

### MR. DOOLEY ON GERMUN CULTOOR.

"Hinissey," said Mr. Dooley, "I hev had a leetter from Mike Cassidy, who is wid a Canajin Field Ambylance in France or Belgium."

"Oh! He isn't doin' anny fightin' thin," said Henessy, as if the subject did not interest him any further for that reason.

Dooley looked at his friend over the top of the letter for a moment, then said, "He is in a London Hospital wid his left fut blown off be a shell."

"But the Ginivy Convintion sez that no one is to fire on the Red Cross," said Henessy.

"Yer ignorance of the rules of modern warfare and cultoor is simply amazin'," said Dooley, "Oor friend, Bill, de Kizer and his little gang av cultooored cutthroats hez made an entoiroye new set av rules, and if they had not bin jumped on so onexpectedly by England, France and Rooshia, they would hev sent thim each a copy av the new rules, so that they cud all hev started fair, so to speak. In fact, Bill was startin' for Paris to presint Mr. Point-carry wid a copy whin England butted in and turned his peaceful misshun into a sort av free for all. It was an outrajus proceedin' and ye cannot wonder now that avn Germhun sausages sit up and bark "Gott strafe England"! Ye see the Kizer and his friends hev seen for a long time that the only way to save the world and make iverybody as happy as the people of Germany are wuz to impress upon thim, be force if nicissary, that the highest cultoor is the brand invinted by the lerned profissors of the Germhun universities. It pained thim to think that the rest av us were so far behind in the matther av cultoor, and as they had so much av a surploos on hand, they decided that they wud exporth some av it to their friends in Rooshia, France and England. They thought maybe their friends would enjoy it better if ut came in the nature av a soorprise, and one or two profissors waz evin thoughtful enuff to invint a gas to give to any who did not want to be cultooored. Aftther a dose or two av this gas they believed that anny who survioved wud be only too glad to be consithered cultooored. It wuz like the owld song, Hinissey, 'She had to be crooil to be koind'."

"Phwat is this cultoor ye are talkin' about, anyhow?" asked Henessy.

"Ye are painfully ignorant, I fear," replied Dooley, "or ye wud know that rale cultoor is only found in Germany. There are sivrul brands av ut, however. The Krupp works at Essen are very busy at prisint making the brands that are most needed by me friends, Von Kluck, Von Hindenburg, Von McKenzie. Old Von Tirpitz has another brand, which he calls the 'U' brand. The mortality among the exporthers av this brand has bin rather high, and poor owld Tirps is a bit discouraged, and is consiquintly not thryin' to exporth his xpensive naval brand just at prisint. Me friend, Count Zeppeylin, has bin a bit more successful with his arryul brand. He has cultooored quite a number av wimin and childern and other paypul who could not come to Germany to get cultooored. The dose of cultoor takin suddin like this is often fatal, but thin, as I sed before, they had figured on this, and had steeled their hearts to the

sacryfice. It is raly marvellous how wan can git hardened to sacryfices that do not affect yerself fissionaly, or finanshully. I hev notised it even here in this counthry, but mebber that is becuz we air too proud to show our rale feelins, 'spechully if our bank book continoos to show an increasin' balance on the right side av the ledger."

### FROM THE DOOR OF MY BILLET.

In an unguarded or thoughtless moment I promised the Editor of "Now and Then" to give him a little contribution for its pages. What follows is in fulfilment of the promise. I do not know why the Editor asked me. Perhaps because a Chaplain's point of view is somewhat different from that of others, or because that from the same point, he is impressed by different things. This contribution may help in some small measure, therefore, to lend variety to the Journal's pages, and variety is the spice of life.

I am quartered at a little wayside hamlet which is somewhat of a "hub" in its area. Much revolves around it and from it much radiates. If you will stand with me at the door of my billet you shall see an unceasing procession pass. Motor lorries, autos, motor cycles, horse transports, men coming and going in twos and threes, and battalions; ambulances, empty, going one way, ambulances, full, going the other. And the first thought that comes to a parson—and it is a right thought—is, that it is dreadful to see so much machinery and material and so many men being used in the destructive work of war.

The war is carried on at an incalculable cost in money and the lives of men. What might not be accomplished by our Empire if the money and lives were thrown with the same generosity and earnestness into education, philanthropy and the production of the things which help to make human life comfortable, enjoyable and hopeful! And if one is mentally lopsided and sees only this aspect of the war, he will see nothing to ridicule in the fool proposition started and financed by Ford under the blessing of Bryan.

The motto of William the Silent, the great founder of the Dutch Republic, whose life, from its mature beginning until its tragic close, was spent in unceasing war against the enemies of common human freedom, was "I maintain." So this is a war for the maintenance of righteousness and liberty. There are no sacrifices which a man or a nation should not be willing to make in their behalf. The nation which should take the line of least resistance to avoid effort and sacrifice for the maintenance of justice and liberty deserves the scorn of the race. And the answer, to those who say that we are fighting not for righteousness but for our own interests as an empire, is, that a nation has no real interests apart from righteousness in her own domestic life, and in her relations with other nations. We are compelled to fight for the rights and liberties of men and nations against autoeracy or else go back to the days when the common people did not exist, but were only pawns to be moved in peace and war whithersoever the leaders listed.

But this war has for us its positively constructive aspect. It has made us alive. The only thing worth while in the world's life grow in the soil of sacrifice. We have been aroused from our lethargy and shaken out of our easy-going, luxurious and pleasure-loving ways, begotten by accumulated wealth and almost unbroken prosperity. It has organised our people as never before, speeded up their industries, exalted their virtues, shown up their vices as national weaknesses, taught us anew the old lessons that man does not live by bread alone, that right is our vital breath. It has, in short, given us some measure of our moral and material capacity as an Empire, and a vision of the great purposes for which they ought to be used. We have, I trust, been taught that wealth and material power and even culture without moral vigour and direction are vain. And what a "mixer" this war has been. Here, we are all living—officers and men—practically on the same level, in billets, dug-outs, huts and veritable shacks. We rub up against each other, and touch each other in the raw, as we do not even on the unconventional frontier. Here manhood counts. Human brotherhood is a real thing here, not an academic thing or a picture out of books. It has widened into something more than a British brotherhood. Come with me to yonder corner. Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Canadians, khaki-clad Belgians, blue-grey clad French soldiers and French and Belgian non-combatants mingle together on the same soil and with a common purpose in their hearts. What a leap forward in human sympathy and brotherhood in common purpose and suffering.

The effort and the sacrifice will school our people out of their easy-going, indolent habit, give a new value to democratic government, a new vision of the purity without which democracy becomes a byword, and the sacrifices without which true democracy is impossible.

I can only say a word about our men,—our British men, I had intended saying much. I hear them pass and see them pass at all hours. That is an English battalion, men of the northern shire, their flute band playing the sea-songs of England. That is a Canadian battalion, coming out of the trenches covered with mud from head to foot. They sing "The little grey home in the west." Half an hour later a detachment of a well-known Scottish regiment swings past singing a song with a minor strain in its music—"Far awa' in Bonnie Scotland, where the heather and the bluebells grow." Singing or whistling they pass us by. Tired, muddy, footsore, shaken—but full of good cheer. They cannot be beaten. They are all of the same old heroic breed which won the Empire of sea and land and shall, please God, hold it to the end.

JOHN PRINGLE,  
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Percy (writing home) to comrade:—"Say, how do you spell 'fort'?"

Comrade:—"What kind of fort—the past tense of the verb to fight, or the noun?"

Percy:—"No, the 'fort' what you fink."