

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00

Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, B. A. Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

Associate Editors: Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, H. F. Mackintosh.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

Approved and recommended by Archbishops Palumbo and Sbarretti, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and canvass for the CATHOLIC RECORD:

General agents: Messrs. P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. J. Hagarty, and Miss Sara Hanley, Resident agents: George S. Hewston, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss E. J. Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Bennett, Winnipeg; Miss Johnson, 211 Rochester st., Ottawa and Miss Rose McKeaney, 149 D'Aiguillon street, Quebec.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1916

IRISH VALOR AND IRISH SELF-GOVERNMENT

In another column will be found a description by the famous war correspondent, Philip Gibbs, of the latest—but not the last—heroic achievement of our gallant Irish soldiers in the great War. In the titanic conflict individuals, families, nations suffer agony unprecedented. But they are sustained by the heartfelt sympathy and grateful recognition of their sacrifices by their fellow-countrymen and allies during the struggle and the absolute assurance of the rewards of ultimate victory. It is the peculiar tragedy of Ireland that she should be stabbed in the house of her friends. With the age-long bitterness born of misgovernment and misunderstanding about to disappear despite the virulent opposition of sordidly selfish privileged classes who hated and dreaded to see so good a political weapon slip from their hands, the people of Britain and the people of Ireland had reached a mutual understanding and all but achieved a solution of their difficulties on a basis of mutual good will and justice.

It is useless as well as unnecessary to recall how ruthlessly the anti-Irish section of English officialdom pursued their fatuous and ignoble policy even when the grim uncertainties of war threatened to involve political friends and foes, classes and masses, in common destruction. One example, petty and pitiful if you like, will show the spirit of Ireland's political enemies.

For over a year all mention of the sacrifices and heroic valor of the gallant Irish regiments was deliberately suppressed in official reports.

Petty and pitiful but it does not represent the spirit of the English people. When Redmond called attention to the fact in the House of Commons, from every part and party of the House came the cry of Shame.

Think for a moment of what Canadians would feel in similar circumstances. If instead of enjoying unrestricted self-government we had been struggling for generations for rights which our oppressors claimed for themselves as inborn and inalienable; if with the hope of final success and in the spirit of new-born good will we had generously set aside our family troubles and fought side by side and shoulder to shoulder with our old opponents and oppressors; then if we found that old spirit of opposition and oppression so strong in official quarters that the official accounts of St. Julien and Ypres never mentioned the Canadian name then we should be able to some extent to appreciate the feeling of Irishmen; and if we did not resent it we should be incapable of producing the men whose achievements are our pride and whose memory will be the precious heritage of unborn generations.

"When I think," writes Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, the well-known Irish Nationalist Member of Parliament, who is a descendant of Henry Grattan and who lost an eye in the naval battle of Jutland. "When I think of our glorious Irish regiments and their unacknowledged deeds of unsurpassed heroism—of our gallant Irish sailors, who for two terrible years have guarded the Empire in stress and storm and danger from the Arctic to the Antarctic. When I think of Flanders and France and Gallipoli and Serbia and Mesopotamia and Egypt—of the landing at the Dardanelles with its awful toll of Irish lives—of our splendid 10th Irish Division recklessly thrown away by British incompetence—of the hundreds of Irish sailors who perished in the Jutland battle 30 of them in two ships alone. When I think of our desolate homes, of the unnumbered Irish fathers and mothers and sons and daughters who have bravely and uncomplainingly given what they loved best on earth to the service of the Empire, I ask myself—what spirit possesses the anti-Irish when not even our children's sacrifice will propitiate them?"

Yes; Ireland is given the gall and vinegar of ingratitude and "cowardly, dishonest abuse" by those

whom the bare truth would deprive of a political weapon for the future attainment of selfish ends. But a distinction must be made between these and the people of Britain. The people, 75% of the population of Britain, know that through Irish aid, aid as gallant, as persistent, as heroic as that now rendered by Irish soldiers on the firing line, they have won their way to the recognition of the right to live from the classes who oppressed them and who bitterly contested every step of the onward march of democracy in England. Through Irish aid the last citadel of privilege, the House of Lords, was taken. If that lion in the path of the champions of the people's right to live decently has not been slain it has been chained. And when the people who in time of war have been called on to fight and die if necessary for their country come home again they will demand the right to have a real, not an illusory, voice in the government of their country in time of peace. The old political weapons of racial antipathy and religious distrust which have been so effective in the past that the die-hards strive even now so shamelessly to preserve them, will then be found as obsolete as the bow and arrow in the present war. The people of England will not forget the help given by their Irish allies in the past, nor think of losing it in the struggle yet to come.

Let it not be assumed, however, that it is only the toiling masses of England who are heart and soul with their gallant Irish comrades of the political warfare which is now suspended by the same comradeship in the trenches. The Home Ruler and Radical Lloyd George was vilified and traduced by the same anti-Irish clique as unreservedly as any Irishman of them all. But Lloyd George now stands out head and shoulders over their biggest and best. And so will it be when the war happily ended comes the time for the people of Great Britain and Ireland to set their own house in order. It is this knowledge that makes the old anti-Irish remnant of English officialdom so petty, so pitiful and so virulent. But their pettiness and their virulence are evidence of their weakness.

Lord Derby, too, is a man who has shown that he understands the heart and mind of England. At a meeting of the Lancashire Division of the National Unionist Association, he made clear to the Bourbon section of his party that they were cherishing an illusion in thinking that it is possible to prevent the concession of self-government to Ireland. "The bill is on the Statute-book," said this frank and fearless nobleman, "and I do not think you will have a man to fight for wiping it off. Therefore I ask you whether we cannot arrange some terms which will be acceptable to both parties."

The fears of Irishmen at home or abroad that Home Rule may never go into actual operation are natural and not without the appearance of being well-grounded. But they are based on misconception and lack of information as to the real situation. The greatest victory in the parliamentary history of the world—the winning of Irish self-government—is more decisive than any yet won in the world-war. When it shall have been paralleled on the far flung battle line the foe may for a time still struggle desperately on, but the end will be certain.

Present conditions inject an element of bitterness into the joy that every decent British subject should share with every sane Irishman when reading of the heroic achievements of Irish soldiers. Dying anti-Irish prejudice is still powerful enough in English officialdom to make the susceptible Irish feel acutely that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick.

Yet though heart-sick and heart-sore with reason are the sea divided Gael in present conditions it is certain that the present pain is but the birth-pang of a new era of justice, good-will and mutual understanding.

DEMOCRACY

In times when kings governed as well as ruled, courtiers sometimes crawled into positions of power and influence by pandering to the baser passions and inordinate ambitions of unworthy monarchs.

Now we have changed all that—Demos is King. The people govern themselves. That at least is the theory—we had almost said the fiction. But we have still the despicable courtiers—the flatterers of the crowd, the panders to popular prejudice and passion.

Monarchs there were who governed wisely, justly; in whose courts advancement followed prudent and statesmanlike counsel; who listened to admonitions as to the duties and responsibilities which limit the right—divine or human—to govern. And statesmen there were in those times which we claim to have outgrown who surrendered their symbols of office to their sovereign, yet, even their lives, rather than retain them at the sacrifice of conviction or principle.

So, too, have democracies found wise, prudent and fearless public servants who sternly rebuked the arrogance, the selfishness or the tyranny of "the people." For we are neither upholding monarchy in the true sense of that term, nor condemning democracy in any one of the protean senses of that much misunderstood word. We are only insisting that in this age of enlightenment and progress and democracy—how hollow the ante-war shibboleths sound—we have still with us in Shakespeare's thirteenth century those who crook the supple hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning. And it might be said here, also, that we listen complacently to more buncombe about democracy than was ever spoken or written about the divine right of kings.

Politics is the science of government; a noble and necessary science which should offer a worthy career to the best minds, the most generous souls, the most upright characters that the nation or community produces no matter what the form of government may be. And, regardless of the form, that nation is best governed when it demands and receives the services of its best. How is it with us? Why, nine out of ten honest men in any walk of life—provided they are free from election fever and have no political axe to grind—will tell you that politics is a dirty game; and smile if they find you so credulous as to believe anything a politician says. In disgust cities are surrendering self-government to "commissions." And in the age of the free press there is a babel of "party organs" "moulding public opinion" in the party moulds.

We need not go outside of Canada for concrete examples of government abdicating its high function to catch the fickle favor of the noisy and shamelessly self-seeking portion of the governed. But seldom has a more dramatic and humiliating instance occurred in any country or in any age than that of President Wilson's recent surrender to the demands of a section of the railway employees. Of course the whole American nation of a hundred million people were held up by the threat of great inconvenience by less than half a million, and in the person of its president threw up its hands and submitted to the familiar operation of having its pockets picked. But this the twentieth-century spell-binder's government of the people for the people by the people, and not the tyranny of the effete monarchies of a by-gone age.

Well, things will not improve materially until we have the courage to hear the truth instead of stoning the prophets.

CHURCH DECORATION

We do not place statues, paintings and stained-glass windows in our churches for the mere purpose of decoration. They are the Gospel of the unlearned, and to all an aid to devotion. In order, however, that either of these purposes should be attained, judgment and taste must be used in the selection of the subjects, and proper order maintained in their arrangement. It is not necessary that these objects be expensive works of art. A good oil-paint is better than a poor oil-painting, and a domestic window might appeal to the ordinary parishioner more than one imported from Munich. The essential thing is that they be devotional, properly arranged, and necessary, or at least contributory, to the interior equipment of the church.

The majority of priests, if left to follow their own taste and judgment, would succeed in this matter, each, of course, in proportion to the degree of artistic discernment that he possesses and the amount of revenue at his disposal. If, therefore, we offer some suggestions, it is not by way of criticism. The pastor, in many cases, is at the mercy, first of all, of his parishioners, and secondly, of the decorating artist.

That the parishioner should give his donation and leave the priest free

to apply it to the best advantage, is a consummation devoutly to be hoped for. We have no fault to find with a person's or a family's desire to donate a statue, window or painting to the church in memory of their dear departed or for some other intention. This is indeed very laudable. But they should leave the selection of that memento and the location of it to the priest. Otherwise it would be impossible for him to follow out any fixed scheme of decoration. Some people demand as a sine qua non of their donation, that a certain object of devotion be purchased and that it occupy a certain position in the church. What is the result of this? We have seen it unfortunately too often. Two and sometimes three windows in a church represent the same subject, statues are accumulated where there is no room for them till the impression is given not of a place of worship, but of the show-room in a church goods store; and panels are placed where there is no need for them till the walls and ceiling suggest nothing so much as a patch-work quilt.

Then again the names of the donors are often writ large upon the walls of the sacred edifice. We see no objection to recording the names of the benefactors of a church as an example and edification to others. But this should be done with good taste and in a manner that is not too obtrusive. Otherwise these records may suggest vulgar display, if not commercialism. We have all heard of the man who offered to pay for a stained-glass window if under it would be placed the inscription: "Donated by John Jones, the best grocer in town." It is especially distasteful and distracting to find these inscriptions on the altar itself. How much more devotional would be the effect if the list of benefactors were placed on a tablet in some not too conspicuous place?

Some church decorators, too, are an obstacle to a priest's realizing his ideal. They forget that a church is not a music hall and that abundance of tinsel and uniform richness of decoration throughout do not produce the desired effect. The sanctuary should certainly be richer than the body of the church, and the impression of immensity which the architecture should convey ought to be still further accentuated and not marred by the scheme of interior decoration. Furthermore, unless an artist is skillful in the execution of figures, it were better that he confine himself to plain colors. We have heard of the following dialogue between a mother and her little girl. "Mama, what's that?" as the little one points to a figure on the ceiling. "That's an angel, my dear"—pause—"Mama will I be an angel when I die?" "Yes, my dear"—pause—"say mama, I don't want to die."

The windows in the new Cathedral at Buffalo are an excellent example of the artistic and devotional effect, coupled with instruction. Each one of the windows is devoted to illustrating some one of the theological or moral virtues. A number of biblical incidents showing the exercise of that particular virtue are inset in such a manner as to form a very artistic whole. Thus each window is an illustrated sermon. We can imagine that each member of the congregation, who is of an inquiring turn of mind, will read up the history of these incidents. In this way he is acquiring a knowledge of his religion in a manner that is calculated to leave a lasting impression.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN VIEW OF recent events at Camp Borden citizens of Canada are entitled to ask who governs them—the Administration at Ottawa or the Lord's Day Alliance?

THE TORONTO Globe would do well to keep a sharp eye on the youthful members of its staff. Writing of what he terms "Prussianism" in British Columbia politics that journal's Vancouver correspondent goes out of his way to insult a great Catholic religious order. To this individual "Tyranny," "Prussianism" and "Jesuitism" are convertible terms. We had thought newspapers of standing in Canada had outlived this sort of thing, but apparently not. There is no form of calumny so base and cowardly as innuendo, and the Globe editor would be well advised to red-pencil the effusions of this particular member of its staff.

TAKING UP the thread of our remarks of last week which had to do with the clothing of Great Britain

and Ireland's vast army now in the field or in training, we come next to the scarcely less formidable task of furnishing it with tents, with blankets and bedding—in one word, of housing it. This was a problem of great magnitude and called for the same fertility of resource and tireless energy which characterized the successful accomplishment of the former. For it meant the health and material comfort, so far as that is compatible with the wear and tear of ruthless war, of some 6,000,000 of men—an aggression equal to two-thirds or more of the entire population of Canada. How that stupendous task was accomplished we shall not know in all its details until the War is over but a few figures may in the meantime help us to realize something of its magnitude.

BLANKETS HAVE always formed an important part of the soldier's equipment. Often, in the present War, he has had to do without it, and to find what rest, (if such it may be called) he could get in the soft mud of the trenches. But that is not his normal state, and when back from the firing line the blanket is one of his best friends. When the War broke out the supply of this commodity at hand in England was entirely inadequate to the demand of even the "miserable little army" of one-hundred thousand men which Britain was able to place immediately in the field. In the early autumn of 1914 all sorts of makeshifts had, accordingly, to be resorted to, such as cutting up and hemming squares of heavy coating. But here again British energy and resource soon made headway, and met the urgency of the situation.

AS TO the actual production of blankets before and after the beginning of hostilities, the figures are as follows: The average output in England for several years prior to 1914 was 139,000. The total production for the twenty months ending March 31st last, was 19,800,000, which in the ratio of requirements for twelve months of War to the peace average for a like period was as 86 to 1. The value in currency we can only estimate, as figures have not been published, but with the increased cost of raw material the contrast between war and peace times would run into a much higher ratio. So again with the question of tents. The mills of the United Kingdom have, it is estimated, produced 54,000,000 yards of duck for this purpose, or, as an ingenious statistician has worked out, what would suffice for a marquee three and a half miles square. The tent pins have, in the same period, numbered 33,000,000.

WITH REGARD to the food supply and that absolute essential, drugs, exact figures are for good and sufficient reasons not available, and we cannot do better under the circumstances, therefore, than to quote from an exceedingly sane and judicious article on the subject in the Monthly Trade Review. The safe transportation of men, munitions and the multifarious equipment of so vast an army across the Channel will, in itself, when told in detail, in due time form one of the most marvellous chapters in the history of human achievement and the steady maintenance of the food supply for the best fed army in the world will remain always one of the world's wonders. When all can be told the real and scientific economies that have guided the whole system, vouches a recognized authority, will throw new light upon the knowledge of the world's resources and the way in which it has been used by men whose names even, like the architects of the great mediaeval cathedrals, are unknown to the great public.

WHILE MUCH cannot now be said as to the feeding of the army, it may, says a writer in the London Times, be said, however, without indiscretion, that the normal requirements for 1,000,000 men for one year, on the British scale of rations, come to some 365,000,000 pounds of fresh or frozen meat, or 274,000,000 pounds of preserved meat, 91,000,000 pounds of bacon, 68,000,000 pounds of cheese, the same quantity of jam and sugar, 22,000,000 pounds of condensed milk, and 14,000,000 pounds of tea. The same number of men will further need 11,000,000 pounds of salt, 690,000 pounds of pepper, and 450,000 pounds of mustard. A further provision of tea and sugar, estimates the same writer, with pea-soup, and the "lots" of rum, must be allowed on these totals when the men are in the trenches. Canned and dried vege-

tables by the million pounds must be available to take the place of the fresh varieties where these cannot be obtained. Then, we are further reminded, a certain amount of alternatives, as rice in place of biscuits, or dried fruit and honey instead of jam, must be provided.

THE ABOVE, be it remembered, is the estimate for an army of one million men. If these figures be multiplied by five, or by the number of millions of men believed to be under arms on the actual fields of war or in other posts of duty or training camps in England, or engaged in the transportation and service departments abroad (there are said to be at the front in France some fifteen thousand men repairing shoes, clothing, etc., alone) all of whom have to be supplied with the necessities of life and with such comforts as may be, and some idea may be arrived at of the stupendousness of the provision required. To this add what it means to keep this in regular, clean, and attractive service; the millions of packing cases, bags, tins and jars that are necessary, and we arrive at figures that fairly stagger the imagination.

THEN, AGAIN, there is the question of camp equipment, such as kettles, cooking utensils, mess tins, cutlery, and so on. Of kettles and mess tins the production in England has, it is stated, multiplied 74 and 78 fold respectively. Of camp kettles the production in peace years averaged 8,000; in 20 months of war it was 982,000. Of mess tins or plates, the per-annum peace average was 73,000; in 20 months of war it reached the vast total of 9,450,000. Of the latter about 20 per cent. went to the Allied Armies. In the matter of cutlery the war demand up to March last was 23,000,000 knives and forks, and 11,000,000 spoons. Incidentally, from the same source, we learn that the demand for clasp knives has been doubled. Brushes, for the making of which women were largely enlisted, have reached the huge total of 43,000,000, of every kind and description. Barbed wire, that new development in war, is requisitioned by hundreds of miles; the production has trebled and is still rising.

THERE REMAINS yet the question of drugs and surgical appliances, and the very important department not to be overlooked—that of horses and their equipment—but having already outrun our space we must leave these for another week. Of the automobile, motor truck and motor cycle service, which in themselves have assumed such huge dimensions in this latest and greatest of wars, no figures, official or otherwise, have come under our notice. And no array of statistics effecting those features of an army which come under general observation can give any adequate idea of the many other avenues of expenditure which enter into the make-up, equipment and practical service of such armies as are now in the field. Totals, the human mind is hardly able to grasp in their full significance. And all for what? That the ambition of one individual a set of individuals may tend to realization.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

A great victory was won yesterday, after severe fighting, by the British army on the Somme. Following up the French attack in the direction of Peronne, the British made an equally well planned and successful drive to the north against Bapaume—along the six-mile front between Comblès and Thiépval. The enemy fought stubbornly to retain his ground. Over 2,300 prisoners already have been passed back, including sixty-five officers, six of whom were battalion Commanders.

To-day British guns on the captured high ground near the villages of Martinpuich and Flers command the roads and railway lines entering Bapaume from the east and west, and render the town useless for transportation purposes. The truth is that between the attacks of the French north of the Somme early in the week and that of the British yesterday the whole system of defence of the enemy has been shattered, and only an early retreat all along the line will save him from disaster. The losses on both sides must have been heavy, but it is reasonable to suppose that the well-established artillery superiority of the French and British has enabled the territory gained to be carried with far fewer casualties than were incurred in the Loos, Champagne and other costly offensives of 1915. The German Army of the Somme is beaten, and knows it. That will count for a good deal as the struggle proceeds.

There is going to be no prolonged period of trench warfare in that part of the Balkans in which Serb and Bulgar meet. In the region south of Monastir the Serbs, after breaking the Bulgar front in a three-days' battle, pursued the beaten foe for a distance of nine miles. When he turned and attempted to hold a village through which the line of retreat lay the Serbs took the village with the bayonet. Twenty-five guns and many prisoners were captured. Cavalry were freely used in the action and in the pursuit.

The Rumanians in Transylvania are continuing to overrun the country with practically no opposition from the Austrian troops, who are reported to consist for the most part of militia, gendarmes and untrained levies. Bucharest reports the advance of the Rumanians in the valleys of the upper Maros and of the Aluta, and the capture of a depot of munitions, an armored train and several villages. The country appears to be deliberately evacuated as the Rumanians go forward. A different story is told of the struggle south of the Danube. Bucharest says that the fighting is in progress on the whole Dobruja front. Turkish troops are heavily engaged here, and a Constantinople bulletin asserts that they have gained an important victory over a combined Rumanian and Russian army.

The swift stroke of the Italians in the Vulture sector, on the northern edge of the Carso plateau, which resulted in the capture of valuable ground and over 2,100 prisoners, proves that Cadorna is not asleep. It is not unlikely that the Italians used a large part of their stores of high explosive shells in the capture of Gorizia, and that a short pause was necessary to enable the munition makers to accumulate supplies for the general assault on the Austrian lines along the plateau of the Carso, which now alone bars the way to Trieste. The Italians will make very earnest attempts to reach their objective before the autumn rains begin. A report from Vienna admits that a great Italian offensive is in progress, and refers to the extraordinary violence of the artillery fire, but asserts that though the Austrian first line trenches were reached at places the assault as a whole failed.—Globe, Sept. 16.

London, Sept. 14.—Three hundred thousand Teuton troops will be dispatched at once from other theaters of war to the Balkan front. Germany will furnish 200,000, Austria-Hungary 100,000 men. This army, combined with the Germans, Bulgars and Turks now fighting in the Near-East, is to accomplish the dual aim which the central powers and their allies regard as absolutely vital for the continuation of the war—the crushing of Roumania and the expulsion of the allies from Macedonia, so as to safeguard the communication between the Teutonic empires and their eastern allies—the Orient Railway.

Offensive in the Balkans, defensive everywhere else," is the slogan created by the recent developments in the Near East as the result of Roumania's intervention. Evidence of a gradual shortening of the German western front are accumulating.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

IRISH SOLDIERS' VALOROUS DEEDS ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECORDED

INTERESTING PHRASES OF BRITISH POLITICS

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, September 16th.—The cannon roar louder and more incessantly than ever, making the silent lull that has come over the political world at home seem more eloquent by comparison.

The intensity of interest and the anxiety concerning the many battle fronts in fact overwhelm every other topic, although occasional attention is given to such subjects as the relationship between capital and labor after the war. Nobody really cares about anything except the progress of the gigantic battles.

Public opinion remains extraordinarily optimistic. Even the Roumanian reverse was discounted as a mere sideshow which will be obliterated when the Russian masses have joined the Roumanians in overwhelming force against the Germans and Bulgarians.

A sign of relief also has gone up at the break of the long stalemate at Saloniki, although as yet accurate information from that quarter is scarce and there is much uncertainty as to what can be done by the allied forces under such topographical conditions.

Ireland has come more to the front this week than any week since the opening of the war. Two Irishmen are among the new recipients of the Victoria Cross. The extraordinary dash and valor of the Irish regiments in the battle of Ginchy and the death at twenty of little Corporal Holmes, an Irish Catholic boy, born in Falham, a London suburb, have thrown the bravery of the Irish soldiers into the forefront of even the gigantic battle panorama.

It is a sign of the changed spirit of the times and of the substitution of the War Office. The events, above described, are now recorded in full and even enthusiastically in all the English newspapers.

The news from Ireland itself, shows that the reaction in favour