



We Are No Tired People

IT would take a hundred years' war to get some people limbered up to the point of being useful to their country. Canada has been at war for going on three years. A very considerable percentage of good capable Canadians are still working at about 65 per cent. pressure, as they were before the war; still looking for a soft snap with easy money, short hours and chances for recreation, summer-camping, and where to spend their money. Of course the number of these snap-hunters is very much reduced; in some places almost nil. The point is that there should not be any. This country is supposed to be throwing its entire energy into the business of getting through. The contract in Europe is bigger now than it ever was—for immediate energy.

To make 1917 win the war, whether war stops in 1917 or not, means to make every possible working human unit of either sex in this country a unit of war-winning. The lines of khaki scrunching over the streets and roads are not necessarily the chief workers. The more of them we send out the more work remains for the rest of us to do. Canada has come to the point where she simply has to hold up her end in efficiency. Making this country a nation is no business of a miracle, a vision, a poem or a great moral spasm. It is the united and glorified efforts of a whole community working in harmony at the highest possible pressure to do what lies at hand to be done, winning the war being in this case that thing.

In this business there is no room for fifty-percenters. Every man and woman should be at a hundred per cent. And the hundred per cent. of to-day should be the 99 per cent. of to-morrow. We are a young people. We should therefore be creative. We should be growing individually. As a people we were never tired in our lives. We don't expect to be for at least a hundred years to come. If there is one part of the British Empire that is not tired it is—Canada. A country that has the antecedents of the logging bee, the barn-raising, the saw-log shover and the stump farmer has no business to be in the stage of gum-chewing, peanut-slinging and gawking at baseball.

This country is at war. If you don't believe it ask those one-legged men you see crutching down the street. There are photographs of these men on another page. Look at them. They know this country is at war. And if anybody can recognize the fifty per cent. slacker at home they are the people. Every time we look at or think about one of these returned warriors, we should buck ourselves up another one per cent. We should.

Our Returned Soldiers

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD is a clever war correspondent; one of the best. As a sizer-up of conditions he sometimes is a false alarm. In a very natty little American weekly of late he has been playing up several phases of the war. One of his latest is the idea that to be killed or get an arm or a leg or half a face shot away is not the worst thing about war. No, the worst thing, he says, is the frightful levelling that he beholds in an army of men. He looks at a living army, composed of potential individual units, and bewails the awful subordination that makes these men just cogs in a vast wheel of war. He pities these men because they have no initiative left; because they have to squelch self, sit tight, march here or halt there, shoot and crawl and wallow and wait, always obeying orders without knowing why—and so on. He even goes so far as to say that when these men get back to us all shot up or shell-shocked or whatever it may be, they are degenerated men. He talks about returned soldiers who were such savages that they shot people right and left and threw hand bombs among women and children. The editor of the

paper says in a foot-note: "A big, pleasant-faced chap whom I know enlisted in this war two years ago. The other day came a letter from him. If I had not known his handwriting I could not have believed he wrote it. It was the letter of a blood-thirsty savage." Well, we don't happen to know this editor's friends; but we have met a number of returned soldiers who were in the trenches two years ago. We have not yet encountered the bloody savages. The men who come back here are no dreamers, no idealists to be sure; but they are men of experience, who know life better than we do, because they have been on speaking terms with death—and they are not savages.

Hitch Up Parliament

SOME weeks ago we pointed out the necessity for conserving Parliament. That was at a time when a number of people, whose opinions are well entitled to respect, were talking about substituting some form of efficient oligarchy for the men whom the people of this country elected to do the country's work in Parliament. We observe now that in England Parliament is becoming restless because the new War Council does not pay much attention to the elective body of 640 men chosen to do the country's work. They complain because the Premier rarely comes before the House. The Premier talks of going to the country in order to show that the people prefer to see Parliament remain an Imperial debating society while the small body of powerful experts carries on the war. We doubt very much if the country would repudiate Lloyd George. We also doubt if the people care to see Parliament become obsolete.

In our own country we have 235 men who should be the most efficient organization we have for winning the war. After the session is over these men will be back among their constituents. They will, we presume, know much more about the needs of the country than the average elector. Every man of them should have an individual mandate from Parliament to work among the people directing and helping to co-ordinate the efforts of every community to win the war. If these men can't do such work, who can? If there was ever a time to test out the real working value of membership in Parliament—now is the time.

Mary Andrews' Ghost Story

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS ought to be given a nice leatherette medal by the British Government. This imaginative author has the leading story in the current issue of McClure's, entitled, "The Return of K. of K.," illustrated by some precociously bad drawings of Montgomery Flagg. This much-heralded yarn is based upon the numerous gossipries of late about the possible survival of Kitchener from the wreck of the Hampshire. A lot of people have been talking vaguely about the possibility of the Sirdar being a prisoner in Germany. But, of course, nobody much believes that. Mary Andrews may not believe it herself. Her story is dated in 1977, being the account given by a General Cochrane of the way he saved England in 1917.

Cochrane is a godson of Kitchener, who was once in love with his mother. Some time in 1917, when the German submarines and warships had banged the vitals out of the British navy and German armies were about to land in England to make of it another Belgium, there was a mob hysteria in Trafalgar Square. Young Cochrane, then an officer of twenty, was among the people. Amid their desperate and despairing din his soul cried out for Kitchener, his godfather. Suddenly a taxi drove up and a great, grim figure got out. It was Kitchener. He quieted the mob and told Cochrane that a Cochrane

must save England. Then he drove away into the hereafter.

Young Cochrane thought it all over and remembered that one of his great-grandfathers, a Dundonald, had once invented a terrible destroyer that was intended to annihilate Napoleon's fleet; a thing so terrible that it was suppressed and the documents concerning it fyled away. Young Cochrane had them dug up and the Dundonald destroyer "got busy" on the German fleet. Hence England was saved by the return of K. of K.

And this is the yarn that is lauded by the editor of McClure's as "a vivid, amazing tale." Well, let this pass into the category of amazing tales and there is no limit. We ourselves could grind out half a dozen quite as amazing; but McClure's would never print them. The only good thing about the yarn is that in great modesty Mary Andrews did not state that the terrible destroyer was invented by an American.

A Potato Plutocrat

SOMEWHERE not far from Guelph, Ont., there is a remarkable farmer whose daily movements should at once be recorded by a moving-picture camera for the whole of Canada to behold. This husbandman has in various frost-proof pits and subterranean places no less than seven hundred bags of potatoes. So he confessed to a traveller last week, who knows him well, and who told the story to the editor of this paper. A few days ago a fellow-farmer asked this Joseph of the potato pits to sell him ten bags of seed potatoes at his own price. The Joseph of the tubers refused him, saying that when the time came if he had any potatoes to spare his neighbor should have them at the price then prevailing. Till then he might go and feed his cattle some more wheat-straw. We are credibly informed that this farmer has no guards on his pits. We can only surmise that he stays up every night with a shotgun and a lantern. One of these days he will be so busy getting those seven hundred bags of potatoes out of the pits and hustling them off to market before rot and tumbling prices head him off that he won't have time to eat. He expects to get five dollars a bag for them. We hope he loses one thousand dollars on his expectations. In the meantime—no, we wouldn't confiscate his potatoes. All we require is the moving picture of this man to keep his memory and that of all like him before the people of this country.

Post-haste, Not Post-war

A LOT of us are worrying our premature heads off about how to save the country after the war is over. At various council tables of varying shapes we sit and solemnly invent measures which we like to discuss. We are a lot of wiselings who have sent an army abroad, and now with our surplus of brain-power and our breadth of outlook upon the world's problems sit back in front of the fire and work the ash-trays overtime while we tell one another how the country should solve the problems we are inventing. A number of these national saviours on a small scale are a certain kind of Imperialist. But blest if they all are! No, almost any fellow old enough to find a reason for not getting into khaki tries to ease his conscience just now by hatching up national problems, abusing the government, talking about supermen who should be in high places and how Ottawa should feel this morning about the future of Bombay. A lot of talk of this kind may be a grade better than playing bridge or moaning about the bars of yester-year. But a great deal of it is just plain wind-jamming that takes energy which should be devoted to some useful labour. Let us talk less and do more.