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# PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

*Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing*

**C**HESTERTON has been at it again; G. K., the adipose scintillator of pure wit masquerading as thought, who with all his accustomed brilliance goes after the German Chancellor, whom he accuses of wrong-headedness. Looking in another paper the same day you notice casually that his clever little brother, Cecil, who was lecturing on Prussia in this country last winter, goes after George Bernard Shaw, and at the same time takes a rise out of Prussia, especially Frederick the Great, who he says made it a principle to be unprincipled. Now, what these two genial and jocular brothers literary can't find time and space to say about the inhumanity of Prussia need never be said at all. G. K. and Cecil are a duplex battery of destructive and bohemian sarcasm. It is a pity this war could not be decided by the frontal attack of the typewriter or the quill pen, instead of by high explosive shells. In that case the jolly Chestertons would have it pretty much their own way. However, it's refreshing to read the bright arguments of these gentlemen; especially when G. K. calls Houston Stewart Chamberlain "that tedious turncoat." Those of us who can't f-i-g-h-t must take it out in T-A-L-K. And the cleverer the talk the more comfortable we feel about the war.

**K**IPLING may not have done much to inspire England and the Empire with his pen since the war began. But he has done a good deal by his speeches to stimulate recruiting. One of his speeches was among the most powerful of all war talks. In this speech he said: "We must continue to sacrifice our men to Moloch until Moloch is beaten." A despatch last week states that a son of Kipling, the poet, John Kipling, of the Irish Guards, "was missing and believed to have been killed." Kipling has the reputation of speaking more from experience than most modern writers. In this case he has experience of Moloch.

**M**R. ELMER E. RITTENHOUSE, president of the Life Extension Institute, says that the American people are going into a physical decline, and that unless they wake up and begin to live a more muscular, open-air life, more like the lives of the pioneers, the race will soon have to depend upon "a weak-kneed, soft-muscled, flimsy-fibred people for the defense of the Republic and the perpetuity of the race." He claims that the resisting power of the heart, arteries and kidneys of the American people has steadily declined; that the increase in mortality in three decades from these causes has been about 100 per cent., and is increasing among all classes of people. He says this is an excellent time to wake up. He asks that any campaign for national defence should include a programme for teaching people how to live healthful lives, how to build up and maintain a high standard of physical fitness. Anybody who has noticed how a lot of flat-chested, slop-shouldered civilians from Canadian city streets have lately been transformed by military drill and Swedish gymnastics into smart-stepping, deep-lunged athletes will probably agree with Mr. Rittenhouse. But a man doesn't have to enlist in order to develop his muscles. There are plenty of sidewalks to wear out shoe leather on, plenty of coal to shovel, ashes to lug, chores to do—or if a man lives in a flat he can probably find enough space in his own bed-room to do a few physical exercises invented by himself.

**T**HREE out of five members of the Bank of Commerce staff in Moncton, N.B., have gone to the war. The manager and one clerk only are left. This is no reflection on the banking business of Moncton, which has just as much money to hand to its government railway employees as usual. But there has been a recruiting revival in Moncton and it seems that the men who handle the cash

in that city find it easiest to get away. This is uncommonly hard on the young ladies of Moncton.

**C**ONSCRIPTION talk seems to be on the increase. And every time some statesman or soldier puts forward an argument for conscription, some other leader of opinion has an argument against it.

THE BABOON LIKES HIS BEER.



Billy the Baboon, mascot of the South African Heavy Artillery, is now in Sussex, England, along with his brigade, the first arrival from the triumphant little army of Botha, that finished its work in German Southwest Africa. Billy is here seen drinking the health of the Allies in a fine mug of beer.

Conscriptionists argue that under the voluntary system very often the wrong man goes; under a compulsory service system only those would be sent who were needed, and those needed at home would be left at home. Volunteerists contend that already under the free-will system an army of 3,000,000 has been raised; why raise the other 500,000 by compulsion? They state that thousands upon thousands of families have resolved themselves into expert committees to determine which of the family can best be spared for war and which could do better service at home. They predict, they even promise, that if the raising of the surplus army to replace

wastage is left to the trades and labour people, the men will be forthcoming. But one of the best arguments against conscription—whatever may be the arguments in its favour—is that the men at the front and in the camps who have already enlisted as free-will soldiers should not be compelled to regard themselves as part of a more or less conscript army.

**W**HOEVER would have thought of picking Billy Sunday and George M. Cohan for a pair of rivals? Heywood Brown, the new critic of the New York Tribune, says that the honours for being the greatest slang-slinger in the world must go to either George or Billy—with so far odds on Billy. Brown says: "Billy Sunday once said: 'I've got a gospel gun that shoots straight. It's loaded with rough-on-rats, ipecac, rock salt, dynamite and barbed wire.' The Cohan heavy ordnance, so we had imagined, could shoot all that and more. We were mistaken. George Cohan has neither the punch nor the pace of Billy Sunday."

**N**O pious purist need marvel that Turkey has turned to massacring the Armenians. Was there ever a better chance? When did the unspeakable Turk ever have such an immoral justification for being horrible? At all other eruptions of this gentle and expert improver on the very old devil, the moral indignation of Europe was always aroused. The Turk knew he was being a beast, and when he had got as much blood as he thought it was safe to gorge himself with just for that time he licked his chops and went about his daily business again. But now the great and holy German nation expressed through the army has set the example in wholesale murder of innocent people. The German is the Turk's master. Why should not the Turk take him for an exemplar, also?

**J**OHAN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., had his picture in one of the Canadian newspapers a few days ago along with Mackenzie King, who is the Rockefeller publicity agent, or something of that sort. They were both dressed as miners. They were going below in a Colorado mine to take a whirl at part of a day's work, to see what conditions the Rockefeller miners work under and kick about. While it is not likely that the heir to the Rockefeller millions and our ex-Labour Minister went through any great hardships in that trip below, it seems to be quite certain that John D. Jr. made a good impression on the miners whom he met. In speaking to a group of men down in the mine, the magnate admitted that he couldn't get along without them, that they were partners and that he wanted to do business with them on that basis. One of the men remarked, "Well, you're not so bad as you're painted." It will be remembered, also, that a few days ago, when Henry Ford, motor magnate, was doing his best to upset the Franco-British loan in the United States, John D. Rockefeller was announced as likely to subscribe \$10,000,000 to the loan. Mr. Ford has established a motor-car town in Canada called Ford City, and perhaps thinks that should buy off any criticism from this side. Rockefeller has large oil industries in Ontario, and is a booster for the cause of the Allies. If Rockefeller is not so bad as he is painted, probably Ford is not so dangerous as he sounds.

**I**N the interests of common, cheerful humanity, newspapers should be prohibited from publishing photographs of the German Crown Prince. That disordered emaciation of the House of Hohenzollern with the spiked helmet on the top is a pitiful example of what the human race may eventually come to if degeneracy becomes a common affliction. That young man should be sent away for his health to a nice little summer and winter resort on the planet Mars.