



MR. PEPYS IN THE WEST

*A Symbolic Dog—Light-bearers in the Darkness—
Outcast Emperors and Kings—"Reconstruction"*

who is an Inspector of Public Schools for this province. His duties include the visiting of certain districts of Manitoba where the people are of foreign origin and in which in the last two or three years pioneer schools have been established. These schools are taught by young women who are truly worthy of being named Light-bearers in the Darkness. With genuine devotion to the purposes of education, they have taken upon themselves no easy work, isolated as they are and living amid conditions which are very different from the conditions they have known hitherto. For each of these pioneer teachers the Department of Education has had to build a cottage.

On seeing my friend the inspector, I remembered an article I had read in last month's Canadian Music Trades Journal, of Toronto, by one of those teachers, Mrs. Halstead, whose school is in Bonar Law school district, a Ruthenian region north of Beauséjour. In that article, Mrs. Halstead, who opened that school the October before last, tells of how she has made her gramophone play an important part in her work.

I asked the inspector about Bonar Law school, and he told me that he had visited it on October 29, and found 28 of the 29 registered pupils in attendance. "I observed Mrs. Halstead's teaching," he told me, "and examined the classes myself. The progress these children have made during the one year at school is simply marvellous! They have not only done wonderfully well in learning English, but they are well up in the work of their grades. Quite a number are ready to read the third reader. They read the second reader and some supplementary books fluently and with ease."

A Chicken-stealing Wolf

"One of the best things I have heard in school," he added, "was a number of original stories the children told me. One little boy told an experience he had the evening before when going from his home to the post office. He noticed a wolf that seemed to be following him. When he got near the post office he saw some chickens, and the wolf ran into the yard, grabbed one of the chickens and ran off with it. The boy told this story in almost faultless English. He seemed not the least embarrassed or self-conscious and answered a number of questions I asked without any hesitation."

Those people of alien origin were brought to this country by the offers of free homesteads; in the interests of the public welfare, to say nothing of

their own, enlightenment must be carried among them.

The Emperor Frederick on War

When Snagsby came in tonight, he said that our talk last week about Bismarck, which had led him into reading my volumes of reminiscences of Bismarck by his private secretary, Moritz Busch, had led also to his reading the published Diary of the Emperor Frederick, the father of the Kaiser who has abdicated. Snagsby read to me these sentences written by the Emperor Frederick:

It is a gruesome thing to ride over a battlefield, and view the ghastly mutilations of that battlefield. The ghastly mutilations that meet ones eyes are indescribable. War is an appalling thing, and the man who brings it about with a stroke of his pen at the green table little reckons what he is conjuring with.

"There were only two German wars during the lifetime of Wilhelm Hohenzollern's father," said Snagsby. Two brief and enormously successful wars. The first was the Prussian war against Austria, in 1866, which lasted 40 days, with a total of between 5,000 and 6,000 killed in action; and the second was the war against France in 1870, when Wilhelm Hohenzollern was 11 years old, and in which the total German casualties were approximately 100,000—just about the same as the Allied losses at Gallipoli."

Emperors and Kings out of a Job

We went on to talk about what should be done to W. Hohenzollern—something which all the civilized world has been discussing.

"What a difference between his dreams of coronation pageants at Paris and London, outshining all previous pageants in history, and the reality of his sinking away into Holland, an accursed figure, the incarnation of perjury and cruelty, with the seaboard of barbarism rattling at his heels!"

"Well," I replied, "I picture him rather as the head of a string of ex-Emperors and ex-Kings, now outcast hoboes, including ex-Emperor Karl, whose former Empire is dispersing away in different directions, like a worm which has been chopped with a hoe, and ending up with a bunch of those German Kinglets, whose names I can't remember."

In the Name of "Re-construction"

After Snagsby left I looked over several of the newspapers that I get regularly from different parts of the country, and my attention was caught by an excellent editorial in the Ottawa Citizen, under the headline, "Reconstruction Must Be Real." It begins by saying that before the war, "material prosperity had been tried out

thoroughly as the national ideal of Canada. It received the undivided attention of political leaders, public authorities, industrial directors, universities, schools, and the press. Elections were fought on issues of political materialism rather than principle; leaders sought to win the suffrage of the Canadian people by boasting of the vast sums they had spent on railway construction, harbors, canals, dredging and the like, and by promising to spend still more."

Continuing from this beginning, the Ottawa Citizen editorial says:—

The thing proved to be a wretched fraud. When, by putting the nation's credit in pawn, a state of material prosperity had been worked up, it brought catastrophe rather than happiness; social extremes were reflected in the baronial castles and slum conditions around Canadian cities.

The scramble after material prosperity had broken before the war began. The grabbing of lands and natural resources, in withhold them for increased value, the printing of watered stock, the building of extravagant railways and public works, the hoarding of steel companies, and the privileges conferred upon manufacturing promoters did nothing to raise the standard of citizenship.

Many people began to realize the fraud of such material prosperity when it left them suddenly in poverty, when immigration ceased, and an exodus had actually commenced from Canada, a year or so before the war. In the years of war, the break with pre-war materialistic ideals has been extended. It is devotedly to be hoped, beyond repair.

When reconstruction is undertaken in Canada, it must surely never be in the form of constructing a bridge back to the years before 1914. It must be forward building work, and based on something more substantial than material gain.

Reconstruction means preparing to bring about the change in an orderly way, by constructive social reforms, by educational reforms, by the democratization of industry, by opening up equal opportunities to the people in common, by the extension of rights and liberties to all, and by the elimination of special privileges and private monopolies where the public interest is concerned.

The proposal to expend \$65,000,000 of money taken from the earnings of the workpeople of Canada, on private shipyards and steel mills has no principle of reconstruction behind it. In principle it is no different from the pre-war expenditure of \$160,000,000 through contractors over the National Transcontinental Railway.

The expenditure of \$22,500,000, similarly from the national treasury, with the Dominion Steel Company, is just a repetition of old-time government dealing with the Canadian Northern Railway Company.

What is more, it is directly related to the thing that Canadian men have been giving their lives to destroy in Europe. It is the divine right of kings transferred to the sacred right of vested interests.

The note of warning sounded by the Ottawa Citizen is one to which every Canadian who has any concern about the future welfare of the country will do well to give heed. There is need of an aroused public intention and vigilance with regard to some of the proposals now taking shape under the name, "Reconstruction."

W.J.H.

WALKING down Portage Avenue on my way to the office, I observed, as I crossed that thoroughfare at Vaughan Street, a pretty lady in her motor-coach, who had with her a fuzzy white dog; and as I stood waiting on the crossing for the motor-coach to pass, the dog looked down at me with so complete an assumption of the bored, superior expression of certain of the idle rich that I could hardly keep myself from smiling. And presently I remembered, that, on that same crossing one day last July I noted the same dog with the same lady in the same motor-coach. But on that occasion (when I had not the honor of catching his eye) he was clipped close over two-thirds of his body, and over his bareness he was wearing a smartly-tailored coat, which fitted him like a glove.

A Symbolical Dog

And I remember that on that occasion I reflected that his bareness, which was artificial, and need not have been at all, had thus been covered by his mistress, the pretty lady, with a garment which need not have been at all, if he had not been made needlessly bare. I remember, too, when I first observed that dog, needlessly clipped that he might be needlessly dressed, saying to myself on that day last July that he was indeed, a very civilized animal. So civilized, in good truth, that he might almost be taken for a symbol of much that is characteristic of our civilization. For what else has been the course of life of certain classes than to avoid things naturally needed and to devote attention to creating artificial needs trying to satisfy them!

Sad it is to think that in these four dark years of sacrifice and grief and anxiety by day and by night for many, there are some who have not, for it all, abated anything of their selfishness!

Light-bearers in the Darkness

And hardly had I got across Portage Avenue, deep in these reflections, than I encountered a good friend of mine,



"The head of a string of ex-Emperors and ex-Kings, now outcast Hoboes, including ex-Emperor Karl, whose former Empire is dispersing away in different directions like a Worm that has been chopped with a hoe, and ending up with a bunch of those German Kinglets, whose names I can't remember."