

EDITORIAL

GO ON TILL GERMANY GOES UNDER

BY two days after the date on the title page of this issue Canada will have been at war just three and a half years. In the business of putting men and munitions into the trenches we have gone much further than even Sir Sam Hughes could have predicted in 1914. In the still more urgent business of organizing this country as a war state, we are still in the A B C class.

Statements of this kind are sometimes made for stage effect. Well, there is no need of a theatre. The stage is tremendously set and the great world drama goes mercilessly on in the name of Moloch. This time last year the United States was getting rid of Bernstorff and still keeping out of war. The wheel of Fate gave another turn and that great nation was compelled to go in.

All a mere matter of chronology. The stupendously unbelievable thing about the war is that it could last three and a half years without ruining the world; and that a single overgrown Prussia which, in 1866, contained a little more than twice the population of Canada could, in 1918, after so long a war, still be pounding the war map and blustering about no indemnities.

In going on four years of war we have not yet given proof that the rest of the world that goes to bed as it likes can smash the Hohenzollernized nation that walks in its sleep. The Germans were hypnotized in their cradles. They took war with their mother's milk. Behind an oily smile every Prussianized machine had the idea that there must be a new river to enlarge the boundaries of Germany—the River of Blood.

We have not been brought up that way. Having discovered that the world is divided into three parts, neutrals, war amateurs and world butchers, we tell ourselves that we can beat out the sons of Moloch. We seem to have all the material and moral reasons for thinking so. But as yet, on the shape of the world's war map, we have not proved how and when we are going to do it.

Searching for the greatest reason, we need look no further than Canada. We in this country are a fair sample in 1918 of what a country has still to do in the business of beating Moloch. The basic thing to bear in mind from the start is, that,

The finish of this conflict is the business of the people, and not the problem of a Parliament.

It's all very well to lecture Government. Anybody can do it. Let us lecture ourselves.

We have all made the welkin ring with our paeans to democracy; and we have come to know, also, the

In the Name of Moloch

People, Not Parliament

Lines of Communication

Wasted Human Energy

The Armor of Saul

Black Spots on Chalk Hills

limits of that sort of agreement between governors and governed. We know that a perfect democracy can't fight anything but a democracy. How thoroughly rotten an illusion is a war-democracy has been sadly illustrated by crystal-gazing, millennial-dawning Russia. We all hate autocrats. The idea of an army has proven to be a worse curse than any pacifist ever dreamed. But the democratic blindness of the world permitted a military monster, based upon national servility, to grow up in Europe. And if democracy is ever to put a permanent crimp into that monster, it must be by national methods that we never practised in the days of peace.

The time has gone by for all the spouting strategists. This war is not being won and lost by armies, but by nations. The lines of communication of the Allied armies reach thousands of miles across the sea and trail up to every man's boots, his desk, his plough, his horses, his bank, his factory, his church, his moral sense. Unless the people who can't go to war will realize the truth of this, the terms of the peace that ends the war will yet be dictated by Germany.

CANADA, as an example of the peoples at war, will never win until the people have become as desperately committed to the war as Germany is. This war goes to the root of all things. It will yet uproot every idle man, conscript every unprofitable dollar, lay its hands on every acre, every animal, every tool that can be set to work. It will tucker all the sham and insincerity out of life. It will rally the living to stand behind those who are or may yet be dead or disabled. It will make of citizens a far greater army than those at the front.

The man who is making more than he can comfortably live on is a fit subject for conscription. In a fight like this, wealth piled up to any man's, any corporation's credit, is a menace. It would have been just as sensible for our fore-runners to wear broadcloth to a logging-bee as for citizens of the land they made possible to pretend they are at war when they are only—at wealth.

"Business as usual" was long since discarded in England. We have not discarded it here. We are still estimating our efforts in terms of what we can make, or save, when we have no right to save or accumulate a dollar, either the cash or collateral that can't be put at the service of the State. And there are men among us wearing fur coats made in 1917. Women are still keeping up to the fashions. We are all wasting things, outside of food, that takes labor and raw material to produce, at a time when every nation in this struggle ought to be a high-power engine that wastes nothing.

It is not the wasted food that does all the main counting. We are all pretty well enlightened on the folly of that, and where we don't know the Food Controller's edict can put crimps in our expenditure.

It is not the slacker dollar that keeps us back. Give the Government and the Finance Minister time and they will see that no man is allowed to leave his dollar idle. The Government has the right in this democracy to expect none of us to hold back a dollar when it is needed for the country's business.

It is not merely the unutilized resources that are weakening our purpose in the war. Though we have the word of the Chairman of the Conservation Commission in his recent address to that body:

We still persist in a great degree in the crude and wasteful methods naturally characteristic of a country where resources are abundant and where many of those who are engaged in their exploitation are totally lacking in scientific education. We are still largely dominated in Canada by the idea that any ordinarily capable amateur can do the work which ought to be done by a trained scientific man, and until we eradicate this fallacy thoroughly, we shall not begin to attain to general success in making the best use of the materials at our disposal.

He does not mention war. But he means it. War makes his warning doubly true.

What counts for more than all these is the human energy that goes to waste. Back of it all this war will be won, other things being equal, by the side that works the hardest and wastes its labor least. There are thousands of people in Canada who are doing things which the country can get along without. If ever there was a crusade against non-producers, it is now. The man who refuses to put his energy where it will do the most good in production, whether directly or indirectly, is as much of a misfit now as the man who, a year ago, might have tried to put over a speculative deal in corner lots.

SLOWLY, surely the great fact is being pushed home that we must sacrifice everything in our civilization for the time being that will not help to win the war. It is no longer a time for discussion as to who started the war. The thing to determine now is, who is going to end it, and how will it be done. In this human problem every citizen counts as much as every man used to count in the roll-up of a log at a Canadian logging-bee.

Soon we shall cease to argue about economics, because we are all too busy. We shall stop talking about back to the land, because a lot of us will be on the land as much and as long as we may. Food and clothes for doing the world's work will yet drive out fashions for the world's finery. If a community can get along with half its normal amount of coal, citizens will be forced to double up their families over one furnace instead of wasting coal by feeding two. And it may be necessary to compel landlords to ease up on rents for this purpose.

The great, terrible work of the world is still far from being done. And it will not be done right until the might of the people on the side of right becomes a more cheerful, self-sacrificing unity than it now is. We are all capable of bigger things in self-denial. None of us need all the things that we now consume in order to keep up our energies for the great struggle. If we get rid of a lot of the fictions about living, we shall have greater heart, bigger strength for the work in hand; and we shall be happier. When David went out against Goliath he told the Israelites that the armor of Saul was no good for him. All he wanted was his natural strength. We have the Goliath in 1918; and a lot of us are trying to wear the armor of Saul.

A returned soldier lately described a line of chalk hillsides in France; the white hills covered with black blotches. The black spots were the black shirts of thousands of Germans whose bodies had never even been buried.

The day must come when the military might of Germany is just a lot of dead black spots on a great landscape of liberty. And the day will not come unless Canada, along with all the other nations in league with her, concentrates upon the war as Germany is doing and has been doing—because she must.

"Go on or go under" is true. It is not all. We must go on, that Germany may go under. And in this final determination Canada has yet a big role to play.



EVEN the would-be derelict leaves his smoking-plant with the police-sergeant for fear some crank organization may undertake a crusade against smoking in war-time.