

EDITORIAL

OUR ARMY THE FIRST PROBLEM

RETURNED soldiers have begun to become our greatest single public problem. The army coming back must be reinstated in civil life. Measures undertaken now by the G. W. V. A. or by any other probable organizations of returned soldiers must be carried out in the interests of hundreds of thousands of men who are still in Europe. We assume that all the men who have gone and will go to the front will have a common cause. Volunteer or draftee, they are all Canada's army organized for a national purpose. That purpose was not merely military. It was national. If the men coming back were to remain a standing professional army the case would be comparatively simple. But they come back expecting to re-establish themselves as citizens. With the rest of us who have done whatever war work we could at home, they are fellow-nationals. We cannot divide ourselves into an army and a citizenship. It is the business of the nation to take up this matter of reinstating an army in civil life as its most immediate great problem. To this all schemes of party re-organization, of industrial reconstruction, of immigration, of agricultural development, of tariff and foreign trade and internal polity must for a time be made contributory. The country has made a gigantic effort to get the army away from civil life into the field. Canada must make just as gigantic an effort to get the pick of its manhood reinstated as a factor in national life.

And this will be a problem demanding all our wisdom of statesmanship. It will not do to talk idly about the political value of an army. Canada's army cannot be calculated for political purposes. It should not be necessary for that army to attempt organizing itself into a political unit in order to get its rights. Unless we take steps that make such a military-political organization unnecessary, we shall fail in even the crudest attempts at national rehabilitation. Soldiers should be encouraged to run for Parliament. The election of Frank Giolma—already known to readers of this paper as an able and humorous story writer—is a worthy representative of what the soldiers need. He is a man who knows. And we shall require soldiers in our parliaments of the future, or we shall fail to get the parliaments that represent the will of the people. We may expect the soldiers to differ among themselves on questions of internal policy. But whatever these differences, the nation should persist in regarding the soldiers as citizens united in reasonable efforts to solve the great problem of returning an army to its country. The mob element among the soldiers will not count. The returned soldier problem will not be settled by mob rule, by Bolsheviki methods, or by any kind of organization that defies the law. An army in the last analysis is the nation's instrument to execute law—not to mob a community. And we are not to judge the army by any minority mob. An army is the thing that puts down mob rule; not the thing that makes it.

BEAT HIM FIRST; DISCUSS IT AFTERWARDS

LORD LANSDOWNE'S persistent reincarnation of Mr. Britling speaks volumes for his tenacity. Last November Lansdowne called for a statement of war aims. On the eve of the war's fourth anniversary he calls for it again. There is no change in the argument. He is weary of the war, believes that a large majority of people in all countries share his sentiments and that it is quite possible to discuss sensible peace terms with Germany before she is beaten. Whatever expectation of the latter might have been indulged last November, there is none left in the mind of anybody who professes to have followed the course of German psychology. Germany is not fit to sit at a peace conference. Peace is only possible as a gentlemanly agreement among ethical equals, or as the result of beating the unethical party to a condition where his lack of ethics no longer counts. The latter is the only method left. Germany is wilfully insane. He is also not far from being beaten. The end of the war is in sight. We do not yet know the date of it. But we know the nature of the ending. The most war-tired nation in the world is Germany. But there are depths of tiredness to which Ger-

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP



C. P.—Father, I've concluded that the only way to take Paris is to go round by Berlin.

The Kaiser.—Well, little old Berlin is in a pretty bad way. He can't even wobble much longer.

many has not yet descended. The nation which swam into a world war on a sea of lies and brutalities, begun in the Franco-Prussian War, is due to be shipwrecked in the storm. It is a good time for Germany to discuss peace when he has no more horrors to inflict upon mankind except those which he is afraid to perpetrate, and when the world against him has for the first time in four years been co-ordinated to hoist him with his own petard. The Hun has not learned the horrors of war as he has practised it upon others. Until fear of its ultimate horrors overwhelms him and his misguided people he is not entitled to choose representatives to sit at even the pourparlers of peace with honorable adversaries who respect the rights of nations and the laws of war.

AND AFTER ALL!

OUR man-power census indicates that Canada in 1918 has just about twice the population she had in the year of Confederation. This for fifty years is not an amazing mathematical record. The surprising thing is that we should have a greater population now than we thought we had just before the war. We have more than eight millions, when we thought four years ago we had less than eight; with practically no immigration. We must conclude that the compulsory census is more accurate than the census we used to have. As this census takes no account of people under 16, it is not affected by a probable increase in native-born during the war. We believe that there has been an increase in children, and that a margin will be added to allow for that. We are among the countries—England is another—that since the war have shown progress in conserving childhood. Infant mortality is reduced. The country is more than holding its own in people-production which is the root of all true development as a nation. And where on the map of the world can you find eight millions of people holding and developing so vast a country, producing so much, exporting so much, doing more to help win the war, on the whole working together in a higher motive of national welfare governed by law?

AN ORGAN OF LIBERALISM

ANYBODY with nerve enough to start a new paper in times like these must be conscious of a mission. Under the editorship of R. Lindsay Crawford, late of the Toronto Globe, formerly of Ireland, The Statesman makes its bow to that part of the Canadian public which it assumes to belong to it for the reasons stated in the prologue. The cover of Vol. I, No. 1 contains a startling portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier done for the occasion by John Russell. With that cover and the candid statement in the Foreword: "A new generation of Liberals has arisen which seeks to translate its new ideas and hopes into realities. It will be the purpose of The Statesman to give voice to this new movement so that the cause of Liberalism may be recharged with the fresh enthusiasm of this fuller faith of a New Democracy," we may conclude that The Statesman intends to be the last word in enunciating Liberalism pure and undefiled. The Foreword also includes the programme of national unity, indicated thus:—"It will be the chief aim of The Statesman to mitigate as far as possible the ugly spirit of factionism and to bring all classes together for the discussion of the problems of reconstruction that call for solution."

Uniting a country by bolstering the cause of a party, has, so far as we know, never yet been achieved in any country. If The Statesman can do so it will be entitled to a niche in the Hall of Fame. The course of The Statesman will be followed with much interest by even the Union Government of which it is not the organ.

EFFECTIVE WAR PROPAGANDA

ALL that a moving picture is able to do in arousing the moral emotions has been fairly attempted in Hearts of the World, the latest production of the wizard, D. W. Griffith. This war film got its Canadian first appearance week before last, in Toronto and Montreal. It will be seen in other parts of Canada before the theatrical season is fairly under way. It is a sound melodramatization of the war, skilfully built about one little French village with all its fears, joys, loves, hates and horrors of war, and about two lovers representing the life and hope of the community. By a really amazing use of dramatic and photographic material the spectator gets the sensation of being actually in the front line; the trench taken and retaken, men bayoneted, clubbed and strangled, trenches smashed by shells, tanks crawling over the craters, village walls blown to debris, refugees rushing all ways for safety, women deported, girls beaten, the Hun at his worst, the Frenchman at his best. All this by the spot-light of melodrama becomes an approximation to the realities of war. The net result of it—with all its defects—is to make the beholder realize that until the war is won, nothing else really matters.

NEIGHBORS WHO BORROW

EVERYBODY has a neighbor who borrows. Everybody, that is, whom we know. Possibly the Governor-General is not often asked to lend his best tea set or his new snow shovel. We have never heard of anyone borrowing from the Premier except, of course, some of his ideas. But all common people have a borrowing neighbor.

You hurry down in the morning to light the gas and put the kettle on before starting to dress. You don't want to see anyone in your present mood or clothing. But there is an apologetic knock at the back door. You open it slightly, concealing yourself as well as you can behind it.

"Oh, Mr. Jones, I'm so sorry! but I am quite out of coffee and Will does growl so when he doesn't have it. I wonder if you would let me have a little?"

You murmur something and start looking for the coffee. You find it at last in the least likely place in the pantry. The only cup you can find is one of the imported china that your wife would not let you touch if she were up—or down. You discover there is just a cupful in the tin and you pass it out to Mrs. Borrower, resigning yourself to the prospect of tea in the morning.

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