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PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

CZAR NICHOLAS is now generalissimo on land and sea. There have been photographs of the Czar and the Grand Duke Nicholas, his cousin; and the Czar up against the giant looked very wan and puny and just a little scared, you might think. Also many years ago there was a photograph of Bismarck and the present Kaiser, which looked very much like the popular dog picture, Dignity and Impudence. It looked absurd that the slim lath of a Prince could ever oust the super-man Bismarck. To many it may seem quite as ridiculous that the little Czar should fill the boots of the Grand Duke. But the Czar may surprise the world. He certainly has the loyalty of the Grand Duke; and the pro-German influences in Russia will be clean rooted out when it's Czar against Kaiser. In which case we re-echo the last line of the Russ national anthem—"Long live the Czar."

HENRY FORD has won the admiration of all America and a good part of the world for his practical wisdom in conducting business on a profit-sharing basis. Just before the war he was summoned to the White House to help President Wilson discover the psychological reason of hard times. Since the war his factories have been busier than ever. Now he sets aside a million dollars to be used in a campaign against war, would have every soldier wear a badge labelling him as a murderer, offers a large cash prize for a history of war "that shall not make demigods of soldiers," and has kept all of his 20,000 employees but ten men from joining the National Guard. By the same token, perhaps, Mr. Bryan drives a Ford car.

AT last the only national wonder of the world we have is to be taken down. The leaning tower of Pisa held its place among the sacred seven wonders a good while. But the cracked and crumbling tower over the Royal Victoria Museum in Ottawa had begun to give Pisa a hard run for popular interest. According to Hon. Robert Rogers' investigation by experts, this monument to Laurier is unsafe and must come down before it begins to fall through the roof, damaging our national works of art. It was no longer possible to patch up the tower as they do with English cathedrals. The stooping tower of art was not built that way. Liberal optimists may have hoped that the tower would stand as long as the Tory Government. But the tower is to be taken down by the Tories.

HEROISM in this war is for the most part unrecorded. Much that is least talked about in the newspapers is of the grim variety. That doctor at the Dardanelles who lost both legs and was left on the field and, himself as near death as a man could be, crawled from man to man of the wounded men about him doing what he could to relieve their sufferings—is a greater and grimmer hero than he ever could seem to be if he had got the Victoria Cross. That kind of heroism transcends all human decoration, because it is the next thing to the inspired action of a god.

DR. CABANES, a French scientist of high repute, has written a history of the Hohenzollerns. In his title he calls this monarchical outfit "Une Dynastie de Degeneres!" The book has special reference to the Kaiser, whom he traces down from the Great Elector 1688 through a pretty direct line of monstrosities cropping out in his son Frederick, whose chief regret was that he could not behold his own funeral; in Frederick William I, who tried to kill his own son by his own hands and the fantastic experiment of producing giant soldiers by forcibly marrying his gigantic guards to the

biggest women he could find; again in Frederick the Great, who taught that a king is above all law; his nephew, Frederick, a visionary; and on down by direct descent to the present Emperor, in whom the House of Hohenzollern comes to a climax of moral degeneracy. It seems about time the Hohenzollern dynasty went on the international scrap-heap.

DERNBURG, DUMBA AND CO. have been doing a fine line of business in the United States. Dr. Dernburg, the Kaiser's press agent, has been deported as an undesirable alien. Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, is to follow suit.

HIS BACK TO THE ENEMY



The only time a British soldier turns his back to the enemy is when he is using his pocket periscope. This is a simple little instrument consisting of two mirrors at right angles, and arranged so that it can be adjusted to a sword or a bayonet and held above the parapet of a trench without danger to officer or private.

Washington does not like Dernburgs and Dumbas.

"Sorry you didn't like my friend Dernburg," says the Kaiser. "Tastes differ. Shall I send you another?"

"Sorry you don't appreciate my representative Dumba," says the Emperor Franz Josef. "But I can find plenty of work for him at home. By the way, there are a number of able gentlemen in Austria whose acquaintance you have not made. Let me

know the kind of man you would like to experiment with, and I may be able to accommodate you."

The trouble with the Dernburgs and Dumbas is that they carry on their experiments with United States diplomatic psychology instigated by their own governments, and when it comes to bringing these international meddlers up with a short turn, the governments of Germany and Austria are not held responsible. We must conclude that Dernburg and Dumba are both submarines.

THOSE who knock about freely in the music and studio life of London and Paris say that Mdme. Clara Butt, the great English contralto—now Mrs. Kennerly Rumford—was the real original of Trilby. Perhaps when Trilby was written, in 1894, or thereabouts, the super-contralto of magnificent proportions may have suited Du Maurier's notions of what Trilby was. She herself thought so, for she is said to have struck Trilby attitudes on the platform in order to make a hit. Time works changes. The contralto is still great. But any Svengali who should undertake to hypnotize the Clara Butt of the present day would need to hypnotize the audience to make them believe he was doing it.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, arch-pacifist and iron-master, please take notice. Be not discouraged, Andrew, Laird of Skibo. There is still peace in the world. Your illustrious friend Wilhelm the Kaiser is still working for peace. A year ago now you may have doubted this, when he began to devastate Europe. At that time you were too old to look with complacency on the destruction of property that to rebuild would make a boom in iron and steel. You had built the million-dollar Peace Palace at The Hague, and it began to look like a peaceable white elephant. Take hear O peace propagandist. The white elephant is not dead. Lo and behold, your peace-worshipping War Lord has offered to submit two cases to The Hague Tribunal. One is the indemnity over the unspeakable horror of the Lusitania. The other is the question of whether or not the Arabic intended to ram the U boat that sunk her without warning. So if you will abandon Skibo and open up the Peace Palace at The Hague, you may have a nice, comfortable time keeping on fyle the questions which the Kaiser, having smashed all international laws, is now willing to submit to the tribunal of international law. And when the Allies have finished the war, these questions may come up as it was in the days of old.

SENATOR HUMBERT speaks out once more like a man in prophesying victory for French 3-inch guns and the Allies against the guns of the Germans. It was Senator Humbert, member of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, who before the war made the revelations about French boots and French unpreparedness for a great war. He now writes for the Associated Press a statement of victory which for real perspicacity based upon observation goes the orations of Premier Viviani one better. He says:

"I have heard that a German officer boasted that the troops of the Kaiser would take Calais whenever they willed, by 'paying the price,' which he set up as 50,000 killed. This boast is silly. The Germans can pay our terrible three-inch guns a bloody price of 50,000 or 500,000 men if they please without getting anywhere. France in any case has had for centuries the genius for artillery. Once more she has given a proof of this in her marvelous three-inch guns, which no German cannon anywhere near approaches in perfection."

This is some of the best practical proof yet to hand of what France is doing.