

effective against the common enemy of all true society not based upon force and brutality.

None of these. York's message was the moral manhood of the nation. He spoke as one who knows that all any of us have on this side of the struggle that Germany has not got is what we are fighting to keep: the spiritual life. Once, Englishmen thought there was such a thing in Germany; went there to find it—something that England had not. Now, the Archbishop of York mentions Belgium, Serbia, Armenia, Poland, and wonders if in the face of all this monsterhood of crimes against humanity he and the rest of us are not in some nightmare of a world.

Well, the world is different. The average Englishman knows it. And if Mr. H. G. Wells can take time from his manufacturing of commercial copy to have one good square look at the soul of a bishop which he made into such a cheap and nasty show in his book by that name, maybe he can see in the soul of an Archbishop such as York the very thing that we are interested most in trying to save for humanity.

The Archbishop of York, member of the House of Lords, knew the slum folk of England when he succeeded the Bishop of London at Stepney. He knows the spiritual power of England; knows where it has been weakened by caste and custom and creed and

the slum and the bottle; knows also, better than all, that the soul of England is the freedom of the world. With such a soul to save, even by the awful salvation of war, the might of England based upon the right of England can never fail the world. Let England organize her soul and her moral manhood as Germany has organized his law of the brute, and she can never be conquered. Great she has been. Great in a bigger way she yet shall be, not by navies and armies and ships of trade and power-houses alone, but by the greatness of a regenerated mankind. The Empire may have its day. The power of England in the betterment of mankind will out-last the world.

## HOW THE WAR LOOKS NOW

WE are slowly getting to the point where the war is everybody's, and where any man who thinks at all is entitled to a sizable opinion of how it looks in the odds list. That the finish depends upon economic exhaustion and not upon strategy or armies or even guns is pretty well conceded by some of the best thinkers on the subject. At the present time in this huge offensive the Hun is trying to change that. He is trying to make it a grandstand finish by armies and guns. Which we think is impossible.

The Hun is a unit. Let no one think otherwise. He has the unity of desperation among the drivers and of framed-up expectations among the masses. Germany is tired of war. The main reason is that the beast is tuckering out from inanition. A tolerably well-fed and frightfully ferocious army is backed by a terribly hungry and destitute people. The war bosses have pillaged the country. They have robbed it of all it has and the most it can produce. A nation that uses dried apple peelings for tea, extracts oleomargarine fat from tomato seeds, ransacks every home in the country for copper utensils and pays as high as \$2.40 a pound for specified parts of a goose, and \$20 for a goose liver, has no need of an almost valueless mark on the foreign exchanges to prove its bankruptcy. More. Bankruptcy can be juggled. Economic exhaustion cannot be.

But of course eastern successes have opened up harvest fields in the Ukraine, copper mines in Serbia, oil wells in Rumania, coal and iron in Poland and cotton fields in Anatolia via southwestern Russia. All these are contingent upon a quick return; and even German genius for reclamation cannot guarantee that. It will be a long while before most of these supplies become effective.

Germany was further along the road to destitution two years ago than most of the Allied countries are now. But all she had was close at hand, and it could be got at. War destruction has not damaged Germany. The supplies of the Allies are scattered like their armies. And the submarine has taken full advantage of the fact. Even yet, with the submarine arm unrestricted, Germany has a chance of prolong-

ing the war to a time when she can organize effective aid from the East. But there are many signs that the submarine's big day is done. Some time ago Lord Jellicoe said, "Give us till August this year." A few days ago a Canadian, whose brother has been taken from the field communication service to the electrical experiment end of the Naval Service, got a letter from him saying that within three months no submarine will be able to do business within a hundred miles of the British coast anywhere or within striking distance of the ocean trade routes.

This means—if true—that armies and food and other supplies from America will get to the front as needed. America, including Canada, is far better organized for production than any of the States recently overrun by Germany, with Russia thrown in. Guaranteed safe shipping and enough ships, those supplies are as useful along lines of communication thousands of miles as directly behind the armies. The greater the supplies of production the bigger and better equipped the American armies which must be depended upon to furnish the big man-power push that will finish the war. The United States has not begun to throw her huge weight on that western front. She has been slow. A machine so vast and so ill-organized for war takes a long time to swing into action. But time is the factor. Time and ships.

Germany knows this. Germany fears the impact of the United States upon a war-exhausted front even more than she feared the weight of England three years ago. Her own work of disintegration abroad is pretty well over. Bolshevism and Bolshevism have done most of their worst anywhere. And they have done enough. They have corrupted every country on our side. Getting rid of that along with the submarine and the former Hun supremacy in the air is a factor in co-ordinating the resources of the Allies. We have been fighting Germany in packs, by honorable methods, by gentlemanly blockades and reluctant reprisals. At last we are coming up the

grade to the point of unity where Germany has been by the slave-driving Thug-bund system ever since the war began. The unity of her enemies along

all lines will be Germany's undoing.

We have made mistakes enough to have lost the war long ago, but for something in us that Germany has not got. For what that something is read what the editor of *Le Matin* says about the French on page 7, what the Archbishop of York says about moral power on page 5. These are but symptoms. But they show that in the stage of the war when the frightful grimness of the whole horrible business is a reality in every home, we are learning to key ourselves to the pitch of unity that must finish Germany.

One of these days we shall stop muddling through and realize that this war has little or nothing to do with traditions. This is a new war. The old story of nearly four years is new every day. But the novelty and the discovery are mostly on our side. There is very little new in Germany. The Huns were disciplined to this thing in their cradles. Democracies are learning it in manhood. We have spent most of our time learning about Germany. Perhaps we shall now begin to discover things about ourselves. Those Germans have about reached the end of their ability to deceive themselves. All that bucks them up now is their material success in the East which is more than they have ever lost in the West—if they ever can use the results of it in time. On the war map the Huns are away ahead of us. But they are getting out of their parish. They seem to have their way in the East; how far east as yet we don't know. But they never can unite Russia as they have corrupted her. They have their way in the Balkans and will until the war is over.

But the war is not over. The Huns wish that it might be. They are prating about their desire for peace; the kind of botched-up armistice that on the basis of a spoliated war map would mean another hitch in the suspenders of the Hun for a bigger world onslaught presently. They can't get that peace. And it's the inevitable unity of the Allies that makes such a peace impossible and makes the Hun uneasy. He has made the rest of us uneasy long enough.

## NOMADS OF THE 20th CENTURY

THIS is a picture of a certain strange people who for more than forty years have been wandering in a desert seeking a Promised Land. They are one of the nomad races. In their wanderings they are eternally haunted by the lure of the beautiful which now and then becomes the thing of too much desire, and therefore wicked. But they believe that they and all such as themselves have a mission to save the world by means of the forms of beauty and whatever truth they can pick up along with it, and without too much of what is called utility. This restless race of people are the natural enemies of big business, and are supposed, whether so or not, to be the foes of the bourgeoisie. Hence they have been by some called Bolsheviki. Which is not the case. Because

they are fighters and they believe in the aristocracy of what they do. As you may guess, this race of nomads that roam over the whole known and much as possible of the unknown earth in search of the

Beautiful are called Artists. The group of them caught by the camera man on this page happens to be a subsection of the tribe recently engaged in displaying the double collection of spring pictures at the new Art Gallery in Toronto. The pictures are the work of the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists. The gallery is the work of



the Art Museum Committee headed by Sir Edmund Walker, the tried friend of most artists. Ten years ago the Art Museum began to look like the Promised Land to these artists of Ontario wandering in the desert. The property on which the Museum is being built is that fine old central neighborhood precinct known as The Grange, so long the eight-acre home of Goldwin Smith. The first section is now almost complete.