



"THE GREAT ILLUSION."

EVERY now and then some one asks me—in reference usually to a remark hinting that Canada ought to be ready to defend herself—if I have read Norman Angell's book—"The Great Illusion." Norman Angell—a pen-name for an English journalist living in Paris—has written a book which has been a great popular success, in which he argues that war is unprofitable for the victor; and that, consequently, "nations of shop-keepers" and other sensible persons should not go to war. If we lose, we lose; and, if we win, we lose, too. It is a poor gamble, says Norman Angell; keep out of it. And he proves it in nervous chapter after chapter in which quotations from authorities and extracts from speeches and "market reports" whirl copiously about each other in a dizzying dance. Through it all runs a certain, superficial "cock-sureness" which was the secret of the popularity of that other "Great Illusion," "Coin's Financial School." Do you remember "Coin's Financial School?" It took the place of the Bible in the Western States for a while, and proved to be a demonstration that if you took fifty cents' worth of silver, and put a Government stamp on it, it immediately became worth a dollar. "Billy" Bryan ran his first Presidential election on that theory—though he never speaks of it now—but I think that the best comment ever made on this particular "illusion" was offered by poor "Bob" Ingersoll, who said that, if the Government could make value in this easy way, then he objected to the "free silver" plan because of its cost. Why use silver? Why not use copper or paper?

NORMAN ANGELL'S "Great Illusion" carries him so far that he declares categorically that it hurt Germany, financially, to get her billion dollar indemnity from France after the war of 1870. And he proves it by showing that, during the period that this money was pouring out of France and into Germany, France was recuperating while Germany was suffering from depression. And he proves the depression, in turn, from speeches by German advocates of a new fiscal policy for Germany. This would be very like proving Canadian "depression" last year from the speeches of pro-Reciprocity poli-

ticians; or proving the reverse from speeches by anti-Reciprocity politicians. Any quotation is as good as another for Norman Angell. But think of the mental condition of a man who will gravely argue that it was an injury for the German people to have the German Government get a billion dollars from the French Government. Why, that would mean that the German Government would either leave the German people untaxed by that amount, or would reduce the public debt by that amount. Now does it enrich a people to be taxed? If so, our chaps at Ottawa are sinfully wasting their time.

THE Angell book appeared first a couple of years ago; but the great men of Europe are still under "the Great Delusion," and are preparing for war as vigorously and at as heavy cost as if they did not know that it could never pay them to fight. Possibly they may have skipped some of the argument and jumped over to the end of the little work, where Angell becomes "afraid of his horses" and hedges very violently. Let me quote a little—

"Are we immediately to cease preparation for war, since our defeat cannot advantage our enemy nor do us in the long run much harm? No such conclusion results from a study of the considerations elaborated here. It is evident that so long as the misconception we are dealing with is all but universal in Europe, so long as the nations believe that in some way the military and political subjugation of others will bring with it a tangible material advantage to the conqueror, we all do, in fact, stand in danger from such aggression. . . . On this ground alone, I deem that we or any other nation are justified in taking means of self-defence to prevent such aggression. This is not, therefore, a plea for disarmament irrespective of the action of other nations. So long as current political philosophy in Europe remains what it is, I would not urge the reduction of our war budget by a single sovereign."

SO there we are back again. War may not pay; but, so long as other people do not know it, we must prepare to fight them. Of course, that is precisely, in practice, the British position to-day. We are not arming for aggression but for defence.

But we are not doing this because we are under the "illusion" that war does not pay; but because we have paid ourselves so mightily well in the past by war that we have now all the "spoils of victory" we can comfortably digest. "War does not pay!" Can't you hear all the Conquerors of the past laughing in their beards? They went out from Rome at the head of their legions, and they brought back the wealth of the world to pour in golden streams into the baths and circuses and palaces of the Eternal City. Without war, who would ever have heard of the little settlement on the Tiber? Ah, but that was long ago, says Norman Angell. Very well, come down to date. What would England be to-day without war? She would not have a foot of India—she would have no share of China's trade, except as she might glean after some other masterful reaper—she would not have Canada or Australia or South Africa or any of her possessions—she would have no commerce, for the Spanish and the French would have swept it from the seas. Britain is the great creditor nation—the great trading nation—the great carrying nation—of the world by grace of powder and shot.

AND is it all a matter of dollars and cents? Do we care for nothing but dividends and wages? Is there no national sentiment—no national pride—no national honour? Come now, how much money will you take and pull down that coloured bit of bunting which whips out so sturdily against "the blue" yonder—that "old tattered rag"—and let me put up quite as good a piece of cloth of another pattern? It might be something very "fetching" with Stars and Stripes in it. How much now in cold cash to make the exchange? And there is a bit of rather dismal music that some monied men would like to buy you away from at the same time. You know what I mean—

"You may take hold of the wings of the morning
And flop round the world till you're dead,
But you can't get away, from the tune that they play
To that bloomin' old rag overhead."

Come, now! Good, gold dollars; and give it all up! You won't? "There are some things that are not for sale?" How impractical. Yet, my Gentlemen of the Union Jack, you will give it up if you do not prepare to defend that flag, just as surely as the heroic French people who had built their lives into Canada saw their "Lilies" come fluttering down at the command of the War God. And we are still in a world where War is the final arbiter. War doesn't pay? Ask the first German you meet how much he will take and have the results of the War of 1870 reversed.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Plain Man—Mabee

Who Was also a Judge and the Champion of the Square Deal

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



Judge Mabee as He Was
When He Quit Work.

DOWN on Lake Erie, where the county of Norfolk thrusts its well-kempt farms and budding orchards out over the blue, there is a tidy little town where the ships used to come in. And it was in the days of the grey sails leaning in to Port Rowan from across the lake that two sons grew up in the home of Collector of Customs Mabee. One of these was a thick-set, square-jawed boy that went swimming in the lake below just as soon as the oats were up, fished for suckers in the creek and got away to the Twenty-Fourth of May celebrations as regular as the time came to plant corn.

In that sleepy little village of the sails and the fishermen James Pitt Mabee went to school and played "hookey" till he got to the age when he took to the High School. James Mabee might have become a customs col-

lector. But he chose to finish up at the High School and afterwards to take a course at Toronto University; and while he was still much of a youth he spent a year or so in the old home school teaching the neighbours' boys something about the English language.

Then he studied law; which in those days was considered goal enough for any Canadian lad. And Port Rowan folk reckoned that Jim Mabee would turn out as smart a lawyer as ever wore a gown. Though they said he was no sort of book-worm—but somehow the square deal came to him natural, because in any tangle of affairs among the farmers round about the young man had a way of seeing through the bush into the clearing.

So they bade godspeed to Jim Mabee, the full-fledged lawyer, when he packed his trunk and took a train for the inland town of Listowel, somewhere else on the lines of the Grand Trunk. And some predicted that whether or no he ever became what he ought to be, Jim Mabee had the head of a judge.

Every now and then the young lawyer Mabee kept drifting back for a quiet vacation to the old town on the lake where the sails had quit drifting in. He liked the old place.

And when James Pitt Mabee had become a judge, and almost suddenly one of the most famous men in Canada, he still took an occasional jaunt down to the old Port to see the folks and to have a good quiet time with the neighbours; just because he

liked it, and he had always kept strong in his makeup the heart of a boy.

One day last week, when the farmers about Port Rowan had quit seeding and the fishermen were mending the nets; when the buds were breaking loose in the orchards and the song sparrows were holding high revel with the whistling orioles—a line of private cars went rumbling in from Toronto to the end of the side line; down to the hushed-up town of Port Rowan, where the little churches thrust up their spires in the new green. One car contained all that was mortal of James Pitt Mabee, who was coming back to the old town for the last time.

And the neighbours said that only a week before, on the day that he went to the hospital, the Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission had sat in his court till past five o'clock—to see that the square deal came to plain folk at the crossing. He had been operated on—successfully—for a malignant case of appendicitis. Paralysis had set in. The case was bulletined to the newspapers almost hour by hour. A third doctor was called. Heroic measures were taken. Some relief came. It was hoped that Judge Mabee would recover. But at 3.15 on Monday, May 6, he died.

James Pitt Mabee was the creation of a public need—not of a system. There are and have been great heads of corporations, themselves the product of the systems whose heads they became. Such a man was the late Charles M. Hays, whom with much care and great difficulty a great railway sys-