under way, with Mr. D. B. Hanna as chairman of the board, The Globe threw a monkey wrench into the machinery by protesting against anyone being placed in charge of the national system who had been connected in the past with any railway corporation. In the same breath it objected to anyone being appointed who was not a railway man of long experience. Yesterday it continued the good work by arraying the people of the maritime provinces against the consolidation of our state-owned roads into one system under one management. The people of the maritime provinces were told by The Globe that they would have to pay higher passenger and freight rates if the Intercolonial passed into the national system of railways and we read:

> The people of the maritime provinces have had the advantage of low railway rates at the expense of the body of Canadian taxpayers. The unification of the government-owned roads will be an opportune time to begin to apply business standards to the Intercolonial.

We would not be surprised to learn that it was the Canadian Pacific that is piping the tune to which a good many Canadian papers are dancing at present. At any rate we are sure that the friends of public ownership want the government without delay to implement the pledge of the prime minister by immediately reorganizing the Canadian Northern directorate and by bringing the Canadian Northern, the National Transcontinental, and the Intercolonial into one system under one management. We confess that we are not a little disturbed by a recent Canadian Press despatch from Ottawa, which says:

> A temporary board of directors working in conjunction with the government, it is officially announced, will administer the Canadian Northern, probably for some time. Negotiations for the purchase by the government of the Grand Trunk are being continued, and till some conclusion is reached, it is unlikely that a permanent board will be appointed.

The Ottawa correspondent of The Mail and Empire at the same time, and no doubt under the same inspiration, telegraphed:

> A final disposition of the problem of management and operation of government-owned and controlled lines will not be reached until the ministers have determined their policy with regard to the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways.

With no desire to obstruct, but with every desire to help the government, The World protests against the program above indicated. That program is to keep the National Transcontinental and the Intercolonial under the political control of a department of the government and to have the Canadian Northern continue under some makeshift management as a separate system until the Grand Trunk and the Grand Trunk Pacific are finally acquired. The Grand Trunk negotiations in London this summer furnished an excuse for permitting the summer to go by without any real progress being made toward consolidating and operating the state-owned railways of Canada as one system under one management. The renewal of those negotiations must not be used as a pretext for leaving the railway muddle still a muddle during the fall and coming winter.

Parliament, in our opinion, should be summoned to deal with this big question, as well as several other big questions that press upon the attention of the government, but if parliament is not summoned the government should proceed without delay to construct the machinery for running all the state-owned roads of Canada as a unified system of national transportation, together with national telegraphs, national express, national mail service and a real parcel post. The machinery must be started and kept moving. Neither the Canadian Pacific, The Toronto Globe nor any other opponent of the national system should be permitted to interfere. The man, newspaper, or corporation caught throwing a monkey wrench into the machinery should be regarded as a public enemy.

## Organize.

The great lesson of the war is that humanity must organize itself. The day of the individualist among men or nations is over. If we are to have progress we must have co-operation; co-operation between civilized nations to prevent more war; co-operation between government and science in research work; co-operation between capital and labor for mutual benefit; in short, co-operation in every branch of human effort.

There is no country in the world that will benefit more by the organization of its resources and the co-operation of its citizens, than Canada. Since the great struggle started we have crammed the progress of fifty years into four. The Dominion has proved itself and a great way lies open before us.

Our national sources of wealth are boundless and practically untouched. We have the essentials of industrial greatness, iron, water-power and coal. We have the essentials of agricultural greatness, immense tracts of fertile soil and a favorable climate.

These are the tools in our hands, and we must learn to use them. The first move is to end, by satisfactory compromise, the old bickering between the farmer and the manufacturer. Both are essential to the progress of the country. Their basic interest, the increase of its wealth and welfare, are the same. It is absurd to say that they cannot be brought together.

Organizations have already been formed to work towards industrial and agricultural reorganization and co-operation. We must have more of them, and their work should have the support of the government and of the people themselves.

## Make the Alien Slackers Fight.

American residents in Canada of military age and physically fit must either fight in the Canadian army or go back and fight for their own country. They do not object to this, and would receive little attention if they did. On the other hand, we are quite willing that Canadians of the same class domiciled in the United States should be compelled to fight for the allies either in the American or the Canadian expeditionary forces.

We are told that some such treatment is to be meted out to the French, Belgians and Italians domiciled in Canada. This is well enough, altho as a matter of fact we have never had but a handful of immigrants from either France or Belgium. But it does not touch deeply the big problem of alien labor and the alien slacker. What are we going to with the Greeks, the Russians, the Syrians and many other foreigners? More especially, what are we going to do with the Germans and Austrians in our midst?

Every naturalized Canadian should be made to fight unless he is disloyal, in which event he should be imprisoned. If he has been deprived of his vote it should be restored to him as soon as he goes in the trenches. Unnaturalized citizens fit for military duty should be compelled to become naturalized or take some very unpleasant consequences.

What is the situation today in Canada? The aliens domiciled in this country, including those of enemy origin, are making money, living in comfort and generally having the time of their lives. They run no risks and assume no responsibilities. Our brave Canadian boys go overseas and fight, while the families they leave behind live in straitened circumstances. The foreigners brave no danger, endure no hardships and make money. If a young man, born in this country, whose parents came from Germany, Greece or Bulgaria, arrived at the age of 21 tomorrow and had his option to become either a British subject or the subject of Germany, Bulgaria or Greece, as the case might be, he would undoubtedly declare his allegiance to the foreign flag. By so doing he would escape military service and have a chance to make a lot of money in Canada during the war.

The Hamilton Spectator, editorially discussing the "Alien Slackers," says in part:

> The treaties whereby aliens of allied countries residing in Canada would be made to serve in the armies of their own countries or else in the Canadian expeditionary force are said to be nearing a conclusion with the "French, Belgian and Italian governments." This, so far as it goes, is eminently satisfactory, but it does not go far enough. We would like to know why the French, Belgians and Italians are to be singled out for special attention; what about the Greeks, for instance, not to mention the nationals of the smaller allied states? . . . . There should be no discrimination and no exemptions. This alien problem, when tackled, should be cleaned up once for all. With rumors of the calling up of another class under the Military Service Act, it is grossly unfair that foreigners should be left behind to batten on the fat of the land. The government has shown great deliberation in its treatment of the alien grievance; now that it has at last decided to act, let there be no half measures or partial solutions.

## Violating a Treaty.

A most piratical and altogether Prussian drive is being made on the rights of the Dominion of Canada by the St. Lawrence River Power Co., backed up by the aluminum trust, with the hope of acquiring, under the cloak of the war, what they could not secure in the honest ways of peace. The water powers at the Long Sault, they declare, are necessary for the manufacture of aluminum, which is scarce and needed as a war material. They want to build an underwater weir in the south channel of the Long Sault, which under the Ashburton treaty is specifically to be kept open for the navigation of boats. The legal position of Canada is incontrovertible.

Canada is not, however, playing dog in the manger. The government merely asks the United States Government to secure the power to be produced to the public and not to a private interest, and offers to develop the whole power of the Long Sault jointly with the United States, or to agree to the building of the weir as a war measure on the strict understanding that it be taken out within twelve months of the signing of peace.

The corporation would not agree to this very fair proposal, and this may be taken as positive proof that their real object is to grab the power which belongs to the people. Under the treaty Canada has rights which no water commission can abrogate, but the officials at Washington are so engrossed in the war that the treaty rights of Canada do not seem to appeal to them.

In these circumstances the proper thing to do is to lay the case before President Wilson. He is not likely to sanction acts modeled on those of the Prussian treaty breakers.

## Error in Julian Calendar.

A correspondent calls attention to the mistake of ascribing error to the Gregorian calendar, when it was the Gregorian, or rather the Clavian calendar which corrected the error in the Julian calendar to which the reference was, of course, intended.

## Thrift on Stationary Salary?

Editor World: The enclosed from your paper ("Now is the time for thrift") is one of the many things that make for "riots." Workmen of many trades or kinds are making good money, but what about the man who doesn't draw any higher salary than he did three years ago, and with a company at that, in machinery and supply line. Not long ago, your paper with others, had prominently blazoned on its surface "Stick to your present job," be loyal, etc. How in common sense can you be, when with rents, and living so much higher, and never an increase to meet them?

I know my business, my firm know that, and yet I must go on my knees for a raise in salary. The man who knows his business, in machinery and supplies these days, seems a dead issue, and the firm I work for are making money hand over fist, and buying new properties, and the employes no raises only in few instances, stenographers, office boys, etc.

How can one put aside any money from a salary of twenty per week, after paying rent of $20 a month, and buying food for two besides?

Worker.

## A Line of Cheer Each Day of the Year

By John Kendrick Bangs.

### FREE GIFTS.

A kindly word and cheery way
Will brighten up the darkest day.
A pleasant smile in hours of pain
Will give to loss a touch of gain.
A gleam of honest sympathy
Will light the path of misery,
And of them all there isn't any
That costs the giver half a penny.

## HAD LETTERS AND MAPS.

### German Arrested at Tilbury is Held on Suspicion in Windsor.

Windsor, Ont., Sept. 10.—With a number of letters written in German and three large maps in his possession, Harry Jutting, a German, 21 years old, who declares he came to this country previous to 1914, is being held as a suspect at police headquarters here while the authorities look into his story. Jutting was picked up near Tilbury on Sunday night by a Dominion police officer and brought here. A technical charge of failing to register as an alien enemy is preferred against the German.

## IDA GOES TO THE CITY HALL

BY IDA L. WEBSTER.

Yesterday we had the pleasure of meeting and talking with Works Commissioner Harris. You know he is the man who is responsible for the building of viaducts and everything else which this big City of Toronto undertakes to erect. And which we might add they do erect, if the citizens live long enough to see the completion of the said "doings."

Without doubt Mr. Harris is one of the finest men whom we have ever met, or even heard of, and you can bet on it that he is right on the job all the time. His department is a model of efficiency and system; in fact, the only thing which we had any kick against; and which, by the way, did not concern us in the least (however, such is life) was the fact that one of the hustling young men in the outer office was wasting a lot of very valuable time in sharpening a pencil, whereas, if the city fathers had the right conception of the value of minutes they would instal those whirligig affairs which you tack to the side of the desk and sharpen pencils in about two seconds.

If every employe in the city hall stops three times a day to sharpen his pencil it means that the ratepayers are handing out salaries for about 12 hours each day for absolutely nothing, because it is a cinch that the ordinary office man, or woman, cannot worry away on a pencil and work at something else at one and the same time.

Mr. Harris is not a man who seeks publicity, yet he answers all the questions which any part of the press may ask with all the intelligence and apparent interest which you could possibly desire. For instance, right off the bat we asked him about the viaduct, and the chance of having it opened in the near future. He came back with the answer in schedule time, and, unlike a lot of other folks, he does not answer questions by asking them.

Before we tell you what the commissioner had to say we must tell you that this Bloor street viaduct, which has been hanging fire for so long, is about a mile long, and that it has been in the course of erection for three years, but they do say that that is quite the correct length of time for a viaduct to consume in the building. Apparently other places and things besides Rome cannot be built in a day. And another feature about this viaduct is that there are some days as many as 90 men working on it; also, we are told thru some parts of the press that there have been days when as many as 320 blocks have been laid; thus proving beyond all shadow of a doubt that the workmen Mr. Harris has employed are all afflicted with lumbago, else why only about three blocks per man a day?

Now for the big interview: First of all we shook hands; then we said: "Mr. Harris will you please answer a few questions, but also please do not ask us how we like the city, or baseball, or the weather, because we have already answered all that once this week." After that the ice was sort of broken and we set sail. Follow us closely, and you will be as wise as we are (which certainly will not prove any great handicap).

Question: "When will the Bloor street viaduct be opened?"

Answer: "We hope to open it on the fifteenth of October."

Question: "Is there any doubt of it being opened then?"

Answer: "I trust not; in fact, I might say that it is almost a certainty."

Question: "What do you think of Leaside?"

Answer: "Personally I consider it one of the most promising prospects around the province, and I think that by spring you will see some vast changes there; people will soon see the value of settling in Leaside, just as they saw the advantage of, shall we say, Earlscourt? You know every place must have a beginning, and Leaside looks to be the future home of much activity."

Question: "What about the car line on Mount Pleasant road? Will it be completed?"

Answer: "Not at present, because the city is not in a position to carry on the work, and also there does not appear to be a pressing need for a car track there right now."

There was a lot more, but it was not exactly anything of great value, that is, news value. But the idea is, that Mr. Harris is a man who has the courage of his convictions; also, he has the business ability or diplomacy to withhold the information which he does not want published, but at the same time he gives out enough to make the interviewer feel that he is a good fellow and one who would really like to tell you something if it were within his power. This trick alone is wonderful, when it is done right, and we must say that Mr. R. L. Harris has it down to a science. Now let us all watch the calendar for the fifteenth day of October.

## GIBERCOURT TAKEN IN FRENCH ADVANCE

Paris, Sept. 10.—South of St. Quentin French troops have captured Gibercourt and have made progress towards Hinacourt and Essigny-le-Grand, according to the official statement given out today by the French war office. The text of the statement reads:

"To the east of the Crozat Canal French troops have captured Gibercourt and have made progress in the direction of Hinacourt and Essigny-le-Grand.

"South of the Ailette River we repulsed two enemy counter-attacks in the region of Nanteuil-la-Fosse.

"Enemy raids in the Argonne and in the Vosges were checked and the raiders driven back."

## THREE MEN KILLED IN VERMONT WRECK

Brattleboro, Vermont, Sept. 10.—Three men were killed and 22 persons were injured when an extra freight train ran into the rear of a passenger train on the Boston and Maine at Dummerston today. The dead are: Frederick S. Platt, clerk of the federal court at Rutland; W. J. Conant, Bellows Falls; Richard King, Boston.

## FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW—By Mitchell

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VICTORY'S ALLY

## THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

### Ruth is Sent Away Again—Brian Goes Out With Mollie King.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The day after Ruth's talk with Brian, and after she had told La Monte of her intention to move, Mr. Mandel called her into his private office.

"The Cary house is nearly finished. Nothing, now, but that the others can do," he said to her. "I want you to take the noon train for Philadelphia. There is a home in the suburbs I have been asked to look at, and then submit plans. It is impossible for me to go with you, but La Monte will give you all the necessary information."

"Shall I be there long?" Ruth asked. It had come again. She would have another disagreeable scene with Brian.

"Oh, two or three days. Stay at The Bellevue. Go home now and pack up what you want to take with you; then return here. La Monte will have your instructions ready when you come back."

Ruth nodded. She realized that the call on her was as a business woman, and so she obeyed it without qualm or hesitation. Yet she dreaded the going, because of Brian.

She called him on the telephone as soon as she reached the flat and told him what she had to do. This time there was no gasp, no asking her to repeat her message. He listened quietly, then said:

"If you will let me know when you are coming back, I will meet you."

"Indeed I will! That will be lovely. Mr. Mandel said it might take me three or four days. I am to stay at the Bellevue-Stratford. It will take me longer because I am going to go alone and so will have it all to do myself."

Ruth had added that last sentence thinking to comfort Brian, and to dissipate any jealousy he might feel if he imagined Mr. Mandel had accompanied her. She knew that it disturbed Brian not to have her at home; also that it troubled him not to know where she was and what she was doing every minute of the time. Philadelphia was a big place, and during the day she would not even be there, but out in the suburbs attending to her work.

Ruth had lately met some friends of Brian's, one or two married couples (the women had been shocked that she worked, and had shown it very plainly), and two or three young women and their escorts. Brian, before he married, had been something of a Bohemian, and from what he said—and what she had gathered from the conversation of others—had been quite friendly with Mollie King, an artist living in the Latin quarter of New York—Greenwich Village.

Ruth, speeding to Philadelphia, her mind fixed on the work she had to do, the plans laid out on a table the porter had brought her, little dreamed that Brian, lonely, disgusted at the idea of eating his dinner alone, had called Mollie King on the telephone and proposed they dine somewhere together.

"Where's that clever wife of yours?" Mollie had asked when she received the unexpected invitation.

"She is over in Philadelphia. I shan't eat alone, Mollie, so if you don't come I shall ask someone else."

"Oh, I'll come, all right. Where shall we go?"

"Meet me at the Brevort for old time's sake."

"No one wants you to eat alone. You couldn't lose little Mollie tonight, if you tried," she told him, all the time wondering if there was any trouble between good old Brian and his stylish, clever wife. She hoped not; she liked them both.

She found Brian waiting for her. He had engaged a table, one in the same old corner where they used to sit before Brian married Ruth. With much laughter and many reminiscences, they ordered the dishes they used to order. Strangely, the waiter who served them remembered them, and covertly watched them, wondering if they were married.

They had a delightful evening. Brian had taken Mollie home to the little studio high up against the roof of one of the old houses in the quarter, and had gone in, in the same old fashion, and smoked his cigar, while she puffed away at a cigaret to keep him company.

When the clock in the church tower, not far away, struck twelve, they both started.

"Scandalous!" Mollie laughed. "Out you go, this minute."

"I should say it was scandalous. Really, Mollie, I had no intention of boring you so long. I had hoped you would go with me again, some night. Now I know you won't.

"Ask me if you dare!" she flung back, her bright face mocking him.

"Will you dine with me tomorrow night at the same time and in the same place, Miss King?" Brian asked with mock humility, his eyes dancing.

"Certainly, Mr. Hackett! I accept your invitation with much pleasure." And Mollie swept him an elaborate curtsey.

"Mollie's some nice girl, all right! It was a heap sight better than staying home alone. I must tell Crawford not to get dinner home, tomorrow night. No use wasting good grub." Brian soliloquized as he prepared for bed.

Tomorrow—Brian Takes Mollie King to Dinner a Second Time.

## From Canadian Papers

### Make the Land Attractive.

Ottawa Journal: One of the most difficult problems confronting statesmen in this country and all over the world today is how to get people to stay on the land. It is conceded by all that the best chance for success in this direction is to make the land attractive; in other words, to make the life and attractions of the city accessible to the man on the farm. This can only be done, or, at least, can be most successfully done, by a chain of highways linking and bringing country and town communities nearer to each other.

### Not All Made in Heaven.

London Free Press: The marriage service asks only that "what God has joined together" no man shall put asunder. The serviceableness of the divorce court is to find out how much God had to do with the contract.

### Why by Instalment?

Edmonton Bulletin: The fashion dictators demand that skirts be shortened another three inches. Why not abolish them at "one fell swoop" and be done with it? If "ukimately, why not now?"

### The Allies Are Human Beings.

Hamilton Spectator: Germans along the Rhine have just cause to fear an invasion of their fatherland; but they need have no dread of atrocities committed on women and children, like that which forever disgraced the Hunnish sack of Belgium and northern France. The allies are human beings.

### Life Saving in the War.

Guelph Herald: Of wounded sent to hospitals fewer than one in twenty die. Of wounded and sick sent to hospitals only about forty-five in a thousand die. Of all soldiers wounded in action over 80 per cent. return to service, many of them in less than two months. Only 14.5 per cent. are discharged for permanent disability.

## From the Papers of the United States

### Proved Its Worth.

New York World: It (Mr. McAdoo's report on government control of railways) is in many respects a remarkable record which is presented for a tremendous and unprecedented undertaking in government control. But the time is far from ripe to pass any general judgments in the matter beyond this: That a unified operation of the roads has already proved its worth, as the roads have long contended would be the case, and a reversion to the old conditions has been put out of the question.

### The Beauty of a Brewery.

New York Sun: There never was anything beautiful about a brewery except its horses, and these to a large extent have been supplanted by motor trucks.

### A Glorious Trinity.

New York Times: France, Great Britain, America, glorious trinity of civilization! Germany, with her evil ambitions, her lust for dominion over the souls and bodies of men, must go down before it on the fields of France. But the consummation is not for this year of bloodshed, of alternate despair and hope. It cannot be wrought without more shedding of blood, and the bulletins from the front may sometimes bring disappointment again. It is likely to be a longer road to victory than the American people have expected, seeing the tall ships freighted with the finest manhood in the world sail from their shores on the crusade to save civilization. Faith, hope, but always patience!

### As Roosevelt Sees It.

New York Herald: In his Lafayette Day speech Colonel Roosevelt declared that internationalism—at present a fetish of the flighty mind and craven heart—is a vicious and demoralizing notion. "The man who loves other countries as well as his own stands on a level with the man who loves other women as much as his own wife. One is as worthless a creature as the other." Evidently the league of nations wishes to assemble all the peoples of the earth in one grand world-wide Oneida community of free lovers!

## ALLIES RUSH SUPPLIES TO CZECHO-SLOVAKS

Washington, Sept. 10.—Telegraphic communication has been re-established between Irkutsk, Ekaterinburg and Samara, according to information reaching the state department today from Siberia. This was accepted as setting at rest the reports which had reached Washington yesterday of threatened recapture of Samara by the Bolsheviki aided by German artillery and indicated that there is no material change on the newly-established eastern front, which is being maintained by the Czecho-Slovak forces.

Assistant Secretary Long of the state department, said today that the Czecho-Slovaks from Vladivostok to the Volga River practically had been liberated, and that aid and supplies were being rushed to them by the allied governments as expeditiously as possible.

## SEPTEMBER IN ALGONQUIN PARK.


September is one of the most delightful months of the year. A beneficial holiday can be enjoyed at "The Highland Inn," 2,000 feet above the sea, situated in the midst of a charming wilderness in Algonquin Park, 203 miles north of Toronto, and 169 miles west of Ottawa.

Write Miss Jean Lindsay, manager, Algonquin Park, Ontario, or to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or C. E. Horning, D.P.A., Toronto, for handsome illustrated booklet, telling you all about it.