



ALBERTA LEGISLATURE IN SESSION AT THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT EDMONTON. The Premier of Alberta is Hon. A. Sifton, succeeding Hon. A. C. Rutherford, the first Premier after the inauguration of the new provinces in 1905. Since that time the Government of Alberta, like that of Saskatchewan, has been continuously Liberal, with a slowly decreasing majority.

A War Letter from the Pacific

Those Submarines from Chili and the Comedy of the Algerine

VICTORIA, B.C., Oct. 17th.—Here in this last west, this pleasant port that has up to now been only a happy haven for peaceful ships, we, as it were, look at the war through the large end of the binoculars. It is very remote, physically speaking; though the distance of the place of the tragedy makes no difference in our sentiment, and we have seen six hundred of our best and bravest sail away on the crowded ships, and have read the names of our native born on the casualty lists. Time was, too, six weeks or more ago, when we looked from every headland towards the Straits of Juan de Fuca for the signs of hostile ships; and every dynamite blast and every report of the practice firing at the forts in Esquimalt, some of us mistook for the guns of the Nuremburg or the Leipsic. Now calmer grown, we can look back with a smile on our foundationless fears. There is a humorous side to everything, it is said, if one has the happy faculty for discerning it, and even this war, the most devastating and far-reaching the world has ever known, can furnish incidents here and there, which are mirth-provoking and without the slightest suggestion of pathos.

When the first news of the war reached us here, Sir Richard McBride, learning that two submarines had recently been completed at Seattle for Chili, sent word with admirable promptitude to Sir Robert Borden that he would like to purchase them for the Dominion. This he was permitted to do, but so quietly and quickly was the transaction made, that the authorities at Esquimalt did not know it had been completed. It was a clear, sunny morning, when from the lookouts in the forts, two grey-coloured, low-lying crafts could be seen, making all speed in towards the Royal Roads, that water sacred to ships of the Admiralty. Instantly the guns were trained upon the invading ships, and signals challenged them. Those in command of the submarines, secure in the knowledge of their honourable rights, persisted on their way, when, suddenly, a gun boomed, and in front of the leading boat, a high column of water spouted. It was nearly the end of the beginning of our navy. A moment later, however, the sharp eyes of the zealous defenders of our country saw the Union Jack hoisted on the submarines and below it the white flag of peace.

HERE is another little story which makes pleasant reading for us at any rate:

Just before the outbreak of hostilities, one of our sloops of war, the Algerine, was in Magdalena Bay, of the Coast of Mexico, a distance of seventeen hundred miles more or less from Victoria; and anchored near her, was the Leipsic, a German cruiser, known now all over the coast here, chiefly for her ability in eluding pursuit. It was a very warm evening; the officers of the Leipsic were entertaining the officers of the Algerine at dinner. If a thunderstorm had not come up suddenly that dinner might have had a very different and very dra-

matic ending. As it was the Leipsic's wireless was put out of commission by the electric storm, and nobody suspected that a message was being flashed across the ocean, vainly seeking the deaf and dumb wires of the German cruiser. The Algerine carries no wireless. The morning dawned bright and clear, the British sloop-of-war weighed anchor, and, cheered by their German friends in true sailor fashion, set sail for sea. Little did the men on either ship realize that at the moment they were shouting their "good-byes" and "auf wiedersehns," the mobs in Berlin were attacking the British embassy, and the ships of King George had cleared for action and were sweeping all German boats from the North Sea.

There was no great hurry about repairing the Leipsic's wireless, and by some lucky chance, instead of hugging the coast, the Algerine put out for sea, traveling at her usual rate of seven or eight miles an hour. Two days later she met a vessel sailing south and learned the news of the war. Two days later, also, the Leipsic wireless was in order and the crew and the officers learned of the outbreak of war between England and Germany. Then, indeed, she gave chase to her one-time friend, and searched in every bay and cove along the coast for the little sloop of war. She never found her, or has not up to date. Our own cruiser, the Rainbow, in charge of gallant Captain Hose, had set out to escort the Algerine and her sister ship, the Shearwater, back to Esquimalt Harbour.

And that must have been an exciting hunt, though it's never a word the naval officers will say of it; for the Rainbow was all alone, and she could hold no communication with the sloops, neither of which carried wireless; and somewhere out there on the North Pacific the Nuremburg and the Leipsic were waiting and watching. What chance would the British cruiser have against two, and one of them so much larger and more heavily armed a vessel! However, one pleasant morning a grey ship, deep in the water, was seen coming through the narrow entrance to the Straits, and shortly afterwards two smaller vessels followed her. If one had been in the neighbourhood of Esquimalt as the three boats steamed in, one would have heard, as we did, an outburst of splendid British cheers. For the Rainbow had done what she set out to do, and all three of our ships of war were safe in home waters.

N. deB. L.

Long or Short?

Tacticians say a Long War; Economists a Short One

MILITARY experts say the war will be a long one. Economists say that the war will be short. Both, strangely, happen to be right. Judged from the progress thus far, no one could

predict a short war. The slow retirement of the Germans from France, in contrast to their hurried march upon Paris, makes the war look like a wearing-down process that may take years rather than months. When every battle is a practical siege, the slow, long war seems a certainty. On the other hand, up to the present we have been able to see only the tactical side. All the battles have been fought with the German lines of communication leading back into a well-ordered country unbroken by the Allies. The tap root has not been cut. Till it is we know little or nothing as to how long Germany can hold out, even though she should be technically victorious on the field, which at latest advices does not seem likely.

The war must be ultimately won, either on the field or in the supply depots—or both. How long can Germany supply her army and her people at home with food, when her ports are blockaded and her industries paralyzed along with her shipping, and she is forced to depend directly upon the food she can actually produce on her own territory? That is the problem that economists are trying to solve without reference to the tacticians on the field. As one writer has put it, Germany is now in the position of the camel, living on its hump. Evidence of this is directly given by a German writer, Dr. Karl Ballod, of Berlin, who differs radically from the views expressed by Von Moltke. Both Ballod's and Von Moltke's articles appeared recently in the *Preussische Jahrbucher*. Both were published just before the war. Von Moltke contended that Germany cannot be starved out. Vice-Chancellor Delbruck agrees with him. Ballod says:

"In 1911-13 we imported, in round figures, ten million tons of grain and feed, and at least five million tons' worth of grain in the form of 900 million marks' worth of cattle, meat, fat, herring, eggs, butter and cheese. Even if the statistics of German crops are accepted as correct, and if the crops for 1911-13 are put down as amounting to 26 million tons net, it appears that fully a third of the grain required for food is imported, of which the breadstuffs constitute only one-tenth."

In spite of the fact that Germany last year produced 54 million tons of potatoes, a total greater than all the rest of home-grown foodstuffs combined, Dr. Ballod says:

"It is a terrible self-deception to make out that the German people could get along eleven months in the year with the grain which they themselves raise for bread. Get along? Yes, as long as they can import 60 per cent. of the feed needed for cattle."

He predicted that in case of war, German ports would be blockaded to prevent imports. Von Moltke contended that they would not be. Ballod is right. The blockade exists. The process of slow starvation has been begun. Some predict that the industrial fabric out of work and therefore out of food that cannot be supplied by soup kitchens, will collapse first; that the army will follow it. Just at present, however, it looks as though even the slightest appreciable gain by the Allies on the field would be enough to make the starvation process effective. The war may be virtually over before the tacticians have begun to work out their programme. And yet the starvation process may be a slower one than the war itself.

Unpopular Moltke

He is Said to be a Christian Scientist

VERY little is known as yet of the real circumstances surrounding the case of Von Moltke, who was said to have been removed by the Kaiser from the chieftainship of the general staff. It is well known, however, that since the Kaiser himself practically assumed the chief command, the policy of the German army has been marked by hysterical manoeuvres. The Kaiser has been now on the west front urging on Von Kluk; now on the east egging on Von Hindenburg and Von Auffenburg. It is his personal war. Neither Von Moltke nor anybody else has much to do with it, except to carry out his ideas, which are often hallucinations.

The Kaiser chose Von Moltke in the first place because he was the nephew of the man who led German arms to victory in 1870. He replaced Count Schlieffen, an able soldier, because the latter declined to be the author of Kaiser manoeuvres which Von Moltke was very willing to carry out. A writer in the London Daily Mail makes out this interesting case either for or against Von Moltke:

"Of Bismarckian bulk, the Chief of the General Staff has never been genuinely popular with Army officers because of his alleged 'softness.' His intimate affiliation with the Christian Science movement has always been regarded as a weakness wholly out of place in a Hun leader. German martinets prefer a chieftain with a square head and a bulldog physiognomy like Von Hindenburg, the idol of East Prussia, who brags—in a statement now appearing in the German Press—that he has never wasted an hour in his life on 'light literature,' and ascribes his 'prowess' to the fact that his mind has never been poisoned by anything so corrosive as poetry and romance."