

SECRET DIPLOMACY AND WORLD PEACE

"The world will never find the way to peace through a morass of ambiguities and equivocations" says Mr. Asquith.

Diplomacy is a morass of ambiguities and equivocations. Therefore, the world will never find the way to peace through diplomacy.

The above is a simple logical statement. Mr. Asquith might have put it in that way, but it would have been too obviously absurd, as he and every other statesman in the belligerent countries is endeavoring to find the way to peace through equivocations and ambiguities. The people of the world were led into this awful carnage by means of their foreign offices, through secret treaties and other subtleties of diplomacy, but unless we sadly misconstrue the writing on the wall, the people themselves, goaded by the relentless whip of hunger and misery, will ere long find a way to peace through chaos and revolution.

The revolting crime of the Germans in dropping bombs on civilians in Great Britain has been dinning into our ears until it has become nauseating, but not one newspaper uttered any adverse comment on the same revolting crime perpetrated by one of our allies on its own civilian population in August last. The dispatch reads: "In the streets of Turin the hungry mob had been unable to repress their anger and for the first time in history the powers that be had used the airship to drop bombs on the rioters who were clamoring for bread." Now, to say the least, it is very ambiguous to tell the people in Italy that they are fighting for democracy, and are starving for bread.

Again, compare the following statements by statesmen of the allies.

Mr. Asquith, July 26th, 1917—"The principle clearly agreed to by every one of the allies is that in any rearrangement the governing principle ought to be the interests and the wishes of the populations affected."

Premier Ribot, July 12th, 1917—"Speaking of the proposal to allow the interests and wishes of the people of Alsace and Lorraine to be expressed. 'We can not admit a plebiscite.'"

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Again, compare the following:

Lord Rt. Cecil—"The dismemberment of Austria is not one of Great Britain's war aims."

J. A. Bryce, M.P.—"Great Britain's engagements with her allies could not be continued if the Austrian Empire was to be maintained."

The world will never find the way to peace through a morass of ambiguities and equivocations.

It is the opinion of the writer that the world will never find the way to peace until the belligerent nations disavow the policy of aggression. Russia has given the world a lead in that regard. Dragged into the war as she was by her ambitious and scheming politicians to annex Constantinople, when these diplomats were discredited and scattered, she told the world that she had no intention of fighting to annex territory and called upon the other allies to make a restatement of their aims. They have not yet done so. At least they have not done so in a clear and unequivocal manner.

Britain is fighting for democracy, but she must have the African Colonies.

France is fighting for democracy, but she must have Alsace and Lorraine.

Italy is fighting for democracy, but she must have the Trentino.

Romania is fighting for democracy, but she must have Transylvania.

Let us be reasonable creatures. We cannot expect Germany to relinquish her hold of Belgium and the other territory whilst we pursue this policy. And we cannot expect anything but a patched-up peace so long as any territory is to be forcibly annexed from the enemy.

Let us be done with equivocations and ambiguities. If we are out to crush militarism, then let our governments say so and it will not be necessary to adopt militarism in order to crush it. But if we are out to crush one form of militarism and imperialism to establish another form then it will be absolutely necessary to follow the Prussian methods of autocracy in every particular.

George Sterling.

THE COMING RACE

(John Addington Symonds.)

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known
shall rise

With flames of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live with comrades
free;

In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mold
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, no shame,
Though pain and passion slow may die;

For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

ROUND THE COURTS

At the Mid-Western police court, James Doherty, a Clyde worker, was charged with having committed a breach of the peace—(war, of course, is not a breach of the peace)—ask any war lord or any ambassador of Jesus Christ, known as a "minister of the gospel."

Doherty pleaded not guilty and evidence was led. A constable stated that he was called upon by Mr. Brighten, manager to a local picture house, to arrest Doherty, who had smashed some of the fittings, and was roundly abusing the entertainment tax because he considered it unfair. There was a crowd of Clyde workers round Doherty. They seemed to agree with his remarks, and looked very threatening.

For the defence, Doherty's employer stated that accused was a steady, reliable workman. Witness was surprised when he heard the nature of the charge against Doherty. He always looked upon him as a very obedient worker, with nothing of the firebrand about him.

Giving evidence on his own behalf, Doherty stated that he felt it to be his duty as a citizen to protest as loudly as possible against the unfair burden of the entertainment tax.

Q.—What do you mean?

A.—Well, if I pay 2d. for admission to the picture house, I am taxed at the rate of 3d. in the shilling; if I pay 3d. for admission, I am taxed at the rate

A.—No! The bloke who pays £1 for admission has only to pay at the rate of 11-2 d. in the shilling.

Q.—Don't you think he pays plenty?

A.—No. He should be taxed 3d. in the shilling, the same as I am.

By the Bench—This is a war tax. Do you object to paying your share?

A.—No. But I object to paying a lump of the other man's share as well as my own. (Commotion.)

Q.—You think he should pay 5/- tax instead of 2/6?

A.—Yes; in fact, the man who can pay 20/- for admission is more able to pay a 10/- tax than I am to pay 1d. tax on my 3d.

By the Bench—Why, man, you would never miss a 1d. on 3d., but you would miss 10/- on 20/-.

Doherty—I would like to know how a man gets 20/- to blow away on admission to a theatre.

By the Bench—If he can afford to pay the 20/- is that not enough for you?

Doherty—No; I'm wanting to know how it is he can afford it.

By the Bench—Don't you think that is a piece of gross impertinence?

Doherty—Yes; I wonder how any decent-minded man can have the cheek to blow away 20/- for a theatre ticket, when we are told to deny ourselves all we can. It shows the war is not putting that bloke next door to the poor-house. (Sensation.)

By the Bench—Your language is a disgrace, sir. Remember the Master's words: "The poor ye have always with you." Don't go around trying to upset society by smashing things, and remember the rich man has his burdens to bear also. I have been very patient with you because of your good character as a steady, obedient workman, and I think you have been led away by listening to some of these Socialist agitators who think that common people are fit to govern themselves. If you promise not to listen to such nonsense I shall let you off lightly. Will you do so?

Doherty—No; but, say, Judge, I'm a sport! I'll change jobs with the rich man and bear his burdens and—

The Bench—Sixty days' hard labor. (Applause in court, which was immediately suppressed.)

Forward, Glasgow.

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defiance, and retribution swift and relentless will, ere long, be meted out to the ambitious potentates and scheming politicians who have made the world a shamble.

Italy is seething in revolt, numbers of civilians have been killed in the streets of Turin, according to a recent press dispatch, not by an enemy, but by their own soldiers. In the name of democracy, we presume. Russia is torn asunder, and her people hungering on account of the mad and continuous destruction of food. England is likewise feeling the pinch, and France and Germany and Austria are in despair. Tens of thousands of homes are yet to be made desolate, tens of thousands of hearts breaking in anguish, tens of thousands of useful citizens are yet to be turned maimed and broken on a cruel world, tens of thousands of little children are yet to be made to call in vain for the return of him who has been broken on the wheels of the juggernaut car of militarism, and what say our Christian legislators? Good God, we must not talk about it; we must not consider what we are doing, or whither we are bound. Blinded by the blood of many of our noblest sons, we must stumble on into the shambles.

There is an election approaching. We have a constitutional means in our power to end once and for all the insensate rule of autocrats, and place representatives of the people to guide our destinies.

Women, wives and mothers of Can-

ada, I appeal to you; many of you who have already passed through the valley of the shadow of death, I appeal to you in the name of your little boys who are now playing in the sunshine of their lives, do not vote for a system of militarism which will inevitably lead them to a future shambles in twenty years.

Workmen of Canada, I appeal to you. Crush this infamous thing. When the time comes, register your votes for one of your class, who will endeavor to break once and forever, the power of autocracy. Let no stone remain unturned between now and the election to muster all your power for one mighty life, and we shall be free.—Geo. F. Stirling in B. C. Federationist.

THE TRENCH RAT

A particular interest attaches to the description here given of the Trench Rat. It was written by Harry E. Lee, the Toronto school teacher whose socialistic views caused his loyalty to be questioned, and who finally answered his critics by enlisting and giving up his life on the Somme battlefield. The following is taken from a letter he wrote to a Toronto friend just before the battle at Courcellette, where Lee was killed:

"As the sparrow is to the farm yard, the crow to the woodlands, the gull to the sea, or the earth-worm to the soil, so is the trench rat to the modern battlefield; nature's creosote crematory of the dead.

"A shadow falls across the soldier's path; a rustling in the grass alarms the sentry on his post; a loathsome squeaking disturbs the restless sleeper in his dugout. It is the common trench rat, mean, ubiquitous denizen of these parts. Oh! trench rat, amidst the dead you take your being. You, alone, thrive in a cursed land as did the seed of Cain. You are sleek and obese. The fat hangs upon you where so many bones lie bared. Move your carcass! And you waddle out to enter some near unnoticed hole. Your quivering snake-tail lingers for a moment and disappears. Your voluntary armies are numbered in the millions. Your ranks of gray are deployed on all far-flung battle-lines of Europe. You, too, old comrade! build your entrenchments, sink your saps, consolidate your positions, forage by night and keeping cover rest by day. As shells tear up the earth, how often your plans must 'gang-a-gley!' When star-shells flare, we see you crouch and 'carry on.' Your steady progress and invincibility compare with the efforts of a Haig or Hindenburg. Still no communiques official announce your achievements. You, alone, are the real winner in this business of war (except it be the profiteers at home).

"We may well stoop to learn your methods and the organization and disposition of your troops. One essential difference is found: You are not engaged in a rat-war as we are in a man-war. A civilized twentieth century rat-war too advanced a thing for you? Or else can your very communism be the goal toward which our races stumble, and in the present issue welter through blood to grasp?

"Rat! Were we to reason we should gain a respect for you. Being soldiers, it is not ours to reason, but still, Old Pal, think not too ill of us. Be sure, when the Pied Piper of Peace comes to charm us all away, wherever you go we shall wish you well.

"In far-off Canada, in future years, we must often make mention of our old associate. Many an old soldier grown drowsy in his dotage, whilst turning over in his mind a wealth of reminiscence, will oftentimes see a furtive foe glide lightly through his dreams."—Toronto Weekly Star.