

# The Duration of the War

By THE MONOCLE MAN

**A** LOT of us thought that Lord Kitchener was pessimistic when he talked about a three years' war. We are now more inclined to wonder if the remark he added to that prediction was not even more prophetic—that, if the war went more than three years, it would be necessary for other men to take up the task and carry it on. He and his army would be worn out. I fancy that the Germans were first among those who thought the iron Kitchener pessimistic. They expected a short war—and a glorious one. Their whole military organization, to begin with, was keyed up to the tune of a short and smashing campaign. Von Kluck's army, which raced for Paris during the retreat from Mons, threw away its haversacks and blankets and all impedimenta which might retard its rush, and dashed forward to clinch victory before the autumn rains began. Well, it failed. The brilliant French and British rally at the Marne drove the invaders back to the first entrenchments, where they could hope to hold.

**I**T now looks as if they promptly accepted the verdict—the failure—and set to work to prepare for a new war beginning some time this last spring. While Kitchener was collecting and drilling his army, the Germans were creating a new army of their own, with a far better organization for the purpose. When the spring came, it was the Germans who made the “drive”—not the British. It was the Germans who had a superabundance of war munitions—not the Allies. The Germans were undoubtedly disappointed that they did not finish the war with one swift “punch” in the first round; but, having failed in that, they did not waste a minute in vain regrets, but prepared at once for a gruelling battle. It was clearly to be a long war; and they promptly organized their great nation to the last baby to see it through.

**L**ATELY, they have done more. They have begun the organization of Austro-Hungary. The much better showing made by the Austro-Hungarian armies during this last “drive” through Galicia, has not been without its cause. It would have been more reasonable to expect the Austrians to lose morale—not gain it. So astonishing a miracle has not happened by accident. I fancy that the cause of it will be found to be German organization, officering and even drilling. Another evidence of German control at Vienna appears in the fact that the successes of the Italian armies in the south did not result in hurrying Austrian armies from Galicia to the Trentino and Trieste. They stayed with the German battering-ram, and let the Italians over-run Austrian territory and capture Austrian strongholds. That ability to endure punishment with a calm countenance was far more like Berlin than Vienna.

**T**HE changed attitude toward the United States is also a danger signal. It means that Germany thinks victory sufficiently possible not to be indifferent to the arrival of a new enemy in the field—an enemy which is impotent now, but which could make great efforts if the war went on. If Germany foresaw defeat, she would be very likely to provoke American intervention for two reasons—one to “save her face” and the other to bring the less concerned American Government into the Peace Conference. The Americans could not do her any great damage if the war were to end, say, by the autumn; so American intervention would not seriously hurt her, but would let down the Hohenzollern regime more easily in the eyes of its own people and would possibly moderate the demands of the Allies when they came to dictate peace. But if the war is to go on for a term of years, then American neutrality is most desirable from a German point of view. They do not want an American Kitchener to be busy making a great army; and they do not want American factories to be mobilized for the making of munitions of war.

**T**HIS all must mean a grim settling down on the part of the Allies for a long struggle. The Russian strategists have been looking well ahead all through this campaign in Galicia. They have been saving their armies while inflicting as much punishment as possible upon the Germans. Territory is nothing to them—especially Austrian territory. They have the greater part of two Continents behind them over which to manoeuvre. They could lose Moscow without losing the war. The German theory that they could be discouraged by driving them steadily back was most fallacious. Russia is more concerned in the outcome of this war than any of her Allies, and can be depended upon to fight to the last. It is, in essence, a tussle between the Teuton and the Slav for the mastery of Eastern Europe; and the Slav will not stop fighting until his banners fly from the minarets of St. Sophia.

**F**RANCE has saved the western campaign all through the winter and up to this writing. On that murderously pounded “front” of well over 400 miles, the British hold only thirty—the Belgians about fifteen, magnificently much for their shattered army—and the gallant French the rest. Their army was never better. It is the finest army in the world to-day, for its numerical strength. Italy has taken eight months to get into fighting trim, and has succeeded in forcing the enemy to fight on their own territory. So much for our Allies. But what of us? Are we doing our best? Well, the case for Canada is soon stated. They have found in the Mother Country that their volunteer system is not likely to produce enough men to win the war. They are talking of “national service”—which is a euphemism for “draft” or “conscription.” Yet their volunteer system has brought out just about four times as large a proportion of their population as have volunteered in Canada. Do you get that? Out of every hundred Britons in the United Kingdom, four times as many have volunteered as have enlisted out of every hundred in Canada. And that is less than half the story. For when we look at the places of birth of the men who have volunteered in Canada—especially in the first contingents—the number of British-born is simply staggering. Our English, Irish and Scotch youth have gone. The country has been denuded of them. But I have no figures to show how small has been the proportion of the Canadian-born to the volunteers in Britain—and I am glad of it. I do not think we should like to see them in print. Counting in our British-born, we are only one-fourth as good as the Britons at home; and they are now found not good enough. What do you think WE ought to do about it?

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Why Smith Changed His Job

BY JAMES SHERLIKER.

Mr. James Sherliker is a well-known writer on the life of the workers in Lancashire, and, as is shown in the following article from the London Daily Mail, has a remarkable and sympathetic understanding of its varied shades of character.

**A** WONDERFUL thing has happened. “up north.” Mr. Bill Smith, grinder in a Lancashire cotton mill, has changed his job. His father was a grinder, and his grandfather; and but for a

German bullet in Belgium the line would have been lengthened after the war by young Tom. It is the Cotton County's way. When the telegram came from the War Office he stroked his weeping wife's cheek and felt broken-hearted and proud. The neighbours poured into the cottage. Smith strummed the tune of the boy's favourite hymn on the family harmonium and went out to get his photograph enlarged.

“No use cryin’,” he muttered bravely. “We’re winnin’ an’ we must paay t’ price o’ vict-ry. . . . Write ‘E did ‘is bit’ under ‘is picture. I’ll do mine. I’ll keep on at mi job till one o’ t’ younger end o’ t’ family’s owd enough to tek mi place like Tom would ‘ave done.”

But a few days later Smith learned the truth from The Daily Mail and Mr. Lloyd George. He gazed at the enlargement, and swore, and saw red. We were not winning. There was no unlimited supply of high-explosive shells. Tom might have been saved if there had been. A mist came over his eyes.

“W’y the blazes,” he cried, “didn’t they tell us sooner?”

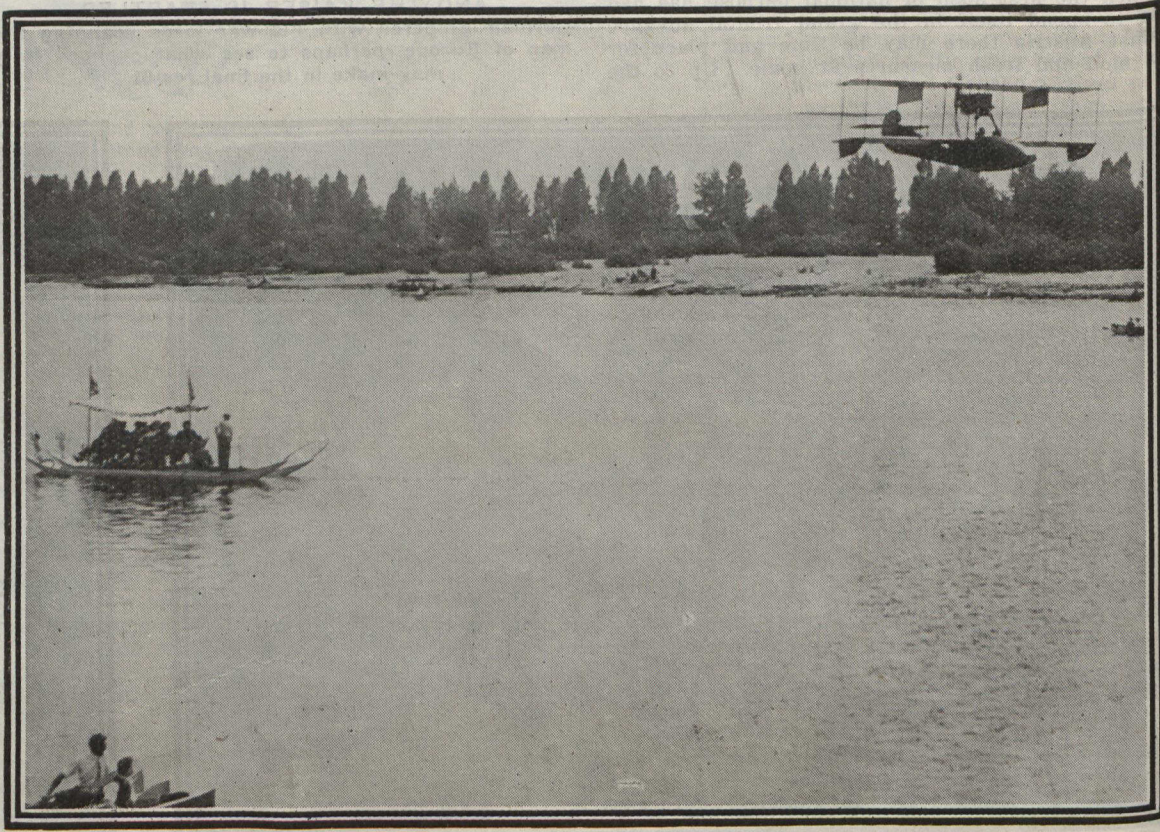
He changed his job next day. Now he is making shells. He stands for a million or so North-country workers who, now the truth has been told, are figuring in the greatest industrial transformation the nation has ever known. The truth has worked a grand quick change. The weaver is deserting his looms in order to help make munitions. The spinner is leaving his mules in order to give more food to the Flanders batteries. The old bobbin-carrier is telling his wife how many dead Germans “is represented by a bust o’ high explosive,” and adding, “So ye see w’y ah threw mi job oop to go an’ ‘elp. Engineering works are taking on a new face and a new meaning. Implements of peace must wait until peace prevails. The truth is out, and the wonderful worker of the north, who does not get drunk, who does not slack, is toiling like a slave at the task which means the downfall of the Potsdam murderer.

The women want to help as well.

“Ah’ve given mi ladd,” the grey-haired mother of a fallen young hero told me, “an’ ah’ll give misel’. Ah’ll work till ah drop. . . . But (gripping my wrist) w’y didn’t they saay they wer’ short o’ these things sooner?”

The cry was echoed about the vacant chairs and about the caps and clogs that will never be worn again. It has given life to the letters of those gallant Lancashires who were first in with the bayonet before the retreat from Mons. It has echoed along the miles and miles of denuded mill land where in place of brave boys there are memory-raising postcards reading, “Tell the lads to join up,” and “They came up in thousands, but we sang ‘God save the King’ and then shook them on our bayonets like harvesters shake their hay.” It has echoed in the churches, among the red-eyed mothers and the sobbing girls. I trust it will not reach the trenches. I want to tell the North-country boys at the front that their fathers and elder brothers at home are rolling their shirt-sleeves higher as they go forth to make the death-dealers. We shall get the munitions. Mr. Bill Smith, formerly anything-you-like in a factory, now a maker of shells, is the hardest worker in the world. He is giving up his holidays, he says, but (and he pounds the air fiercely with his blackened clay), “W’y the etc. didn’t they tell us afore?”

## THE HYDROPLANE IN MANOEUVRES



The McCurdy hydro-plane from the Toronto Island School of Aviation hovering over the regatta on Dominion Day.