



CANADIAN COURIER



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A CONSTANT reader of the Canadian Courier happened to have in his pocket a letter from an eminent Canadian writer living somewhere in the United States. About three-quarters of the letter was written in regard to what this writer thinks about the Canadian Courier and its field. He had been reading the paper and had some ideas as to the problems it involved. His discussion of these problems coincides so closely with our own views and practice on this question that we asked to be allowed to use the letter without mentioning the author's name—because there was no time to get his consent otherwise. The case is well handled by a man who for years has been studying the magazine situation. When he says that a truly national paper should be international in scope he agrees with our own idea, except that we go him one better and say that it is the business of the Canadian Courier to see the rest of the world as far as possible through Canadian spectacles.

All Canadian periodicals other than daily papers, he says, have always had a hard row to hoe, and they always will until they try to meet American periodicals on their own ground. They have wished to enlist Canadian readers, very naturally, and to that end have directed themselves to Canadian

GETTING AHEAD OF OURSELVES

THIS paper gets to you three days late. There is but one reason—Paper. To publishers whose weekly increase in circulation jumps like the Canadian Courier these are strenuous days in paper stocks. On our average increase-of-circulation estimate, we found ourselves suddenly one week short of supplies. The day we should have gone to press we wired the paper manufacturer to rush a car-lot through. It was rushed and traced and corraled to the press and gets to you three days late; for which we apologize. Next week we shall tell you something about the circulation-growth that caused this delay on the press.

INTERNATIONALIZING A PAPER By A CANADIAN WRITER

material rather TOO exclusively. In seeking to become national, they have become somewhat provincial, don't you think so? Is it not true that they are very like all these Southern or Western, or even wholly New England magazines here, which only struggle along for a few years and die.

Almost all the successful American magazines are published in New York or Boston, and none of them is devoted to any one section of the country. That is something they must avoid if they would command a sufficient circulation. As far as its general literary taste goes, the Canadian public is very like the American. The Empire of English poetry and letters refuses largely to recognize the Declaration of

Independence. And the "eminent domain" of the modern American magazine, whether we like it or not, spreads across the 49th parallel. We must recognize that. We could put Canada on the Muses' map; that was easy. All you need is a pad and pencil. Poetic celebrity does not rest on wide popularity; a very small edition may win very high praise. But in the magazine field it is different. There you need capital—some financial Beaverbrook to tackle the job, to compete with the Home Journals and Evening Posts and Youths' Companions, and the big magazines over there. He would have to try in this open market, pay the best prices, and forget where his writers lived.

The reader in Nova Scotia is not going to pay good money for a poor magazine just because it is made in Canada. And he is more interested in a good story about California than in a poor story about British Columbia. Also, a good story laid in Montreal would be just as welcome to any American editorial room, as an equally good story laid in Denver or St. Louis. Of course, such a magazine as I mean would be eminently Canadian, only not exclusively so. In temper and outlook and sentiment it would be all Canadian, which is just a little different from American. But a large part of its reading matter would be just as interesting to readers in the United States as at home. It would put its duty toward the cause of letters first, and its duty to toward its country second; just as all good magazines do everywhere.

Whatever readjustment the war may make in our social, economic, ethnic, intellectual worlds, I believe nationalism and respect for racial preferences must remain. It is of nature, not to be abolished. The Hurrah for an Internationalism is mistaken and shallow, and too purely intellectual to endure the stress of life. You cannot love an abstraction. We don't love our friends because they are humans. We come to love humanity only through loving our friends.

CURRIE, OF THE CANADIANS

A Commander of Leaders

By CHARLES L. SHAW
(Victoria, B. C.)

Canadian soldier, put no reliance on the men's individual resource, restrain their spirit by urging them to do nothing except under orders. But that isn't Currie's system. It's all right on the parade ground, but out in the open it doesn't go.

Not that General Currie doesn't try to maintain absolute discipline among his troops. There has been no finer discipline in the whole British army than in the First Canadian Division, which Currie commanded from September, 1915, until appointed commander of the whole force a week or two ago. But Currie trusts his men to use their brains, and when under fire probably allows them more opportunity to use their own discretion than any other general in France. That's Currie's plan. It is largely responsible for giving Canada's troops overseas a name for unexampled courage, perseverance and resourcefulness—taken altogether, the essential qualities that lead to victory.

Confidence—that is probably the keynote of Currie's success. He himself has an abundance of it, and his spirit has proved contagious.

Speaking of how the Canadians managed to overcome tremendous difficulties at Vimy Ridge, the General said, recently:

"Let me tell you to what factors I ascribe the

victory. First, to the disciplined valour of our troops, and to the supreme confidence with which the men attacked—a confidence born of good training and good discipline. We knew we were going to win."

There you have it—the essence of Currie's battle policy. He was sure before the attack, and his men were, too, that it would be crowned by success. They went into the combat with the spirit of men that had already tasted victory, and all Canada knows the consequence. To recount how they drove on, carrying all before them, taking trench after trench, would be unnecessary here. Their work sent a thrill of pride through every son—and daughter of the Dominion.

Now hear what the General has to say about discipline, training and the indispensable initiative:

"No one ever shrugs his shoulders when speaking of the discipline of the Canadians," he said. "There is no crime; the men respect themselves and are held in the highest regard by everyone. They have a proud record to maintain and are determined that that record, sanctified by the blood of so many of Canada's best, shall not only be lived up to, but shall be enhanced.

"Discipline gives men confidence in themselves and in each other. All British troops are brave; thank God for that, and I would be the last to say that Canadians were braver than the others. Such a statement would not be true. I said the men were confident of their ability to win. The confidence

A RETURNED officer told me this: an officer who went out with Lieut-General Currie in the First Canadian Contingent, who trained with him at Valcartier and Salisbury Plains, and who fought under him from the second battle of Ypres to the winding-up of the Somme campaign last fall. And this is what he said:

"Currie makes each man fancy himself a regular Napoleon. As a result, while Currie is a born leader, in fact, a bear of a leader, he is also a commander of leaders, leaders in the truest sense of the word—a whole army of them!"

Perhaps it is that one watchword of Currie's, that of developing individual initiative and self-confidence among his men, that gave the First Canadian Division the reputation of being the wonder of the British army in France. Certainly it went a long way towards carrying Currie all the way from being a comparatively obscure colonel before the war to a knighthood and the command of the whole of the Dominion's forces at the front in 1917.

It is Currie's proud boast that while he led the gallant First Division it never lost a trench. And if you asked him why, he would probably reply that it was because every officer and man was sure of his own ability, and was prepared to bank everything on it. That was to their credit, of course, but Currie was responsible. Some generals would have felt it their duty to hold back that pent-up energy and enthusiasm which was swelling in the breast of every