

# ORGANIZED OR PRUSSIANIZED?

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THE success with which the Government has "mobilized" the industries of Canada for the manufacture of war munitions and other activities connected with the campaign, is most striking and creditable alike to Ministers and manufacturers. But every now and then we hear of some loose screw—some failure in co-ordination which seriously affects the output. It is easy to exaggerate this weakness—and I make no doubt it is exaggerated in private conversation. But it will not be denied that a more complete organization of the industrial abilities and resources of the nation would greatly assist our participation in the war. They have been suffering—and are still suffering—the same way in the United Kingdom. Some of the facts have cried aloud so openly that we all know them. Skilled workers in munition factories have been allowed to enlist and go to the front when they would have been of ten times as much use to the fighting forces if they had simply stayed on the job. Munition machinery has been allowed to lie idle for a part of the time when it ought to be run day and night.

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WE may be confident that nothing like this is happening in Germany. That nation has organized its whole people to fight this war. There is probably not a man in Germany who is not helping fight—helping by doing the thing he can best do to that end. In many cases, this merely implies doing the same work he was doing in peace-time; and possibly doing it a bit harder. The organization of a nation for war purposes does not mean—and does not stop short at—conscription. I am not talking now about getting men into uniform. In Britain and in Canada, we are getting all the men into uniform that we can handle. The voluntary system has filled the fighting ranks of our armies to the entire satisfaction of our war chiefs. There is no trouble there. It is the men who are not going to war—who are not being asked to go to war—who should never be allowed to go to war—who are failing in their duty. And they are not failing, as a rule, for any lack of desire or willingness; but simply because they do not know.

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IF one benevolent dictator had charge of this nation as a great business concern, with power to set every industry and every man in it doing the thing it and he can best do to help forward the fighting activities of our volunteers, our output in war material and efficiency would be materially increased. And, in most cases, no one would be disturbed. In many cases, indeed, the individuals would be much better off.

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FOR the life of me I do not see why this nation, confronted by the tremendous crisis and peril of this war, should not permit itself to be organized by some central bureau with power at least to suggest to each man and industry what he might do. I can quite see the objection to compulsory organization. I am not asking that a central bureau be permitted to order any man or industry to do the smallest chore. I understand that a free-born Britisher would rather see his Empire shivered to atoms and his flag trailed in the dust than be deprived of his glorious liberty to shirk and get under the barn. He will never be what he calls "Prussianized" until the odious thing is done to him by a genuine Prussian drill-sergeant under the flag of Germany. That will protect his own meteor flag from being soiled by the blood-stain of "militarism." But surely even British "love of liberty" and Canadian love of irresponsibility would not be pained too deeply by a mere suggestion from a central organizing bureau!

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THAT we are not taking this war seriously enough is a commonplace remark. Our whole future is being decided with "blood and iron" on the torn and ravaged fields of Europe; and we act as if we were watching the close of an exciting football series. We have not yet risen to the grim realization that what these millions of men settle in Europe with their lives, it will be entirely idle for us to attempt to set aside by the shrillest protests or the most vocal mass meetings at Massey Hall. These armed men in Europe are dying for great programmes; and you may be perfectly sure that whichever group of them conquer the power to put their programmes in force will not hesitate to do so because of any feeble dislike for them on the part of people who cannot meet howitzers with still heavier guns.

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SHOULD Germany secure—either in this war or in one to follow it—the power to dispose of the future of Canada, that is exactly what she will do with as little regard for our preferences and feelings as she would have for the natives of any other

conquered district. She would wipe "Canada" off the map—as we know it—and plant here a new Prussianized "Poland" in which even the babies must live according to regulations drafted in Berlin. Some of our men feel the truth of all this; and they are going to Europe to prevent this frightful catastrophe at the cost of their lives. But it is only the simple truth that the majority of us do not feel it; and that we have not taken even so little trouble to help avert it as would be implied by a national organization of our industrial capacity. It seems to me that this is the least we can do, and that our people would be entirely ready to do it under some sort of Government leadership.

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SUCH a step would be a long, long way short of Prussianizing this country—a cry we sometimes hear when it is proposed to do something which might make our united efforts more effective. Of our own free-will, we will never Prussianize ourselves. We have neither the docility nor the sense of need. But the Prussians themselves may Prussianize us in complete fashion some black day if we do not wake up and put our whole strength into this fight for freedom.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Daddy's Plain Duty

WAR has sometimes played hob with sculpture. Napoleon once stole the great Quadriga bronze-horses statue that now caps the gate of the Brandenburg Thor in Berlin and carried it in triumph to Paris. The Germans got it back. And though German "kultur" may be a pretty ferocious animal at its worst, no one doubts that a great piece of sculpture is appreciated in Berlin. France, too, has her immortal Rodin, whose works are the pride of the nation. Any Frenchman found guilty of defacing one of his statues would be considered unspeakable. France may have her distorted notions about politics, but France has never failed to appreciate art. And over in old London there are a few sculptural spots where the feet of the nations go slow and the visitors behold in a sort of historic awe such overtopping historic memorials as the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square. From among those four mammoth lions great speeches have been delivered to great crowds on behalf of King and country; and the figure of Nelson was a fitting climax to the scene. It seems that the recruiting agents for Kitchener's army have chosen this popular historic rendezvous to erect recruiting signs. That is used as an argument why similar signs should be put up in similar places. But in London, Trafalgar Square is the one place capable of gathering tens of thousands at once; more people pass the Nelson monument than any other public building; there is plenty of room for the signs, the big lions probably don't mind it anyway, and Nelson is so high up in the air that nothing bothers him. Suppose also, that some

equally misguided sign painter had been permitted by Mayor Mederic Martin to disfigure the historic monument in the Place d'Armes, Montreal. Would not French-Canadians howl to the tops of the towers of Notre Dame?

Then, oh tourist, whoever you may be, in search of a new idea in patriotism applied to art—pause for a moment nowadays in front of the South African Memorial, at the foot of University Avenue in Toronto. Behold that immortally inartistic signboard which obscures most of the splendid heroic figures at the base of the monument, and by means of a very atrocious picture done over-night, asks—"Daddy, what did you do in the great war?" And you will probably say to yourself that Daddy might have done his King and his country some service without shouldering a rifle. He might have taken a good-sized bush axe and chopped to kindling wood that ugly, art-defacing insult to a Canadian sculptor and to the soldiers who fell in a former war. Walter Allward, the sculptor who spent a year at this memorial, will not be pleased at seeing this in print. Neither will he be displeased, because it expresses some of his own views on the subject.

Some people may say that art has no business to be respected in times of war. They are right—if mere art stands in the way of enthusiasm for the war. But in the case of this signboard at the South African Memorial there was plenty of room to have put it up fifty feet in the rear of the monument, instead of square in front of the most interesting part of the memorial.

## A NEW WAR STORY.

OUR new Serial, "Sylvia's Secret," which begins in this issue, deals with some phases of the relations between Britain and Germany just before war broke out. It is a thrilling mystery, reflecting events which are better understood now than they were a year ago.

## Canadian Progress Appreciated

Belfast, Ireland, Aug. 10, 1915.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Like other social reformers here, I am glad to hear of the progress that local prohibition is making in Canada, and hope that other forms of Fabianism, municipal and national, are going ahead in the path of outward progress. As for inward progress, each one must do one's own temple cleaning and cultivate the higher self or holy spirit.

Canada, as well as Australia and New Zealand, has done well from an Imperial point of view. The descendants of Highlanders in the Colonies are not easily put down by Kaiser, Bernhardt, Krupp & Co., and had better be left alone by these force worshippers, who ignore wisdom and love!

Could we not see more of your papers and magazines in Belfast and other parts of the United Kingdom.

Yours, etc.,

E. McA. OSBORNE.

P.S.—Canada, etc., should have a voice in the Empire.



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF "MISPLACED ENTHUSIASM."

A Poster, intended to get recruits for the present war, stuck up in front of a memorial to heroes of another war.