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Ten Years After

Ten years after the world war began diplomats are still trying to straighten out the tangles that it left behind. In London an international conference drags on day after day and week after week—France fearful of her safety if the net drawn about Germany is relaxed in the least; Great Britain keen to see a settlement arrived at that will calm the troubles of the continent and allow the nations to get back to the arts of peace without the ghost of war ever hovering near. It is a different ghost of war that hovers to-day as compared with the foul spirit that infected Europe in 1914. There were men before 1914 who sensed what was coming, but most of the English-speaking world failed to see the conflagration that threatened if those gigantic war machines, so long in preparation, were allowed to go at one another. If ever a continent was prepared for war it was Europe in 1914. But preparedness did not bring peace; it brought war.

Even while international diplomats and international financiers seek in London a solution for the troubles that beset their lands, the Balkan nations, with whom war began ten years ago, are to-day talking of further embroilment and trouble.

The ten years that have passed since that 1st of August of 1914 have seen greater changes than any decade in world history. As nation after nation entered the struggle, there was, perhaps, less surprise than a sort of fatalism. The day had come, but our self-esteem was enormous. The war would be over by the end of the year, we said to one another; one naval battle would settle all. But that month of August steadied us, and when September came, and a little later Kitchener spoke of three years at least as the duration of the war, grim determination took the place of the preliminary bombast. So year after year passed, every day telling its tale of horror, and each month seeming to call for greater sacrifice if the end was to be achieved.

Then the peace, with all its high hopes held out to the world, and its failure to bring peace. The League of Nations was constituted, but the Central Powers and Russia were not invited to join. Despite these two great handicaps to its work the League is to-day the most effective piece of machinery existing for allaying national suspicions and settling difficulties that arise.

The changes since the war have seemed to be even greater than during the war. Revolutions have overthrown governments that held together between 1914 and 1918. Italy has drifted into barbaric Fascism, a sort of European Ku Klux Klan adventure. A military dictatorship rules with stern hand over a Spain that seethes like a volcano. Russia, far off to the East, perplexes us, because no two people can agree as to what is going on within its bounds. The Balkan States, emerging from the war poverty-stricken and diseased, still cherish their armies and bankrupt themselves to buy French munitions. Austria has all but disappeared. Germany plays a faithless role and keeps France awake at night. Great Britain has superseded her war premier and his successors by a Labor Government which seems like the freshest wind blowing over the smouldering ruins of the continent's dead old times.

Things are better in many ways than they were a year ago. Time, the great healer, blesses nations as well as individuals. Some things that might well be forgotten are being forgotten. Some enmities and hatreds are being mitigated, some fears laid low. Men are less ready to believe that war is inevitable and that its consequences must be accepted without question. There is a stirring of the dry bones, there is a questioning abroad, there is a breath of new life felt here and there that indicates the dawn of the better day.

To place the Normal School in the university grounds would seem quite a normal thing to do.

To Help British Agricultural Depression

A day or two ago The Free Press editorial columns contained an article setting forth the main purport of the recent visit of Hon. J. S. Martin, minister of agriculture for Ontario, to Great Britain and some European countries. As will be remembered, his object was to learn something very definite of the educational and agricultural systems of the countries visited, and of the very favorable impression he received of the co-operative methods existing in Denmark between different sections of the farming communities.

An article in The Overseas on agricultural depression also selects Denmark as an example of the benefits to be derived from co-operation, this latter article advises the adoption and adaptation of Danish methods to agriculture in Great Britain. The following reference is made also has some bearing on Canadian problems.

As to the question of co-operation: "First and foremost comes, I think, the question of organization. If the Danish farmer, by no means an advanced one, has been able to build up a great agricultural export industry in the face of the competition of the Danish bank. Like the Danes, we must improve our educational methods, and we must realize that the nation of individuals, each one trying to do his own marketing, cannot hope to compete with a nation of co-operators."

"What a noble thing it would be if our farmers could be established as a great farmers' co-operative society which would pay the farmer a fair price for his products, convey same to our industrial centers and sell at a reasonable price to the community as a whole, aiming at a profit of six or seven per cent, similar to the Public House Trust. In other words, we come back to the greatest need of the day—industrial co-operation, the backbone of the nation, 'service and not profit,' a fair return in the form of interest on the money invested and service to the community."

It would be an interesting thing to collect the ways and means regarding such a system for Canada.

World Industrial Power

The biggest thing in international gatherings since the war recently was convoked in London—the World Industrial Power Conference.

These gatherings, which took many years had passed since that many experts of the world had come together to exchange information.

Some one said, laughingly that: "The papers prepared on the various subjects (four hundred) were on the scale of the stadium at Wembley, where they were delivered."

In published form the discourses and addresses will fill four huge volumes. Of course, the papers could not be read in their entirety, but each reader was allowed nine minutes in which to take a digest of his subject.

The paper of chief interest to most Britishers was that of the late Richard Dismore, Britain's leading coal authority, on the exhaustion of England's supply, and the convincing way he pictured the necessity of energy by getting the best possible results from every lump of coal consumed.

Thirty-five nations were represented at this monster meeting, and an evening of the opening proceedings said:

"What struck one in the long procession of the nations across the platform was that from whatever country the speaker came, in Europe, Asia or America, he always spoke perfectly intelligible English, the only exception to this, I think, being the Frenchman who evidently considered that if all the world does not understand their beautiful language it ought not to."

Surely much good must come out of any gathering to which men, vitally interested on the subject they choose to treat, "attend their mental energy" for the benefit of the many.

Hard upon the heels of the convention, as a definite statement from the MacDonald Government that, in order to promote the increase of unemployment and with the hope of decreasing it very materially, plans are being considered which foreshadowed the construction of new roads and the increased development of the electrical power capacity over the British Isles.

If, as Mr. Snowden, the chancellor of the exchequer, stated, Great Britain "is bound to face intensified competition of the world's trade, so that we must do everything possible to cheapen and improve production," which necessarily involves better communication facilities, better roads, the Severn barrage scheme and other public works, surely the men to whom such work must be entrusted have received inspiration and courage from the many illuminating communications and papers submitted to the World Industrial Power Conference.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"Grain manipulators" may be said to be manual laborers—a fair remark.

Taking things with a pinch of salt ought to give savor to life!

There are some things that slip through the mental sieve that ought to be retained.

Another sweet thing has happened to Russia. She is suffering from a sugar famine!

Cold, unblended truth: "People who think too much about themselves do not think enough."

The Nilgiri hydro system has within the time set by the hydro knight more than justified its existence and extension.

Being lost in such a delicious place as a blueberry paradise did not compensate the Northern Ontario child for mother and daddy.

South Africa is to float a loan. Evidently the minister of finance, N. C. Havenga, thinks the task will be "light as air."

Well, the rain is an impartial visitor this year, for "it raineth every day" on most sections of the country, and in England the great engine peasant can't proceed because of the continued rainy weather.

"Flying over the Atlantic," not in summer and monster line, but in huge airships, is the latest venture in "air trials." Airmen evidently want to emulate the great seamen who have "sailed wherever ship could sail."

The Third Column

Eighteen years to this very day

Eighteen years to this very day Sailed Nellie and I for the Far-Away; Eighteen years from the Port of Youth; Searching the seas for the light of truth;

Harboring here for a little while, Now becalmed by a gentle smile, Keeping the course, and losing the way, Eighteen years to this very day.

Eighteen years on the sea of life Sailing the good ship Man and Wife; Springs and summers and autumns gold, And the long, harsh days of the winter's cold—

All we have weathered and all we've known, Taking from God what winds have blown;

Keeping out love, let some what may, Eighteen years to this very day.

Eighteen years since we cleared from port, Ah, but those eighteen years seem short;

Many the dreams and the hopes back then, Many that never will come again, Yet in the hold of our ship we see Many a joy that has come to be, Richer we are than we were, say, Eighteen years to this very day.

Eighteen years we have grieved and smiled, Suffered and lost and been reconciled; Storm-tossed often, but always true, Helped into port by our fellow-men; Strength we have had for our days of care,

Joy and plenty when skies were fair; God has been with us throughout the year, Eighteen years to this very day. (Copyright, 1924, Edgar A. Guest)

BACKGROUND

Before the painter begins to touch his soul to his picture he works to get the proper background.

The thing that makes a home lovely and attractive is its background.

The song of a bird somehow sounds sweeter in the background of a tree and dense underbrush. And the chance flower, hid away in a clump of weeds or grass, or somehow bobs out into the world with more wonder and beauty.

Success and the ability to rise above defeat and from under heavy sorrow, disappointment from a series of setbacks over a term of years, has to do with strong characters who have a background of courage, belief and vision.

You must put a background into life or else life grows featureless and you come to be lost at sea in the sea of life or of life.

How often must each of us fall into our background, take our bearings, establish our position and set out all over again.

Sometimes it is nothing more than the rising strains of youth, like distant music, that fill our imagination and compel us to go on.

Then, again, perhaps the long ago uttered words of someone in whose words we believe or who believed in us come back to us to inspire our best efforts.

Training, teaching, hard and bitter experience over the years must be ours until, when the dire hour arrives, we find ourselves equipped for victory.

There is nothing in life more important than background. Without it a man becomes a wanderer and a listless drone.

—George Matthew Adams.

SPEED

Now and then I meet disaster as I drive my choicest sport, and the surgeon's stocking plaster may be seen broom upon my brow—the result of going faster than the traffic laws allow.

Now and then my speed increases as I launch along the lanes and the laws are shot to pieces, with their penalties and pains, and my loving auto and nice car give up my term of service.

Noting how I have been here, I have heard of a man who, when he was a lawyer, was going to the extreme of calling out all her naval reserves to keep the peace of Europe.

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Ten Years Ago To-Day Europe Was Entering War

Vivid Description of Events Leading Up To Great Britain's Entrance Into War By a Canadian Who Was In England During Those Momentous Days.

BY PROF. W. T. ALLISON
University of Manitoba

It is hard for us to believe that 10 years have passed since our modern civilization began to slip into the abyss. Great Britain, for those of us who are in the habit of thinking of the war as a sudden event, we can form a true judgment of the time by calculating that one of our children who was 11 years old when the war broke out is now of age.

For the young people of today who were children in 1914, and it may be many of my readers who were grown up at that time, would be interested in having me reproduce some of the scenes which I wrote for a Winnipeg newspaper in those epoch-making days. As I spent the summer of 1914 in England, making my headquarters at Ipswich, only a few miles from the great naval base and the headquarters of the fleet, I had an opportunity to watch the swift progress of events. On July 29, 1914, I was in London on Wednesday night. Saturday, I saw such newspaper bulletins as the following: "Belgium Neutralized," "Germany Negotiating With Russia," "France Preparing For War," "Germany Proclaiming Martial Law," "Italy's Neutrality," "The King Intervenes," "Germany's Ultimatum To Russia," "By Saturday, August 1, everyone had given up hope of a peaceful settlement and the eyes of England and France were turned to Russia and Germany."

THE PRESS OF LONDON DIVIDED
The press of London was divided on the question of England's attitude in case of war between her allies, Russia and France, against Germany. Great Liberal papers, such as The Chronicle and The Daily News, argued that Great Britain had no direct interest in the impending struggle. The Daily News, a paper owned by Quakers, declared that it would be a crime for Great Britain to take part in a war between Russia and Germany. A powerful article entitled "Why England Should Not Go to War" appeared in The Daily News. It pointed out that England had far more to fear from Russia than from Germany; that if Russia crushed Germany, she would have India at her mercy, and her tyranny, autocracy and barbarism would be a menace to the world. On the other hand, The Times, and all the great Conservative papers, were in favor of going to war. They argued that England was bound by every sense of decency to save her friend and ally, France, from being crushed by Germany. A powerful article in The Times, "The North Sea of France," would, if successful, realize her dream of a united Europe. It pointed out that she had no quarrel with any foreign country, but that she was bound by every sense of decency to save her friend and ally, France, from being crushed by Germany. A powerful article in The Times, "The North Sea of France," would, if successful, realize her dream of a united Europe. It pointed out that she had no quarrel with any foreign country, but that she was bound by every sense of decency to save her friend and ally, France, from being crushed by Germany.

Further news is at hand to the effect that the British Government sent an ultimatum to Germany this afternoon demanding that she shall avoid the Belgian route to France. An answer must be returned by 12 o'clock to-night. The sands are rapidly running out. I am writing this article close upon midnight and almost before the ink is dry upon this paper the answer from Germany will be received in London. No one doubts what it will be. It will be a curt refusal, and to-morrow morning the British Empire will be at war with her great rival.

A MOMENTOUS DAY
My expectation was realized, except for the fact that Germany did not decline to send even a curt reply to the ultimatum of the British Government. This meant that at midnight on August 4, the

grateful shade cast by the branches of the old oak trees, the children playing on the velvet lawn, the feathered clouds sailing high in the August sky, the venerable city lying in the valley at the foot of the old castle, the land of our feet—it was a scene of sweet serenity in the most beautiful country in the world! And to think that England, this garden of God, this land of peace and plenty, should in a few days be swept by war's alarms, and even if successful in her war, be converted into a land of mourning for the loss of perhaps hundreds of thousands of her gallant sailors and soldiers—I say, to think such thoughts worked like madness in the brain!

WAITING FOR WORD FROM LONDON
And while we were sitting there in the Ipswich garden, we knew that Sir Edward Grey was making his statement at Westminster, laying down, on behalf of the Cabinet, the policy which would either make of England an ignominious spectator or a belligerent in the coming war. How anxious we were to know how the die would be cast! And as I sat there I realized that the summer of 1914, in their gardens that afternoon, were waiting for the tremendous word of peace or war from London. Shortly after the tea had been served, a new love for the old motherland. Already I catch visions of the flower of Canadian, Australian, New Zealand and South African youth clamoring for the honor of being sent in expeditionary forces.

The best of this awful business which has come upon us so suddenly is that it will be a war carried on in the name of righteousness. No nation could be enslaved in a more worthy cause, the ruthless violation of Belgium's treaty rights by Germany and her cynical devotion to a blood and iron policy, even though her appeal to the sword excite the contempt of the whole civilized world, will send Britain's soldiers and sailors to the front with clear consciences and willing hearts, they know they are out to protect their friends, and to make liberty and the will of God prevail. After reading Sir Edward Grey's speech in the Commons, no lover of truth could fail to be convinced of the justice of the cause. I see that even the ardent supporters of nonintervention have been silenced by the story of Germany's attempt to bribe England to assist her in the course of treachery towards Belgium.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR
There was great enthusiasm here when England declared war against Germany and the Boers. Shooting crowds in London hailed the news with delight. It was thought that the British troops in South Africa would have an easy conquest. But serious as England's struggle with Oom Paul turned out to be, everyone realizes on this fateful day that it was a mere bagatelle of a war compared with the Armageddon which we must now face, a conflict not thousands of miles away, but just across the Channel. For years Englishmen have looked forward with nervous dread to the possibility of a German invasion of their little island. To-day they know that it is now or never. All that stands between us and the Kaiser's legions is the British fleet, a pretty good stand-between, it is true, yet all things are possible in war, and we are going up against a great navy and a still greater army. Thoughts like these superinduce seriousness.

IN NO JESTING SPIRIT
Consequently this war has been entered upon in no jesting spirit. There has been no horse-play, no cheering, no exultation of feeling. In London and home in the highest way, men everywhere have been saying quietly one to the other: "It will be a terrible war, but we must go through with it. We have no hatred to the German people, but we do hate kaiserism and the brute force of the Kaiser."

THE DECLARATION OF WAR
Late on the evening of that day I wrote the following:

News has come from London to-night that Germany, unmoved by Sir Edward Grey's speech in the House of Commons, in which he demanded the maintenance of the neutrality of Belgium, has declared war against the little country. This is what we have all expected. Germany has got in too far to withdraw now, and she has no time to lose in marching through Belgium to get at the throat of France.

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And while we were sitting there in the Ipswich garden, we knew that Sir Edward Grey was making his statement at Westminster, laying down, on behalf of the Cabinet, the policy which would