

The Toronto World

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THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 2.

Democracy Must Be Industrious.

General Ludendorff is looking for the general and final ruin of all Europe. It is not unnatural that he should feel pessimistic after his experiences in 1918.

The best brains of the world are engaged on the problem of relieving the distress of those suffering from the war. Food, clothing and fuel are what is required.

It should never be forgotten that money is not wealth, but only represents wealth. High prices mean cheap money, and that means scarcity of real wealth.

The salvation of Europe depends on the co-operation of the rest of the world, coupled with her own industry. The gospel of idleness and of living on your neighbor's wealth, must eventually bring ruin.

Another Soldiers' Benefit. It is proposed to give \$1,500 to the disabled soldiers, and the soldiers who are not disabled but who find it difficult to get assimilated after three or four years' absence from home in France.

Whether the government hoped to please the returned men by this latest proposal is not known, but expectations that do not take into account the views of the majority of the men themselves are not likely to be realized.

Leap Year on Thunder Bay. Marriage between Fort William and Port Arthur has been suggested and publicized taken. Fort Arthur is willing. Fort William is not.

Horrible Example! From "Life." Premier Drury of the province of Ontario, Canada, is reported voluntarily to have reduced his own salary from twelve thousand to nine thousand dollars a year.

Toll Roads to Go. Hon. F. C. Biggs, minister of public works, proposes to abolish all toll roads in Ontario. The roads will be taken over either by the province or the counties.

INSIDE WORK AND OUT



"I HAD NO IDEA THERE WAS SUCH A DIFFERENCE."

HERE AND THERE

BY IDA L. WEBSTER.

The song now being sung by the Toronto police force and detective department is "We are forever chasing bandits," accompanied by Henryford.

The question still taking up the attention of the press gallery of the city hall is: Who will be the mayor's next secretary? But then, it is nice that there is really something worth while to bother about, after listening for practically 365 days to the idle chatter of the members of the council.

On Tuesday, when ex-Controller McBride made mention of the new lady alderman, many of the citizens present took another look at a female reporter who was in the gathering. Cruel tho it may be, we must inform the worthy taxpayers that they were mistaken, as Mrs. Hamilton was not in the chamber at the time.

And right now it might be appropriate to mention that this same Mrs. Hamilton is going to throw a few jolts into the city council which will make a few of the birds sit up and take notice. For that little thing alone, we would like to pass her a vote of thanks.

Thomas Langton Church is about the only official in the city hall who lifts his hat when he enters an elevator in the care of "Langton", and trust that he will be a living example to many others. Not alone in the city hall, but out of it as well.

The opening of the Senior O.B.A., which will happen on Saturday night, will not be introduced on Main ground at Broadview, should be an attraction, and particularly so since it is the first after five years of war. These fellows will need encouragement, and right now is the time to see that they get it.

There is a very decided movement on foot to bring a motion before the council at its first regular meeting to change the date of election to some time preceding the first day of the year, and also to hold it on a day when people will be at their various businesses. It is thought that such action would greatly convenience the voters, and it would also result in a much larger vote being polled.

And in the meantime it is to be hoped that the members of council will not forget that the press gallery dinner is drawing nigh, when they, for the small sum of five bucks, will be allowed to mingle with the mighty. It should be a wonderful day, or rather night, in their careers, and once one which calls for prompt payment. Thank you, good morning.

SIR EDMUND BARTON DEAD.

London, Jan. 7.—Sir Edmund Barton, former premier of Australia, died at Sydney, New South Wales, on Sunday, according to advices received here today.

MANITOBA GRANGERS NOW FARMER BODY

In Three Hours Become "United Farmers" of Province.

Brandon, Man., Jan. 7.—(Canadian Press).—Having commenced at 2 o'clock as the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association the same organization adjourned three hours later as the United Farmers of Manitoba. The change was made almost unanimously and with the purpose that there should not be any misunderstanding as to our relation to the general farm movement throughout Canada, in the words of W. R. Wood, secretary.

Political Action Today. Suggestions and predictions of increased political power for the farmers of Canada were popular, and it was promised that a resolution on "political action" would be introduced on Thursday, addressed by R. W. Bursaby, president of the United Farmers of Ontario, and A. G. Hawkes, vice-president of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers, in which they were portrayed the strength and the movement throughout Canada were cheered very warmly.

U.V.I. FOR GALT. Galt, Ont. Jan. 7.—(Special).—The Galt branch of the United Veterans League has opened rooms on Main street. Although only recently organized the gratuity is being largely signed. Provisional officers chosen are: President, E. Essig; vice-president, A. Selver; secretary, J. S. Rogers, and treasurer, R. H. Davidson.

REQUEST FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AID

Ottawa, Jan. 7.—Representatives of seventeen shipbuilding companies waited on the government at noon today to urge assistance to shipbuilding in Canada. They requested that for a term of ten years the government should grant a bonus of ten dollars per displacement ton and ten dollars per indicated horsepower on steel ships built in Canada and completed after April 1, 1920.

DENISON SEES RANEY.

Col. G. T. Denison, police magistrate, had a conference with Hon. W. E. Raney, attorney-general, at the parliament buildings yesterday afternoon relating to matters connected with the Toronto police court, but no details were given out. Mr. Raney will confer with the other city magistrates.



Look for the name: All in sealed packages. Helps appetite and digestion. Three flavours.

IT'S not enough to make WRIGLEY'S good we must KEEP it good until you get it. Hence the sealed package—impurity-proof—guarding, preserving the delicious contents—the beneficial goody. The Flavour Lasts

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

MOONLIGHT AND MONEY

BY MARION RUBINCAM

MURRAY BUTLER CHAPTER 22.

"Instead of going to some of the summer art schools, why don't you let me show you a little about my signing and painting?" Murray Butler said the night he dined at Driscum's.

Louise looked at her father, who nodded his head in a satisfied manner. "You would get along much faster with individual instruction," Mr. Butler went on, "and since you want to begin serious work so soon I can specialize on the things you must know most."

Louise spent a happy August or, at least, a busy August, absorbed in this new study. For hours every day she worked faithfully in Butler's big studio, where a small corner was cleared for her. She learned a world of new things and found to her delight that she did have a little talent for drawing and designing.

Butler took an unusual interest in her and made her work hard, and then use her evenings in study as well. "Here are half-a-dozen children's books, with colored illustrations by the best artists in that line," he would say when she put on her hat to leave. "Take them home and study these people's work. You'll find a certain quaintness and whimsicality to their illustrations that you must acquire. If you haven't it naturally you'll have to learn to copy it."

Another afternoon he would hand her a volume on decorating or designing—once a book on antique mosaics, another time a work on making fine points or on color harmonies. "But I only want to learn how to make nursery tale figures, and I'll buy my colors mixed," Louise protested. "It's worth doing at all, it's worth doing well," Butler quoted to her as an answer. "Tomorrow I've a simple work on anatomy for you to begin on. Your figures must look as if they could stand on their legs at least."

One day she took home with her a design of frolicking elves which she had finished, and which her father and Mr. Butler both declared the best thing she had done. She wanted to compare it with the work she had put so crudely on the nursery furniture painting.

"Um, sentimental and sanitary," remarked Butler, and Louise laughed. He looked down at her and his eyes contracted for a moment, "You like babies, don't you?" he asked finally. Louise nodded. "That's why I want to make pretty places for them to live in." Her mouth grew wider and her eyes filled at a certain moment. Butler broke the silence abruptly.

"You've blue paint on your nose, and if your father is coming for tea, as he usually does, you'd better drop your work and get it ready." Once more the laugh came back to Louise's eyes and her heart.

JANUARY DOWN

Wool

Wool