

ably more than the law called for as a mere matter of routine. He, of course, carried on his law under the firm name in Sarnia. But he did more. It was a kind of practice that could go along very well without him in the office. He became identified with a number of financial institutions. He developed symptoms of moderately high finance. His salary as Cabinet Minister would not have made him sad if he had never got it. It was a long way back to the frugal years when he boarded at home and saved \$900 in three years teaching school.

**P**ART of his extra time and energy he spent, as most will remember, working out his ideas of prison reform. There is no longer any Central Prison in Toronto. W. J. Hanna abolished it. He believed there was a better way to deal with criminals than by penning them up behind stone walls. The jail farm at Guelph is his way of doing it. And for quite a term of years Secretary Hanna was identified in the public mind with just this one big benevolent hobby.

Presently Sir James, his chief, became very ill, almost departed this life, rallied in time for a last election, which he won, and then shut the door on earthly politics forever. Hanna stayed on in Queen's Park. He was openly talked of as Sir James' successor. But neither did that happen. Did he want it to? He has never said. But there may have been a cogent reason why he should prefer not to accept even that great honour if thrust upon him by the party.

Anyway, he stayed in the Cabinet when another rival for the Premiership also either failed or declined to get it. He accepted a post without portfolio; still staying on in politics because he somehow liked it or hadn't the courage to get out.

**T**HEN he was suddenly picked for Food Controller.

He is now in Ottawa. W. J. Hanna is on the edge of the most drastic epoch in his whole career. Looking over the qualifications for business as enumerated on a previous page, we must admit that W. J. Hanna has most of them. He knows as much or as little about food control as he knew about social reform when he entered the Cabinet of Sir James Whitney. What Hanna technically knows about anything is not his prime qualification for dealing with it. He has had a long enough experience as a successful lawyer to know that it's not the man who knows so much law as the man who can swiftly, slowly, tirelessly find out that carries any necessary reform in the public interest. What a man knows to-day may be forgotten to-morrow. But the man who has the public sense and the idea of service, the force of a determined personality and the driving punch of a connoisseur in getting things

done without fear or favour—that is the power that remains when pigeonholes crammed with data and tabulated statistics are in the museum.

What Hanna may do as the food controller of this country has very little to do with his ability as a politician, as a lawyer or as a public speaker in all of which respects he stands high in efficiency. It has all to do with what the man as a public servant is determined to accomplish by means of machinery which he himself may create or com-

other men in public position for the purpose of making his new department a large contribution to the welfare of the State.

In all probability Hanna will work in more or less indirect connection with one Hoover, at Washington. The two men have an "economic unit" to work upon. Hoover has worked up his own reputation in Belgium. Hanna has his to make in Canada. He will not be likely to work along any such lines as Baron Rhondda, the new Food Controller of Great Britain.

The problems are entirely different. To get this difference clearly in mind in the case of Mr. Hanna is nationally important. Canada is the greatest surplus-export country in the world on a basis of population. All the food we import is a mere bagatelle in proportion to what we send out. England—or the Allies—will get the bulk of our export foodstuffs. The demand will take every pound and bushel of our surplus supply. The price will be determined by the demand. The more we have to send out the lower the price. The less we have to send out, the higher the price—unless the price is fixed arbitrarily by Governments abroad who are the purchasers.

**N**OW, how do we know how much foodstuffs Canada will have to export, even after we know how much has actually been produced?

That should be simple. To Mr. Hanna, no doubt, it might mean merely subtracting what we ourselves need from the total of production.

Which is the way it should be. But it's the way it won't be, if Mr. Hanna

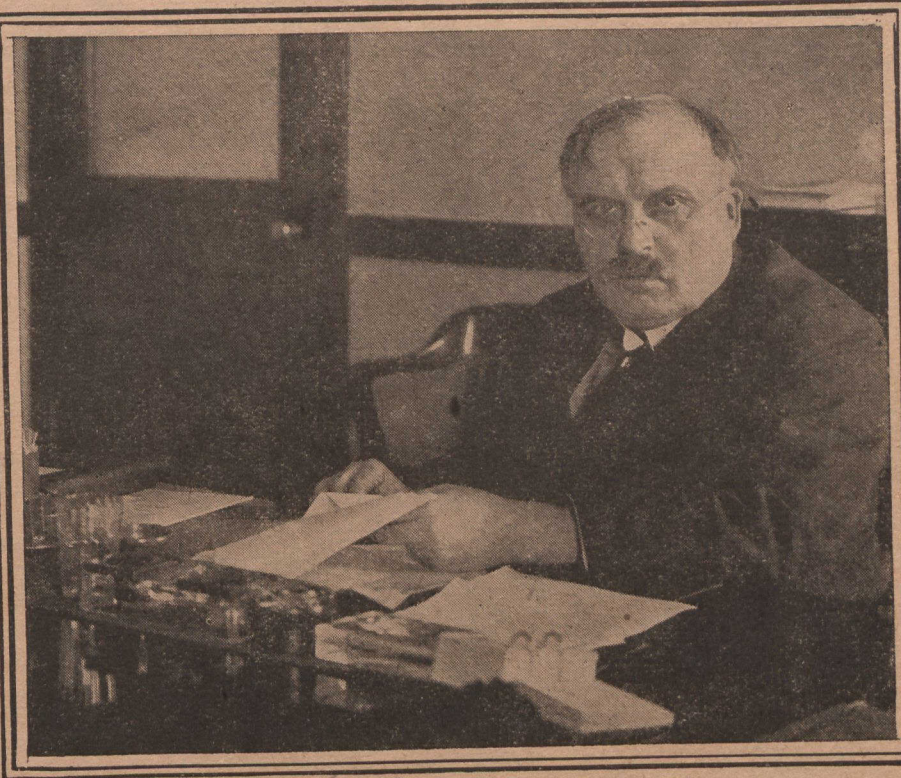
fails to exercise both his power and his ability.

There is a species of producer known as the hoarder. He is a kind of speculator. He produces and, not needing to sell it all, hoards up the balance for a higher price. The reasonable prospect for that kind of malefactor should be confiscation.

But perhaps the hoarder will not hoard. At any rate, Mr. Hanna will see to him.

Then there's the man, or the corporation, that buys low now to put the goods into cold storage, that he may sell them back in the winter at double the price or more. Of course the theory is that the Food Controller puts a crimp into any unreasonable difference between the price at which butter and eggs and meat go into cold storage and the price at which they come out. And in Mr. Hanna's case the theory will probably become the practice.

But the four-cent eggs will never come back. The forty-cent eggs have already gone in, and we look to Mr. Hanna to see that they don't come out at a dollar a dozen. By the look on the Controller's face, as shown in the above photograph, we should imagine that Mr. Hanna will not disappoint his dear friend, General Public.

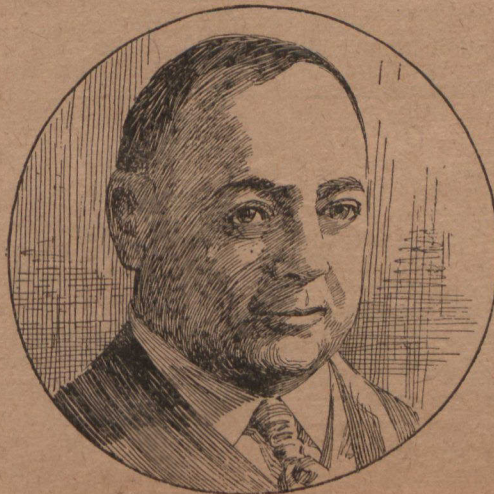


mandeer or adapt in any way that he sees fit for the purpose. One thing certain, Hanna is no man to manipulate a sinecure, or to become a portly public ornament. There is no preferential pomp and social circumstance about this hard-hitting, ring-the-bell Tory democrat. Hanna goes to Ottawa to get things done in the interest of the plain people. He has the chance of his life to re-assert his mettle. Corporate interests will not baffle or intimidate him; he has had corporate experience. Politicians will not scare him; he has been a politician. Public prejudices and whims will not send him barking up wrong trees; he knows too much about the limitations and the fallibility of the public.

In spite of the fact that W. J. Hanna takes the position without salary, we expect him to act as a big, responsible public servant. Miracles we do not expect him to perform. He knows as well as any professor of political economy what are the facts and the fictions of supply and demand. Better than that, he has the mind and the opportunity to make use of any professor, any newspaper, any business interest, any departmental machinery at Ottawa or elsewhere, any special knowledge accumulated by

## THE MAN WHO PUT THE UNITED STATES INTO WAR

By L. H. HOWARD



influence its editorial convictions by advertising contracts. Captain F. von Papen, former German Naval attache at Washington, tried, and he ought to know. John R. Rathom, the Editor-in-

Chief, told many stories on his recent visit to Canada, as the guest of the Canadian Newspaper Association, but that is one that he told to the Canadian Courier only.

It is John R. Rathom who personifies the Providence Journal's editorial policy at the present day, and for the last twelve years. It was Rathom who told the United States that it was "up to them" to get into the war on the side of the Allies, and it was John R. Rathom who saw to it that they did so. It took three years, but with a great democracy it takes time to impress an idea. "You have to keep pounding, pounding away," says the big editor, who has been pounding at the American public for a long time and knows his game. There is nothing half-hearted about John R. Rathom, except when it comes to occupying the centre of the stage and standing in the limelight. Then he has a tendency to look a little awkward.

Reporters, Rathom says, are the finest class of people

**T**HREE papers in the United States enjoy an editorial influence out of all proportion to circulation: the Boston Transcript, the

Springfield Republican, and the Providence Journal, sometimes called the "Rhode Island Bible." The last of the trio is perhaps to-day the outstanding newspaper of the world. The Providence Journal, since the war began, has been read in fear and trembling by Teutonic Ambassadors and political officials both in Europe and America; has made itself the confidential adviser of the British Government, and has practically forced the policy of the Government at Washington and swung the people of the United States solidly behind the President in his declaration of vigorous war.

And yet the daily circulation of the Providence Journal is less than 50,000 copies, and it is published in a city of some 250,000 people.

The Journal is one of the old established newspapers of New England. It is owned by a small group of New England families in which it has been held for several generations. It is impossible to buy the Journal or to