

were responsible for the quantities assigned them.

Picturing the result of the regulations on the diet of the industrial classes in the towns and cities, Mr. Schreiner says: The adults, after rising in the morning, would drink a cup or two of some substitute for coffee, or very bad tea, without milk, if there were children, and with very little sugar. With this would be eaten a third of the day's ration of bread, about two and one-half ounces. That meal had to suffice until noon, when a plate of soup, a slice of bread, two ounces of meat, and two ounces of vegetables were taken, to be supplemented by a small quantity of farinaceous food in the form of some pudding or cake. A cup of coffee substitute would go with this meal. At four in the afternoon another cup of substitute coffee or poor tea would be taken by those who could afford it, usually together with cake equal to a half-ounce of wheat flour and a quarter-ounce of sugar. The evening meal would be the same as dinner, without soup and pudding, a little cheese, and the remaining seventy grams of bread.

The disciplinary value of the food-line was still kept in mind in the distribution of potatoes, beets, wheat flour; now and then other cereal products, such as macaroni, biscuits, buckwheat flour, and oatmeal; meat when the city distributed it at or below cost price; fuel, coal-oil, sugar, and all groceries; soap and washing-powder; shoes, clothing, textiles of any sort, thread and tobacco. For many of these things certain days had been set aside. Potatoes could be drawn every other day. For instance, while wheat flour was issued every fourth day, meat on all "meat" days, fuel once a week, petroleum every two weeks, and sugar once a month, shoes and clothing were issued only after the Clothing Central had been satisfied that they were needed. It was the same with thread, except silk thread, and with tobacco one took a chance.

Patrons of hotels and restaurants had to bring in their own bread. The eating house manager who gave bread to patrons would be fined heavily once

or twice and after that would lose his license. Here is Mr. Schreiner's account of an incident noticed by him in the cloak room of the Court Opera in Vienna: "A well-dressed couple came in. The lady was attired in quite the latest thing made by some able couturier, and the man was in evening dress, a rare sight nowadays. As he pushed his fur coat across the counter a small white parcel fell to the floor. Two slices of very black war-bread rolled among the feet of the throng.

"There goes our supper bread!" cried the woman. "So it seems," remarked the man. "But what's the use of picking it up now? It's been rolling about on the floor."

"But somebody can still eat it," said the woman. "Just then two men handed back the bread. Its owner wrapped it up again and put the parcel into a pocket. I suppose the servants of the household ate next day more bread than usual."

As an example of the co-operation between government and people created by the crisis of 1916, Mr. Schreiner gives an interesting instance of a radical revision of the first fuel regulations. At first it was a case of more economy, more restrictions. Industries not contributing directly to the military strength of the Central Powers were ordered to discontinue all night work and overtime. Shops, cafes, hotels, restaurants, and other public places had to limit the consumption of fuel for heating and lighting purposes to one-third their usual quota. The lighting of shop-windows was cut down to almost nothing. Stores had to close at seven o'clock, eating-and-drinking-places first at twelve and later at eleven. No light was to be used in the hotels after twelve. All unnecessary heating was prohibited, and the warm-water period in hotels shrank from four to two hours per day.

Some man with a statistical mind figured out that the closing of a movie seating five hundred people and giving two performances in the evening, meant an increase in fuel consumption for heating and

lighting purposes sixty times greater than what the movie used. That was simple enough, and a few days later the movies and cheap theatres resumed business. More than that followed. The government decided that this was a fine method of co-operation. It gave the cafes permission to use more fuel and light in return for a more liberal treatment of patrons not able to spend much money. The fuel conjunction offered new opportunities. Free musical recitals, concerts, theatrical performances, and lectures were arranged for in order that thousands might be attracted away from their homes.

All this may not be interesting to people who are still thinking about lingerie and liquors. But it will be interesting less than a year from now. We may not do just as Germany has done. But we must and will do this thing of nation-rationing as thoroughly as Germany has done and is going to do it, or the war won't be won by any of us in the rear, whatever happens to the armies at the front. Germany is in this fight to a finish. She is willing to put everything on the junk-heap that won't help to win. Germany has become the junk-man of Europe, the dago navy able to work on what other nations leave; able to organize the scrap-heap.

At home only. The junk-heap was giving out. What then? Russia and Roumania broken down. The Ukraine rolls its food into Austria and Germany. The Ukrainians are made peons of production for the half-starving Teuton. Thuggery? Oh yes. But the German junk-heap was in need.

But whatever Germany does abroad we shall all have to jump in and help Government lay violent hands on every ounce, inch and stitch this country has. Germany has gone through it. She has cleaned up the country. Just when the nation was running down she made that break into the East. She is now on the upgrade of her economies again. How far up will it carry her? We don't know. Thugs who have reverted to cave-man ethics can carry on far longer on bad economics than nations who sip tea.

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR NICKLE

By

HARRY W. ANDERSON



William Folger Nickle, B.A., K.C.,
M.P.

THERE is danger of Canada becoming a real democracy! Public men seem to be letting up on talk and getting down to action. The lessons of war—the seriousness and the sacrifice of the struggle—are leading men and women back to the things that count. There is "a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry trees" throughout the Dominion. It is so persistent, and so insistent, that it has finally reached Ottawa, proverbially the last place in the country to sense and to interpret public sentiment.

The "unionizing" of Government has helped. The proclaimed abolition of party patronage has contributed. The new atmosphere of Parliament has made strange things possible. Private members who were wont to do what

they were told find themselves unfettered and free to do what they will.

All this means the making of some men and the unmaking of others. The representative with ideas of his own, with imagination, with initiative, suddenly freed from his party hobbles, sweeps to the front. The fellow whose ideas were manufactured for him, the faithful follower, the trusted partisan, settles into the discard. In such a situation William Folger Nickle, member for Kingston, was bound to be heard from.

During the whole of his public life, as representative of his native city, first in the Provincial Legislature, and later in the Dominion House of Commons, this little, slim, auburn-haired, brown-eyed, soprano-voiced, human dynamo, has kicked against the party pricks. He calls himself a Conservative but he is essentially radical in thought and action—an apostle of the "plain people" whom platform politicians love to prate about. But Nickle was never content with platitudes. He was eager for performance. He was a "ginger group" all in himself, a "bull-mooser" who perpetually got the politician's two "p's" misplaced. He persisted in placing the People before the Party. It got him nowhere in Parliament, and everywhere outside. Party managers shied from him nervously but the proletariat gathered around his standard.

First of all, he changed Kingston's politics. When he went to the Legisla-

ture it was because he had won a seat long held by political opponents. When he came to the House of Commons it was likewise because he captured the constituency from the party which had held it safe since the days of Sir John A. Macdonald. This achievement was the result of qualities that count and a personality that wins. "Billy" Nickle, his fellow-citizens know, wears well. Born in Kingston, brought up in Kingston, graduate of Kingston's university, player on Kingston's football team, pillar in Kingston's Andrews Church, and trained in the fiery school of Kingston politics, everybody in Kingston knows and respects him.

As soon as he reached the Legislature he got busy. He was no theorist seeking a career. He was a human fellow anxious to serve his fellowmen. He was the mover for and a member of the Provincial Milk Commission; he was the father of the Bread Bill; he specialized in things that improved the actual condition of the people. Then he went to Ottawa. Here, as might be expected, his convictions caused him to clash with certain "big interests."

It was natural and logical that the crystallizing Canadian sentiment against the creation in this democratic Dominion of a pseudo aristocracy, founded on the promiscuous granting of titles, should find expression in Parliament through Mr. Nickle. Some years before Mr. F. F. Pardee, member for West Lambton, had protested, from his seat in the House, against the wholesale spattering of knighthoods among the Canadian citizenhood. Two sessions later Captain J. H. Burnham, member for Peterboro, brought in a bill to abolish titles in this country. Everyone who hadn't a title and didn't expect one acclaimed these parliamentarians, but the men in the seats of the mighty sat tight, and the storm passed over. Nickle waited—waited till the time was ripe. Then he prepared his case, carefully, conscientiously, clearly. When he spoke in Parliament he had an aroused country behind him. The Press heralded his campaign and backed it, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters poured in like an avalanche. Something had to be done. It was announced that the Government had made representations to the Imperial authorities against the granting of all hereditary titles, and that the whole title business was to be seriously reviewed.

Mr. Nickle's strength in Parliament and with the people is, in the final analysis, in his sincerity. He believes whatever he says—and the public know it. He speaks quietly and convincingly, with no attempt at the oratorical, no blandishments of gesture, and little concern for the arts of verbal camouflage. His words are direct and meaningful. His summary is judicial. He leaves the impression of fairness and earnestness, two things that tell. His character and his career lend force and effect to his utterance. He is a lawyer of fine ability and sound judgment. His patriotism has found practical expression in the overseas service of his sons, but the characteristics which, more than all else, are responsible for his winning the public—or the public winning him—are his sterling integrity, his progressive and practical ideals, and his inevitable keen sympathy and concern for the under-dog.