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MONDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1920

A Suburban Railway Belt-Line Service About Toronto.

What do the mayor and board of control intend to do in the way of getting a suburban belt line service about the city over the tracks of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific? Let them begin with President Hanna and President Beatty.

Where are the newspapers on this public need? The World gave a plan map on Saturday.

And will any move be made, even with a threatened street car strike in sight?

Lack of Municipal Street Cars.

The board of control had their attention drawn to a need for more street cars on the municipal lines. They adjourned the issue. The works commissioner asked for some one-man cars as the quickest way out of the situation. Why not try a battery of street cars? It will not take a week to try out half a dozen if they order quickly. Talk and delay, mark every proposal to better Toronto's local transportation.

Price Control.

One of the pressing needs of this country, and maybe for a year or more ahead, is a real court of price control.

The act creating the bureau of commerce must be strengthened, a new chairman appointed. The present act has not been a success. Its chairman was a misfit: he had no confidence in the legislation creating it and defining its powers.

Sugar and paper are two glaring instances of state control where there should be state control.

Getting Ready for Spa.

We depend too largely for information of what is happening to our own affairs in Europe on correspondents whose country refuses its share of responsibility for what is happening. Writers for a public that is ill-disposed to what is being done by allied statesmen cannot interpret with full sympathy events as they ought to be interpreted to those who are well disposed to what is being done. Canadians are in the league of nations, having accepted the peace of Versailles. We do not see San Remo, and the Lloyd George-Millerand conference at Hythe, and we do not anticipate what will happen at Spa next month in quite the same way as our neighbors regard it.

The premiers of Britain and France conferred at Hythe on Saturday in view of a conference between the allies and Germany that was called for May 21 at Spa. Premier Nitti having resigned, Italy was unrepresented. The meeting with the Germans has been postponed till June 21.

The admission of the Germans to conference about peace treaty observances involves some recognitions of events for which the allied countries must be prepared. Two dominating factors in the relation of Germany to the rest of Europe have not been clarified by cables that make more of passing phases than of underlying facts. They are the significance of the Kapp revolution of last March, and the economic straits of the big infant of a republic, which hasn't yet found its feet, and which must be helped by the allies as one means of helping themselves.

We have not yet become seized of the abjectness of the Kapp failure to restore militarism in Germany. Mr. Lloyd George's speech to the house of commons on his return from San Remo, told how ghastly a failure it was, and how sick the German people showed themselves to be of the old-style militarism. The civil war which Kapp precipitated was, in truth, a popular repudiation of militaristic revival and should be recognized as such by all members of the league of nations. The sending of French troops to Frankfurt was not as necessary as an overbearing measure as it seemed. That they are to be withdrawn this week is confirmation of this view. But this sort of action must be carried through so that it will not unduly embarrass Germany into thinking that the allies can be deflected from enforcing all the essentials of the Versailles treaty.

The German economic position is very bad. The mark is at a frightful discount. There is scarcity of food. Commerce is largely paralyzed—the proposals to set up great measures of international bari, noticed here on Saturday are evidence of this. Europe cannot be restored without co-operation between all peoples and governments. They are members of one another. What confronts them is not a question of condign punishment of this or that belligerent, but of saving humanity by promoting commerce that depends on the exchange of confidence.

To develop this takes time. There must be a maximum of preparation of public opinion for the Spa conference. It is to lead to speedy economic reconstruction of central Europe without which there is no hope for the remainder of the continent.

Hoover's Good Sense.

The sensible thing in the presidential scramble comes from Mr. Hoover, who, not having been a politician, can see some political values without the squint that afflicts his rivals. Oregon Democrats have been advised by President Wilson to vote only for candidates who will fight for the Wilson treaty, the whole Wilson treaty, and nothing but the Wilson treaty. Everywhere Senator Hiram Johnson is going strong in the primaries, and receiving many Democratic votes. He is against the Wilson treaty, look, stock and barrel, and will not look at American membership in the league of nations at any price.

Mr. Hoover intervenes with a letter which, in effect, calls both Wilson and Johnson fools, and shows he is alive both to the necessity for the United States not to subordinate its own constitution to the league of nations, and to the folly of staying away from responsibility for maintaining the victory for world democracy which it helped to win. It wouldn't be politic to say so in the States, but Mr. Hoover's view of his country's relation to the peace and the league is consonant with that which Viscount Grey expressed after several months' sojourn in Washington.

There are countries more distressed than the United States as the result of their share in the great war. But there is none in so pitiful a case. She is not at peace with her late foes, and she is not in co-operation with her late allies in the high international policy which she originated.

In Asia Minor is a Christian state, the people of which have been oppressed for centuries by the Turk, and have been aided by a multitude of American missionaries, and streams of American money. In conformity with the policy of mandatorial control of ill-placed communities which the United States laid down, the allies have asked the United States to furnish administrators for Armenia, because no other power can do it. The United States is dead, preferring an unseemly squabble to an important duty. President Wilson, with the perversity of a pedant, demands the observance of every letter of the engagements he entered into, while ignoring the partnership of the senate in treaty-making. Hiram Johnson, with the virulence of a blind and sectional politician, damns the moral claim of mankind on the nation which vaunted itself the chief mentor of mankind. By his friends the utmost ill-will towards Britain is engendered.

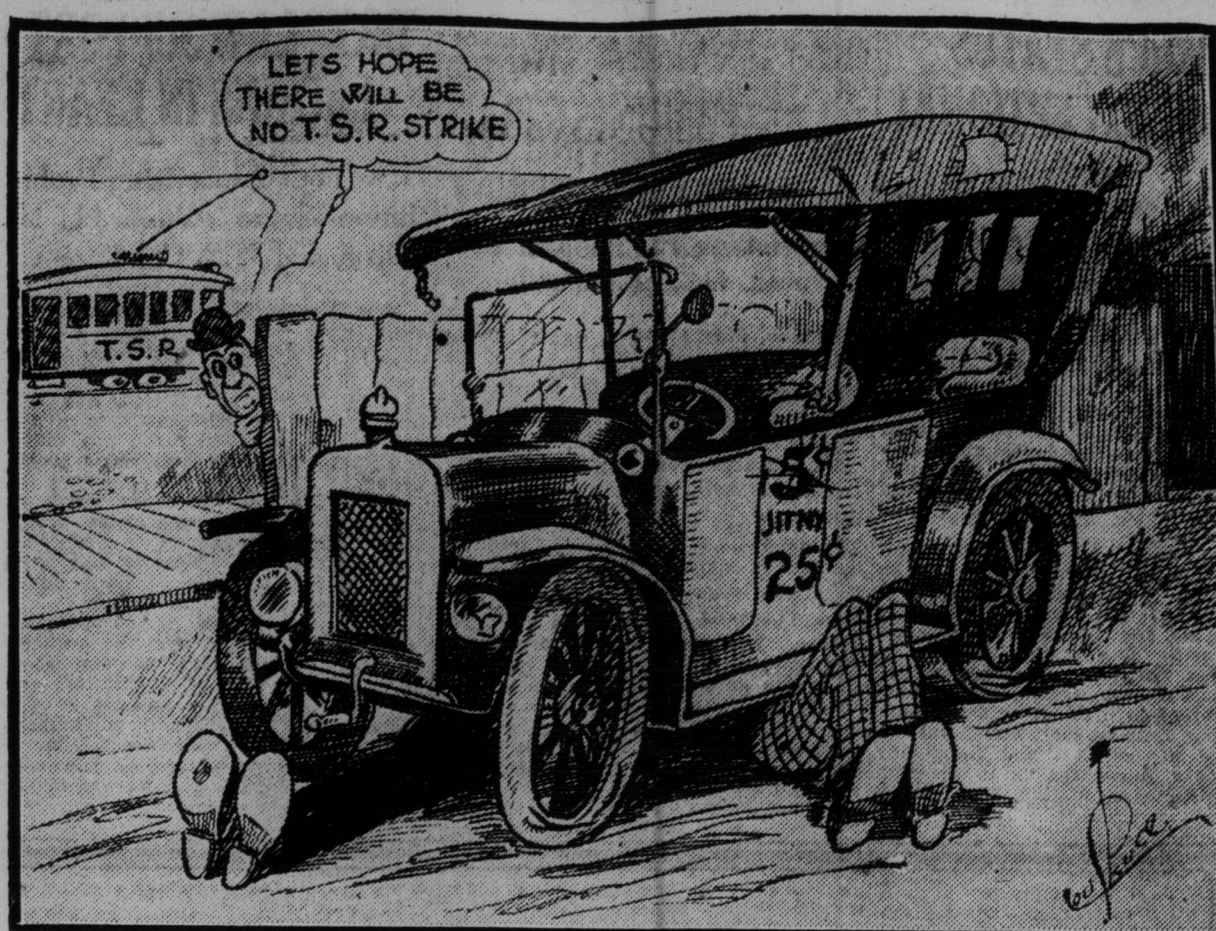
Mr. Hoover, the only contestant for the presidential candidature who has lived abroad, and has not been saturated with the virus of party politics, calls attention with dignity, restraint and understanding to what is at stake in international reputation and future self-respect. So far, the signs are not numerous that international size will win in the United States. Our excellent neighbors seem to be farther sunk in the old mire of the old notions of "politics" than we are. Until next November, at least, there appears to be little hope for anything better from either of the traditional parties than a continued emulation of the animal that returned to her wallowing.

The Coalition at Meat.

Tonight the labor party dined the Drury government. It is said there is a little bawling at paying a dollar and a half for a meal which will only introduce a feast of reason. But the banquet will surely be a success; and if it does not show that the two lobes of Ontario's first coalition have but a single thought, and are even as two hearts that beat as one, it will prove that town and country are dwelling together in legislative and administrative unity.

Some people really believe that the tollers' alliance is like some other marriages of convenience—more irksome the longer it endures. But perhaps the wish for disruption is father to the thought. It is expressed by persons who were sure Mr. Doherty would not find a seat, who knew for certain that Mr. Raney could never be elected, and were absolutely confident that three weeks in the legislature would bust up the works. Against all contrary predictions the coalition has got along quite as well as could be expected. Political life is no flowery bed of ease, for even a singly-victorious party that has been established for many years, coalitions are always exposed to double dangers of disintegration, once the occasion for their existence becomes merged in the daily round of reconciling varying tendencies.

It would be easy to speculate on the phenomena that will engage tonight's banqueters—the rush of pleasure with which Chairman Simpson will propose the health of King George, and the warmth with which Mr. Morrison will avow his love for the eight-hour day, and his regard for the readiness with which Hart House can sacrifice its ease to the counselling of Premier Drury. But it is better to congratulate the farmers and labor men on having got along so well for over six months, and to be assured that they will cheer each other on in the good work of making.



Jitney Driver: "I think we'll have to boost the price of jitneys this year."

That "Panic-Stricken" Navy

Its Record of Calm and Efficient Service to the Allies Through Four Years and on Many Seas.

(From the New York Tribune, May 15.)

"To the Editor of The Tribune: "Sir—No act of humanity, whether to defend or foe, should lead to neglect of the proper precautions and disposition of war, and no measures can be taken to save life which prejudice the military situation."

This is not an extract from any "confidential cable" despatched by an erudite statesman on this side of the Atlantic to a subordinate naval officer three thousand miles distant.

But these few simple words constitute the major clause in the formal orders published September 24, 1914, by the British admiralty following the loss of the cruisers Aboukir, Hogue and Cressey, which were sunk by a German submarine attack in the North Sea, and in which nearly 1400 men and three-score officers were lost.

The present is not an opportune time to indulge in inimitable comparisons of the achievements of the Grand Fleet of Great Britain with the United States navy during the world war, for every red-blooded American and every true-hearted Britisher will support the conclusion that no individual nation can be attributed the entire credit for subduing the Hun.

Silent Watchers. However, the allies to include in reminiscences of what we know has taken place, particularly when the president of the United States sits in silence while his secret cables are being published broadcast to the world, messages that can create only doubt as to the achievements of the silent watchers who kept from America's shores "the flame of a burning world."

In his lamentable message the president declared the British "were helpless to the point of panic." This he had the temerity to say less than ninety days after the United States had abandoned its policy of "strict neutrality" and had assumed the task of self-preservation. This he said after three years' bitter fighting by the men of Great Britain and her allies—for until this she had no "allies."

But what had really been done by this "panic-stricken" admiralty? In less than a fortnight after Britain entered the war six and a half million tons of shipping in all seas of the world were almost instantly immobilized by the curtailment of the mercantile marine activities of the central powers.

From August, 1914, before the end of August Kitchener's "contemptible" army was rushed across the channel, and all the legions of its followers were likewise transported. The grand fleet and its thousands of auxiliaries were keeping

ing the best of a difficult, but a steadily improving situation.

Brother and Christian, Too.

Many churches in Toronto yesterday heard preachers who advanced the cause of brotherhood, as represented by Sunday men's meetings in churches of many denominations in many lands. Three English leaders of the movement were in the city—one an army chaplain and two laymen. The chaplain preached in a Methodist and an Anglican church, and one of the laymen preached in an Anglican pulpit. It would have been easier for the churches to have promoted the gospel of brotherhood long ago if they had shown as much fraternity amongst themselves as was displayed yesterday in Anglican pulpits. The Christian ministry has taught that the Father will bring all his children together in heaven; but the churches have been too shy about exhibiting on earth the friendliness which has predated for Heaven. They have done amongst themselves what they have said the Heavenly Father will not do where His will is unquestioned. Fair-minded men, who have learned something from their own family life, have never been able to understand why the Lord of Life and Glory should establish exclusiveness on earth in order to abolish it in Heaven. It is more excellent to believe that Christian brotherhood can be brotherly as well as Christian, and that men who can enjoy the same God in glory can worship side by side in their own town, without agreeing about details that Almighty love ignores on the other side of the veil.

guard through the world. During that same month two divisions of cavalry sailed from India for Egypt en route to France. During September and October yet another brigade was sent from India to East Africa in time to avert an invasion of the British colony there that might have had worse results. In October and November twenty batteries of horse, field and heavy artillery and thirty-two battalions of regular infantry were relieved by the transport of an equivalent force of territorials, and a force of infantry was despatched to assist Japan in the successful occupation of Manchou Bay. Every German colony was isolated from its centre and prepared for capture, while of the two million men of enemy origin who might have otherwise returned home to join the armies, scarcely a handful was able to do so. Not a single dominion, colony, or dependency of Great Britain or her allies was invaded or seriously molested by enemy force. And while this was achieved she so kept the German high seas fleet in the North Sea that not a single squadron was able to break thru.

Around the World. Britain fought against odds in the Pacific, she was victorious in the battle of the Falkland Islands, she chased and overtook the Dogger Bank and battered the Turkish fleet in the Aegean and the Dardanelles. British lieutenants confined the enemy to the recesses of the Baltic and the Sea of Marmora. British yachtsmen patrolled home coasts in search of German submarines, fishermen in steam trawlers swept the farways for enemy mines, and the armies of freedom pursued and destroyed, gathered up troops from the ends of the earth. A host of craft of every description brought sheep from Australia, horses from Uruguay, grain from the Argentine and America, colliers battled thru the bay with coal for France and Italy, and munitions ships laden to utmost capacity crossed the channel daily to French ports.

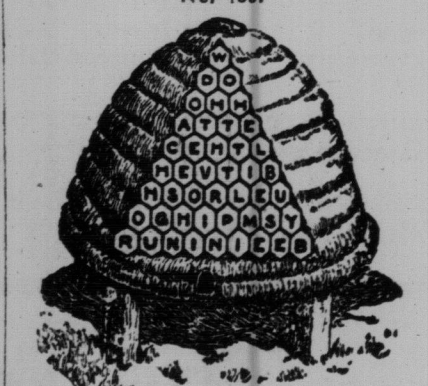
And the "panic-stricken" British admiralty was the guaranty of this stupendous traffic against the bedrock on which it all rested. And amid it all the grand fleet stood silent sentinel over the German navy. What need be said of the battles of Jutland and the sea on its accustomed ways, while, behind its shield and beneath its presence, the armies of freedom moved into France and the strength of France continued to crumble? Or the Dover patrol, in even more strenuous contact with the enemy? Or the sealing of Zebrugg and Ostend?

Cemented Cordiality. "Panic-stricken"? Whatever else the admiralty and its fleet could be it was—even on the 4th of July, 1917, when a single regiment—the first of American soldiers—marched thru the streets of Paris.

As has been indicated, this is a time at which cordiality of Britons and Americans should be cemented rather than dissolved. And what greater factor could be employed to this end than the understanding that prevailed in these days on the North Sea in 1917 and 1918 when American

WORLD'S DAILY BRAIN TEST

BY SAM LOYD
10 Minutes to Answer This.
No. 189.



In this form of spelling bee it is required to discover in the pyralis, which is spelled out in a continuous line from cell to cell. Of course, the first step is to find the initial letter. Can you figure out the route which spells the hidden sentence?

Answer to No. 188.
Managed, Mandril, Mango, Mangrove, Manhook, Manicure, Man-of-War, Mandate.
(Copyright, 1919, by Sam Loyd.)

destroyers escorted troopships thru the danger zone and turned them over to the British destroyers at the mouth of the Irish Sea? Sixty-two per cent. of the 2,000,000 men were thus escorted, while America's smaller craft went their way to Brest, South America and the Mediterranean.

The war has been won! Great Britain did all that could be done on the sea, and she did it calmly, silently, unobtrusively and well. In the few months during which America shouldered her responsibility she gave such assistance as an unprepared, inadequately manned and broadly scattered navy could render. The sooner the hurrah of investigating committees in Washington subsides the sooner will every one recognize the fact that the war is over and the time has come for constructive rather than destructive research. In the words of President Wilson addressed to the nation thru the Railway Business Association on January 27, 1918: "Let no man dare to be a marplot. Let no man bring partizan passion into these great things. Let men honestly debate the facts, and courageously act upon them."

H. S. Middlemiss.
New York, May 14, 1920.

Dumping American Boots in Canada, and Prices Generally.

The public will look with interest on the developments that follow Sir John Willson's charge that American boots are being dumped into Canada at prices lower than in any other country.

The public will ask if they've got any benefit, or if the dealers took it all. Also if the Americans find their boot-tories in many lines in need of wider markets, and that they have set out to get them? Also what does this mean to Canadian manufacturers and workmen?

In the H.C.L. about to come down in goods? It can't drop in foods that come from the farm. Grain and meats look to go higher. The production of food threatens to weaken, not increase. Material is so everyday clothing. So many commodities, but what about wages? And fuel and rents?

She was home—and sorry to be home! Every new street displeased her. Dexter street brought no thrill of pleasure when the car turned into it. February is a dreary month. Alice thought. Yet the sight of fresh curtains in her own windows made her eyes light

THE GIRL WHO SMILED THRU

By MARION RUBINCAM

MORE BEGINNINGS.

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, their poverty, her necessity for working so hard. It attracts to her first David Thorpe, with whom she falls in love. They are engaged and Alice is wonderfully happy, when 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, Berenice, deserted by a wandering family. Thru this she comes to know Lawrence 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.

Rather than risk a confession she leaves suddenly and goes home. CHAPTER 85.

Farmington and home! Alice climbed down from the train and looked about her. Everything was exactly the same. Even the floor of the station was as rough and uneven, as full of knot holes and uncomfortable to walk on, as it had ever been. Some of the old black crayon drawings, done so long ago by youngsters, were still on the brick walls; they had not been scrubbed off even.

After all, it was only half a year since she had left for the city. Certainly that was not long. But there was a new station man, she did not know this one. She saw him at the baggage car, pulling off the old gray-green trunk she recognized as her own.

It is never lonely going on a trip, even when one goes alone, for there is always the excitement of getting off and the prospect of new places, new people and new experiences. But coming home is different—one should always be met at the homeward end of the journey. It is a coming back to familiar things and to a routine—perhaps a very dear routine, but one that is at least devoid of excitement. Alice felt desperately lonely. If she had had the money, she would have gone no further, but would have turned back and taken the next train to town and to the college.

Fortunately, her sense of humor saved her. She even smiled at the weak feminine mood that was on her that day, so unlike herself, she thought. So she picked up her handbag and walked down the platform to claim her trunk.

"Where's Jim?" she asked the new man.

"Jim? Oh, the fellow that used to be here? He's got a job down the line at Newton. Got married and moved there."

"Oh," Alice replied, uninterested at once. Why had she asked such a silly question? She went over to the jitney stand.

"There's my trunk on the platform," she told one driver. "Take me to Dexter street, No. 1022."

"Yes'm," said the man, with a respectful glance at her clothes. Alice realized suddenly how well she looked in her smart fur coat and cap, and her new shoes and gloves.

She was home—and sorry to be home! Every new street displeased her. Dexter street brought no thrill of pleasure when the car turned into it. February is a dreary month. Alice thought.

Yet the sight of fresh curtains in her own windows made her eyes light

up, and when she ran to the front door, she was almost glad. Clara opened the door, and stopped, staring wide-eyed at the newcomer.

"Why, Alice! Good Lord, it's Alice!" she cried, and held out her arms.

"Alice! What do you mean?" It was her mother's voice from the kitchen. Alice turned from one embrace to fall into another, and for a few minutes the three women clung to each other, and made the queer, incomprehensible sounds women do when under a sudden emotional stress. Alice was frankly crying now, so was her mother. Clara alone kept her head and told the driver where to take Alice's trunk.

"Awake, awake!" a small voice called. Alice turned, and gathered Berenice into her arms. Then she held her off to look at her, and after a bright, certain amount of calm reflection, she turned to the room.

"We didn't expect you. Why didn't you write?" her mother asked.

"You surprise me," was all Clara could think of.

"Berenice, I would not have known you," Alice turned again to the baby, eyes showing her astonishment. For Berenice had grown taller, and was filling out beautifully. She was losing some of the plumpness of babyhood, gained with the good food the Fairbanks had given her, and was becoming a slender, graceful little girl. Her dark eyes were round and bright, her dark hair had a soft curl to it.

"I cut it short all over her head, but long enough to show its waviness," Clara explained. "It makes such a fluffy mop over her head I didn't even want it to be bobbed."

And she was dressed in a yellow crepe smock, with touches of blue, and blue socks. She looked like the little French girls seen in fashion photographs.

But with the indifference of youth, Berenice returned soon to her toys, and Alice turned to her mother.

"How well you look," she said, and in her tone was gratitude and glad satisfaction. For the little old lady did indeed look well. She too was getting plump, and it was becoming to her. And her soft white hair had been gracefully arranged by Clara.

"And you!" Alice turned to give her a chum an affectionate hug. "Have you revised your family?"

"No, I've used them as models for my beautifying ideas," Clara laughed. "My land, I forgot dinner. You must be starved!" Mrs. Fairbanks jumped up.

"Let me help," Alice begged. "I feel like beginning all over, again—I'd like to get it started!"

Tomorrow—Some Findings.

The Overbearing Weather.

From the first of last December up to today, the middle of April, one continuous run of overbearing weather; no rain, but a cold December; a continuous winter of snow, cold, and bad roads in the country; a spring delayed and lacking in one genial day, and every night of May bordering on frost; the farmers with their seed in but most of the fields white and dusty, only patches of green where fall wheat escaped winter killing; only now are the pasture fields and hayfields beginning to show green; very few cattle, sheep and horses turned out; dairy cattle still needing high-priced grain food in order to keep up their milk; garden and orchards lingering in a lapsed spring.

What every one looks in vain for is rain, the usual warm rains of April and May. Each day a disappointment in this respect.

Saturday was a little warmer, but still cold winds in many directions. No promise of rain yet in the probabilities.

The farmer hasn't lost hope, but he still looks vainly for the showers and the sunshine.



Oh Yes! and a Bottle of O'KEEFE'S, Please!!

WHETHER you order Ham and Eggs or Steak, or Fish, be sure to include in your order a bottle of O'Keefe's Beer. Winter or Summer, it makes no difference—O'Keefe's Beverages supply that extra touch that adds zest to your meals. Get into the habit, and always ask for O'Keefe's.

O'Keefe's
IMPERIAL ALE, STOUT and LAGER

Combine to the full extent all the goodness of malt and hops.

Brewed with the greatest of care, the tonic and food value of these beverages are consistently maintained. O'Keefe's thirst quenchers are pure, wholesome and delicious. Beverages that appeal to both young and old.

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Phone Main 4202

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MONDAY MORNING MAY 17 1920

JOHN CATT

Elegant

SI

We have made for a grand day. Should your building, gown, and show you all the season's preparation for we make a very some evening and cream in mouse and out.

Foulard

We show a very some designs. Summer dress shade in light represented.

Taffetas

Tussora

Mail Orders

JOHN CATT

Ladies' and Gentlemen

Work excellent

THE V

Meteorological

Time

Lower Lake

Light winds

North Shore

Lake Superior

Western provin

mostly fair and w

showers.

THE B

Time

8 a.m.

Noon

2 p.m.

4 p.m.

6 p.m.

Mean of day

54.0; highest

Saturday morn

Saturday morn

STEAMER

Steamer

Corona

Admiral

Sicilian

Can. Trooper

Granville

STREET

Bathurst

and Spadina

laved five m

MILLER

Largest Wh

Florida