CURRENT COMMENT

A Radical Editor on the War

One result of the Imperial Press Conference was the delivery of an address at the Empire Club, Toronto, by Mr. Robert Donald, the great London editor, native of Scotland, and a radical of radicals, on some of the after-war aspects of British affairs. He was glad, he said, that they were not afraid of the word Empire or Imperial in Toronto. The British Empire was an anomaly. There was no such thing. It did not dominate any one of us as the old empires did. But he thought we knew what it meant, and there was no other word to express what we meant. The after-war conditions were not very hopeful. He took it that the Russian and Poland problem would be settled. But no British soldier would help in the settlement. Certainly we would not participate in a new war for the sake of Poland or any other country. But even as he spoke, France was complicating the international problem by recognizing General Wrangel. This would line up France with the United States against Britain and Italy, with Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria and Roumania professedly neutral in the Russian quarrel. Wrangel promises to assume all the Russian obligations and to give Russia democratic government. Mr. Donald frankly stated that the conditions two years after the armistice were worse than before. The peace treaty had made no provision for peace. International jealousies had been fostered and consideration of the economic conditions omitted. When the new states were set up in Southeastern Europe the economic conditions were smashed to pieces. Every little nation wanted to be absolutely independent and could not allow a railway truck to cross the frontier. Tariffs were put on everything going out as well as coming in. The great problem was to start Germany working. Unless this was done there could be no money for anyone. France staked everything on getting an indimnity in German gold, which did not exist. A middle course must be aimed at for Germany to persuade her to be a peaceful country and give up military aspirations. To Mr. Lloyd George Russia was the vital spot. Start Russia working and Europe could be reconstructed. The influence of the United States in world politics would have been paramount had the withdrawal of President Wilson thrown the whole burden on Great Britain, and especially on Lloyd George.

What the British Army Did

Mr. Donald proceeded to make a most interesting statement concerning Britain's task in the war. They were too modest about it, he thought. England was the only country prepared for war. They would all admit this of the fleet, but it was true of the army also. France had asked for 160,000 men. We agreed to do it and we did it. Sending the Expeditionary Force to France, he said, was the greatest feat of the war. They had been transported across the Channel and were in line before the Germans knew a man had moved. This was the army that made Field Marshal Wilson's reputation with the French, so that they knew it as "the army of W." General French wanted Wilson as chief of staff, but Premier Asquith turned it down. As he could not be dispensed with, a new position, sub-chief of staff, was created for him. Political pull kept him from the chief command until 1918 when Lloyd George recognized him as the one man to carry the flag to victory, when others were recommending the Government to sue for peace. Mr. Donold did not touch on this except to say that they had a coalition government which did not unite. He thought the man of vision was Kitchener, who had not been appreciated because he was out of his element, an oriental in training and outlook and out of touch with the English atmosphere. He foresaw a long war, but he did not want conscription until the people were ready for it. In Britain they raised 5,704,416 men, largely by voluntary enlistment. India had an army of about a million, and altogether the total of the Empire was 8,654,467. England had planned to carry on the war without the United States, and it was Germany and not England that was exhausted in 1918. Great Britain at the time of the armistice had 1,293,000 in the field in France, of whom 616,000 were rifles. There were also 80,000 men in Italy and 400,000 in Mesopotamia and the east, with smaller forces elsewhere. The United States had 49,000 men at the front in the critical days of 1918, and on November 11 had 322,000 men in the line, with a total of 2,000,000 in France. The British army had 662,000 killed and 140,000 missing and prisoners. The Empire total killed and missing was about 1,000,000, not far short of the French losses.

The Indispensable Navy and the Cost

It was the British navy, however, that won the war. Without it the war could not have been won. Nor could there have been an effective blockade had it not been joined by the Unitd States fleet. Mr. Donald said conditions were so novel that they had to manufacture their sea-law as they went along, and they had done things entirely contrary to sea-law and all law. There had been a terrible rumpus about cotton. Of course they had to let in cotton, but they let in as little as possible. The neatest battle in the war was the Falkland Islands. Fisher had gone into the Admiralty and declared Von Spee was somewhere in the Pacific. "Get seven cruisers off to-morrow," he ordered. The Admiralty said it was impossible inside a week. "Tomorrow," he insisted. "Von Spee has hares. We must send greyhounds." They were only a few hours ahead. A fine account of this action, by the way, is given in Hurd and Bashford's "Heroic Record of the British Navy." The navy lost 39,000 officers and men, very heavily in officers, and 33,000 of the reserve. The total cost of the war, said Mr. Donald, to Great Britain, in figures not previously published, was £11,257,000,000. Of this, 36 per cent. was raised from taxation, no country in Europe doing anything like this, which accounted for Britain's solvency to-day. This year they were raising the colossal sum of £1,488,000,000 and they were alive. The British manufacturers had come out of the war with big ideas. They had scrapped many old-fashioned ones. It took the war to do it. There was a difficulty now about labor, which had been discontented since the war. This was largely due to the food situation, which was as bad in England as during the war. The difficulty was to get the working man to produce. If he would only work five hours a day it would be all right if he would produce. The labor leaders, however, men like Clynes, Thomas, Barnes, Henderson, were sane and sensible men. They had to look forward in England to these men being in power. "We have to face it; we have to face it!" Mr. Donald repeated. It was all very well to administer things when in opposition, but it was different when you are in office, he observed. It might ease the industrial situation if the labor men had authority. So many diversified interests were unlikely to hold together. He was confident that there was no Bolshevism in Britain. Mr. Donald indulged in no prophecies and in no hero worship. His address was a plain tale of things as they are and have been, but it was filled with the spirit of the nation that faces difficulties and is undaunted.

But We Must Not be Carried Away

The Farmers' Sun, which has been so strongly opposed to the construction of the provincial Hydro Radial lines, has been advocating the nationalization of the C. P. R. It contends that the present Iational Railway lines only represent the skim-milk of Canada, and that the C. P. R. has the cream. There is, however, no monopoly of the cream in any business. The same methods that secure it in one case will prove equally efficacious in another. Any railway business is more or less of a long range proposal. The men who built the C. P. R. were regarded as madmen and cranks. Twenty years ago C. P. R. stock was far below par. The growth and development of the C. P. R. system has been through the application of business principles, which are in the knowledge of everyone, coupled with the determination to get the ablest men available to do the work in hand. These principles and this determination are as applicable to the National railways today as they were to the C. P. R., and it is understood that they are being applied. The field for the National lines is as promising today as twenty years ago it was for the C. P. R. In fact, it is more promising, for Canada has a name and a reputation today which she then had yet to establish. It would be easily possible for the population of Canada to double in twenty years. We venture the prediction that it will be so. What this means to our railways, our radials and other business, let the reader imagine.

BABE-RUTHING IT!!

POEMS YOU SHOULD KNOW.

THE SPLENDOR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in glory;
The long light shakes along the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky.
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

—Alfred Tennyson.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Rosalind

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Rosalind welcomes letters from young women readers of this paper—and young men, also—asking for advice. Address all letters to Rosalind, 515 Manning Chambers, Toronto, and write on one side of the paper only. Replies will be published in this paper about three weeks after letters are received.

Dear Rosalind:

I have been reading your advice to girls. I think it a very good idea. But now, I need some myself. I have a boy friend who is 20 years of age. I myself am but 17. This friend of mine went with a girl for two years, and then broke the engagement. She never had a ring. In the meantime while he was going with her he was flirting with me and afterwards asked me to be his wife, and I consented. Lately he asked me could he go with another girl. I said "Sure!" He went with her for four months and left her to come back to me. We have just nicely started to go together again and this girl whom he went with for two years has written three letters to him this last two weeks, and states he must come to her home, to be married in August. Rosalind, can this be true? I don't know what to do, and my friend says he don't know whether she can make him marry her or not. What will we do. We are to be married either this fall or next spring. He says he thought sure when he quit going with her and she never had a ring, he was safe. Is he? Could he buy me a ring and if she took this matter into court could I get ahead of her? I do wish so, as I am fond of the chap and he says that he does not want the other girl for a wife.

HEARTBROKEN.

My Dear Girl:

If you want my best advice, it is that you leave the young man to get out of his affairs as best he can; and you wait for at least four years before you consent to marry anybody. I wonder you could become engaged—or what you call engaged—to one who is so fickle and who evidently holds in very light esteem a thing so serious as a promise.

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:

For a long time I have read your "Advice to Girls" and think it is splendid. So dear Rosalind, will you help me? I am a young girl 17 years of age, and I want your advice on a matter of much importance to me.

Two years ago I met a gentleman. He was just "new" around the town and everybody was friendly with him, as he was with everyone. But more so with me than any of the other girls. As time went on we met more frequently and somehow or other we seemed to grow very much attached to each other. After I had known him about a year I heard a rumor that he was married. I could hardly believe it, and one day while talking to his friend I asked him, and he said he had been, but was now divorced. It got to be noticed how we used to talk and dance together and people said I should not do it. But Rosalind, each time we met I thought of him more and more, and he did the same of me. He has told me several times how he loves me. He says I could be married tomorrow, but my husband could never love me as he does. And oh! Rosalind, I love him too. Not only has he told me of his love for me, but others have said how much he likes me. So I can't doubt it. But lately I was told that he thought nothing of me at all, and was just being attentive to me to make a fool of me, as it were. I cannot believe it, and one day I told him, but he denied every word of it and said I was not to listen to such things, because I should know better.

Now, dear Rosalind, will you please advise me? Should I try to forget him? That is, forget how I love him? Is he fit company for me? And if when trying to forget him, should I just be good friends with him? Please help me.

GIRLIE.

Little Girl:

You are very young for so serious a love affair. Your friend is much older and much more experienced in worldly things than you and if there is blame to be attached to anyone it is to him. He speaks of love, but not of marriage, so the kindest thing in the world for me to do for you is to say forget him quickly.

I am sure it will not be so difficult as you think tonight. In the first place, you are very much in love—not with this man—but with love itself. All seventeen-year-old girls of a romantic turn are. So think of love as much as you like in a general way, and when you are old enough and ready for a love that is genuine, you will find your own ideal So do not spoil your girlhood by wasting thought on one who is not your right man.

ROSALIND.

Janet: Once again I must remind you to send me your full name and address, as well as the name you wish me to use in the paper Write to me again, complying with this simple rule. It takes about three weeks after you write me to get your particular answer back to you in print.

ROSALIND.

In "Just Out of College," the Jack Pickford play which Alfred Green is directing, pickles play a prominent part as adornments for the hats of a bevy of maidens. A hungry monkey happened to be working on an adjoining set with Mabel Normand. He made for the pickles to the utter consternation of the maidens and the ruin of countless feet of film.

THE BRAIN BOX

CONDUCTED BY E. GUNN RAMSAY.

Registered According to the Copyright Act,

"MEN WANTED."

"Men wanted!"—who wants men? It was not only in war time that the cry, "Your King and Country Need You," was true. The challenge holds good for all time, probably more than ever is it needed in these days of "peace."

Wanted a man. Today I met a man—an individual who might justly claim this title. The word man really should convey something very strong, noble and fine in every respect. Today I met a MAN. The man I met was a big man, one to be admired.

No; I am not going to tell you any story of some "get-rich-quick Rockefeller or Carnegie, but simply the story of one who many might term a mere ordinary man, and yet there was that radiating from him and round about him which proclaimed louder than any excess of riches the proud fact that here was "a man," indeed.

He is not rich, this man, as the world counts riches. He has not investments in this or that concern, or a bank account which could buy you and me and the other fellow two or three times over, not a bit of it. He is not rich—as the world thinks, but—to those who are blest with discernment he is the most to be envied for his wealth or any human individual. He has that which it is indeed above the price of rubies, wisdom. He is a thinker, but a thinker who has had the ability and who has the courage to put his thoughts into deeds.

Wanted—a man. The world needs more of such to-day.

Now to tell you the story of my MAN and how he has earned his title. I met him in a crowded gathering among a group of prominent and influential business heads. There was Jones, who was reputed to own one-third of his local city; there was Smith, whose interests run into an annual income of many thousands of dollars; there was Brown, who is just too important for words, and was "The Man." He is the head of a fairly flourishing firm. As I have said before, he has not the lion's share of material riches, but he has that for which all others seek him out—a steady poise, a forceful purpose, a well-balanced mind. His opinion is much sought after; men go miles to get his advice, important conferences are held over in order that he may be present, by those who know the value of his cool impartial judgment. In this and hundreds of other ways he is contributing very largely to the national life of his country, and immediately to the progress of splendid reforms in his own locality. Whenever an opportunity to set a stone in the right direction arises, this man is there. Quietly, unobtrusively, his work goes on. He is a strength to all, with whom he comes in contact, and gazing upon him one day a friend remarked, "Well, old chap, you know you have had the advantages of a wonderful upbringing and education, and after all that does count. It is better even than money in the long run." The man smiled, a smile which watching his face, one was struck with. Later I heard the reason.

"I have had little or no education," he said, strictly speaking. "As a boy I certainly attended school for a few years, but home circumstances were so adverse that I was obliged to go out to work at the age of 13 years. What I have since gained in the way of knowledge I have acquired, oftentime by slow and painful method, but wholly and absolutely by a dogged perseverance through which I was determined to win over the many obstacles which my birth in poverty and my early environment placed in my way."

"Poor environment, obstacles and poverty!" Yet today he is revered, respected, sought after, honored by business men far and wide of acute discernment and "education." Is not this a picture of a MAN?

Yet there are those who attribute their failures to lack of opportunity; this man made opportunity where none existed. The road he took is open to all others. It commenced not entirely with the pursuit of material gain but with the first craving after knowledge. Riches will never make a man. When you are planning and measuring up for your future success leave plenty of room for the acquirement of knowledge. Other things will follow in order. But first of all the world says:

"WANTED—A MAN!"

JUST BOOKS.

The following notes are in answer to a query regarding the life and works of Jack London. He was born in San Francisco in 1876 and spent his first seven years on a farm in a treeless, bleak, foggy region. Later, in Oakland, the boy sold newspapers, joined a street gang and became an ardent reader at the Public Library. At seventeen he left home and joined a gang of oyster pirates, later joined the Fish Patrol; later still sailed before the mast to Behring Sea, mutinying on the sealer, and working his way around the Japanese coast. Out of all this labor with his hands arose the man's ultimate political and economic faith, a deep-rooted Socialism; returning after various minor adventures, he won a prize offered by a newspaper for a descriptive article, determined to become a writer, tramped from Maine to California gaining the experience later recorded in The Road, and then applied himself to his education in the strenuous fashion recorded accurately in Martin Eden. The additional strain of the work in a laundry, however, had the same disastrous results as on Martin; and with a desperate hope in his heart he left to dig gold in the Klondike. The experiences of that year in the North are writ largely on his work, as also are those of the homeward journey of 1,900 miles in an open boat. Returning home, he found his family in such straits that he settled down to undertake their support. He found a market for his stories, publishing his first novel in 1900; rapidly won fame and success; spent one summer in the hopeless underworld of London, England, among the "People of the Abyss"; was newspaper correspondent from the Russo-Japanese scenes of war; purchased his own "Valley of the Moon," the magnificent Sonoma Valley estate; enjoyed the friendship of men and women whose hearts are not reputed to be easy to win; married; built and sailed the famous "Snark" on a marvelous tramp voyage to the South Sea Isles; and then suddenly, having lived fully and splendidly, still making plans for the future, he died at the age of forty.

The inexhaustible virile energy of the man, however, has gone into his best work, and will not die,—not while men still delight to read of strange lands and strange people and monstrous perils and of the triumph of a strong heart, for good or evil, over external things.

Some of his books in which his travels are recorded are Adventure, Burning Daylight, The Iron Heel, Jerry of the Islands, Martin Eden, South Sea Tales, The Valley of the Moon, When God Laughed and The White Fang.

Very recently the Macmillan Company of Canada, 70 Bond street, Toronto, published a new edition of Jack London's works, the Sonoma edition containing all the famous titles in most attractive form.

Hang Up Your Broom.

Place a small screw eye in the end of the broom or mop handle. A broom, especially one used for scrubbing, will get out of shape if allowed to stand, and if it is inverted it often falls over. A broom with a screw eye in the handle can easily be hung out of the way. A mop, even when wrung as dry as possible, may drip. If a mop is hung up, a bucket may be placed underneath and then the mop won't drip on the floor.—Mrs. V. G.

ABOUT CANADA

The Island of St. Joseph, at the north of Lake Huron, was destined to be the scene from which an important military expedition began in the early days of July, 1812. War with the United States had been declared and an expedition was moving on Detroit. St. Joseph was held by a small garrison for the protection of the few traders passing to and from Lake Superior with Captain Roberts as commander. Brock at once sent this officer a notice that war had broken out between the two nations and he gave his instructions for an immediate attack on Fort Michillimackinac if he thought the expedition possible. This was a post held by the States on Lake Michigan. If his own fort was attacked he was to defend it to the utmost, so Sir Isaac Brock, the commander-in-chief, ordered.

Roberts decided at once to strike at the Americans. The agent of the Hudson's Bay Company helped gather a fleet of canoes from various Indians so that by the 16th of July Roberts was able to leave for the enemy position. He skirted the shores of Lake Huron to the Straits of Machinaw. His force consisted of 33 men of the Royal Veteran Battalion and 160 Canadian volunteers—brave but poorly armed. In addition he had about 400 Indians and half-breeds who forme dan irregular army serving under his command.

On the 17th of July Roberts reached the destination and drawing up his force in an imposing style, he summoned it to surrender. It was taken by surprise and promptly complied with the order, giving up the place with 61 regular troops and a big store of supplies and very valuable furs. This success brought most of the Indians of the district to the British colors and created a most favorable influence throughout the province, although Roberts received no recognition for his heroism.

WHICH WAS RIGHT?

A tramp was once given a mince pie by the young wife of a farmer. Next day the tramp appeared at the farmhouse again and said, "Would you be kind enough, ma'am, to give me the recipe for that there mince pie what I had here yesterday?"

"Well, the idea," exclaimed the farmer's wife. "Land sakes, man, what do you want that recipe for?"

"To settle a bet," replied the tramp. "My partner says you use three cups of Portland cement to one of molasses, but I claim it's only two and a half."

Origin of Wall Street.

Back in 1635 a wooden wall was erected along the line of what is now known as Wall street, New York, to protect the town against a threatened invasion of New Englanders, whom the Dutch both scorned and feared. The invasion never took place, but the wooden wall remained for nearly half a century.

Mops for the Windows.

I find dish mops very helpful in cleaning windows, as I can reach to all parts of the window with them. Have two mops, one for washing and one for polishing. To give a gloss to gloss, starch a piece of old muslin in hot starch. When dry, rub windows or mirrors and you will be surprised at the result.—Mrs. F. W. G.