

## WHAT OTHERS ARE THINKING

### The Call of the Millionaire.

The following article, in part, was published under the above caption in The "Saturday Evening Post," Oct. 13, 1917, and credited to A. W. Atwood:

Wealth has never yet sacrificed itself on the altar of patriotism in any war," declared Senator La Follette not long ago. "On the contrary it has ever shown itself eager to take advantage of the misfortunes which war always brings to the masses of the people."

If this already classic denunciation of the millionaires of America be true then the task of raising some \$20,000,000,000 for war would seem almost impossible. If wealth did not do its full and patriotic share in the first Liberty Loan and if it fails likewise to do its share in the second loan, then La Follette is right and wealth is a thing accursed. And in these loans we have a vast object lesson in the motives of investment, a flood of light on the impulses to which rich and poor alike respond, whether they spring from the generous, unselfish nature of the patriot or the low sordid heart of the tax dodger and profiteer.

Expressed in its most brutal form, do the rich buy war loans from patriotism or to escape taxes? The first Liberty Loan paid only three and a half per cent. interest, but it was made free from all taxes, including the enormous supertoll on large incomes. Thus it comes about that a very rich man if able to change all his fortune over into these war bonds would escape such heavy taxes that he would be receiving the equivalent of perhaps ten per cent. interest on an investment that pays the poor man hardly more than one-third as much.

At a meeting where workmen were being urged to buy Liberty bonds there sat on the platform the very wealthy president of a big national bank and one of the richest corporation lawyers in the country.

"Take the bonds, my friends," shouted the speaker, "and keep these gentlemen on the platform, from buying them to reduce their supertaxes!"

This remark brought down the house and while the audience roared with delight the banker and the corporation lawyer blushed. "You can't persuade the people," said the speaker in discussing the incident several months later, "that anything but cupidity led the rich to buy these bonds. To persuade them of anything else would be a hopeless task."

### SOCIALISM SPREADS AS RESULT OF WORLD WAR

The war has produced a movement towards Socialism which, had peace lasted, would not have risen for fifty years. The war has proved strikingly that the strength of a nation is dependent not merely on its population, wealth and natural resources, but also on the degree to which these elements of strength are mobilized for socially beneficial objects, and not for mere private use or gain.

That Germany's power to endure the stresses of the war is largely due to the fact that she has taken over "in toto" many of the economic doctrines of Socialism, and although her State Socialism is perverted to-day, she needs little more than political freedom to be a complete Socialist state. That similarly France, England and Italy, which have long possessed political freedom, have been forced by the stress of war to take immense strides towards the utilization of every resource for the social good of the whole. That the Russian revolution has placed the feet of that great nation also definitely on the path to Socialism, although the entire mechanism of Socialist organization has still to be constructed.

Such prognostications insist that this

wave of Socialism is now about to reach America.

But the goose flesh which the word Socialist once raised on most Americans is no longer felt. And this is but natural. For it is impossible to keep on having a horror of Socialists when one regards the Socialists of Germany as the only progressive people in the empire of the Hohenzollerns and when one has rejoiced unreservedly at the overthrow of the Romanoffs by the Socialists of Russia.

—From Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### A FLATTERING ATTACK ON BRITISH PACIFISTS

The Harmsworth Press has burst out into a furious attack upon the pacifist propaganda. This is very satisfactory. It is evidence of the effectiveness of the agitation. It is an indication, too, that the Jingo party fear that peace is imminent, and they are making their last frantic efforts to prevent that from coming to pass. The columns of attack upon the pacifist propaganda which have appeared in these newspapers within the last few days are produced in the main from the imagination of what Carlyle called "these Fleet Street apes." The various peace propaganda bodies are doing what they have been doing for the last three years, namely, trying to bring the British people to the conclusion at which Mr. Asquith has now arrived, that peace is the most important concern of mankind. There is not the least intention of moderating the peace propaganda activities because of the threat of a Government inquiry into the bona fides and antecedents of those who are financing our work. The origin of the money spent by the Peace organizations in this country will bear investigation, much more so than the sources of the money which is being spent by some of the organizations agitating for the continuation of the war. The money for the peace propaganda in this country comes from men and women who are willing to make sacrifices for the principles they hold. We are not in the least surprised that the Jingo party are becoming alarmed at the extent of the peace movement in this country. If their leaders are kept correctly informed of the marvellous success of the peace meetings now being held daily in all parts of the country they have some ground for their alarm. Meanwhile, we await with calm indifference any action the authorities may choose to take.—Labor Leader.

### THE POLITICIAN AND HIS SHEEP

The following cutting from an American journal is not without its value to electors on this side of the line.

The politician is my shepherd, I shall not want anything good during the campaign. He leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake. He filleteth my pockets with cigars, and my beer glass runneth over with foaming lager. He inquireth particularly concerning the health of my family, even to the fourth generation. Yea, though I walk through the mud and rain to vote for him, and shout myself hoarse when he is elected, he straightway forgetteth me and mine. Yea, though I meet him in his own office he knoweth me not. Surely the wool has been pulled over my eyes all the days of my life.

### A BRITISH VON TIRPITZ

A bluff and fighting old sea-dog is Fisher—one against whom, perhaps, were he in the enemy's ranks, the British press might bring the charge of being an apostle of Treitschke. Nothing in any German writings sounds much more like advocacy of schrecklichkeit than this definition of war delivered by the English admiral in the course of a speech:

The humanizing of war! You might as well talk of humanizing hell. When a silly ass got up at the Hague conference, and talked about the amenities of civilized warfare—putting your prisoners' feet in hot water, and giving them gruel—my reply, I regret to state, was considered unfit for publication. As if war could be civilized! If I am in command when war breaks out, I shall issue as my commands:

"The essence of war is violence. Moderation in war is imbecility. Hit first, hit hard, hit all the time, hit everywhere."

Humane warfare! When you wring the neck of a chicken, all you think about is wringing it quickly.—Munsey's for October.

### THE TESTIMONY OF MARTYRDOM "IMMORTAL FAME."

It would almost seem as if the cruellest part of a soldier's life is that he is robbed by it, at any rate while on active service, of the martyrs power to uplift by his death the cause for which he stands. This is borne out by the recent experiences of the fighters for Irish freedom. Many brave and true men fell fighting in the Easter rebellion, but none of them in their dying shook the hearts of their fellows like James Connolly and Thomas Ashe, who met their death while unarmed and helpless in the hands of their captors. We gladly print the following poem:

To Thomas Ashe.

Thought he not that life was worth the living,

He, who gave

All his wisdom, all his glorious manhood,

To the grave?

Was he weary of the misty Irish mountains

By the sea;

Or the heather, with the wild wind sweeping o'er it,

Soft and free?

Did he love no more the prattle of the children—

The sweet tie

That binds us to the magic land of Nature

As years fly?

Nay, but he gave his life to buy their freedom,

That they might be

The Lovers of that Ireland of his vision

Even as he.

There, from the squalid floor—a royal deathbed,

The prison cell!

The dying victor sends the ringing message—

That all is well.

In, thro' the door of Freedom's Fame,

he passes,

With regal pace,

To meet the heroes and the martyrs of the ages,

Face to face.

Let us, his friends, who live to bear his burden,

Nor faint nor fall,

So may we fall, still passing on his message,

That all is well.

Anna G. Lang.

### GIVE THE CHILDREN A CHANCE (Toronto News.)

Environment counts for more than heredity. Nature is ever striving to eradicate in the children the weaknesses of the parents—if she is only given a chance. If the sins of the father are visited upon the child it is largely because the one grows to maturity in the same surroundings as the other. Ninety-nine per cent. of children taken from the slums sufficiently early and given a chance for a decent healthy development under proper physical,

mental and moral conditions, grow into valuable citizens. This is history.

### WHERE DID HE LEARN IT?

A teacher of English, in order to disprove the charge that high school pupils know little about the vital things that are going on around them, gave a test in which she asked for definitions of such terms as tariff, reciprocity, the labor problem. In the paper of a 15-year-old she found this: "The labor problem is how to keep the working people happy without paying them enough to live on."—La Follette's Weekly.

## Correspondence

Corner Clarke Harbour, N.S.

Editor Canadian Forward:

Dear Comrade,—Kindly allow me space in your valuable paper to speak out a few of my innermost thoughts. I admire right whatever the cost may be, that is why I enjoy reading the Socialist papers. Since the beginning of the war I've been strongly opposed against any movement to continue the war. Is there no other way to settle those difficulties of trade matters than to prolong this inhuman struggle to the destruction and degradation of humanity?

"I came not to destroy the world but to save it." What is man doing to-day? He is not only destroying the world and lives of men but also inflicting punishment on the man or woman who tries to bring about peace, and upon the men who have no desire for the thirst of blood of their fellow-man. Who made the law that men should be compelled to go to war against their will; is it not a person of diabolic nature that would do such a thing? Will that same person that would compel men to do this step down from his lofty perch and take his place amongst the boys in the trenches? Oh, no; his gold and his position keeps him away from active service. I believe every pacifist is justified in the work they are carrying on; they remind me of the Christian martyr of old. The prison bars will burst some day and the name of the pacifist live long after these war lords' names are forgotten.

Sometimes when I think of the delusive ways in which the poor boys were carried off to war and the conditions they are brought back home in, the desire to bring about peace is uncontrollable, one would do and dare anything to save the boys. A woman whose son was sent to her a cripple from this war made the remarks: "I wouldn't mind if the people would recognize him, poor boy; without his health and faculties he is of no consequence now. The lines of some of Oscar Wilde's poems occur to me: "Oh, thou whose wounds are never healed;

Whose weary race is never run. Oh, Cromwell's England, must thou yield

For every inch of ground a son?"

Why should the pacifist be molested in trying to save humanity? Why should their voices be stifled? Why do the ministers of the gospel allow the sacred hymns to be changed into parodies such as "When the Roll is Called for Service, and I'm Wanted at the Front," etc., also "March on British Soldiers." Those songs are written on the blackboard in the public schools and sung by the children, and still the churches and ministers approve of such. It seems the world in a greater part of it has gone mad.

Continue, socialists and pacifists and fight on for humanity's cause. There will be a way out—clear it for victory over war.

Yours for peace.

Mrs. R. C. Maxwell.