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TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 14.

British Warfare in Good Hands.

A good deal of history lies behind the story reported yesterday from Paris of the "personal, implacable, irremediable hatred" borne by Col. Repington for General Wilson. There have been references to Col. Repington's early career in the press, and Col. Repington has done what Germany has done with the allies, while they omit no opportunity to do all that is base and cowardly. When Col. Repington "left" The Times the hint was or should have been sufficient for most people. He has added nothing to The Morning Post. The strange thing, however, is that General Maurice should have been entangled in the same snare. It was feared at first that General Haig would also have been mixed up with it, but he must have been aware of the facts, or been warned in time. As it is, General Robertson, General Maurice, and Col. Repington form a discredited clique, and Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Asquith, who supported them, have suffered a grievous loss of prestige.

Premier Lloyd George is more firmly fixed than ever, the war office is in better shape than it has been since the war began, the army council knows its place and business, the allied army council is successfully working out its purpose. General Wilson as chief of staff is the ablest man in the British army, and General Haig is generalissimo. All this means the consummation of an evolution that has been going on since war was declared, and these arrangements have come to pass because events required them. In the second and third years of the war the progress made was not what might have been expected, and it is only now, nearing the close of the fourth year, that the principle of a unified command, which is the main strength of the Germans, has got itself adopted in spite of the opposition of those whose ambitions it obstructed.

It is safe to say that the German generals hesitate as long over this new policy as they do over the difficulties that beset the German armies both in front and rear. They know now that they have a strategist to deal with who cannot be depended upon to overlook their blunders, but who will be swift to pounce upon any weaknesses they may develop, and who will be loyally supported by all the forces under him.

It is not to be forgotten that the United States troops are as much concerned with this unity of command as Italy or Britain, and if there had been any doubts about the wisdom of the policy the howl from Washington would have been long and loud.

General Wilson does not operate a typewriter unduly. He is not an advertiser, but trusts to his quality to commend itself. The French and the Germans know him better, and therefore esteem him more highly than those outside military circles in Britain, and the American correspondents rank him high.

On Land and Sea.

There can be no illusions about Germany in the minds of any who read the supplementary peace terms which Germany has imposed upon Rumania by a "legal, political treaty." Rumania had nothing to say but submit to "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they shall take who have the power, and they shall keep who can." It is the freebooter's law, and Germany knows and understands no other. This is why it must sooner or later be applied to herself.

In this barefaced robbery of Rumania she will, of course, plead that Rumania provoked the quarrel. But there is the deep and black deceit behind that, that the Russian premier agreed with Germany to egg on Rumania to attack Austria with promises of assistance, while all the time Germany knew that she was to be betrayed. Stuermer and others carried out the plot, and not satisfied with destroying Rumania, lent themselves to the destruction of Russia as well. Dismembered and broken, Russia stands today a spectacle of German falsity, Rumania, humiliated and robbed, is an example of Russian perfidy as much as of German frightfulness. There are great national crimes to be expiated here. Belgium is enslaved, and Italy where it is occupied is also having her citizens sent into slavery. Alsace and Lorraine are a monument of German ruthlessness, and the little neutrals and quake and wonder whose turn next.

But the British line still holds. That barrier of freedom is unbroken. Along that western line Britain and France, Belgian, Italian, United States, For-

tuguese and others stand as one against the enemy of mankind.

And along the sea line the power that Germany fears, most quietly but efficiently awaits the end. Submarines are no more effective than zeppelins, and for those that remain a vast mine field extending from Norway to Scotland blocks all navigation for the devil fish of the kaiser's navy. These malignant monsters grow fewer as the weeks pass. They go forth but they do not return. More and more securely the great ships pass to and fro and bear their cargoes of food, armies of men, vast cargoes of munitions. Sea power once more strangles the would-be despot of Europe.

Getting Value for School Money.

Dr. Horace Brittain has been giving some views on the question of education, and he calls attention to so many words that our system is once more subject to the criticism of being organized for how cheap and not how good it could be. Cheap goods that do not fulfil their purpose merely waste money, and Dr. Brittain says our school expenditures are one-fifth wasted.

He begins with the axiom which appeals to the heart of most mothers that "every child is an exceptional child." Fathers are inclined to be cynical about it after the first one or two, but the fact remains nevertheless, and if every child is not exceptionally educated the best is not made of him or her. How can the best be made when they are all subjected to the same system which is good for some and ruinous for others? The children who do not thrive under the system are put down as dull or stupid, as, of course, the system could not be improved.

Not only would he give every child its individual chance, but he would recognize in every community the peculiar quality that distinguishes it from every other, and he would allow that special characteristic to become evident in the efficiency of the training which the community should devote for its own children. The principle is not new. Even Rugby, Harrow, Charterhouse and all the rest of them have each its genius loci, and the children are molded at the shrine they attend.

Our cheap system is to herd them all together, she, and goats, horses and cows, all together and feed them. All on the same diet, wondering, early the time, why some turn out so much better than others.

To put Dr. Brittain's theories—which are the experience of everybody who has taught—into practice our Ontario system would have to be revised in the direction of adaptability to communal and individual requirements. At present it exists for the convenience of the examining body, and not at all for the benefit of the individual child. If it did there would be fewer private schools and fewer public school failures.

The point that will appeal most to the taxpayer, perhaps, is that we do not get value for our money.

The Price of Tobacco.

The average stay-at-home Canadian is not wasting much of his time or substance on unprofitable pleasures these days. He has cheerfully given up his male friends, some of his three square meals a day, and a large part of his income to the cause of war. Instead of an outing on Saturday afternoon he probably spends the day cultivating a garden or doing his share of work on a vacant lot in the interests of food production.

Taking them all round these are difficult times—times of constant strain and worry. One of the few solaces left to the ordinary citizen is his pipe, cigar or cigarette. It begins to look, however, as if the soaring cost of tobacco is about to limit, and in some cases almost prohibit this harmless indulgence. We have been forced to accept huge increases in the cost of the necessities of ordinary life. Under our present economic system such increases seem to be unavoidable in war time; but when a sudden, unexplained rise occurs in the cost of an article like tobacco, a separate explanation is required.

It is quite true that the government has imposed additional tobacco taxes, but these only account for a small portion of the increase in price. A standard brand of Canadian pipe tobacco that used to sell for \$1.00 a pound is now \$1.60. Taxes alone do not justify an advance of this size. Cigars and cigarettes show a proportionate rise.

In spite of other explanations forthcoming, the average man believes that tobacco is a "controlled" article; that is to say the tobacco supply of the world is in the hands of one or two huge companies or trusts, who are using the war as an excuse to bleed the smoker.

When we are bearing so many necessary burdens there is no excuse for unnecessary ones. The government might hold an inquiry into the cost of tobacco and find out where the extra money paid by smokers really goes.

VETERAN APPOINTED.

Bellefonte, May 13.—Lieut. Gen. son of Rev. A. L. Gen. of this city, has been appointed collector of customs for the Port of Bellefonte, in succession of the late Arthur McGinnis. Lieut. Gen. went overseas with the 21st Battalion and served in the trenches in France.

On Parliament Hill

BY TOM KING

Ottawa, May 13.—The farmers are pouring in by hundreds and it is believed that the deputation to meet the government tomorrow will number at least 3000. A considerable number have already arrived, and more are expected from the Province of Quebec, but the majority of the deputation will come from Ontario. Many of the Ontario farmers were at the parliament buildings this afternoon, and tonight they fairly took possession of the gallery of the house.

Their presence caused the house to wake up after a dull day, and the debate upon the Civil Service Bill was enlivened perceptibly. However, none of the members referred to the farmers, and the M.P. is anxious to prove himself the farmers' friend, but just now the Ontario farmers are somewhat embarrassed by this visit from their constituents. They are making hands with the farmers, and showing them the sights, but they are unable to hold out to them much hope of encouragement.

The government has procured the Russell Theatre for tomorrow, and there all the farmers who can squeeze in will assemble at 11.30 a.m. Several members of the government will be on hand to hear the speeches and receive the resolutions, but the formal answer of the government will be given by the prime minister.

Hon. T. A. Cramer, minister of agriculture, said tonight that he did not think any other member of the government would address the meeting, but the farmers are quite likely to press for some statement from the minister of agriculture. It seems to be taken for granted that the government will not recede from its position in respect to the recent amendments to the Military Service Act. On the other hand, the farmers seem to be determined and confident. They are banking upon the fact that the announcement of the British war cabinet reported in the morning papers, to the effect that the allies are so well supplied with men on the western front that they can afford to wait for the United States to organize a large and self-sustained army. This communication is undoubtedly official, although it has been challenged at Washington.

The house spent another day debating and discussing the government's bill to amend the Military Service Act. The bill is certainly not popular and will only pass because the government insists upon putting it through. Tonight quite a lively discussion broke loose on the preferential treatment to be accorded to the returned soldiers. Mr. H. B. Morphy of North Perth insisted that no returned soldier should be paid more than \$1000 a year, and he worked in a branch or division of the public service where the minimum

personally has replaced meat and wheat by more perishable and less needed commodities.

"A present paramount need is the conservation of wheat. Substitution cannot be adopted too generally or carried too far until the new crop becomes available. Our allies must be wheat to their bread. Let us therefore, reduce our consumption of wheat and wheat products as much as our circumstances will permit. Generous co-operation has been given and is being given in the adoption of wheat and meat substitutes, but more is required. May we match our co-operation and sacrifice with the spirit of our men in the fighting lines in Europe. If our spirit is as theirs, we shall not fail."

ORGANIST DIES.

Sarnia, May 13.—Edna E. Chase, for twelve years, organist at the Central Baptist Church, died very suddenly today at her home from apoplexy. She was a daughter of the late Rev. H. P. Chase, missionary on the Sarnia Reserve.

MUST OBEY SPIRIT AS WELL AS LETTER

Chairman of Food Control Board Makes Strong Appeal to Public.

CONSUMPTION OF WHEAT

Must Be Reduced, or the Men at the Front Will Suffer.

Ottawa, May 13.—Henry B. Thomson, chairman of the Canada Food Board, left Ottawa tonight on a short speaking tour, including the cities of Hamilton, London and Toronto. Before leaving the capital he gave the following statement to the Canadian Press.

"As chairman of the Canada Food Board, I earnestly appeal to the people of Canada to seek to understand the spirit as well as the letter of the regulations, but also by observance of their spirit. To evade the object and the spirit of food regulations, is little less than treachery to our troops and allies."

"If the situation, as is stated, why is not more vigorous action taken by those in authority? It should be recognized that food regulations in their nature can be enforced only with great difficulty in a country where the population is widely and sparsely distributed, as ours is. At present the food problem is further complicated by difficulties of finance and transportation. Moreover, drastic food orders might easily lead to derangement of important industries and ultimate harm to the production or the distribution of necessary foods. So, too, orders which might with reason be made to apply to certain classes of workers, would, if applied generally, result in a lessening of general efficiency. Individual responsibility cannot be dissociated from a wise solution of the problems connected with food control."

"The chief object of all food orders is to conserve food to secure an equitable distribution of the available supplies, and to prevent unfair price inflation. There is no difficulty in recognizing the aim and object of any specific order. It will help our men at the front, but little if compliance with the letter of the regulations is made an excuse for failure to observe their spirit. I appeal to one and all wholeheartedly to comply with the spirit of these orders. Let us begin by measuring our helpfulness according to the extent to which each of us

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A BRIEF BLOW



THE WOMAN WHO CHANGED

BY JANE PHELPS

The New Car is Christened.

CHAPTER LXXX.

The next morning I called Evelyn. She had already heard from Clark, and had consented to go.

"It will be awfully jolly," she said. "I saw him go by in the car yesterday and it is a peach."

A high-powered touring car with an especial body. It could seat five comfortably, but really was designed for only four. The seat in the tonneau was built up very high in the back, so that no wind struck the back of one's neck when riding. The front seat was covered with a soft, warm material, and the car was very comfortable.

"Will you take the front seat beside me?" Clark asked as we stood on the walk. "Mrs. Reeve and your brother are coming with me."

"Just a suspicion crossed my mind, but I at once dismissed it. Had he asked Evelyn with that thought in mind? Did he plan to have me sit with him?"

"I'll ride with you, going, then change with either David or Evelyn coming back," I said, as I let Clark help me to my seat.

"That's a good idea," Evelyn said. "You can come back with me, then your brother can sit in front with Mr. Huntington."

We started off in great good spirits. We rode far out in the country, then stopped at a little road house—a quaint little place, set back from the road, surrounded by trees and vines, with every available space filled with flowers—old-fashioned, kitchen garden flowers.

A Real Country Luncheon. I never had seen the place before and was delighted with it. Clark ordered the luncheon. We were too busy looking around the yard to pay any attention to what he ordered, so it was all a surprise.

We had great, foamy pitchers of milk to drink, a cold roast chicken, hot biscuits and honey, then luscious strawberries with cream so thick we could scarcely pour it from the dainty little blue and white pitchers.

It was all delicious, and we ate until Evelyn declared she would have to be carried to the car, and David laughingly said he was "full enough to burst."

After we had rested a while on the broad verandah, Clark told us to pick up all the flowers we wanted; he had made arrangements with the dear old lady who owned the place. She came out while we were doing as he said, and she helped us. Such a wonderful looking car as it was when we finally started toward home. Flowers on our

laps, in front of us on the floor of the car and on the seat beside us. I made up my mind to tell George of the place. He and I would drive out, some Saturday or Sunday, and have luncheon. He couldn't help but be charmed with the quaint place and the delicious food.

I rode with Evelyn going back. Just why Clark had cared who sat beside him, I couldn't understand, for he had hardly spoken all the way out—was busy driving the car.

He was a very fast, although I do not think a particularly reckless driver. But the machine was a different make from either of the others he owned, and he was interested in its management.

An Unwelcome Meeting. We were within a couple of miles of home when I saw a machine approaching us. Some way, it looked familiar. Then, just as we passed each other in a cloud of dust, I saw that it was our car, and that George and a woman swathed in veils were the occupants.

I said nothing, although I knew that Evelyn had also recognized George. I only hoped that David had not. He had been talking animatedly with Clark, when they passed; both cars were going at such a high rate of speed that I hardly believed he had noticed who was driving the other car. I knew if he had I should be in for a bad half hour when we reached home.

I felt sick. In a way, I suppose, I should have thought that George had just as much right to take a woman for a motor ride as I had to go with Clark. But, some way, it seemed so different. He never would take me anywhere during business hours; he always objected when I wanted to go in the touring car. Then I wasn't alone with Clark, and he was with that woman, whoever she was. Another thing, too: George told me he loved me if I could. Now I thought sometimes he cared a little for me, and again that he cared not at all.

It was a full hour before dinner when Clark drew up to the curb. Evelyn lived further down town. He would drop her afterward.

David and I were loaded with the lovely flowers when we climbed to the car. But, some way, it seemed so different. He never would take me anywhere during business hours; he always objected when I wanted to go in the touring car. Then I wasn't alone with Clark, and he was with that woman, whoever she was. Another thing, too: George told me he loved me if I could. Now I thought sometimes he cared a little for me, and again that he cared not at all.

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