

CLIP AND COMMENT

The Capitalist Newspapers Read Through Social-Democratic Spectacles

A Minister Comes from Under in Winnipeg.

A curious feature of the situation is that Rev. Horace Westwood, himself a minister, took an active part in the labor men's meetings against National Service. He has been taken to task by Captain (Rev.) W. J. Hindley, of the First Congregational Church, and replies that he will explain his views from the pulpit on Sunday.

Ministers assert, they can fairly criticize labor since labor interests have been asking, What is the matter with the church?

This refreshing piece of news will be joyfully received by those who for long have claimed that—what they call "The black army of parasites" are the hirelings and lick-spittles of the brutal ruling class. Whatever may be said for this argument, we venture to suggest that "The Shepherds of the Sheep" may in the course of events find out that the sheep are sometimes "hard bumpers."

It would go hard with such reverent swash-bucklers if Labor arose out of its kneeling posture and stood up, like men. Let us arise!

No Truce with Socialism.

Socialism in Winnipeg has disgraced organized labor as Socialism everywhere disgraces organized labor.

The national Government of Canada has power to teach the Winnipeg Socialists a lesson that should also have been taught to Quebec anti-recruiters and every other class of shirker who refuses to even supply the information demanded by his endangered country.

It is no act of condescension for a resident of Canada to fill in the blanks on his National Service card. The Socialists in Winnipeg, the anti-recruiters of Quebec, and malcontents every-where National Service cards, or, in the words of a patriot:

"The Canadian Government should fill the jails so full of the people that their feet would stick out of the windows."—Toronto Telegram.

It would be difficult to designate the form, or mental deformity, the writer quoted is suffering from. It is apparent that he cannot discriminate between "democratic government" and "political boss rule." Signs have not been wanting that anything of a conscript character would be bitterly contested in Canada. The veneer is so thin and the invective of the government's supporters so pronounced, that we do not need to see through a brick wall in order to discern the evil intention.

"The difference between Prussian tyranny and British freedom has its great illustration in the truth that the Prussian leaders in Kitchener are alive and at liberty, after playing the game that pro-Britons could not have begun in Germany 'except with the certainty' of being dead or in jail.

Another example by the same putrid human element. Place this in contrast with the one before mentioned and tell us where to find the Prussians in Canada. Probably in an editorial chair not far from 81 Bay Street, Toronto?

Ottawa, Dec. 29.—Hon. Thos. Chase Casgrain, Postmaster-General of Canada since October, 1914, and for many years an outstanding figure in the public life of Canada, died here this morning after a week's illness, of pneumonia.

The news of the death of the Hon. Mr. Casgrain will be received with diffidence from our party membership. It

is truly said that men's deeds live after them. In looking over the record of Mr. Casgrain's political life, we fail to find anything that would induce us to unite with Premier Borden when he said he possessed conspicuous ability, high character, and long experience, besides a charming personality.

No doubt, from the Premier's class point of view! He will be remembered by the intelligent toilers as a "political despot," who silenced the appeal of the toiling mass by censoring every newspaper that stood for truth and democracy, thus demonstrating his loyalty to the "See of Rome."

The Temps Paris newspaper gave the following from the letter of an officer of a French cavalry regiment:—

"One must develop a new mentality suitable to the circumstances. War is barbarous. We cook a meal on wood splinters like savages. One must assume savage habits throughout. I have become quite a different man and live without trying to understand why or how. When I have five minutes I sleep, no matter where. When I find water of which I'm sure, I drink. When I know to-morrow has arrived I finish to-day. I believe nothing I'm told.

"Naturally, we never know beforehand if we are staying or going to move. Orders arrive and we execute them with no idea of the general plan.

"As for the battle, it is just an informal noise, with the officers bearing orders at a gallop—that's my job—shells bursting all around, but so numerous one doesn't notice them. Even the horses cease to flinch, which shows its habit, not heroism, that keeps on calm. One ceases to think because thinking tires and therefore is too much physical exhaustion. One accepts what comes. It is just luck. In five days' fighting I never saw a single German. Our infantry say the same. We never see them; we only find them dead."

Dr. Dudley Sargent, a leading American authority, says military training does not offer sufficient opportunity for the development of individual power, initiative, or exercise of judgment under trying circumstances. Hence it is apt to foster a bombastic spirit of tin-soldierism and a false sense of patriotism. Could anything be more conclusive than the statement quoted above, by one who is on the job.

Market Otherwise Was Quiet and Comparatively Listless—Brazilian Was Again to the Front.

Comparative quiet prevailed on the Toronto market to-day, and the tone was somewhat listless. The only stock to attract much attention was Nova Scotia Steel, which scored an advance of three points. The opening was at 123½, after which a decline of half a point occurred. Buying then developed, and within an hour it rose to 26.

What the barometer is to the weather so is the stock mart to war's auxiliary "steel." They are sure indicators of coming events. The rise in the price of Scotia Steel followed immediately on the heels of the information—that Germany's peace offer would be repudiated by the Allies. Later we were informed that large munition orders to the United States would be cancelled and the orders transferred to Canada. Now we are being drilled by Cabinet Ministers into the belief that "Conscription is necessary." Whatever these events may portray to the mental uncouth, to those who understand there is but one interpretation, i.e., Guns and gunners are necessary to score a hit of three points for Scotia Steel speculators.

The Toronto stock market was firm in tone this morning, the steel group here, as in New York, featuring with the chief advance in Nova Scotia steel, which rose about four points to 129. Scotia's rise is associated by trades with reports current in New York that \$300,000,000 worth of munition orders have been diverted recently from the United States to Canada, a peculiarity of the rumor being that it failed to adversely affect munition stocks in New York. Steel of Canada and Dominion Steel both advanced over a point further.

It is said that a dividend on Dominion Iron common may be expected in the first quarter of this year, if the company suffers no reverse meantime. An interest closely identified with the enterprise is credited with the statement that the profits of the corporation in November, after all fixed charges, including preferred stock, were slightly under \$0,000,000 and that the earnings would show 30 per cent. on the common stock for the year ending March 31. The company will probably have a surplus of \$15,000,000 at the end of its fiscal year.

profitable bargain, and a patriotic service, "To the shareholders." The patriotism of these people is spelt somewhat different to that designated in the usual plug's grammar. The classical interpretation of this word to the "big bugs" is "profits." To those of us who have had one eye opened, it is not strange that the people most concerned in mouthing patriotism and conscription have made no allusion to the internment or conscription of these valuable assets.

Of course, the modern method of undertaking is comparatively inexpensive. But, \$15,000,000 surplus!

Yes, R. A. Rigg, Socialist M. P. P. for Winnipeg, is one of those rigs that should be upset.—Toronto Telegram.

True, from Mr. Robertson's standpoint. We venture to suggest that the intellectual atmosphere of Winnipeg is not of the "dupe character" that defeated Jimmie Simpson in Toronto at the injunction of a political despot who is reported to have said: "No man can hold an office of civic administration in Toronto without my consent."

"Mine self und Got."

Winnipeg should fill the jails with a few anti-National Service leaders, and there would be no further trouble with the European dupes of English-speaking Socialists.

Canada may have to open prison cells as class-rooms in which Socialists and other demagogues can be taught that National Service cards are not the sort of pasteboards that can be thrown into the discard.—Telegram, Toronto.

It is really amusing to note the kind of drivel the editor of this paper gets away with. What he intends to say is, not what Canada may have to do, but what the enemies of Labor would like Canada to do with those who refuse to spill their brothers' blood at the injunction of hireling scribes and grafting politicians.

It may be well to advise this honorable ass: "That the prison doors have been opened to allow all those who have not been poisoned by the foul atmosphere of the cells to take their places in the firing line, and it is hardly likely that the remaining efficient slaves will be permitted to end the rest of their existence in durance vile, so long as profiteers and political liars exhibit their hitherto fond respect for the dignity of Labor."

An Unofficial Truce.

"I've been in the British Army since I was eighteen years old," said the Major. "But I'm something of a philosopher as well as a soldier, and this war is giving me some sidelights on hu-

man nature that I never had before.

"For instance, there's a certain feeling that many of our privates have for the Germans in the trenches across the way from them. These British and German soldiers know each other by face and even by name, and the astonishing thing is that they don't hate each other. You can't keep up that feeling of blind hatred between the trenches. You know that Christmas truce was a bad thing for the soldiers, from a military standpoint."

And then the Mayor said: "If you wanted to end this war, all you'd have to do would be to let the men have another truce or two like that Christmas one. They'd get to talking to each other and suddenly they'd decide that the whole business was foolishness, and they'd lay down their guns and go back home."

Two years ago, by mutual understanding, the soldiers of the opposing armies on the Western front, stopped fighting and even visited one another. The United Press sent from Paris the above comment of a British army major.

The following Christmas all meeting together was officially forbidden.

March of the Wage Slave.

But what confounds the intelligence is that in all countries the poverty-stricken, the disinherited, the overworked beast of burden, ill-fed, badly housed, badly clothed, badly educated, as are three-fourths of the inhabitants of every country, march like one man at the first call, whatever may be the cause of the war. People who would not take one step to render a service to their neighbors, workers like themselves, march hundred of miles in order to get killed for the masters who sweat them.

—Gustave Hervé.

Social Conscience.

The personal show of real human sympathy always has the two-fold action of a spur and of a magnet.

It speeds people up, and it attracts them to the one showing the personal interest, the human sympathy.

This effect results because most people are interested above all things in themselves. But precisely because most people are chiefly interested in themselves, they fail to show any adequate degree of personal interest in those with whom they have to deal.

By thus failing they often damage seriously their own interests. At all events their neglect to show personal interest is certain to handicap them in any enterprise where success depends on the friendly co-operation of others.

Treat men impersonally, and they will in turn treat you with more consideration than is necessary. Treat them as so many cogs in a machine, and you will find the machine working slowly and inefficiently.

Yet, the use of only a little oil of personal interest will work wonders. If you are an employer of labor, "Hello, Jack," and "How are you, John?" may mean to you the difference between lean profits and fat ones.

Progressive business men are beginning to appreciate this.

They are awakening to the need of showing personal interest in their employees. It is dawning on them that human sympathy is as important an element in guaranteeing business success as is mental alertness.

More and more of them are displaying personal consideration for their employees. More and more are joining in welfare work, are helping the employees to get joy out of life as well as fair wages.

And they are reaping abundant financial returns, in some cases returns amounting to millions of dollars a year. Better still, because of their interest in others, because of their effort for others, they are getting increased dividends in happiness.

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