

The Toronto World

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 27.

Coal Problem Must Be Solved.

Every day now brings fresh testimony about the price of coal and its undue relation to the cost of getting it out of the mine. Nowhere is it alleged that the cost of production has gone up more than fifty cents a ton.

This is the situation that the fuel controllers in the United States and Canada are supposed to be investigating. It will never do if the investigation is not pushed forward immediately.

It appears that Canada has not yet made any official representations to the United States authorities concerning the necessities of our situation, and although a price of \$5.50 a ton is said to have been fixed for exported coal to other countries Canada does not come under the arrangement, as no application for a supply was made.

Another disability under which Canada labors is the embargo said to be laid upon the export of iron or steel coal cars to the Dominion by several roads which carry the main supplies of coal. This is another matter which can only be settled by the government or the government's commissioner taking up the matter with the Washington Government and furnishing guarantees for the prompt return of the steel tank cars, which it is said the Canadian roads were in the habit of loading with pulp wood and other commodities for their own traffic.

The main point to keep in mind is that coal is a necessity and that the problem of a proper supply must be settled at the earliest possible date. No excuses can be taken for failure, and whatever remedy is necessary must be adopted even if the government has to buy a coal mine of its own.

Greece in Her Right Mind.

Greece has been a sore spot for the entente allies ever since they were weak enough to allow Constantine to repudiate the voice of the Greek nation as expressed in three elections supporting Venizelos. The popular premier, statesman and patriot held Greece in his hand, but he was a constitutional statesman, and the king, under the influence of his wife, the Kaiser's sister, had no respect for constitutional principles. When one man has a conscience and the other has none; when one observes the law and the other cares nothing about breaking it; when one is an autocrat and the other a democrat; there is only one way of ending the debate.

Everybody, nearly, believes that the allies galloped too long with the Greek situation. They should have intervened at first as their treaty obligations required them to do, and they have finally done. It will not be till the war is over, probably, that we shall hear the true reasons for the course pursued, but there are suspicions that it is not entirely creditable to the sagacity of the allied advisers.

The present outlook is highly favorable. Relieved of the incentives of German agitators and German bribes, the Greek people will resume their former affiliations, and it is anticipated will be reckoned among the active allies against Germany before many months. As a point of attack for Turkey, the invasion of Bulgaria, or the recovery of Serbia, Greece would form a valuable base, and it will be much in favor of the allies to have the German submarine bases on the Grecian coasts and islands put out of operation.

Probably nothing illustrates the slowness of the world war so well as the tardy handling of the Greek problem. But it has come to a settlement, and it is not the least of the signs of the approaching downfall of Prussian autocracy.

Mayor Rolph on Labor.

Mayor Rolph, Jr. of San Francisco, addressed a gathering of workmen as Labor Day at that city, and dilated on the advantages gained by the labor men thru organization. The system of collective bargaining, he stated, was the essence of commercial progress. He felt sure there was not a problem of human existence

that could not be solved by reason and negotiation when men approached each other in a spirit of fair dealing. He had no sympathy with efforts directed towards the overthrow of organized union labor, which has done so much to establish better wage conditions for the workers.

"We need in this community," he said, "more men of vision and insight—men who can think in terms of human right as well as in terms of property." Labor, he pointed out, thinks in terms of living. When a union fixed \$3 a day as the wage, it is not thinking so much of \$3 cash, as of the \$3 worth of value which represents a certain standard of living. When prices go up and the value of the \$3 goes down, there must be a readjustment. The price of labor, he said, was the price of life, of liberty and of happiness. He might have said that it was the price of civilization. He said in fine truth that what capital and organized society have most to fear is not the victories but the defeats of labor.

"The safety of property and of society, the preservation of law and order, lie in meeting labor at least half way." "Labor has become a partner in the business of the world, and must be treated as a partner."

Mayor Rolph's address illustrates the new and generally adopted attitude of society towards labor. But there is still much to be done before labor takes its true place in society. Admitted that labor has much to learn, this merely implies that society has much to teach. The time will come when society will be unable to rest easily with the reflection that some members of society are receiving less care, less consideration, less education than others. For they will know that society as a whole cannot escape the due result of the defects or short-comings of its members.

Nor will society be able to satisfy itself with the precarious conditions of existence which even yet face the worker. He may get \$3 a day or \$2 an hour, but what guarantee is there that he will get it, or how long will he get it? Men with fixed incomes and fixed salaries and retiring allowances, and ample means to protect their old age, are often careless about the workings of our life, mirabile dictum! drawing 40 or 75 cents, or even a dollar an hour. How long a period does he get such work? How many hours are cut off his revenue by weather, or holidays, or broken machinery, the act of God or the King's enemies? How often has he to make the labor of the summer months cover the winter also, in which no labor and no returns are to be had? How would any of those who enjoy fixed and regularly paid salaries care to substitute for this a system which would pay them for spells of work at irregular intervals, depending on trade, or weather, or caprice? Let them consider this when they talk of labor's wages.

The time will doubtless come, and it ought to have arrived in all civilized countries, when existence would imply in itself the right to work, and the resultant right to the reward of labor. The competitive system denies the right of some men to labor if other men can do the work better or cheaper. This is the biggest after-the-war problem, the heaven only knows how soon or how long after the war it will come up for settlement.

We ought to be able to provide work for everybody, and everybody ought to work, and there should be no idle spells with their resultant cessation of income for the worker, any more than for the capitalist. There are plenty of people who think that more who would adopt them if they could see a way to do so. The way will only come thru education, thru co-operation, and the gradual abandonment of the competitive system, which, after all is said and done, is the real root of the great war.

CANADIAN SOLDIERS PARADE AT DETROIT

Great Demonstration Marks the Closing Hours of Red Cross Drive. Detroit, June 26.—One of the most impressive and spectacular parades in the history of Detroit swept down Woodward avenue this afternoon. The demonstration marked the closing hours of Detroit's Red Cross drive, which, it is believed, will almost double the city's quota of \$1,500,000. Canadian and American soldiers officially participated in the parade for the first time since 1915. Canadian soldiers have taken part in several local demonstrations since the start of the European war, but the men did so without receiving official permission.

OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS

The Toronto World invites correspondence on subjects of current interest. Letters must be short and to the point—not more than 200 words at the outside. The editor reserves the right to cut any letters to make them conform to space requirements. Names will not be published if the writers wish to withhold, but every letter must be signed with writer's name and address, to ensure authenticity.



Gen. Pershing inspecting the guard of honor on his arrival in England. He is accompanied by Gen. Pittcairn Campbell, of the western command, representing the war office.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT MISERY THE MORALIST

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MISERY, the Moralist, is coming to take me for a drive and I've got to go. I simply can't get out of it. The Moralist has a beautiful motor, cream-colored, with dark blue upholstery. It runs up hills like a bird flying and purrs down dales like cream pouring out of a silver pitcher.

The woods are yellow with wild acacia, white with mayone and all the ground is yellow and blue and starred and pied with flowers. The meadow larks are calling from every field—gay troubadours that they are. The blackbirds are flying in clouds and the whole world is a garden. Every winding road beckons to paradise.

But do you think the Moralist will let me see these things and think about them? Not she. She'll moralize all the way. I know her. Didn't we go to see the cherry blossoms in Japan together once and didn't she draw a moral from every spray of white and every branch of rose?

Tired of "Lessons." She couldn't see a kimono, blue and silver, white and gold, and a pair of laughing, dark eyes above it, but she must preach a little sermon on the vanity of human beauty, and send me home a-sighing.

The Moralist never lets you do anything, just because she always has to have a reason for it, either a good, sensible reason, something about hygiene or character building or a moral reason, with a sad, sweet tang to it that makes me feel as if I had started to eat a chocolate cream and found a dose of castor oil wrapped up in it.

I don't mind castor oil terribly—not when I know I'm going to take it and make up my mind to it. But to find it lurking in a chocolate drop—why, it undermines the very foundations of the earth for days. I'm even afraid to take a dish of strawberries and cream. I won't touch green apple pie, and as for any sort of candy—not any for me, thank you. That's just what the moralist does to me when I go motoring with her, or walking or riding in the street car.

"They Teach Us." "What a pretty girl!" I whispered, rudely, when a radiant creature, all black and white, all ivory and black velvet, came into the car. "Yes," answered the Moralist. "I do hope she understands what a fatal gift beauty can be. Poor child, poor, foolish, blind child! I wish I could go and sit by her and tell her what her beauty will do to her, if she is not careful."

"What a lovely spray of lilacs!" I said as we passed a gray old house in its fresh, young garden. "Yes," sighed the Moralist. "How soon they fade. They teach us to put our trust in something higher and more substantial than mere beauty."

The Moralist never takes a walk because the wind blows and the sun shines, and she simply must get out and be a part of the sunshine and of the wind or die. A walk is never a walk to the Moralist—it's a constitutional. She takes it because it will help her digestion, improve the circulation, tone up the complexion or something.

Dear me, I wonder if I can't think of some way to get out of that motor ride. I'd love to take you, Terence Mulvaney, you little, ragged-out, right-terrier dog, a sack of dog-cared book, a sandwich and a stick to walk with, and go swinging over the hills and far away.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT KISSING GAMES

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What games do they play at the children's parties where your little girl goes, do you know? I didn't—till the other day. My little girl went to a party, and there was dancing, and there were games, and there was a birthday cake with colored candies, and there were roses and forget-me-nots, and the girls were in white and pink and blue, with their jolly little curls or their soft, rich braids tied up with huge bows, and there were three kinds of ice cream. Very nice, indeed, wasn't it?

All but the games. And what do you think? Right here in a city where you can read and write, and where they take the daily newspapers and belong to clubs and believe in the "Higher Life" and talk about the "Broader Viewpoint," those little girls and boys from seven to fourteen years of age played "Clap in and Clap Out" and "Postoffice," and half a dozen other silly things that don't mean a thing in the world but a chance for some kerosene lamps and anti-macassars and bird frames for tinspees.

Way back in those days dancing was considered an invention of the devil. No one could dance, they insisted, and belong to the church. And a nice girl would think of going buggy riding with a young man if he admitted that he knew how to scotch-tie or had waited once or twice—no, not if he came after her in a brand new rig with red wheels and a red ribbon on the back, which she would go to a church social with pa and ma and play "Spin the Platter" and "Foretell" and "Post-

office" and let that same young man—or one just like him—call her out into the hall and kiss her. And pa and ma would sit around and smile indulgently and say, "Young folks will be young folks," and let it go at that.

Why in the world is it matter with some mothers? Can't they remember what they were when they were girls themselves? Can't they think back over the time they spent giggling in corners about their boy and that lad? Why do they think their girls are made of such entirely different flesh and blood?

How've They Survived? Kissing games! Who invented them? And how on earth have they survived as many years as this? We protect our girls against the measles and we have our boys' tonsils removed so that they won't have tonsillitis. We disinfect and sterilize and warn and lecture. We hire teachers to tell them things they'd never even dream of if we let them alone. We teach them not to answer when a bewildered old lady stops one of them and asks to be directed to the nearest drug store. We train them to view every stranger with alarm, and to look upon every pleasant spoken man or really agreeable woman as a threat and a menace. And then some one rises up right in our midst and gives a child in the name of a teacher, girls and blushing boys to play kissing games.

The next time one of my children is invited to a party in going to find out whether there are going to be games, and if there are, I think I shall have to send in the name of my children and in the name of a common sense and ordinary refinement—regrets. The first letter box ever used is said to have been an invention of the first Paris, France, postoffice, instituted about 1650.

Young Man! Aim at That First Thousand

"The thing that counts," said a man of independently large means, accumulated by hard work, saving, and wise investments, "is the first thousand dollars. When you've got that amount together you are beginning to get somewhere, and with that start you will want to keep on. In saving the best account is the 'first thousand' you are creating the capital necessary to enable you to avoid yourself of some of the opportunities constantly presenting themselves for increasing and multiplying that first thousand. We credit interest three and one-half per cent. on every dollar deposited with us, thus materially assisting in its accumulation. One dollar opens an account. Begin today.

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FIGHTING HUNS IN THE CLOUDS

Britain's Air Service Has Developed Unusual Type of Man.

WIN BY TAKING RISKS

Germans Never Know What Our Men Will Do Next.

A correspondent of The London Morning Post who is with the aviation corps in France, has sent his paper the following on Britain's flying men and their methods:

"One hopes for definite news that Captain Albert Ball, D.S.O., M.C. (he has two bars to the D.S.O., which means he really won it three, is alive and well, the prisoner of war in Germany. There can be no doubt that he has brought down more enemy machines than any other flying man of any nationality. His record includes forty-one absolutely certain successes, ten moral certainties, and a large number of probabilities. It is true that the list of leading German experts, whose 'scores' are published from time to time, includes the name of an air fighter who is said to have made fifty not out to use a cricket phrase. But it is known that the German military statisticians credit their flying men with possibilities to the extent of nothing of probabilities—the idea that in war flying, as in all other branches of modern warfare, their 'held-greys' are more skilful and courageous than the best of their opponents. If his record were made up of anything but moral notions of rigorous accuracy, Captain Ball would be credited with something between 80 and 90 successes.

Scores Hard to Get. What are the qualities that make a successful air fighter? It is not easy to get information bearing on this interesting question, for it is the wish of the officers of the Royal Flying Corps that individual achievements should not be made public, and nothing is said to the R.F.C. champion to tell you his exact score, but he is quite willing to give a civilian friend details of his more interesting triumphs.

The champions, of course, are always thinking out new devices for the confusion of the German flying man. It is the fact that he is too logical-minded. Captain Ball's favorite 'stunt' is as he told a friend on his last visit to Nottingham, was well known to the Germans. Getting to close quarters, he would pretend that he was going to attack from above, and when the German got ready to fly up at him he would suddenly dive and his machine and empty a drum into his pet tank. He—and others—knew of other workable devices which are not so familiar to the enemy who keep a careful record of British and French tactical ideas and circulate it periodically, so they say) and are best left undeciphered. But the underlying idea in all such devices is to play on the German love of logic—his firm belief that there is always a correct procedure which any rational opponent. Many a vanquished German flying man, as the last crash began for him, must have had time to attribute his defeat to the Englishman's ineradicable contempt for all set rules of scientific warfare, to that insular mania for the logical and the irrational which makes the Englishman's strategy a matter of putting it in to say that the Englishman willingly takes risks which, according to a German Cocker, could be better taken. But perhaps the most illuminating saying was that of an American aviator serving with the French army, who observed, 'I guess those Brits keep the Boche guessing every time and all the time.'

Flying Men Are Daisies. He went on to say our flying men were daisies, and that does indeed suggest a comment on the general physique of the expert air fighter. He is almost always small and trim and alert and compact; the type of person who is scrum half for a public school XV, or comes in third or fourth wicket down in a school cricket match and at once sets to work, scoring on the off-side and hitting short runs. One advantage of this daisylike physique (which Captain Ball himself possesses) is that it makes a small target. But the fact that it commonly goes with a faculty for lightning-swift decisions counts for a good deal more. Nevertheless, according to all the experts consulted by the writer, the air fighter's best asset is luck. It was neither modesty nor fatalism which prompted that invariable observation. The air fighter begins, of course, by being a highly skilled and utterly fearless flyer. His machine is for him the only existing comrade; nothing else matters at all, not even the sufferings of Achilles, like the chorus of a pack of wolves in pursuit. He is much more comfortable, he freely

MARTIAL LAW IN SPAIN IMPENDING

Constitutional Guarantees Are Suspended Because of Grave Disorders.

CABINET ISSUES NOTE

Agitators and Section of Press Described as Inciting a Revolution.

Madrid, June 26.—The government yesterday decided to suspend constitutional guarantees. Premier Dato went to the palace to obtain the king's signature to the decree authorizing the suspension. This is regarded as the preliminary to the declaration of martial law. The reasons for this action are outlined in the following note issued today by the cabinet:

"Following reports from various sources, according to which campaigns of agitation have been carried on by well-known persons, who have excited violence and provoked disorder, and outbreaks on the part of a certain section of the press, which has been publishing deplorable articles attacking the fundamentals of social order and tending to destroy military discipline and to present Spain as a country undermined by the passion of revolution and ripe to afford a spectacle of violence and crime, the government, after an examination of all the circumstances that menace public order in various ways, believes it indispensable to tranquility to decree the suspension of the guarantees."

Ontario Temperance Act Has Reduced Prisoners at Kingston

Kingston, June 26.—Two cases of liquor confiscated by the police will, by permission of the Ontario License Board, be handed over to the three local hospitals for medical purposes. The usual custom for all confiscated liquor to be used to flush the city sewers. The "dry" law is responsible for great falling off in the number of prisoners at the county jail. There are just six men in custody, all short-course men, as a result, the county clerk has had to abandon the tile-making plant at the jail, which has been the chief industry there for many years.

confesses, that he would be hanging at the end of a string attached to a sausage. All the same, he feels frightened when the popping of an albatross or some other beastly bird, pumping lead at him, is heard behind him. But, given two or three victories, he becomes absolutely confident that no Boche can ever get him—he feels that luck has become his ally and is not afraid of fighting against overwhelming odds. And another source of his confidence is the certainty that his eyesight, trained in all sorts of school games, is quicker than the Boche's. The Boche knows it is so now; that is why he is painting his machine in weird colors which means that he is making experiments in low visibility. Some latter day Heilmuths has been evolving 'inhabitants' for an aerial jungle from his inner consciousness. That is the generally accepted explanation—the one authority thinks otherwise, saying, 'Well, if you were out shooting, and a pink and blue cock came over, wouldn't you be likely to be a bit astonished and miss with both barrels?' Finally, let it be remembered that the comparative pace of the machines engaged is not a decisive factor in air fights. It may be better shooting from a slow, old fangled machine. It is the man, not the machine, that wins duels in the air.

One Karl Eugen Schmidt has just discovered that the "fool virtue" of modesty has been the ruin of the German people. Truly it is a discovery that has been avoided modestly and openly declare that our flying men are the best in the business. One of them should score a century before the war is over.

Several days ago the enemy was known to be destroying houses in the western part of Lens with the object of giving wider area of fire for his guns. That may indicate his intention of clinging to the eastern side of the city and prolonging the struggle by house to house fighting.

Heavy artillery fire was directed last night upon all roads eastwards of Lens and Avion and the eastern side of the city and prolonging the struggle by house to house fighting.

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ASK YOUR DEALER. THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY, LIMITED HULL, CANADA

CANADIANS MOVE UP BEFORE AVION

(Continued From Page 5). enemy in Souchez Valley, has been of La Coulotte were occupied, indicating that the Germans have retired from their strongly wired positions in front of Menicourt.

The mounting pressure to which the enemy in Souchez Valley has been subjected during the past few weeks has brought signal success to the British army with relatively slight loss.

Enemy Begins Retirement. Early yesterday afternoon an unusual movement within the enemy line indicated that he was retiring, while at the same time aerial observers brought back news that the cross roads and street intersections west of the German lines had been mined. At once the patrols were pushed out, who, early in the morning, had occupied the enemy trench at the foot of Reserve Hill. They reached the summit of the hill without opposition and pushed down the eastern slope. Strong posts were established, and the strong Lens outposts were effectively occupied.

Meanwhile to the south of the Souchez River, we pushed forward on the heels of the retiring enemy. Radi- way embankments to the east of the advance was then continued towards La Coulotte. As night fell, strong parties were sent out with the object of keeping in touch with the enemy.

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