

The Philosopher

Canadian Manhood in the War

Ypres, St. Julien, Festubert, Givenchy, Courcellette and Vimy Ridge—to mention no others—are names which will stand forever in history for Canadian valor and sacrifice for freedom's sake. That list of names, all symbols for all time to come of great deeds, is possibly being added to as these words are being printed. Those names are sacred possessions of Canada, though the places themselves are in battle-torn France. They are imperishable memorials of Canadian manhood which paid the full measure of devotion to patriotic duty and to the cause of humanity. The bereaved homes in our country, sorrowing for the heroes who will never return to them, are, alas, many in number. What words can bring consolation to that grief? Consolation must come from a source higher than any words.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the foemen's lines;
Peace, too, brings tears. Amid the battle din
The wiser ear some text of God divines."
It is for us Canadians remaining in Canada to care for the widow and the orphan of the brave men who fell fighting for Canada and liberty, and to make ample provision for their brave companions surviving, many of them maimed and with lasting injuries. By devotion and service now and henceforth must we pay our debt to the men who have made Canadian manhood forever glorious and so have ennobled our country.

The Lesson of the Spring

Spring is the time of Nature's great renewal, which brings every year to each and every one of us, as we grow older, the lesson that we should not lose all participation with the ever-renewing life of the natural world, by becoming too set and rigid in our ways and by locking our hearts against the forces of life. Surely it is the duty of every human being, a duty he owes to others as well as to himself, to preserve as much as possible of the freshness of youth, which, like Spring, makes all things new. Obedience to that duty is an important part of right living. Too true it is that into each life, as the song says, some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary. But the sun is always the sun behind the clouds.

"The Wolf Attempting to Bleat"

One of the most interesting of the books which The Philosopher has received during the past month from London is "Frederick the Great—the Memoirs of His Reader, Henri de Catt, 1758-60. Translated by F. S. Flint, with an introduction by Lord Roseberry." Though the period covered is only a couple of years, these records left by the Swiss whom Frederick the Great employed to read to him, are decidedly enlightening. Frederick talked freely to his reader, and the book gives a striking disclosure of the character of the man whose systematic perfidy, rapacity and hypocrisy have been inherited by the Hohenzollern regime to the present time. In connection with certain rumors about the present German Emperor, it is interesting to note that Frederick the Great carried "beneath his shirt" through all the years of his campaigning a little gold box containing eighteen opium pills—"enough to take one to those gloomy shores whence there is no return," he said, in speaking of the store of poison. The accountability for the present war must in a considerable measure be traced back to Frederick, whose rapacity without scruple and without conscience has tainted Prussian policy and Prussian action ever since. While exchanging cordial assurances of friendship with the young Queen, Maria Theresa, on her ascending the Austrian throne, whose territory he was sworn to guarantee safe from attack, he poured a great army into that territory and seized Silesia; no otherwise did his Prussians deal with Belgium in 1914. He originated the doctrine that "all was right for Prussia, which had a code of public morality that did not apply elsewhere." As Lord Roseberry writes: "So now we hear his kingdom, after preparing for a generation a vast conspiracy against the freedom of mankind, protesting against the iniquitous attack of her neighbors—the wolf attempting to bleat. This, too, is part of the heritage of Frederick."

Our Bodies—And Our Spirits

The Philosopher has just finished reading a remarkable scientific book, "Man, an Adaptive Mechanism," published by the great publishing house of the Macmillans, in London, which has branches in New York, London, Toronto, Melbourne and elsewhere throughout the world. This book is by Dr. George W. Crile, who has achieved such wonderful results in preventing the "shock" caused by serious surgical operations. Among the illustrations in it are reproductions in great number of microphotographs of over 100,000 examinations of animal cell tissue. In the work which has gone to the making of this book, Dr. Crile was assisted by many medical men, biologists and other scientists. Briefly, this book goes far towards establishing that the conditions produced by the "shock" caused by surgical operations and by serious wounds and injuries of any sort are the same as those produced by the exhaustion of extreme fatigue, insomnia, or hunger, by prolonged worry, by fear, and by grief. All these things produce what is called "acidosis" in the body,

which means shock and injury to the nervous system. Certain of the chief organs have the function of disposing of this "acidosis" and bringing about a recovery of normal conditions. When they find themselves overpowered in this work, the result is disaster. To set all this forth in scientific language would take pages of The Western Home Monthly. Suffice it to say that the most advanced results of science in this line of work establish by laboratory proof a great truth that has been known for ages, namely, that cheerfulness and confidence and courage have a direct influence upon health, and that faith in the final outcome for good can control and may even prevent the creation of conditions within the body which render easy the invasion of disease, and that anger, jealousy, fear, grief and other violent emotions, as well as prolonged worry, have a destructive effect upon vitality.

Kultur in Red Cross Bandages

A few weeks ago the Director of the Atlantic division of the United States Red Cross Organization issued from Philadelphia a warning against German agents who had insinuated themselves among Red Cross workers in certain parts of the United States for the purpose of poisoning bandages, so that they would cause the death of wounded men on whose wounds they would be placed. In some cases, this official Red Cross document stated, it had been found that ground glass had been put into bandages, which would cause suppurating wounds. To quote from the document:

"In one town a woman who was a leader in social activities made more bandages than any other member of the local branch of the Red Cross. Her work was so neat that she was pointed out as a model. We got more supplies from this town than from any other of its size in the State. By chance, several of these bandages were opened, and ground glass was discovered on them. An investigation showed that this woman had German connections."

The cold-blooded malignancy of such devilish work passes beyond anything that had been conceived of as possible before Kultur made its appearance in the world. No comment that could be made upon it could heighten the horror aroused in every normal human creature by the mere recital of the fact of such fiendishness.

"Public Opinion" in Germany

In the latest copy of the London Times to hand at the time this is written, there is an article dealing with a book by Thomas Curtin, who was in Germany as an observer in the interest of the Allies during fourteen months in 1914 and 1915. He had provided himself with credentials as a journalist from the United States, including letters from such prominent Germans in the United States as the late Professor Munsterberg to persons of high rank in Germany. Mr. Curtin shows in his book how what he calls "Lie Power" has played a dominant part in sustaining the Germans' resistance. He tells how faked moving pictures are prepared and shown throughout Germany to befool the people in regard to the progress of the war. In one chapter, from which The Times makes an extract, he tells how public opinion in Germany is made by the government through the newspapers. On one occasion in Berlin, he relates, he was present with the correspondent of a well-known paper in the United States, who remarked, in regard to the proposal that submarine ruthlessness should be increased, "Will public opinion favor such a move?" A member of the staff of the German Foreign Office who was present, said, "Public opinion! Public opinion!" in a tone which showed that he was really perplexed that such a question should be asked. "Why," he added, "we make it!"

The Arabian Nights

Well might General Maude, in his proclamation on entering Bagdad, tell the Arab people that they would soon have cast off the Old Man of the Sea, meaning Turkish rule, for good and all. To the Arabs, as well as to all the other peoples of the world, no allusion could be plainer. Are there any actual figures in history more widely known throughout the world than the leading characters in those wonderful old Arabian tales which, to generation after generation, are as well known as household words? What boy or girl, with any touch of imagination, has not enjoyed making the acquaintance of those heroes, rascals, magicians, Caliphs, barbers, sailors, fishermen, camel drivers, slaves and beautiful ladies who live and move and have their being in those tales? Truly, there are few greater pleasures in life—as The Philosopher, at least, is firmly convinced—greater than the pleasure one experiences in youth in reading the adventures of Aladdin, or Ali Baba, or the Young King of the Black Isles, or the Princess Badoura, or Prince Camaralzaman. Who has never read the Tale of the Magic Carpet, or of the Winged Horse, or of the Forty Thieves, or of the Genie that came like smoke out of the bottle which the fisherman found in his net, or has never followed the Barver's long-winded stories about his large family of brothers, or the yarns of Sindbad the Sailor about his voyagings to such strange shores? You have missed some of the finest joys of life.

An Austrian War Regulation

In view of the great scarcity of rubber, the Austrian Minister of Public Instruction has ordered chemists and apothecaries throughout the empire to abstain from selling any further rubber-mouthed infants' feeding bottles or babies' "comforters." The municipal and rural authorities will be instructed to employ women and girls to make a house-to-house visitation in order to see that no such articles are used by children over twelve months old, and they will be empowered to seize all rubber feeding tubes, teats, and comforters no longer in use. The hiding away of such rubber articles will entail very heavy penalties.—Vienna Neue Freie Presse.

Exhausting All Possible "Frightfulness"

What resources of frightfulness have they left? They have murdered prisoners, by General Stenger's order. They can kill unarmed men and women and babies in liners, but they did that in the case of the Lusitania. They can jeer at them as they drown, but they did that also in the affair of the Falaba two years ago. They can bombard defenceless ports and kill more women and babies, but that is no worse than what they perpetrated at Hartlepool. They can try to spread poison and disease, but they attempted that in South Africa. They can torture, but they cannot display more devilish cruelty than they have done already in the case of Paphyr Panasiouk (a Russian warrant officer captured by the Germans, who sliced off his ear, cut his nose from the bone, and drew his teeth; officially photographed in this mutilated state) and many other hapless prisoners. They can use non-combatants as screens for their troops, but their chivalrous warriors boasted openly in their newspapers of doing that in the first week of the war. Can they possibly be thinking of cannibalism? So far as we can discover from a careful study of their past record, that is almost the only horror that they have omitted.—London Times.

In the City of Haroun Al-Raschid

One of the most remarkable documents produced by the progress of the war is the proclamation which General Maude, on entering Bagdad, issued to the people of that Oriental capital, celebrated in history and in romance, where "in the golden prime of Good Haroun Al-Raschid" so many strange and wondrous things befell. There were many Oriental troops in the victorious army led by General Maude—regiments from India, that have acquitted themselves bravely and won honor for their country; and in language fitting Oriental in its style, General Maude announced to the Arab people that the British army commanded by him came not as a conquering army, but as an army of liberators. The language of the proclamation was admirably framed to touch the Arab imagination. It assured the Arabs that it was the strong and steadfast purpose of Great Britain and of the great Powers in alliance with Great Britain, that the many noble Arabs who had given their lives in the cause of Arab freedom against those alien oppressors, the Turks, shall not have died in vain, but that the Arab race shall rise again to greatness and renown among the peoples of the earth and Bagdad be restored to its ancient glory and prosperity. While the language of the proclamation was Oriental grandiose, its statements were true and its spirit one of absolute sincerity. This the Arabs well know. The Bagdad of to-day is sadly fallen from the splendor and greatness it had in the time when Alfred the Great lived in England. One of the results of the war will be that the Arab people will again have a national existence, and may again play a large part in the world.

For Freedom's Holy Cause.

The casualty lists go on and on, and never morning wears to evening but sorrow comes to many a home and the light of many a life goes out. The deep comfort for breaking hearts from coast to coast of Canada is that the heroic lives that War has taken have been given in the holy cause of the world's freedom—young lives, so many of them hopeful, eager, expectant, ready for life's service. The brave men who have made the supreme sacrifice have triumphed gloriously. They marched breast forward, doing their duty. Our country's need for men of heroic mould is all the greater because these hero souls are gone.

The Great Service Done by a Plain, Humble Man

Early in March died Richard Lloyd, in his eighty-second year. He was a plain, humble Welshman, who years ago took upon himself, though only a cobbler living in poverty, the duty of bringing up the children of his widowed sister, one of them a toddling two-year-old, David Lloyd George by name. That child is now Prime Minister of Great Britain, and with pride and gratitude he acknowledges his incalculable debt to the man who gave him his start in life—the start of honest poverty, a love of truth, a sense of duty, and faith in the omnipotence of ideas. And is it not an incalculable debt which Great Britain, the whole Empire—nay, the whole cause of human freedom, in this world struggle—owes to the memory of the man who took the place of that two-year-old Welsh toddler's dead father?