

DO you ever feel discouraged over the little you can do in a world so shaken by the war? Look at men who before the great catastrophe seemed to be pillars of civilization. The hold you had on the social fabric seemed to depend upon how you could fit into a regime apparently controlled by these men. If they went on strike you supposed the works would shut down. When one of these important men said, "My dear sir, if you want to know how indispensable I am to things in general, just pull your finger from a pail of water and see how big a hole is left," you suspected he was "fishing."

But look at the world now. These men did not go on strike. The world struck, and saved a lot of them the trouble. Family names, wealth, high eminence, official position, are all in the great shake-up. And the human junk-heap of civilization which makes way for the new man—whatever he may be—is especially hard on men who once occupied the seats of the mighty.

We exclude Kings and Kaisers because they don't have to step down if they happen to make mistakes. Look at the dozens of men who have become politically obsolete, socially defunct, officially decadent or dead. England alone has a dozen such. Asquith, Premier in 1914, is now a private M. P. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty then, is now perfunctorily carrying on the Ministry of Munitions. Sir Wm. Robertson, former Chief of the General Staff, is now a memory. Fisher, who, as First Sea Lord in 1915, smashed the German Pacific Squadron at the Falkland Islands, is buried in obscurity. Lord French in 1914 huzza'd by France as a co-deliverer, is now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, after a long period of inertia. Haldane, Minister of War before Kitchener, is a rather discredited gentleman of leisure. Kitchener is dead. Lord Roberts, who once saw the western front, is dead. Jackson, first Sea Lord after the retirement of Fisher, is in a junior naval command. Carson, first Lord of the Admiralty after Balfour, is now a private citizen. Grey, Foreign Secretary, in whose anxious hands the possible peace of the world

The Mighty From Their Seats

By REX CROASDELL

seemed to lie in 1914, is now fishing and studying nature at his country seat. And a man who in 1914 was absolutely unknown this side of the Atlantic, except as Eric Geddes, a railway laborer on the Baltimore & Ohio, is now First Lord of the Admiralty.

Consider the wayside Temple of Fame in France. Four men have occupied the Premiership: Briand, Viviani, Ribot, Clemenceau. The first three were all belauded by the character-writers as saviors of their country, were all good and almost great men, and all negligible as the wheel of Fate kept going round. Clemenceau, editor in 1914, is likely to remain the Tiger until the war's end. Papa Joffre, world-famous as the blocker of the Huns for nearly three years, is now scarcely talked about at all. Nivelle, who succeeded him, and was expected to smash the Huns where Joffre held them, is "somewhere in France." Petain, maestro of artillery, and hero of Verdun, who was supposed to succeed where Nivelle failed, is now a junior commander. And Foch, who in 1914 was but one of six brilliant generals under Joffre, is now generalissimo of the armies of five nations.

Consider the roulette wheel in Russia. The world's richest monarch and second most absolute ruler in 1914, is now a Siberian exile, known as Nicholas Romanoff, Esq. The Grand Duke Nicholas, first commander-in-chief of all Russian armies, is kicking his heels in the Caucasus, or trying to organize old Russia against the red-raggers. Sukomlinoff, the alleged Kitchener of Russia, but betrayer of his country, is now unknown. Sazanoff, Foreign Minister in 1914, is without recognition anywhere. Miliukoff, famous as the exposé of the pro-German Traitor-Band, narrowly escaped the Revolution. Rodzianko, through whom as chairman of the Duma the news of his abdication was broken to the Czar, is nowhere in the newspapers. Stolypin is defunct,

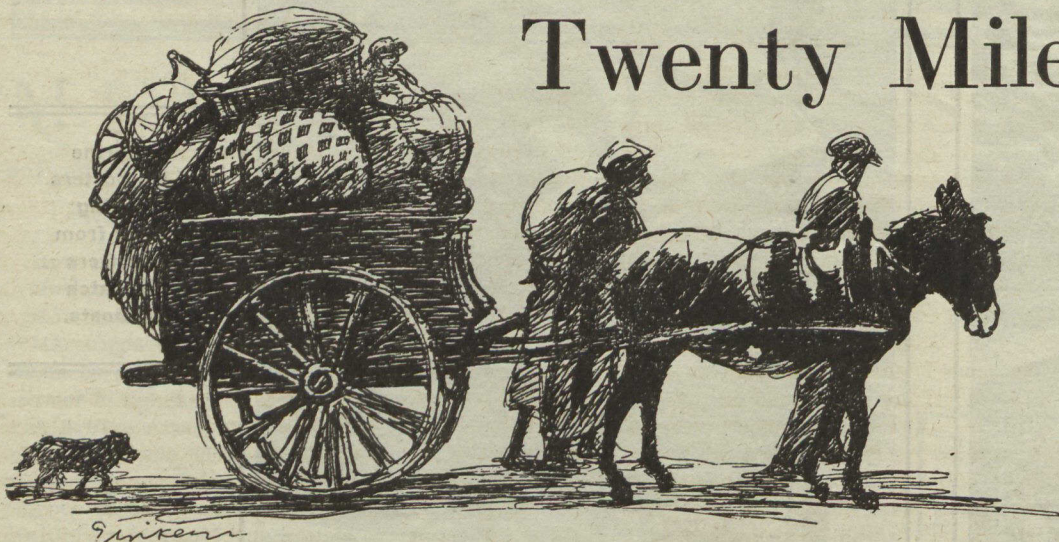
Sturmer, pro-German Premier, is among the unknownables. Kerensky, Premier after the Revolution, and regarded as the deliverer of Russia, is in exile.

In Germany only two are in the limelight who were considered "headliners" in 1914; Hindenburg and Mackensen. Bethmann-Hollweg, Chancellor in 1914, was too much of a moderate for the War Party, and was succeeded by a respectable cat's paw known as Michaelis, who because he was without spunk enough to call his soul somebody else's, went back to his musty books and was followed by Von Hertling, who seems to please everybody, including himself. A man who was an obscure member of the Great General Staff in 1914 is now the dictator of the Dual Empires, greater even than Hindenburg.

In the United States there has been very little disturbance of the calm that characterizes cabinets over there. Bryan, the famous pacifist Secretary of State, left his chief before the President became a war lord, and was followed by Lansing. Lindley Garrison, apostle of preparedness, was succeeded as Secretary of War by Newton Baker, who talks well.

Italy has done away with a few headliners also. Chief among them is Gen. Cadorna, who, after winning incredible victories in the mountains, lost his gains of two years in as many weeks by a mass attack of Germans and Austrians aided by defection in his own ranks.

And Austria—what a debacle of royalty, statesmanship and soldiers! Old Franz Josef, the tragedy of the Hapsburgs, lived several years too long and bequeathed his handcuffs and chains to Emperor Karl who has made several futile attempts to save his country from slavery, and is now just about as sure of his value to civilization as Nicholas Romanoff.



Twenty Miles From the Front

WHEN you wonder why a Canadian V. A. D. worker would rather help to take care of wounded men writhing in agony, than drive a car on the moonlit roads of France, read this.

By ESTELLE M. KERR

AN APPRECIATION FROM BELGIUM

A LADY in Brockville, who has a Belgian "godson," sends her godson's appreciation of the Woman's Editor of the Canadian Courier—now in France—to the Toronto Globe. We take the liberty of reprinting it just as it was in The Globe as follows:

"The illustrations make me all much pleasures, they speak much from Belgian front, also I know that brave person, Miss Estelle Kerr. I much seeing with her automobile, it's all's very interesting at's a devotedly girl, and she's very charming for the Belgian soldiers. Much time I have speaking with she."

PERHAPS in the days to come the events of the past fortnight will be recorded in my brain with some degree of clarity and order; but now, amidst the great international anxiety, one's individual activities seem vague and unimportant. The diminutive black note-book that serves me as a diary is of little help; whole days are unrecorded, and, try as I may, I cannot call to mind one single incident to mark their passage. Two Sundays have passed without notice.

There are few people who do not realize that this lovely city is in grave danger, and from Government officials to workingmen, all are living, more or less, with their bags packed; hoping for the best, but prepared for the worst. No one looks worried, and there will probably be no panic in any case; but the optimistic admit a possibility and the pessimistic a probability, of the Germans getting near enough to Paris to do serious damage.

Formerly I was anxious to go near the front; but to have the front come to me when I am in Paris—that is another matter! I feel as if a much-loved person was seriously ill. We go about our work in a numb sort of way, glad that there is real work to do. Everyone is overworked, and most of us are nervous and irritable; yet we want to do more, and

envy the people whose work seems more vital than ours, especially the nurses who come into direct contact with the men we want to help. But my part is to drive cars, mend them, and keep them clean. I try to forget the war in the daily worries of punctured tires and dirty spark plugs, and keeping the gasoline books straight. There are trips to the war office for permits for others to do more interesting things; there are shopping-tours to collect canteen equipment; and errands about militarizing cars.

On Friday the excitement started. One of the delegates of the French War Emergency Fund, who was visiting hospitals north of Paris, suddenly found herself very near the front, and returned with the news that Chateau Thierry was bombarded; that refugees were pouring to the South in hordes; that hospitals had been captured, and small towns inundated with wounded soldiers and homeless civilians whom they could not house or feed. We must send relief at once, especially to the little town of C—; but how? All our Paris workers were employed in packing things that the hospitals needed, or they were helping in the railway station canteens which had begun to operate once more. But the men who pass through them, are evacuated from the Paris hos-

pitals, and do not need attention so much as the men from the front; so it was decided to close them.

It was midnight when we reached home after seeing the last hospital train go south; and at 5 a.m. we left for C—. There was no time to pack personal belongings; and still worse, no time to overhaul the little Ford which had been so overworked the day before. But the 4-ton motor-lorry was going too—a car that inspired confidence by its vast size, and was driven by a chauffeur-mechanic, Camille, a man of similar proportions and reliability.

Four khaki-clad girls with knapsacks on their backs sat beside Camille on the driver's seat. I was alone in Copley, the little Ford van, with six hundred pounds of hospital requirements, while they carried the heavier canteen equipment. Stoves, beds, great urns for serving hot drinks—everything necessary for a large canteen—had been packed in a few hours.