

"THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL"

By THE MONOCLE MAN

"THE love of money is the root of all evil." You don't believe it? Well, think it over. Keep it in mind when you are casually considering some of the evils which do most mightily afflict us. Take, for instance, that of bad government—civic, provincial, national. Why can't we get good municipal government in our large cities on this continent? Well—to put it bluntly—chiefly because most of "the boys" who go in for municipal politics are emphatically and blasphemously "not in it for their health." They have not ceased to chase the Almighty Dollar when they undertook to serve the public. Many of them deliberately go into municipal public life to get as much out of it for themselves as they possibly can—mostly in the form of hard cash. They only make so much pretence of doing the best they know for the city as will veneer their real motives sufficiently to blind enough of the inattentive public to get them re-elected. But, primarily, they are out for the dough. "The love of money is the root of all evil."

BUT why can't we get good men who will try to transact public business, to the best of their ability, in the public interest? Are there not men who, if they undertook to serve the community, would serve it honestly, honourably and diligently. Certainly—lots of them. Why don't we elect them? Because they won't run. And why won't they run? Because they are too busy—making money. If they did run and get elected, they would never steal a penny from the city. More than that, they would never permit anybody else to steal a penny if they could prevent it. They would be on guard, day and night, like good old Alexander Mackenzie. They are not stealing a penny now from anybody. They are not thieves—they are upright business men with a high sense of honour. But they love money—and what money buys. They will not turn aside from the making of money to perform the thankless and fiercely criticized task of serving the helpless, the plundered, the ill-treated people. "The love of money is the root of all evil."

OCCASIONALLY men of this sort can be found who will run. They have imbibed from some source the old and honoured notion of public service. They are a bit old-fashioned, of course. Most of us can't understand them. We think they must be seeking some unworthy end which has not yet revealed itself. But we are wrong. They have money enough for their own needs or else they do not value highly what money can buy; and they genuinely desire an opportunity to help give the community good government. Do we elect them? Usually about once—if we get the proper view of their motives in time. Then we let some shameless and active "grafter" beat them out of sight at the next election because he can spend money lavishly on organization—and our simple and pure-minded civic servant will do nothing of the kind. We have the grace usually to be sorry—but we say we are helpless. Of course, we lie, and lie knowingly. We know we are not helpless. It is only that we will not take the time and trouble to organize to make sure of the election of the good man. And why won't we? Because we are too busy making money. "The love of money is the root of all evil."

YOU go to most business men in a large city and urge them to take time to awaken the duller section of the electorate and organize it into an intelligent mass of public opinion which will make the election of good candidates sure. And what will they say? "I can't afford it." "But," you retort, "these grafters are robbing you every day." In this way, you try to bring the argument down to their cash level and convince them that they are losing money by bad government. They only smile, however, and ask: "Of about how much do you think they rob me personally?" Well, you pitch it high and say: "Twenty-five dollars—fifty dollars—a year." "Well, my dear fellow," replies your friend, if he has come down to brass tacks and is talking frankly with you, "I can make \$250 in the time I would have to spend on municipal organization." "But," you proceed, "you get bad and dirty streets, unsanitary conditions, all sorts of evils not to be measured by money." "Not in my neighbourhood," is the answer; "and I have a country-house. I'm not going to live in this city anyway. Me for a suburb."

"THE love of money is the root of all evil." There are countries in the world where they get good and faithful service in public positions. How do they do it? By finding men who love something else more than they love money. British public life is notorious for this. There they have elevated the esteem of their fellows to a higher place in the list of rewards than mere money. Men will serve the city—the nation—the Empire—in ways which emphatically do not pay; and they will do it because

the community honours them more for this than for the possession of wealth. And right in that last sentence lies the cure for this prolific "root of all evil." After all, it is the esteem of our fellows which in every nation is ranked highest. Show me a community in which "the love of money" is supreme, and I will show you a community which does not very much care how a man makes his money. The "grafter" is as cordially welcomed by his fellows as the honest money-getting genius.

WE are frequently told that, if we would send more "grafters" to jail, we would get honest government. We might. But it is sometimes difficult to send a "grafter" to jail. He does his best

to cover his tracks and prevent the discovery of incriminating evidence. We feel in such cases that we know more than we can prove. But we have our remedy in just such cases—if we cannot send the "grafter" to jail, we can send him to Coventry. Society can impose a more deterring sentence very often than can the judge. If we will not do that—if we so slavishly love "money" that we will worship it whatever stains it may carry—then richly do we deserve to be robbed by "grafters," to have our lives shortened by filthy streets and unsanitary cities, to see our babies poisoned by impure milk, to see our children much more vilely poisoned by unworthy ambitions. We have very top-lofty notions of our morality on this Continent; but it is on this Continent that we ask of an artist—"Does his Art 'pay'?"—that we ask of a literary man—"How much money does he make?"—that we "patronize" the musical genius unless he has caught the public ear and gets the public's dollar—that we draw no clear distinction between the man who is in public life for what he can get out of it, and the man who is in public life for what he can pay into it.

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"CANADA WILL NOT RESORT TO CONSCRIPTION"



Hon. Robert Rogers, addressing a rally at Longueuil Sept. 25, knocked the nonsensical "Nationalist" fear of conscription. Other speakers were M. Philemon Cousineau, leader of the Quebec Conservatives, and Major Barre, of the 14th Battalion, First Contingent.

THREE THOUSAND SOLDIERS' CHILDREN HAVE A JOY RIDE



What may be described as a real joy ride was enjoyed by the children of the men now at the front when the Auto Club of Montreal arranged an outing for the kiddies. Over three thousand of them presented a ticket which entitled them to a seat in one of the three hundred cars, and after a great deal of arranging, the long procession went to Ste. Rose and back, the whole turnout being a huge and cheering joy ride. Photo shows part of the procession passing up Park Avenue, where they assembled.